THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

November 1891, to April 1892

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. XLIII. *New Series Vol. XXI.*

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. NEW SERIES: VOL. XXI.

PAGE

AËRIAL NAVIGATION ..... *Hiram S. Maxim* 957

ALLIGATOR HUNTERS, THE, OF LOUISIANA ..... *Andrews Wilkinson* 399
Pictures by Marie Guise, George H. Clement, and J. C. Beard.

AMERICA, THE PROGRESSIVE DISCOVERY OF ..... *Topics of the Time* 470

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN, AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH ..... *Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen* 785

ARMY. See "National Guard."

ART. See "Pastel."

ART? WHAT ARE AMERICANS DOING IN ..... *Francis D. Millet* 46

ART, AN AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT IN ..... *Topics of the Time* 153

ARTISTS, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY SERIES OF PICTURES BY.

Izaak Walton ..... *George H. Boughton* 8

Open Letter by ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 156

Dolce Far Niente ..... *Will H. Low* 433

Open Letter by ..... *W. Lewis Fraser* 477

Killing the Moose ..... *George De Forest Brush* 600

Open Letter by ..... * * * 638

Portrait of Miss Beatrice Goelet ..... *John S. Sargent* 773

Open Letter by ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 798

ARTIST, GERMAN, A GREAT—ADOLF MENZEL ..... *Carl Marr* 17

Notes by ..... *W. J. Baer and R. Blum* 26
Pictures by Adolf Menzel.

ASTRONOMY.

The Total Solar Eclipses of 1889 ..... *Edward S. Holden* 853
Six figures.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, THE ..... *Edgar Wilson Nye* 60
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

AUSTRALIAN REGISTRY OF LAND TITLES, THE ..... *Edward Atkinson* 586

AUSTRALIAN PEARL-FISHING. See "Pearls."

BALESTIER, WOLCOTT ..... *Edmund Gosse* 923

"BALLOT REFORM, PROGRESS OF," COLORADO ..... *Topics of the Time* 475

BATTLE IN CRACKERDOM, A ..... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* 457
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

PAGE

BENTLEY'S SYSTEM ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 438
Pictures by C. D. Gibson.
BOUGHTON, GEORGE H ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 156
Picture on page 8.
BOWERY, THE ..... *Julian Ralph* 227
Pictures by A. F. Jacassy and A. Castaigne.
BRUSH, GEORGE DE FOREST ..... * * * 638
Picture on page 600.

CALIFORNIA, GOLD HUNTERS OF. (Continued from the previous Volume.) See also "Yosemite."
San Francisco Vigilance Committees ..... *William T. Coleman* 133
Sherman and the San Francisco Vigilantes ..... *General W. T. Sherman* 296
Pioneer Days in San Francisco ..... *John Williamson Palmer* 541
Pictures by A. Castaigne, W. Taber, A. C. Redwood, and Gilbert Gaul.
CATHEDRAL, ST. PAUL'S ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 643
Pictures by Joseph Pennell and W. J. Baer.
CHARACTERISTICS ..... *S. Weir Mitchell* 284, 423, 499, 698, 859
Portrait of the author by Frank Holl.
CHARITIES AID ASSOCIATION, THE STATE ..... *Topics of the Time* 309
CHILDHOOD ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 238
Picture by Abbott H. Thayer.
CHRISTMAS PICTURES, THE CENTURY'S ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* / *W. Lewis Fraser* 275
The Holy Family ..... *Frank Vincent Du Mond* 162
The Arrival of the Shepherds ..... *H. Lerolle* 174
The Appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds ..... *P. Lagarde* 202
The Annunciation to the Shepherds ..... *J. Bastien Lepage* 226
Holy Night ..... *Fritz Von Uhde* 243
Madonna ..... *Dagnan-Bouveret* 281
CHRISTMAS CENTURY, THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 309
CHRISTMAS FANTASY, A, WITH A MORAL ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 221
Picture by Anne G. Morse.
CHRISTMAS SHADRACH, THE ..... *Frank R. Stockton* 177
Picture by A. B. Wenzell.
COLUMBIA COLLEGE ..... *Topics of the Time* 790
COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION, THE WORLD'S ..... *Topics of the Time* 312
COLUMBIAN FAIR MEMORIAL BUILDING, A ..... *Topics of the Time* 791
CONFEDERATE ARMY, THE NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE ..... *A. B. Casselman* 792
CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE ..... *E. S. Godfrey* 358
Comments by ..... *James B. Fry* 385
Pictures by Frederic Remington, and after photographs.

DE HANT ER BUZZARD'S NES' ..... *Virginia Fraser Boyle* 581
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

ELECTION, FIRST PRESIDENTIAL, UNDER BALLOT REFORM ..... *Topics of the Time* 951
ELECTORAL COLLEGE, THE NEW ..... *Topics of the Time* 952

FARMER, THE DISCONTENT OF THE ..... *J. R. Dodge* 447
FARMER, THE, AND RAILWAY LEGISLATION ..... *Henry C. Adams* 780
FINANCE, EDITORIALS ON. (Continued from the previous Volume.)
Michigan's "Wild-Cat" Banks 150
The "Per Capita" Delusion 311
Alabama's Thousand-Dollar-a-Day Blunder 471
Mississippi's Crop-Moving Currency 472
A "Cheap-Money" Hand-Book 633
FISH COMMISSION, THE UNITED STATES ..... *Richard Rathbun* 679
Pictures by J. C. Beard, W. Taber, C. B. Hudson, and A. H. Baldwin.
FOOD-SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE, THE ..... *W. O. Atwater* 101

GAY'S ROMANCE ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* 728
GEORGIA, MIDDLE, RURAL LIFE ..... *Richard Malcolm Johnston* 737
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

PAGE

GOUNOD IN ITALY AND GERMANY ..... *Charles François Gounod* 388
Frontispiece portrait (facing page 323).
GOUNOD AND HIS IDEALS ..... *H. E. Krehbiel* 475
GREEKS: DID THEY PAINT THEIR SCULPTURES? ..... *Edward Robinson* 869
Pictures from photographs.
GULF STREAM, RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE ..... *John Elliott Pillsbury* 533
Pictures by W. Taber, after photographs.

HOW OLD FOLKS WON THE OAKS ..... *J. J. Eakins* 50
Pictures by H. Helmick.

ISLAM: IS IT THE GOSPEL FOR THE ORIENT? ..... *James S. Dennis* 955
"INDIAN CAMPAIGNS, GENERAL MILES'S" ..... { *George L. Spining* 477
{ *G. W. Baird* 478
ITALIAN OLD MASTERS. (Continued from previous Volumes.) ..... *W. J. Stillman.*
With engravings and notes by ..... *T. Cole.*
Michelangelo Buonarotti. (See also page 153.) 5
Raphael 164
Andrea Del Sarto 352
Titian. (See frontispiece facing page 483.) 576
Giorgione 713
Lotto. (See frontispiece facing page 803.) 842

JAPANESE NAVAL BATTLE. See "Wyoming."
JEWS IN NEW YORK, THE ..... *Richard Wheatley* 323, 512
Pictures by Irving R. Wiles, Otto H. Bacher, C. A. Needham, Gilbert Gaul, A. Castaigne, Harry Fenn, and H. D. Nichols.
JEWISH QUESTION, THE ..... *Josephus* 395
JURY, TRIAL BY, A REMARKABLE ..... *Samuel Lamborn* 797
KING'S RIVER CAÑON See "Yosemite."

KITCHEN, THE NEW ENGLAND ..... *Maria Parloa* 315
LEGISLATION, CORRUPT PRACTICES, IN 1891 ..... *Topics of the Time* 151
LETITIA ROY, SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF ..... *M. E. Angus* 933
Pictures by Mary Hallock Foote.

LINCOLN'S TIME, THE ILLINOIS OF ..... *Sophie Bledsoe Herrick* 796
LOTTERY, LOUISIANA, THE ..... *Clarence Clough Buel* 618
Will an American State be Guilty of Suicide? ..... *Topics of the Time* 633
The Lottery a National Infamy ..... *Topics of the Time* 789
LOUISIANA, THE ALLIGATOR HUNTERS OF ..... *Andrews Wilkinson* 399
Pictures by Marie Guise, George H. Clement, and J. C. Beard.
LOW, WILL H. ..... *W. Lewis Fraser* 477
Picture on page 433.
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL ..... *George E. Woodberry* 113
Portrait on page 121.
LOWELL'S AMERICANISM ..... *Joel Benton* 119
With a letter from ..... *James Russell Lowell* 120
LOWELL'S LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRY ..... *Topics of the Time* 150

MAJOR'S APPOINTMENT, THE ..... *Julia Schayer* 123
Pictures by C. D. Gibson.
MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY ..... *Joseph Mazzini* 67
MENZEL, ADOLF ..... *Carl Marr* 17
Notes by ..... *W. J. Baer and R. Blum* ... 26
Pictures by Adolf Menzel.
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, THE ..... *Topics of the Time* 634
MILITIA. See "National Guard."
MITCHELL'S (S. WEIR) "A PSALM OF DEATH" 957
MOHAMMED. See "Islam."
MONSIEUR ALCIBIADE ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* 601
MOZART — AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS ..... *Amelia Gere Mason* 203
Pictures by Malcolm Fraser, and from paintings, etc.

PAGE

NATIONAL GUARD, THE NEW ..... *Francis V. Greene* 483
Pictures by R. F. Zogbaum.
The Regular Army and the National Defense ..... *August V. Kautz* 635
A National Militia ..... *Robert Kennon Evans* 637

NAULAHKA, THE, A STORY OF WEST AND EAST ..... { *Rudyard Kipling* / *Wolcott Balestier* } 35, 186, 343; 608, 666, 890

NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN, THE ..... *Maria Parloa* 315

OBSERVATIONS ..... *Manley H. Pike* 799, 960
OCEAN FROM REAL LIFE, THE ..... *John A. Beebe* 244
Pictures by W. Taber.
OL' PAP'S FLAXEN. (To be concluded.) ..... *Hamlin Garland* 743, 912
Pictures by George W. Cohen.
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, AS A POET OF HUMANITY ..... *George Parsons Lathrop* 313
OUR TOLSTOI CLUB ..... *Dorothy Prescott* 761
Pictures by A. B. Wenzell.

PADEREWSKI: A CRITICAL STUDY ..... *William Mason* 720
Picture by Irving R. Wiles, and frontispiece (facing page 643).
PADEREWSKI: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH ..... *Fanny Morris Smith* 724
PARIS OPERA, THE ..... *A. Vianesi* 155
PARKS, PUBLIC, ATTACKS UPON ..... *Topics of the Time* 473
PASTEL, THE GOLDEN AGE OF ..... *Elizabeth Wells Champney* 264
Pictures from old paintings in pastel.
PEARLS, FISHING FOR, IN AUSTRALIA ..... *Hubert Phelps Whitmarsh* 905
Pictures by O. H. Bacher and W. Taber.
PLAYERS, THE ..... *Brander Matthews* 28
Pictures by A. Brennan.
PLAYGROUNDS AND PARKS FOR CHILDREN ..... *Walter Vrooman* 317
POETRY, THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF ..... *Edmund Clarence Stedman*
I. Oracles Old and New 752
II. What is Poetry? 821
POSTAL CLERKS, NATIONAL JUSTICE TO ..... *Topics of the Time* 792
POSTAL SERVICE, THE OCEAN ..... *Thomas L. James* 944

"PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON" ..... { *W. R. Holloway* ..... 475 / *John A. Wyeth* ..... 476 }

PROVENCE, PLAY IN.
The Feast of the Marys ..... *Joseph Pennell* 884
The Story of the Two Marys ..... *Elizabeth Robins Pennell* 888
Pictures by Joseph L. Pennell.
RAPTURE OF HETTY, THE ..... *Mary Hallock Foote* 198
Picture by the author.
REFFEY ..... *Wolcott Balestier* 561
REFLECTIONS ..... *J. A. Macon* 480
ROADS, OUR COMMON ..... *Isaac B. Potter* 803
Pictures by Harry Fenn, Malcolm Fraser, and H. D. Nichols.

SARGENT, JOHN S. ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 798
Picture on page 773.
SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY ..... *Augustus Jay DuBois* 252
SCULPTURES. See "Greeks."
SHERMAN, GENERAL, UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY. See "California."
"SISTER DOLOROSA," A ROMAN CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF ..... *L. H.* 157
SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR ..... *Wilbur Fisk Tillett* 9
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ..... *Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer* 643
Pictures by Joseph Pennell.

"STARVING AT TASCOMA" ..... *John Heard, Jr.* 927
Pictures by Harper Pennington.

THEFT CONDONED, A ..... *Gertrude Smith* 97

VILLAGE ROMANCE, THE ..... *Viola Roseboro'* 774
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.

PAGE

WASHINGTON, ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF ..... *Charles Henry Hart* 593
With unpublished portraits.
WASHINGTON, THE MOTHER AND BIRTHPLACE OF ..... *Ella Bassett Washington* 830
Pictures by H. D. Nichols, W. C. Fitler, C. A. Vanderhoof, Malcolm Fraser, and from an old painting.
WITCHCRAFT ..... *J. M. Buckley* 408
Head-piece by Theodore Bauer.
WOMANHOOD, SOUTHERN, AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR ..... *Wilbur Fisk Tillett* 9
WULFY: A WAIF. A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM LIFE ..... *Vida D. Scudder* 276
"WYOMING," THE, IN THE STRAITS OF SHIMONOSÉKI ..... *William Elliott Griffis* 844
Pictures by W. Taber.
YANKEE AND REBEL YELLS, THE ..... *J. Harvie Dew* 953
YOSEMITE, A RIVAL OF THE, KING'S RIVER CAÑON ..... *John Muir* 77
Pictures by Charles D. Robinson.
YOSEMITE REFORM, CALIFORNIA'S INTEREST IN ..... *George G. Mackenzie* 154

POETRY.

AT BREAK OF DAY ..... *Florence Earle Coates* 904
ART ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 468
AT FIRST ..... *Amanda T. Jones* 173
BALESTIER, WOLCOTT, IN MEMORIAM ..... *J. R. Campbell* 926
BLUE AND THE GRAY, THE ..... *R. W. P. Noble* 319
BLUEBIRD, THE ..... *Richard Burton* 719
BRER FOX ..... *Edward A. Oldham* 159
BRONTË ..... *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 59
CHOICE, THE ..... *Owen Innsly* 132
CHRIST-CHILD, THE ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 163
Picture by Frank Vincent Du Mond.
CHRISTMAS DAY ..... *Alice Williams Brotherton* .. 320
CHRISTMAS TOAST, A ..... *John H. Boner* 320
CLOUD-MAIDEN, THE ..... *William Wilfred Campbell* . 398
COME LOVE OR DEATH ..... *Will H. Thompson* 829
CONSISTENCY ..... *Doane Robinson* 640
CONTRAST, A ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* ... 639
CRADLE SONG, A ..... *Charles H. Crandall* 799
CYCLAMEN, THE ..... *Arlo Bates* 950
DAKOTA SKETCHES ..... *Doane Robinson* 958
Pictures by E. W. Kemble.
DANA, RICHARD HENRY ..... *Darwin E. Ware* 540
DEATH DEFIED ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 469
EDITOR, A CHEERING OUTLOOK FOR THE ..... *Charlotte W. Thurston* 800
EMBARRASSING TO A MODEST MAN ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 319
ENCELADUS ..... *Charles J. O'Malley* 575
FIREFLIES ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 468
FOLKSONG ..... *Sylvester Baxter* 112
FRIENDS ONLY ..... *F. H. Curtiss* 319
FROST-FLOWERS ..... *William Prescott Foster* 263
GARLAND, A ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* .. 435
GENIUS WITHIN HEARING OF DEATH ..... *Charlotte Fiske Bates* 712
GRACE AFTER MEAT ..... *Margaret Vandegrift* 159
HEART OF HEARTS ..... *Katharine Lee Bates* 599
HO FOR THE DESERT! ..... *George E. de Steigner* 160
HUNGER-STRIKE, THE ..... *Elizabeth W. Fiske* 49
IMPOSSIBLE GIRL, AN ..... *James G. Burnett* 800
INDIA ..... *Florence Earle Coates* 34
"IN LIGHTER VEIN" ..... *Mary Bates Dimond* 960
INTERLUDES ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 468
IN THE PAUSES OF HER SONG ..... *Orelia Key Bell* 76
IRELAND, SONGS OF ..... *Jennie E. T. Dowe* 479
"I SAW THE CLOUDS AT MORNING'S HOUR" ..... *Langdon Elwyn Mitchell* ... 678
JACK FROST ..... *Esther B. Tiffany* 319

PAGE

KHAMSIN ..... *Clinton Scollard* 911
KING, THE ..... *Louise Morgan Sill* 852
KITTY, MY COLLEEN ..... *Patrick J. Coleman* 158
"LINNET, THE, SINGS" ..... *Henry T. Stanton* 800
LITTLE TORY, A ..... *Clinton Scollard* 640
LITTLE TUNKER BONNET, THE ..... *Benjamin S. Parker* 319
LONG AGO, THE ..... *Julie M. Lippmann* 372
LOST SONG, THE ..... *George Horton* 480
LOVE AND LIFE ..... *Julie M. Lippmann* 772
LOVE IS A BIRD ..... *William Prescott Foster* 779
LOVER'S PLAINT, A ..... *Mary Ainge De Vere* 480
MIDNIGHT CALL, THE ..... *Kate Putnam Osgood* 185
MILAN CATHEDRAL ..... *Douglas Sladen* 342
MUSIC ..... *A. Lampman* 132
MY ENEMY ..... *Alice Williams Brotherton* 736
MY OLD SKIPPERS ..... *Charles Henry Webb* 160
MY SWEETHEART ..... *Margaret A. Oldham* 799
NEW YEAR'S EVE ..... *Alice Williams Brotherton* 436
Picture and decoration by George Wharton Edwards.
OFFERTORY, AN ..... *Mary Mapes Dodge* 280
Picture by Dagnan-Bouveret.
OLD BELLE, AN ..... *Lizette Woodworth Reese* 480
ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK ..... *Louise Chandler Moulton* 869
ONLY A HINT ..... *George Moore* 480
PADEREWSKI: "HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS" ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 727
PARABLE, A ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 468
PARADOX, A ..... *Lydia C. Heckman* 319
PARTING GUEST, A ..... *Meredith Nicholson* 422
PEGASUS IN HARNESS ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 799
PROPHETS, THE ..... *C. P. Stetson* 158
QUEEN ELIZABETH ..... *Rose Terry Cooke* 198
REMEMBRANCE ..... *William Sharp* 220
"SHADOWS FOLD, THE" ..... *John Vance Cheney* 858
SHEPHERDS, THE ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 175
Picture by H. Lerolle.
SILENT APPLAUSE ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 800
SILENT PARTNER, THE ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 480
SILVER THAW, THE ..... *Charles G. D. Roberts* 751
SMITHY SONG ..... *George Horton* 318
SOMETHING FORGOTTEN ..... *J. A. Macon* 640
SONG AND SINGER ..... *Richard E. Burton* 592
SONG FOR ALL SEASONS, A ..... *James Herbert Morse* 100
SONG OF THE BROOK, THE ..... *Mary Ainge DeVere* 283
SONNET ON THE SONNET ..... *Inigo Deane* 467
SONNET, THE ..... *Edith Wharton* 113
SPRING, ODE TO ..... *Mrs. James T. Fields* 779
STREET-SWEEPER, THE NEW ..... *George Towner* 160
SURSUM CORDA ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 45
SYMPATHY ..... *Charles H. Crandall* 263
TIRED HEART, A ..... *Bessie Chandler* 607
TO A SOUTHERN GIRL ..... *James G. Burnett* 320
TRANSFORMATION ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 469
TWO LESSONS, THE ..... *Thomas W. Higginson* 221
UNDERSTOOD ..... *William B. McVickar* 318
VALENTINE VILLANELLE TO KATE, A ..... *Mary C. Hungerford* 639
WAIL OF AN OLD-TIMER ..... *Ella Wheeler Wilcox* 960
"WHEN FROM THE TENSE CHORDS OF THAT MIGHTY LYRE" ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 784
WHO LIES AS WELL AS TRUTH? ..... *S. R. Elliott* 640
YO TE AMO ..... *Rosalie M. Jonas* 639

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE FRESCO ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

"DELPHIAN SIBYL," BY MICHELANGELO.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE FRESCO ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

"CUMÆAN SIBYL," BY MICHELANGELO.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. NOVEMBER, 1891. NO. 1.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI. (1474–1564.)

THE saddest of all the artist-lives we know of is that of Michelangelo. Egregious self-esteem is often the accompaniment of the artistic temperament, and is diligently fostered by the undiscriminating admiration of the incompetent and ignorant modern public, becomes the compensation for many failures and the salve for many wounds; if it existed in him in a notable degree, it was accompanied by so just an appreciation of his own capacities that it could have given him little satisfaction in presence of the far greater popularity of Raphael, and (what was still more depressing to his self-respect) the utter miscomprehension of the character of his genius by those who alone could give him employment fitting to it. His contempt for Raphael — probably in the main the result of the excessive admiration of that precocious genius by the whole world of Rome — was founded at least on the extreme incongruity of his own and Raphael's art,— the former masculine, sublime both in its intensity and in its forms, the latter feminine, flexible, full of the graces which demoralize art, and made attractive by a seductive sweetness which to the robust imagination of Michelangelo must have been the very Capua of its decline. In the full sense of this, to him, degradation of art, he was goaded to revolt by commissions that had no relation to his genius, and work that only his universality made endurable, while his profoundly religious nature compelled obedience to the head of the church, and must have driven him to despair as it drove him to what he knew for injustice to his true calling. This, with intervals of congenial employment, was the tenor of his life.

The light of the most exhaustive research has been thrown on his life, and romance has charged it with its highest colors, though the simple truth is at once romantic and pathetic enough. He was born in Settignano,[1] in the Val d'Arno, at the time that the greatest painters of the best epoch of Italian art were in full activity,— just as the last of the great Giotteschi, Paolo Uccello, died, and while Mantegna, Verrocchio, Signorelli, Botticelli, and Ghirlandaio were doing their best work. He had what was rare amongst the painters of that time — a family name, being descended from the ancient lords of Canossa, which, in a time when the prestige of blood was strong, may have accounted in part for the supercilious spirit with which he certainly did look on some of his brother artists; and but for his love of art and the strong devotional tendencies of his character, he would probably h[illegible] taken a leading part in the public affairs o[illegible] country. The artist was not, till after the da[illegible] of Raphael and Titian, the object of any defe[illegible]nce in the social world, though [illegible] parti[illegible]ent he had been the object of a ce[illegible] in relig[illegible] reverence, which was passing [illegible] when [illegible]helangelo appeared on the sc[illegible] The pa[illegible]er, as well as the architect, was s[illegible] an artisan of a superior class, and [illegible]ptor only a superior decorator. They [illegible]ll set to work accord-

[1] Another account says at Caprese. I do not find that there is any definite statement of the place of birth. His father, Lodovico di Lionardo Buonarotti Simoni, lived in Settignano, near Florence, but was for the year of Michelangelo's birth Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese, and re[illegible] to his estate at Settignano when the year was [illegible], but whether the family accompanied him in his official migration is not clear. Under the circumstances he must be considered a native of Settignano.

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

ing to the tastes and conveniences of their employers and paid mostly by the month; and in the judgments of the time the qualities which gave the precedence in popular approbation were those of good workmanship and intelligible story-telling. A correct judgment of the higher excellences of sculpture is always far above the capacities of any general public, and was certainly as much so at the time of Buonarotti as it is now. He was by the public never judged by his highest gift, which was that of sculpture. At the age of fourteen he was placed as an apprentice in the studio of Ghirlandaio, when already, by the aid of his comrades, he had made some progress in the art, as is shown by the articles of apprenticeship, according him pay in the first years of his apprenticeship, six, eight, and twelve florins of gold respectively; but his early instruction was not such as to modify the peculiar tendency of his genius, for Ghirlandaio was no colorist, but a painter of great academical attainments and abilities, whose instructions were perhaps more profitable to the peculiar nature of Michelangelo than would have been those of a better painter having less scientific tendencies.

Being received two years later into the Academy of Lorenzo de' Medici, he found his true occupation through the study of the antique marbles collected there. Probably no artist of our era was so completely capable of appreciating the art of Greece both in its form and in its spirit, and to my mind no loss to the world's art has been so great as that which diverted Michelangelo from sculpture. This we owe to the Popes. Lorenzo de' Medici was apparently a better judge of the artist, for he so highly appreciated his attempt to rival the Greeks that he made him an official pensioner of the state. The first expulsion of the Medici, however, left him at the age of twenty dependent on his own resources. Whether from grief at the downfall of his protector (for, though deficient in the taste of Lorenzo, his successor, Peter II. had become the patron of Michelangelo) or from the want of occupation in Florence, he went to Bologna and found work in sculpture. It is said that a Cupid of his execution done at this time was purchased by the Duchess of Mantua as an antique, which fact did more for his reputation than the merit of his work would have done, and led to his being invited to Rome, where at this visit he was occupied only in sculpture. The great Pietà in St. Peter's (placed where it is quite impossible to see it properly) was a work of this epoch, executed at the age of twenty-five, and to my mind is the most perfect of all his works. He was then recalled to Florence to execute certain commissions for the city, among them the lost cartoon in rivalry with Leonardo, of which one can only say that it showed his knowledge of anatomy if we may judge by the copy of a portion of it which remains, but on which, as a whole, we can pass no judgment. In 1506 he was again called to Rome by Julius II., to design the monument to himself, of which we have the Moses in S. Pietro in Vincoli, in Rome, and several other statues left unfinished, for the monument was never completed.

Michelangelo's ill-fortune in his fame has followed him to the present day, for instead of being judged peculiarly as a sculptor, he is still most admired for the "Last Judgment" of the Sistine Chapel, painted at a later period than this, and perhaps the most ungrateful of the tasks imposed on him by papal order. Had it been painted in that period of greater elasticity of talent in which the ceiling was painted it would no doubt have been more in keeping with it, but in the interval the artist had grown older, had devoted himself more to the study of anatomy, which is in the highest degree obnoxious to the spirit of beauty, and, like all scientific pursuits, to the subtlety of art, and had devoted himself for the intervening years purely to sculpture. He must have had little sympathy with the task, for though it brims over with ostentation of power and scientific knowledge, both elements hostile to the serenity of the highest art, it is as unhappy in its impression as if the artist had imagined himself condemned in it. As a display of technical ability it is astounding; but I never look at it without an aversion which has as much of regret at the lost labor given to it as of the repugnance to the theme which I am convinced Michelangelo himself felt.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, another commission of Julius, finished in 1512, is certainly the work which best justifies the employment of Michelangelo as a painter, not only as containing his best painting, but as in itself the finest piece of decorative painting in existence. It is in the taste of the time, in which the Renaissance had developed all the exaggerations of its characteristics, but both in the ensemble and in the invention of its details and the pathetic character of its mythic personages it has no peer amongst the many similar works of a time of fertile designing and masterly execution. He was able to give full play in it to his magnificent conception of the sculpturesque material of Roman mythology and to that subtle quality of composition which is so prominent in his statues, and is one of the artistic charms of Greek art,—that of filling a space without either monotony or dissidence of lines or masses. Every figure has the value of one on a Greek coin, and the largeness of treatment is a model for all time. For color we do not look to it, for he had not the gift of color in the high artistic sense, but even in this its

decorative value is satisfactory because, thanks to the scale of color employed, nothing jars; but for all other elements of art it is a lesson forever. Looking at the mighty sweep of his brush, we can well imagine the impatience with which he swept aside the little fresco-painters who were to do the work after his drawings, and shutting himself in a seclusion in which he had no need to apprehend stupid comment or — the worst that could befall him — imbecile approbation, gave permanent form to his inspirations.

The appreciation of works of such power and imagination must always be partial and limited, but to me the Scripture stories told in the central compartments are of less value as art than the Sibyls, which are sculpturesque creations more in the vein of all the marble work of Michelangelo, and in the direction of his highest gifts, which were in the invention of form. The Sistine ceiling was finished when he was still in what may be considered his youth, before he was thirty. In 1513 Julius died and was succeeded by Leo X., who was the friend of Raphael and was comparatively indifferent to Buonarotti, and the ten years of this pontificate are the least productive and probably the least grateful of the artist's life. It is noted for the ungratified desire to erect at his own expense what would have been, in one sense, if it had been made an actuality, the most interesting monument of the Renaissance, a tomb to Dante, for the removal of whose remains to Florence the Signoria were then in treaty with the authorities of Ravenna, where the poet was buried. Whether the failure came from the Pope's refusal or the refusal of Ravenna to give up the remains of Dante we are not informed, but the world must regret the result of the negotiations. The accession of Clement VII. in 1523 brought Michelangelo again into activity, and the plans for the Medici Chapel at S. Lorenzo employed his best gifts. The statue of the Duke Lorenzo stands with the David and the Pietà in St. Peter's, at his highest level, and the Moses, in another vein, falls short of these three by but little. That which more than any of the other works of Michelangelo distinguishes him from the Greek on one side and the lesser men on the other, is the Lorenzo, since the imaginative element, which was his almost unique gift among sculptors, is stronger in it than in any other of his statues. If, as the tradition goes, he could call on his Moses to speak, he might have called on Lorenzo to rise and come down from his pedestal, so instinct with life is it. During the time that the artist was engaged on this work, the Medici were again expelled from Florence and the city was besieged by the forces of the Pope and his allies to restore them. Michelangelo was called into service to fortify the city, and this episode of his life is one of the most interesting to his biography, if not to his art. He fled before the surrender, fearing the vengeance of the victors, and knowing well that in the temper of those times his character of artist was no protection in the rage of a sack of the city. He was recalled by the Pope to finish the chapel in S. Lorenzo.

The pontificate of Clement VII. was followed in 1534 by that of Paul III., who commissioned Michelangelo to paint the "Last Judgment," which he did, we are told, with reluctance, and probably, as I have already indicated, without interest; and it seems to me that this is betrayed in the work itself, though repainting has long since deprived it of that autographic quality which, like handwriting, betrays the mind of the man. It has suffered from restoration too much to enable us to pronounce on the painting, but the drawing remains as Michelangelo's, and it is almost all that is his, for the subject was forced on him. He was sixty-seven when it was finished. The almost defaced frescos of the Pauline Chapel were due to the same period, and closed his career as a painter. From this time to the end of his life he was principally engaged on St. Peter's, and this portion of his life is to my mind only less wasted than that employed on the "Last Judgment" and the Pauline Chapel. If even the original plan had been carried out and we had been fully enabled to judge of Michelangelo as an architect, it would not have been worth the time taken from sculpture, which was his peculiar art; but, looking at the church as it is completed, we cannot even find his design, and the stupendous dome alone remains to show his brain. As art St. Peter's is one of the worst failures of the late Renaissance, and not only in its general plan but in its details, except the dome, is far inferior to many of the minor churches of Italy. Michelangelo was fifty-eight when he was ordered to begin the "Last Judgment" and eighty-eight when he died.

The pathetic episode of the artist's life, which was his devotion to Vittoria Colonna, is in keeping with his whole life; throughout he was balked, disappointed, turned back into himself perpetually. That he never became a misanthrope or sullied his life with the immoralities too common in his surrounding adds to the luster of his character, not to his greatness as an artist; but we should regard a life as incomplete in which no such romantic interest entered, and that of Michelangelo has all the pathos of a great tragedy.

W. J. Stillman.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH. OWNED BY CHARLES STEWART SMITH.

IZAAK WALTON.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

AMONG the many changes that have taken place in the Southern States and among Southern people within the past thirty years, some of which are the direct result of war, and others the simple and natural development of the times, there is none more significant and worthy of notice than the change that has taken place in the condition, the life, and the labor of Southern women. We refer, of course, to the white women of the South. The effects of the great revolution upon the negro race, upon the white man of the South, and upon the material and industrial development of the former slave-holding States, have all been fully and variously discussed. It is the object of this paper to discuss the effects of the war, and the changes resulting therefrom, upon the social, domestic, and intellectual life of Southern women.

It is now a quarter of a century since the close of the civil war — a period sufficiently long to show some of the important effects upon Southern society of the great revolution through which it has passed. It is an error to think that the colored race alone has been affected by the war. The condition, life, and labor of the white people of the South have been quite as seriously affected. It would doubtless be difficult to find an intelligent Southern white man who does not believe that the emancipation of the colored slaves has had a most salutary effect upon the Anglo-Saxon race.

But we wish to inquire especially as to how the great changes of the past thirty years have affected Southern womanhood. Have they proved a misfortune or a blessing to the gentler sex? Certain it is that the life and work of woman in the South are in many important respects very different now from what they were before the war. The young woman of to-day grows up under conditions and with environments vastly different from those which surrounded her mother and grandmother in their early days. We wish to compare and contrast the life, and condition, and work of woman as they are now in the South with what they were in ante-bellum times. Surely there have been great changes in the education and the work of women everywhere, at least throughout the English-speaking world, during the past thirty years, and many of these would have reached and materially affected the life of Southern women had there been no civil war and no emancipation of slaves. It would be illogical, therefore, to assert that the cause or the explanation of every change that contrasts the life of Southern women now with what it was formerly is in the peculiar events that have taken place in our late history.

We might conveniently divide our subject into these three heads: (1) the Southern woman before the war; (2) the Southern woman during the war; (3) the Southern woman since the war. Were this our mode of presenting the subject, it would be to give three pictures of the same woman, and not of three different women. The virtues that adorn and ennoble the Southern woman of to-day find their explanation and origin largely in that womanhood which for the last fifty years and more has been the product and the pride of the Southern people. No matter what may be one's sympathy with or prejudice against the institution of slavery, there is no denying the fact that American civilization has nowhere produced a purer and loftier type of refined and cultured womanhood than existed in the South before the war. Nowhere else in America have hospitality and social intercourse among the better classes been so cultivated or have constituted so large a part of life as in what is called the old South. These large and constant social demands upon Southern women, growing out of the hospitable customs of the old plantation life, made the existing conditions very favorable for developing women of rare social gifts and accomplishments. In native womanly modesty, in neatness, grace, and beauty of person, in ease and freedom without boldness of manner, in refined and cultured minds, in gifts and qualities that shone [illegible] in the social circle, in spotless purity of thought and character, in laudable pride of family and devotion to home, kindred, and loved ones — these were the qualities for which Southern women were noted and in which they excelled. That the Southern woman of ante-bellum times lacked those stronger qualities of character and mind that are born only of trials and hardships and poverty and adversity may be granted. That she contributed less in labor, especially manual labor, to the support and economy of the household than women in like financial condition

elsewhere may also be granted. But this was not because she was unable or unwilling to work, but simply because it was unnecessary. Before the Southern woman had passed through the four years' fiery ordeal of war, the virtues of character, of head and heart, that are born of adversity were all richly hers.

But the Southern woman's most trying period came only after the war, terminating as it did in the loss of nearly all property, in the entire breaking up of the old home life, and in the emancipation of the slaves, who had always relieved white women of the more unpleasant duties that would otherwise have long fallen to their lot in the economy of domestic life. Thousands upon thousands of delicate and cultivated women who had never done any of the harder and more disagreeable duties of domestic and home life, universally performed by the slaves, were now compelled to enter upon a life of drudgery and hardship for which nothing in their previous training had prepared them. If in prosperity, wealth, and luxury woman is weaker and frailer than man, when adversity comes she is stronger than man, stronger in heart and purpose, stronger to adapt herself to unfortunate circumstances and to make the best of them. Indeed, it is not until adversity comes that we know how strong a creature woman is. Many a trouble that utterly crushes strong man transforms weak woman into a tower of strength. Never did woman have a better opportunity to show this strength than at the close of the war, and right nobly did she meet the emergency and set herself to her work, encouraging and inspiring with hope Southern men, too many of whom had lost heart with their lost cause. It was the heart, the hope, the faith of Southern womanhood that set Southern men to working when the war was over, and in this work they led the way, filling the stronger sex with utter amazement at the readiness and power with which they began to perform duties to which they had never been used before. The wonderful recuperative energies of the Southern people since the war, as manifested in the present wide-spread prosperity of the Southern States, is recognized and admired by all; but who can tell how largely this is due to Southern womanhood? Was it not the brave-hearted wife that inspired the despairing husband when the war had ended to go to work and redeem his lost fortune, happy enough herself that she had a living husband to work with her, since so many of her sisters had to fight the battle with labor and poverty alone, while their husbands slept in the soldier's grave? Was it not the ambitious and hopeful sister that inspired her soldier brother, the unconquered and unconquerable maiden that inspired her disheartened lover, when the war was over? And was not this womanly inspiration the most potent factor that entered the problem of the white man's immediate future in the South? Nor has woman's part in the up-building of the South been one of inspiration simply. It is the work which her own head and hands have accomplished that we wish to speak of more particularly in this paper; not her influence upon other things, but the influence upon her of the changes of the last thirty years. How then has Southern womanhood been affected by these great changes?

Some time since, in order to arrive at as true an answer as possible to this question, and in order to find out what Southern women themselves thought upon it, the writer selected from the range of his acquaintances in three different States some half-dozen representative Southern women, and addressed to them the following

QUESTIONS.

1. At the end of a quarter of a century since the close of the war — a period sufficiently long to furnish some true basis for a comparison and a judgment — is it your opinion that the emancipation of the slaves and the numerous other results of war affecting the Southern people have proved a blessing or a misfortune to the womanhood of the South? Has woman's lot, her life and labor, been affected favorably or unfavorably by the changed conditions?

2. What effect have these changes had upon woman's education in the South? Wherein does the education of young women differ now from what it was before the war? Is it more thorough and extensive now than then? Do a larger number of young women in proportion to population seek and obtain the benefits of seminary and college training now than then? and if so, how does this apply to the various grades of society — the rich, the middle, and the poorer classes? Is a larger number of young women acquiring an education now than then with a view to using their education for self-support? and if so, does this have a tendency to make them any more earnest and thorough in the prosecution of their studies than when few, if any, ever expected to make any practical use of their education? The relative importance attached to "the useful" and the merely "ornamental" in female education then as compared with the present. The so-called "higher education of woman" then and now. The tendency to develop literary women then as compared with the present.

3. What change, if any, has taken place in woman's attitude toward work and self-support, and in public sentiment with reference to this question, throughout the South? Have the effects of this change been good or evil to Southern women, or wherein good and wherein evil? What of the respectability of self-support then and now? — can the Southern white woman work now, without forfeiting her social standing, in any way in which the public sentiment of ante-bellum times would discount her social standing if she engaged

in such work or self-support? What of the numbers and kinds of vocations open to woman then and now, and the pay given her for her work?

4. How have the changed conditions affected woman's domestic and home life in the South — the pleasures and trials of housekeeping, the servant problem, and other features of home life that may occur to a woman? Wherein has social life as it affects woman undergone any change in the South? What do Southern women think of "woman's rights"? What are woman's true place and work in the economy of human life?

The reader will be interested in the answers which these questions elicited from the thoughtful women to whom they were addressed. We make no apology, therefore, for occupying a large portion of this paper with quotations from the answers received in reply to the foregoing questions. We quote first from one of the least hopeful of all the replies received. It is from a Virginia lady who comes of a literary family, has long lived at one of the leading literary centers of the South, is an authoress herself, and a contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She writes:

The theme that you present is an intensely interesting one to me. As to whether the changes resulting from the war have proved a blessing or a misfortune to Southern women — I think there never were nor can be any purer, nobler women than those who lived in the South during the days of slavery and the war. And it is because the Southern woman is the same creature now that she was then that she has not been injured by the hard conditions of the present. Woman's education has advanced with mighty strides during the last fifty years, but freeing the slaves has had naught to do with it. There are ever so many more literary women now than then — not that there was not equal literary taste in old times, but there was needed the goad of poverty to force the Southern women from the loved retirement of the domestic circle into the gaze of the public. The changed nature of domestic service is altogether evil in my eyes. Young housekeepers have a much harder time now, comparing my daughter's trials with those of my own young life, though we had our annoyances from servants then. The middle and lower classes who never owned slaves and were inured to labor have been much less affected by the changes introduced into domestic life since the war. As to the respectability of self-support in woman, sensible people were the same in the old times as in the new, but the necessity for a woman supporting herself rarely ever existed then. Brothers and male relatives never used to suffer female members of their families to toil, as seems a matter of course now. If woman must struggle for self-support, it is delightful to contemplate the many avenues opening up to her whereby a livelihood may be gained. I think the tendency of the times is to broaden greatly the sphere of feminine activity. The social life of woman in the South has in my judgment changed very greatly for the worse, in that much less deference to womankind is entertained by the rising generation of young men. Ordinary attentions are withheld from young ladies, and escorting them spoken of as a burden in a manner shocking to one brought up in a former and more chivalrous generation. As a whole, then, I fear I must decide that the present conditions of society in the South are not most conducive to woman's happiness and best estate; but so confident am I of the ability and disposition of Southern women to rise superior to circumstances, that I neither worry over their present nor tremble for their future.

We next quote from a most intellectual and thoughtful Tennessee lady of threescore and ten years and more. She writes from a home of wealth, refinement, and literary and moral culture. Five generations of her family have lived in the same home, and her grandchildren today eat their meals almost over the same spot where her grandmother ate — which circumstance has few parallels in the South, or in any other part of the country. Her home, once two miles "in the country," is now in the midst of a populous city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, which, for its literary culture and its numerous educational institutions, is justly titled "The Athens of the South." She writes:

The women of the South were characterized by a certain refinement and elegance of manner, the result of generations of wealth and freedom from toil. The same qualities are discernible in their descendants, even in those who were impoverished by the war. I do not think, as some do, that white children were contaminated by association with negroes. I believe the finer nature always maintains the ascendancy over the coarser. There has been improvement in the physical development of woman in the South, but it is due, not to the abolition of slavery, but to the advance which has been made in the study of hygiene and the introduction of the gymnasium into the schools. Women receive better education now than before the war, spending, on an average, four years more in the school-room now than then. As a rule our Southern academies thirty years ago graduated girls at sixteen, and often younger. The crowning glory of the present age is that every woman is free to develop her own personality. Formerly the ultimatum of a Southern girl's existence was marriage, and an old maid was an object of pity. Now, thanks to the public schools, any girl, however humbly born, may secure an education and by the force of her intellect command an honorable position in the best society; and if she does not marry it is because she has not met a man who is her equal in mental culture and at the same time more able to take care of her than she is to take care of herself.

You ask, "What of the respectability of self-support then and now?" I answer that in the two cities with which I am familiar the most popular women in society are self-supporting women —

teachers. The women of the present day, moreover, having been compelled in many cases to give personal attention to cooking, have made an intelligent study of the subject, and it has now become one of the fine arts. Mistress and servants have come to recognize their dependence on one another, and in most families the relations between the two parties are regulated by mutual forbearance and good will. In social life the topics of conversation are far more varied and more elevating, in consequence of the general spread of education and literature. The time is past when a woman can entertain her friends with a detailed account of her latest illness, or can dare to bore them with a recital of the precocious sayings and doings of her children. Still, I say, and I hope all my sisters in the South will say with me, far distant be the day when the women of this country will lay aside the modesty and delicacy that so well befit them and undertake to compete with men in business, or in public and political life.

Let us place by the side of this letter from a Southern grandmother the views of a young woman who has come to maturity within the past ten years, and who therefore represents the new generation of young Southern women, who believe in the new order of things, and have no bitter memories of the past. She writes:

There is no point perhaps wherein the Southern ideal of woman has changed so much as in the nobility of helplessness in woman. Before the war, so far as I have been able to learn from contact and conversation with those whose knowledge and experience antedate my own by many years, self-support was a last resort with respectable women in the South, and such a thought was never entertained so long as there was any male relative to look to for support, and men felt responsible for the support of even remote female relatives. So deeply embedded in Southern ideas and feeling was this sentiment of the nobility of dependence and helplessness in woman, and the degradation of labor, even for self-support, in the sex, that I have heard of instances where refined and able-bodied women would allow themselves to be supported by the charity of their friends rather than resort to work for self-support — and this not because they had any reluctance to work, but because livelihood by charity seemed to them to be the more respectable and honorable alternative of the two. Such instances may not have been very numerous, but they were at least of frequent enough occurrence to show the strong prejudice that existed in the South before the war with reference to white women working. Of course this does not mean that the thousands of wives, mothers, and housekeepers throughout the South did not perform the duties incident to their situation. It was single ladies, and those who had no means of support within their own homes, whom public sentiment forbade to work for self-support; or if they did, it was at the expense of injuring or entirely forfeiting their social standing, and hence was to compromise themselves and their families. Now, on the contrary, a woman is respected and honored in the South for earning her own living, and would lose respect if, as an able-bodied woman, she settled herself as a burden on a brother, or even on a father, working hard for a living, while looking to more-distant male relatives for support is now quite out of the question. As a woman is now respected and honored, rather than discounted socially, for earning her own living when necessary, the field of labor for women is constantly widening. While she would not injure her social position by earning a living at any calling open to her sex, yet, socially, teaching and other forms of literary work have the advantage, and are to be preferred. Other callings, though not exactly tabooed by the sex, yet have such objections to them as would cause a young woman's friends to ask, "What makes her do that? Could n't she get a place to teach?" This increasing tendency among women to earn their own living by teaching has raised the standard of thoroughness in female education to some extent, though much is still to be desired, especially in the larger schools, where girls are too often sent to be "graduated" rather than to be educated. Southern people, having passed through the financial reverses of the war, now realize as never before that a daughter's bread may some day depend upon herself, and so they want her well educated. And as a thorough knowledge of a few things is a better foundation for self-support than a mere smattering of many accomplishments, there is more tendency toward specialties in woman's education than before the war.

I am inclined to think, however, that there were proportionately a larger number of cultivated women in the South before the war than since. On the old Southern plantations women were thrown more on their own resources than in the crowded cities toward which Southern life and wealth now tend, and so were sent to the fine old libraries for that daily diversion the modern woman gets on the streets or in the frivolous social circle. Southern people before the war used to keep "open house" the year round, and were always ready to welcome a guest for the sojourn of a day or the visit of a month. This constant entertaining of refined and cultured people brought the Southern woman in contact with the best thought of the day and magnified her office as the center of the social and home circle. This necessity of cultivating conversational, literary, and social gifts whereby she might be at her ease in entertaining her guests led her to attain to a standard and ideal of social culture far too seldom seen in the Southern women of the present day. With the loss of wealth, and with the changed domestic service, the hospitality of former times became an impossibility after the war, and with it went some of the grace of manner and conversation that had been developed by constant practice in the Southern woman before the war.

There are not many Southern girls reared entirely since the war who could express themselves more clearly and forcibly than this young woman has done in the above quotation. It

will only add to the value of her views to say that she belongs to a family that stands socially among the best in the community where she resides, and her financial circumstances are such that she has never been under the necessity of working for her own support — which fact renders her statements concerning the honor and social respect in which genteel women working for self-support are held all the more worthy of acceptance, because they are not biased by her own condition in life.

Everything is entirely changed to our Southern women since the war [writes another correspondent from one of the Carolinas whose memory of better days before the war and whose trials and tribulations in housekeeping and in providing a support for herself and others since the war make her the representative of another class of Southern women whose views she very faithfully portrays] — I mean, of course, our cultivated women. From being queens in social life, mistresses of large families, providers, guides, and disciplinarians of large households, and dispensers of a lavish and royal hospitality, they became after the war, in many instances, mere domestic drudges, and wore their lives out in trying to find the wherewithal to keep actual want outside their doors. This class of Southern women, it is true, are now rapidly passing away, and their vacant places are being filled by their daughters and granddaughters, whose lot is happier and whose future is hopeful and promising. But the history of Southern womanhood as affected by the war cannot be faithfully told without presenting in all their dark outlines the trying and terrible experiences through which the great majority of our noble women have had to pass during the quarter of a century that has intervened since the close of the war.

It is the domestic and home life of woman that has been most seriously affected by the great changes that have come over the South. In the days of slavery the Southern housekeeper had about her trained and competent servants who rendered her implicit obedience, knowing that, if they did not, they would be at once remanded to the harder labors of the plantation. To have to exchange these trained house-servants for the incompetent, ever-changing, and worthless hired servants that took their places after the war was indeed a great trial. Many a refined woman, living in affluence before and during the war, was now compelled through poverty to perform all her household duties herself, or if barely able to hire help, it was only the cheapest and most worthless that she could secure, to manage whom was often more vexatious and trying than to perform all duties herself. The servant problem is becoming less annoying, but even now many a Southern woman's leisure is consumed in teaching incompetent servants or in doing their neglected work; and if perchance she succeeds in training one to a point where efficient and satisfactory service is rendered, every housekeeper knows by unhappy experience how liable such a servant is to decide suddenly to quit work or to enter another's employ — and she may leave at night (especially if she has been overpaid) without any warning that she will not return for breakfast the next morning. And so the Southern women of recent years have had numberless trials and vexations in these and other lines never dreamed of by their mothers. To exercise the hospitality of former days has become an impossibility in most households, a tax to spirit and nerve that cannot be borne. Visitors are not now expected to take a meal or to spend a day except by special invitation. "Old things" in this respect have passed away.

Woman's opportunities for work have increased. The number of single women who support themselves, and of married women who help their husbands in supporting their families, is much larger than before the war, and this class of women is more respected than in ante-bellum times. The number of vocations open to women is of course much larger than before the war, but the value in money of woman's work is shamefully depreciated. No matter what work a woman does, men will not pay her its full value, not half what they would pay a man for the very same work. There is proof of this unjust discrimination in almost every female college in the South where men and women are employed to do the same or equal work as teachers, not to speak of other callings where they are performing exactly the same work for very unequal wages.

If then we look at this question concerning Southern womanhood in the light of the present and of the more hopeful future, rather than of the past succeeding the war, I can say that in my judgment the freeing of the slaves and the changed conditions of life resulting from the war have proved a blessing to the white women of the South. It has taught them the value of actual labor with their own hands; it has taught them that the hardships and trials of life teach useful lessons, and have their rewards. It has proved to them that poverty does not necessarily degrade, that culture and refinement may preside in the kitchen, mold the biscuit and watch the griddle, turn the steak and bake the cake, but that wisdom and economy must be constantly exercised or there will be little time for anything but these homely duties.

We next present the views of a gentleman who has been an educator of Southern girls for the past forty years, and is at present at the head of one of the largest and most prosperous female colleges in the South, having enrolled during the past year over four hundred pupils. The fact that he has had large experience, both in ante-bellum and post-bellum times, in female education, and has been a diligent student of every problem pertaining to Southern womanhood, entitles his views to serious consideration in a discussion of this theme. He writes:

I am firmly persuaded that the effects of the war in the emancipation of the slaves have been of the most salutary character in their influence upon the social, the intellectual, and the moral development of the white women of the Southern

States. The abolition of slavery has, in the first place, freed white children in their earliest years from the contaminating and degrading contact with negro associates, such as was universal in the best families in ante-bellum times. One reared under such associations has only to recall his own recollections of the demoralizing influence of daily and hourly contact with a race of narrow intellect and of low moral development to realize at once what a great and beneficent change has been produced by the total disruption of those damaging ties. The association was good for the negro, because he was, on the whole, being lifted to a higher plane, but his elevation was purchased at a fearful cost to the unwitting whites. I do not mean to declare that this demoralizing influence was exerted to such a degree as seriously to threaten the higher civilization with collapse and overthrow, but that it was preventing the full development of the capabilities of the dominant race will, I think, be admitted by all thoughtful observers and students of social phenomena.

With respect to the education of girls, I think it has been very materially improved by the changed conditions. Before the war my pupils were very largely from the wealthy class of Southern planters. They were reared in affluence, had no necessity, and therefore no expectation or desire, to turn their education to any practical account in the way of bread-winning, and hence did not choose the studies calculated to aid in the struggle for self-support. In saying this I am not reflecting on the individual pupils, who as a class were of the highest social and moral worth, but the whole framework of society forbade the thought of self-maintenance on the part of women. The South still clung to the chivalric interpretation of woman's position, as a kind of superior being to be carefully guarded from the rude asperities of every-day existence. Now this state of affairs is necessarily changed by the enforced impoverishment of the Southern women. As a consequence the class of girls who realize the necessity of doing something for their own support has largely increased. They have become more earnest in their prosecution of education; they adopt and pursue with energy courses of study calculated to equip them for active and remunerative service in the world; they manifest a more enlightened interest in the great world-problems that agitate modern society, such as the movements of moral reform, the operations of government, the enlarged forms of Christian activity in the churches, like the work of foreign missions; they are more interested in the industrial and educational development of the South than was the case before the war. The proportion of girls seeking a collegiate education has increased, and it is my opinion that they remain longer at college than in former times. The increase is largely in the middle classes. Before the war the education of girls in college courses was, so far as my observation extended, restricted very much to the daughters of the wealthier people. I then had no pupils preparing for their own support. But now I think it safe to say that twenty-five per cent. of our girls look to supporting themselves when they leave college, and this notwithstanding the fact that the wealthiest classes are now, as then, among my patrons. The result of this increased number of women seeking self-support has been to make them more earnest and diligent in the prosecution of their studies.

In reference to housekeeping problems now as compared with former times, it is my judgment that the freedom of the slaves has rendered the domestic life of woman more pleasant. The free man or woman is found to be as good or better, as a worker, than the late slave in a like position. The ability to read and write has been seen to enhance very greatly the value of certain classes of domestic servants. Servants, on the whole, are as docile and as easily controlled as when they were in bondage, while the freedom of both parties enables the person hiring to dispense at will with an unprofitable and disagreeable servant. Under the old system of hiring by the year, he who made a bad bargain in securing servants had a year's purgatory in consequence of his mistake, while now an hour's notice may terminate the unpleasant relationship. Nor, if a disagreeable servant was owned and not hired, did this prevent him from being a source of ceaseless vexation and annoyance to those with whom he had to do. I think, as a consequence, that the domestic life of our Southern women is relieved of one of its most annoying and demoralizing elements. I have yet to hear the first Southern woman lament the freedom of the negro.

As to the effect of the great change upon the social life of woman, I will simply say that in my judgment there is less of the foolish reliance upon aristocratic antecedents in the society of the South, and a more noticeable tendency to accept people upon their intellectual and moral qualities and personal merits than in former times.

The views presented by these writers represent fairly, in my judgment, the different phases of opinion existing in the South with reference to the question under discussion. It is doubtful whether refined womanhood has ever in the history of this country endured such trials and hardships, especially in domestic life, as the women of the South underwent during the ten years immediately succeeding the war. But they were equal to the severe ordeal, and out of it they have come stronger in character and all the better prepared for the new conditions under which they now live and labor.

If there is anything for which the white people of the South have occasion to be devoutly thankful during this closing decade of the nineteenth century it is that the incubus of slavery has been lifted from their shoulders, and thereby the most serious obstacle to their highest prosperity and development as a race has been removed. Those who fought for the freedom of the slaves did so that they might bless the negro race, and whatever blessings have come to them, or may in the future come to them, from their emancipation, are a cause of gratification to the whites among whom they live,

as well as to themselves; but the most noticeable result which has thus far come from their emancipation is its effect upon the white race of the South, who, deprived of their slaves, have been thrown upon themselves and their own resources, and, thus forced by necessity, have gone to work in industrial and intellectual lines as they never would have done had slavery continued, and have already produced more in these twenty-five years in the development of a literature and of various wealth-producing industries than in all their previous history. In recognizing and emphasizing the great advantages that have come to the white race by the freedom of their slaves, we are surely making no reflection upon our fathers and mothers who believed in, and tried to perpetuate, a system which they inherited, and whose evils they largely mitigated by their kindness and benevolence — a system originally introduced among them not more by their own volition and seeking than by the slave-trading ships of England and New England seeking among them a market for their captive slaves, but which system, though open to just condemnation and destined to inevitable overthrow, was yet carried on by them with such consideration for the slaves that, in spite of all attendant evils and all individual cases of cruelty and oppression, those who entered their servitude as uncivilized pagans of the lowest order were, during the period of their bondage, transformed into creatures of such intelligence and moral character that the general government of the United States considered them, immediately upon their emancipation, worthy to be invested with the right of suffrage, and all other privileges of American citizenship along with the Anglo-Saxon race. The women of the South, with rare exceptions, treated their slaves with a conscientious sense of moral responsibility for their welfare, and with a consideration and kindness far above that which hired servants, in any country, generally receive from their mistresses.

The growing respectability of self-support in woman is everywhere recognized as one of the healthiest signs of the times. The number of vocations open to women is constantly on the increase. Some modes of self-support are, and always will be, socially more respectable than others. In the report for 1888 of the Commissioner of Labor concerning the number and condition of working-women in the large cities is the following concerning Charleston, South Carolina:

In no other Southern city has the exclusion of women from business been so rigid and the tradition that respectability is forfeited by manual labor so influential and powerful. Proud and well-born women have practised great self-denial at ill-paid conventional pursuits in preference to independence in untrodden paths. The embargo against self-support, however, has to some extent been lifted, and were there a larger number of remunerative occupations open to women, the rush to avail of them would show how ineffectual the old traditions have become.

A similar report for 1890 would show rapid changes and advances in public sentiment concerning the respectability of self-support in women, and would reveal that the "embargo" had, in most parts of the South at least, been entirely removed.

If we look at the South as a whole, and not at individual portions of it, it is unquestionably true that the great changes which the past thirty years have witnessed have wrought most favorably upon the intellectual life of Southern womanhood. The conditions under which Southern women now live are far more favorable for developing literary women than those existing in the days of slavery. In 1869 a volume was published by Mr. James Wood Davidson entitled "The Living Writers of the South," in which 241 writers are noticed, of which number 75 are women and 166 are men. Of the 241 named, 40 had written only for newspapers and magazines, while 201 had published one or more volumes, aggregating 739 in all. Although this book was published only four years after the close of the war, it was even then true that from two thirds to three fourths of the volumes mentioned in it as having been published by women — not to speak of the others — had been written and published after the opening of the war. They had been called forth by the war and the trying experiences following it. Whether the changed conditions under which we live have anything to do with it, it is nevertheless certainly true that there have been more literary women developed in the South in the thirty years since the war than in all our previous history. By literary women of course we mean those who are writing and producing literature, not mere women of culture and education.

One of the best results [says the author of this volume], I believe the very best result, of the war was its influence in awaking and developing dormant genius. Many, aroused by the stringent necessities incident to such times, have bestirred themselves to think, to create thoughts and to give utterance to them. Many have learned in suffering what they taught in song. Many sprang at a bound from the nothingness of ordinary life to the true sphere of aspiring and gifted genius. . . . The contrasts in the life of Southern womanhood between the leisure and luxury of ante-bellum times and the trials incident to the war and subsequent to it, between the unawakened dreamy ease of peace and happiness and the positiveness of a genius fully aroused, are in every sense striking and significant.

Of a certain authoress he says:

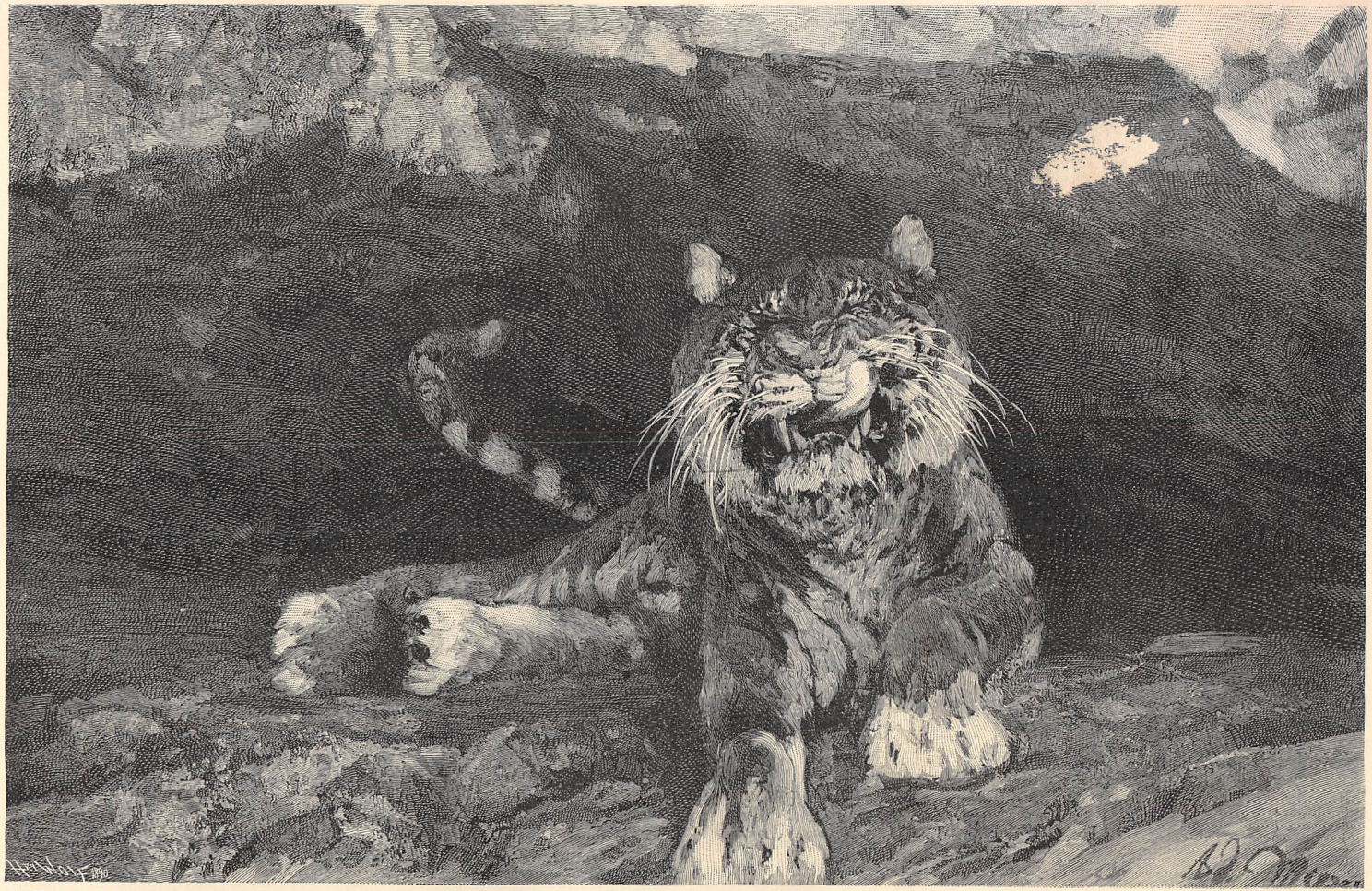
Prior to the late disastrous war this lady, in virtue of her personal accomplishments and social position, ranked among those who gracefully dispensed the elegant hospitalities of an ideal Southern home. The close of the war found her in the midst of the wrecks of that society to whose refined intercourse her talents had conspicuously contributed, shorn of her husband and her property "at one fell swoop," and apparently utterly cast down. But from these very circumstances of desolation came a new birth. The vivacious woman of society, driven by the spur of necessity, appeals to her pen, and the result is a discovery which, but for her distress, would probably never have been made by the public or herself, viz., that she has very remarkable gifts for narrative description and other kinds of literature.

The fact that so large a proportion of the young women now attending Southern colleges are securing an education not for ornament but for use, not for social culture merely but in preparation for self-support, has had the very natural effect of making them more earnest and diligent in the prosecution of their studies. A much larger proportion of college girls comes now from the middle and poorer classes than formerly. Many of the poor girls of the South to-day are the daughters of educated parents whose property was swept away during the war, their culture surviving the loss of home and property. And what will an educated and refined mother not do, what sacrifices will she not make, in order that her daughter may have the benefits of an education? If poor she will practise the most rigid economy and submit to the severest personal self-denial if thereby her daughter is enabled to enjoy the advantages of an education; and many are the Southern mothers who since the war have done this, and more, to give their children an education. And there are many noble instances in which an elder daughter, having been thus educated through the labor and economy of her parents, has generously requited their loving self-denial in her behalf by going to work herself and helping each of her younger sisters to obtain the education which their parents were anxious but unable to give them.

It is Victor Hugo who has called this "the century of woman." It is certainly an age that has witnessed great changes in the life, education, and labor of women everywhere; and these changes have all been in the direction of enlarging the sphere of woman's activities, increasing her liberties, and opening up possibilities to her life hitherto restricted to man. It is a movement limited to no land and to no race. So far as this movement may have any tendency to take woman out of her true place in the home, to give her man's work to do and to develop masculine qualities in her, it finds no sympathy in the South. The Southern woman loves the retirement of home, and shrinks from everything that would tend to bring her into the public gaze. The higher education of woman, which has been so widely discussed of late years, and to encourage and promote which such noble schools for women as Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, and Bryn Mawr have been founded, and so many great male universities in the North and in England thrown open to them, is duly recognized and felt among the young women of the South. This wide-spread aspiration of Southern young women for broader culture finds expression in the eagerness with which they are seeking admission into the best of the higher institutions provided for males, and this not because coeducation finds favor in the South,—for it is, perhaps, less encouraged here than in any other part of the United States, though the prejudice against it is weakening somewhat,—but only because there is no higher institution of learning for women which provides for them the extensive facilities and broad culture furnished by at least a few institutions for young men. Many feel that the greatest educational need of the South to-day is of an institution that will provide for young women as thorough an education and as broad a culture as is provided for young men at the University of Virginia, the Vanderbilt, or the Johns Hopkins—an institution that will not be in competition with any existing female college in the South, but will hold itself above them all by establishing and rigidly maintaining high conditions of entrance as well as of graduation, and whose pride will be the high quality of the work it does, not the number of pupils it enrolls, though numbers would also come in due course of time. The active, earnest, vigorous young womanhood of the South is demanding such an institution. Surely a demand so just and a need so widely and seriously felt cannot go long unmet. Where is the philanthropist who will bless his own and succeeding generations, and make himself immortal in the good he will do, by giving to the young women of the South a Smith College, or a Wellesley, or a Vassar? Is it possible that a million dollars could be spent in any way where it would accomplish more good than in founding such an institution for the daughters of those noble women of whom we have written?

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Wilbur Fisk Tillett.

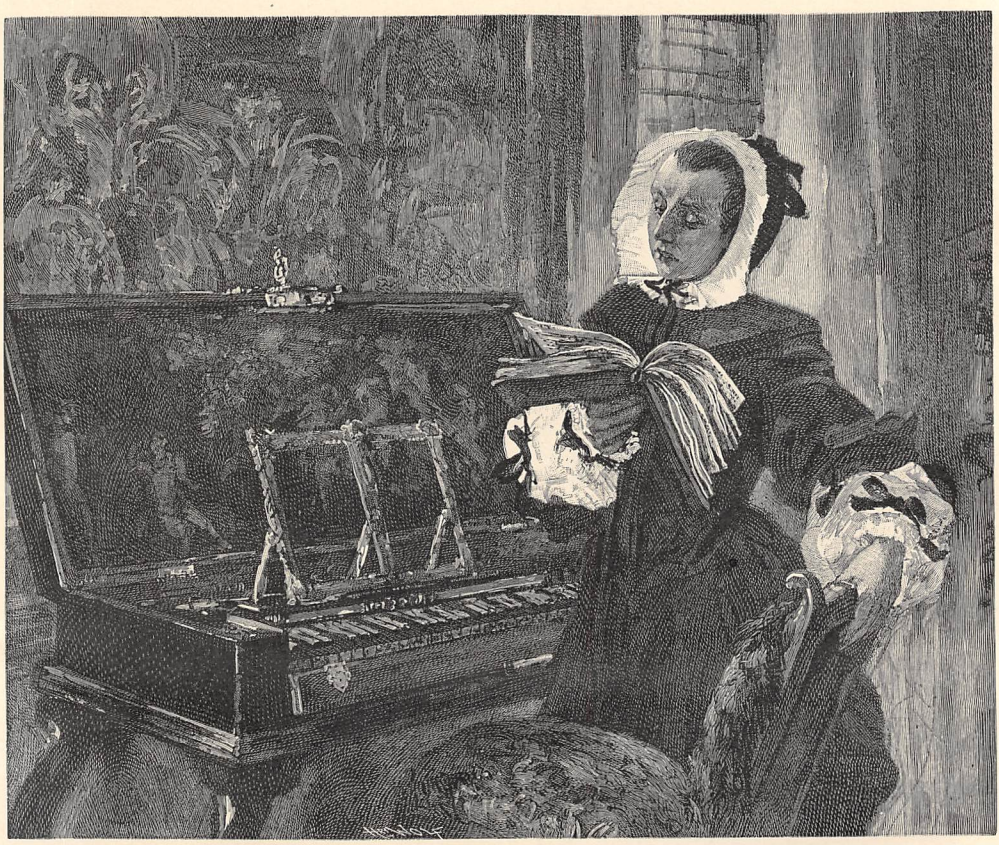


PAINTED BY A. MENZEL. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

TIGER.

A GREAT GERMAN ARTIST—ADOLF MENZEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS WORK.



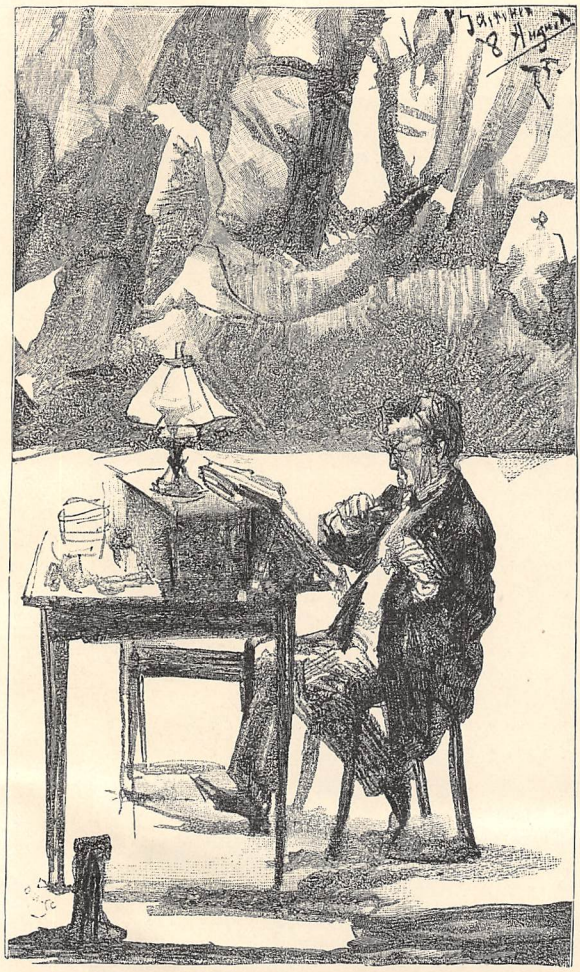
AT THE SPINET.

MENZEL is a little giant,—if I am not mistaken, about one and a half or two inches smaller than Meissonier,—and, with his seventy-six years, as young as most of the young artists of the present generation. For a long time Menzel's work was understood and appreciated only by the very few, and even now little of it reaches the hands of art-dealers. Neither is his work in itself of the popular kind. In the great mass of his productions there is to be found every artistic element, every note in the music of form and color. His pictures range from the quietly sentimental to the sublime and the dramatic.

How Menzel could master so vast a field seems almost incomprehensible. One is reminded of the strength, many-sidedness, and multiplicate ability of some of the old masters. If there is one direction where Menzel might seem comparatively weak, it is only in a certain lyric quality, with which indeed he has never exactly been in sympathy from the very beginning of his career. Menzel's art is always more manly than lovely; and yet in contradiction to this apparent exception he has shown many an interesting and fascinating example, as, for instance, in "Illustrations to the Works of Frederick the Great." A small sketch giving the portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour is a charming example of graceful and lovely arrangement; and again the frame about this picture, being of his own invention, illustrates in allegoric ornamentation the story of this woman as well as the character of the life at the French court in her day.

"Saying a great deal" with the most refined and modest artistic means is one of the chief characteristics of Menzel. The book just mentioned contains about two hundred drawings

AT KISSINGEN.



QUICK SKETCH OF RICHARD WAGNER AT A BAIREUTH REHEARSAL.

on various subjects. It was an order by King Frederick William IV. in 1843, and was completed in about six years. It was at first issued in an edition of only three hundred copies, which were not destined for the market, being presented by the king to libraries, public institutions, and to men of note and merit whom he wished to distinguish by the gift. In 1882, however, a popular edition was printed. In such works as this Menzel is never a slave to the word, and both text and illustration remain independent in spite of their coherence. It is surprising to see how successfully this artist recreates, as it were, in his own art and in his own material the written motive.

The inclination to allegorize and explain by symbol, to philosophize with the pencil, can be traced back to a very early date in the artist's career. Even in his appearance before the public with a series of drawings, "Artist World Wanderings," which he completed while still a boy of seventeen, he explains the composition with a small allegory at the foot of each print. A striking example of his peculiar way of transcribing and explaining by picture a philosophical thought is a small vignette belonging to the volume of the "Works of Frederick the Great." In an "Epistle to my brother Ferdinand" Frederick contemplates the different varieties, the nature and vanity, of human wishes: "What we have we neglect and never appreciate sufficiently, while we strive in vain to possess what we cannot achieve." Menzel shows a bird-cage through which is laid a twig from a cherry tree rich with ripe fruit. The little prisoner within pays no attention to the delicious offering, and is painfully engaged in trying to escape from the cage; while another bird outside, in total disregard of his liberty, eagerly tries to push through the wires of the cage in order to reach the cherries.

Unless these story-telling, philosophical illustrations were artistic equally in conception and execution, so that in a certain sense one could easily sacrifice the thought for the picture, Menzel would be guilty of the mistake formerly often made and still sometimes made by German artists, who seemed to forget that color and form were their material, and that the most beautiful thought and motive amount to nothing if not beautifully expressed. Menzel has rediscovered for himself this lost principle long before his contemporaries.

It is a fact, also, that he understood over forty years ago what is now called the "modern" in art—*plein air*, truth, naïveté, simplicity, and the impression of the moment; and in historical painting that the soul of the picture is the event, and that the various hats, buttons, bows, spurs, and straps of the costume are not the most important elements. He recognized the value of the true inner relation of one figure to another, subordinate to which should be absolute historical truth and scientific correctness of all accessories, not forgetting always *the picture*.

Menzel well justifies these principles in another work, "Frederick and his Paladins." We absolutely believe in each of the figures, and while enjoying the wonderfully characteristic appearance of these soldiers are not at all distracted by details of garment and uniforms. It is only by closer examination that one may recognize the immense study, the tremendous labor, the conscience and zeal with which the artist followed up all the sources pertaining to

A SERMON IN THE OPEN AIR.

his subjects. And it is interesting to see by his sketch-books how faithfully and thoroughly he went to work. It was not sufficient for him to sketch an object in the view he wished to give of it, but he must draw a gun, a sword, a *porte-épée*, a saddle, from two, three, four, and even five different points of view, making himself so accurately acquainted with the object that in his mind he seemed to have it before him in plastic form. Even with portraits we find him following the same principle, as, for instance, in a historic picture, "The Crowning of King William I. at Königsberg." His sketches and studies for this show numerous heads of illustrious persons from all sides, and so thoroughly characteristic are these that one is left in no doubt about the likeness whatever. This picture, in its beautiful, mellow golden tone, has often been criticized very severely and unjustly, for it is only the subject itself that is unsympathetic. It was an order from the court in Berlin, who wished the event portrayed absolutely as it happened, and allowed not a single artistic liberty. The portraits are innumerable. The interior of the

SHARPENING TOOLS IN A VILLAGE SMITHY, NEAR GASTEIN.

Protestant church is unpicturesque, and the whole subject is not of the kind that would have inspired an artist like Menzel; nevertheless he solved the enormous difficulties in a marvelous manner. Unluckily this picture, like a great many others, is not easily accessible to the public, being placed in the palace at Berlin. Among a large number of smaller ones in the palace there is also a huge canvas representing "The Night at Hochkirch," the foreground figures of which are over life-size. It is the battle of Hochkirch, on the night of the 14th and 15th of October, 1758, when the fate of the Prussians seemed hopeless, the lines of the Austrians closing in upon them from all sides. Frederick, with his aide-de-camp, suddenly appears and takes command, and with one last effort the grenadiers hasten to the front.

On the occasion of the celebration of Menzel's seventieth birthday, in 1885, the Academy in Berlin arranged an exhibition with as many of his works as could be obtained. There were several hundred pictures and studies to be seen, and this picture was among them. It is not presumptuous to declare this battle-scene to be probably the best of its kind, without a single exception, new or old. The vigor and life of the dramatic scene, the wonderful effect of light coming only from a burning village, the breadth and boldness with which the subject is treated, have never been surpassed, and justly may this picture be considered the finest example extant of "war-painting." It rouses and astonishes one as does the "Night-watch" by Rembrandt in Amsterdam, and, once seen, it never can leave the memory. Had Menzel painted only this one picture, he would rank among the best artists of all nations and of all times.

The person of Frederick the Great seems to have made a deep impression upon Menzel at a very early date, and at a time when Frederick was not so much thought of as now. Menzel took a great fancy to the figure of Frederick, and has now in fact created and fixed the picture of this monarch for all coming ages. His works on the subject are very numerous, and are probably the most reliable source for the knowledge of this royal personage.

Frederick's army was a motive of equal interest to him. He treated it in three vast volumes, containing a minute description and explanation, by means of highly artistic illustrations, of the uniforms, customs, and character of all the regiments and classes of soldiers. Not only is the appearance of each soldier in the different uniforms given, but also each habit and custom, as well as the manner of carrying and using the weapon, of wearing

the garment, and the fashion of the hair, mustaches, and wig.

"Frederick's Time" is the title of a book containing the portraits of Frederick's generals, and "Illustrations to the Works of Frederick the Great" make two large volumes of drawings. "The Life of Frederick the Great by Kugler" contains some four hundred engravings, which book, I believe, is one of the artist's first more elaborate attempts. Then follow "Events in Brandenburg History," and, later, his most wonderful "Broken Jug," a comedy by Kleist. Indeed, Menzel's illustrations alone would be enough to fill an ordinary lifetime, and yet they are only a relatively small fraction of what he has produced in all the fields of art, and with every material known.

Menzel in his childhood was a "wonder," but luckily he was not ruined and misled by early worship and exaggerated praise. He was forced to rely largely upon himself. His father, however, was a clever man, who, having conducted a young girls' school, ceased teaching in order to exercise the new art of Senefelder's lithography. He detected the child's genius very early, and paid careful attention to the boy's education. Young Menzel was at first expected to enter on a scientific career — until finally the father allowed his boy to become an artist instead of a "student." Soon after the school days father and son were deeply engaged in the little lithographic establishment, and often did they sit together working at one table, but not always in perfect agreement with each other. The son was more interested in the artistic elaboration of a subject, while the old gentleman's inclination was to make lithography a lucrative undertaking. Still he had the proper interest in his son's future, and for his sake removed to Berlin in order to send young Menzel to the academy. The boy had no sympathy with academic training, and when he entered the class to study from the cast he at once felt how little this manner of education was suited to him. The result was that he soon left the institution.

Instead of submitting to academic training he chose to wander about the city from one art-dealer's window to another. The old copperplate engravings on exhibition there seemed to interest him more than anything else. For hours he was to be found at these places, as often before in his native city of Breslau.

FREDERICK AND HIS MEN AT HOCHKIRCH.

Aside from his interest in engravings he had a sensitive eye and an open mind for the architecture and mural paintings in the various churches by the numerous Italian masters of the eighteenth century. It was Menzel who

THE PROMENADER.

THE RETURN OF THE HUSSAR PATROL.

later on taught his people the beauty and refinement, grace and elegance, of the rococo, and convinced them that the art and style of this period were not to be neglected and despised, as was frequently the case in the beginning of our century and long after.

To what degree young Menzel had cultivated technic even at the age of thirteen may be seen in a composition, "Publius Cornelius Scipio and Lucius Metellus in the Roman Senate," executed in pencil in the manner of a steel-engraving. That this was the attempt of such a youth no one would believe, and the picture is still more surprising as an evidence of early cultivation.

About the time that he entered the academy his father died, leaving to his son all the responsibility for the family. He cheerfully took his father's place in business, and willingly fulfilled all orders, which often were far from being of an artistic nature. But wherever he found the least possibility he tried to apply the principles of his art, thus cultivating and developing his inventive power. He was asked to make everything—labels, show-cards, letterheads, cards, vignettes, diplomas, etc. A peculiar manner of adapting the ornament and improvising the arabesque are his invention, of which we have most striking examples in the various diplomas designed by him. One of the finest designs in this direction is "The Lord's Prayer," made in 1837, when Menzel was only twenty-two years of age. The pencil and the needle on stone were his favorites until he was twenty, when he first tried paint, dropping this material very soon, however, in disgust and disappointment. The point seemed more natural to him. By and by, owing to a great extent to the persuasion of his friends, he again took up color, and at once seems to have found his way into the secrets of his new material. "At the Lawyer's" was his first exhibit, which, being disposed of very soon, gave him encouragement in a field which he has since cultivated with great success.

In independence, originality, and power of invention Menzel is unsurpassed. No material, no style, no genre, has remained unknown to him, and in each has he produced most excellent examples. His love for nature and truth in his studies are unbounded, and the ardor and alacrity with which he began as a young man have not left him to this day. He works incessantly, and finds that everything is worth studying, that everything is of interest to him, and whatever he does bears the signature of art.

It is said that the number of his portfolios with studies and sketch-books is so vast as to appear like a library. When a young student once came to him inquiring about designs, patterns, and motives in wrought-iron, Menzel brought forth his studies in such numbers that

it appeared to the young man as if the master could have done nothing else in his life, so abundant were his studies in this one subject.

Sometimes it has been said that this greatest of German artists produces more with his brain than with his heart and his soul. If this is true, how wonderfully must this brain be constructed to bring forth such marvels!

Standing at the front with the greatest and best of his time, with an immortal name, an artist whose work will be an example as long as there is love for art and the beautiful in this world, Menzel is most modest in character. When asked for an opinion, he is candid and true, possibly severe, but never without kind consideration. When he visits exhibitions he examines every picture, and seems to find something, be it ever so little, to admire in each.

It seems singular that he has never made a study-trip in the sense in which they are undertaken by students of art. He has never seen Italy save the city of Verona, and when once asked why he would not explore other countries, he exclaimed that there was so much to study about him that never in a lifetime could he conquer more than a small fraction of it. To Paris and Brussels he has gone now and then to inspect exhibitions. In Meissonier he found an enthusiastic admirer and friend, and there is an anecdote concerning the intercourse between the two which, if not true, is at least well invented and most characteristic. Meissonier could not speak German, and it was difficult for Menzel to make himself understood in French; nevertheless they walked about together, and contented themselves in now and again grasping and pressing each other's hands in reciprocal appreciation.

CONTRIBUTION.

Menzel's "Modern Cyclops" and his "Ball Supper" are pictures ranking among his best, and although he is an old man to-day, we may expect many more pictures from this great artist, whose device has ever been: *Nulla dies sine linea.*

Carl Marr.

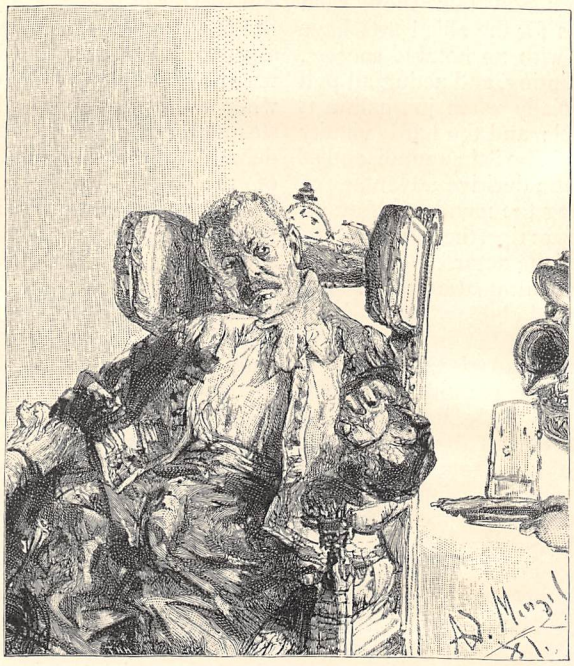
NOTES BY OTHER AMERICAN ARTISTS.

LIKE other men of rare make-up, Menzel dared to stem the flow of traditional thought and prejudice, and in return suffered much from ridicule. The distinguishing merits of his art are many. He is spontaneous, frank and direct, brilliant and vigorous, and often audacious and unrelenting in his truthfulness. While his canvases are absolutely based on actual observation, they never tire us with commonplace facts; these he makes subservient to his greater truths, while their reality suffers but little thereby. Some men draw with their fingers, some add the force of their hand, fewer

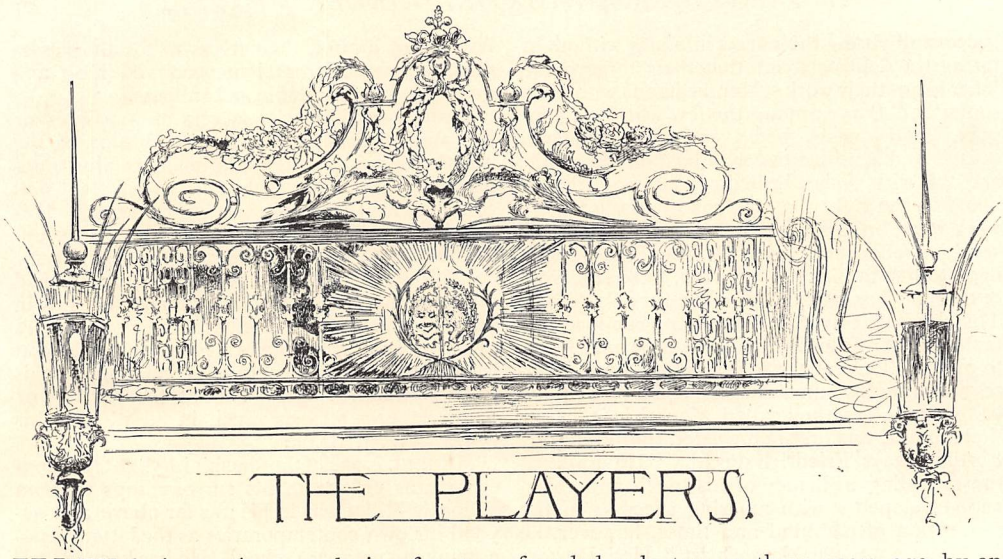
successfully bring their arms into play without injuring the delicate touch that their fingers may have given their work. Menzel stands with Meissonier and Barye among the few who bring fingers, hands, arms, body, and every available muscle and sensitive tissue to bear on the result; and this with such a brilliancy and conviction of being in the right that the contemplation of his work must bring a flush of fire to the heads of all sensitive fellow craftsmen. It is a veritable privilege to live in his time and, too, to see the work of those he has influenced — like our own Abbey. The *spirit* that lives in Menzel appeals to all, no matter what our individual ideas may have led us to prefer. This inner fire it was that made Menzel and upholds him in old age. The "prophet of the ugly," as they called Menzel in 1835, or thereabouts, was first appreciated thoroughly by Fortuny, says Friedrich Pecht. "He imitated the sparkling brilliancy of his touch and color, and developed it with amazing success; in the conception of mankind and times, however, he could not approach Menzel's art." Herr Pecht is also authority for the statement that Menzel's grasp of character had never been equaled before his time. The Dutch masters represented one type of people. Hogarth and Wilkie, however, succeeded in improving in the direction of character-study what had been attempted before their day. They limited themselves to certain classes also, whereas Menzel has portrayed king and peasant with inimitable faithfulness.

Apart from Menzel's success as a painter of fire and artificial light, and in addition to the other qualities mentioned, he is an illustrator without a peer. His technic is as effectual and complete as it is simple and unpretentious. It is devoid of artifice or trickery, is apparently unstudied in its address, and is altogether of the careful, careless kind which is so much sighed for by many ambitious illustrators. Mr. Edwin Abbey is the most successful follower of Menzel's pen-wielding. The late Mr. Randolph Caldecott also showed much of the good influence of this great German. A good look at the portrait of Adolf Menzel tells us much in addition to his works.—W. J. BAER.

MENZEL is one of the few shining lights of modern art, as unique in his surroundings as Jean François Millet was in his; as far above and beyond his own contemporaries as the latter was—a man who creates a school. He has been called, and not inaptly, the German Fortuny, certain tendencies, purposes, aims being akin in both, while each reserves a strong force of individuality. Truly a remarkable man when one looks at the dates on his works and considers the state of art at such times.—ROBERT BLUM.



"MAG NICHT!"



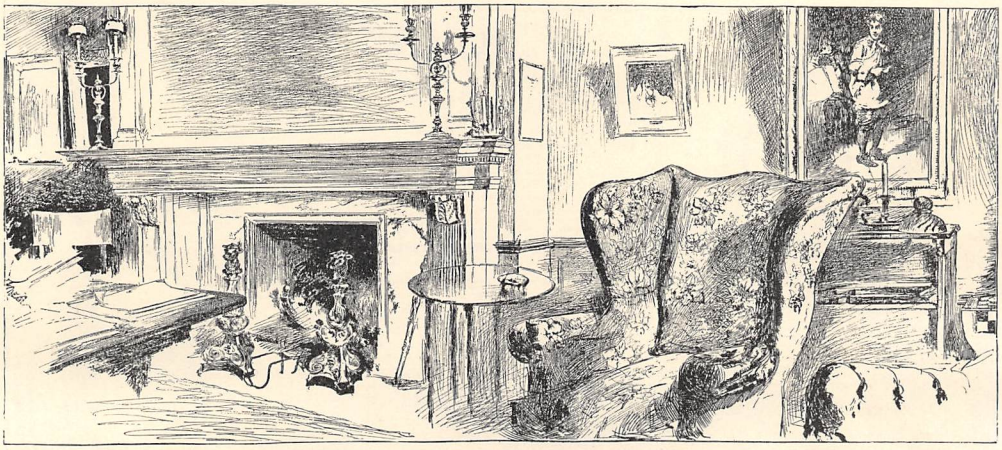
WITH the interesting complexity of metropolitan life there comes a specialization of the various social organizations. There are clubs nowadays for each of the professions and for each of the arts. The lawyer, the engineer, the electrician, the railroad man has now a place in the great city where he can meet his fellows and talk shop, each after his kind. Clubs for the allied arts have been attempted, but with no notable success. Literature, music, painting, and acting all pull different ways, especially when journalism is added as a fifth wheel; and the hardy vitality of The Fellowcraft, of The Salmagundi, and of The Authors shows the decisive advantage of unity of pursuit among the members of an association. The times are ripe, therefore, for The Players — the club of the actor, of the theatrical manager, and of the dramatic author. The Players is the theatrical club as The Century was originally the artistic, but in The Players the domination of the professional element is carefully guarded in the constitution. Outsiders may be admitted freely, but a majority of the board of directors must always be chosen from the members who are actors, managers, or dramatists, the three divisions of the profession for whose use and behoof the club was formed.

Nearly three centuries ago an English actor, Edward Alleyn, bought the manor of Dulwich and built there the college which still exists; and more than two centuries ago an English actress, Eleanor Gwynn, gave the land at Chelsea on which stands the hospital erected through her influence. Not a score of years ago an American actor, Edwin Forrest, died leaving his large professional earnings to maintain a home for those of his craft who should fall into poverty in their old age. These are all noble benefactions, but I doubt if any one of them is more useful in its way than the club founded only two or three years ago by an American actor, Edwin Booth, and intended by him to be in some measure a memorial of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, one of the foremost figures in the history of the American stage, while at the same time it should be the center and home of all that is best in the American theater of to-day.

For years Mr. Booth had desired to devote a proportion of his professional gains to an enterprise of this sort, and in the summer of 1887, while on a voyage on Mr. E. C. Benedict's steam yacht *Oneida*, the matter was thoroughly debated between him and the other members of the party — Messrs. Lawrence Barrett, T. B. Aldrich, Laurence Hutton, and William Bispham. The project was put into writing at that time, and the matter rested until Mr. Booth's coming to New York in the autumn. It was on the voyage that Mr. Aldrich made the felicitous suggestion that the proposed club should be named The Players. During the autumn Mr. Booth had several conferences with two accomplished theatrical managers of New York, Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Augustin Daly, and in January, 1888, Mr. Daly gave a breakfast; and then and there Messrs. Lawrence Barrett, William Bispham, Edwin Booth, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, Joseph F. Daly, John Drew, Henry Edwards, Laurence Hutton, Joseph Jefferson, John A. Lane, James Lewis, Brander Matthews, S. H. Olin, A. M. Palmer, and William Tecumseh Sherman resolved to incorporate themselves into a club, which, in accordance with Mr. Aldrich's suggestion, should be called The Players.

At midnight on the last day of that year, The Players, already increased to a hundred, found themselves in possession of as sumptuous a house as any in New York. Mr. Booth had bought a fine old-fashioned dwelling, No. 16

Gramercy Park, and this Mr. Stanford White had transformed into a club-house of delightful unconventionality and indisputable comfort, perfect in its most artistic decorations, in its luxurious furniture, in its ample equipment; and this perfect club-house Mr. Booth made over to The Players by deed of gift at the witching hour when the clangor of many bells declared the arrival of the year 1889. Thus The Players came into being full-armed for the struggle for existence, and not enfeebled by debts and deficiencies. It began as a proprietary club of a new sort, one in which the proprietor generously presented to the members a house ready for occupancy, that every man might at once feel at home in it.



IN THE READING-ROOM.

Since the midnight when The Players gathered about Mr. Booth, before the broad fire with its blazing yule log, and beneath Sully's noble portrait of Junius Brutus Booth, looking down with eyes of tenderness and subtle pity, the club has prospered. Its membership has increased rapidly until now it includes nearly every actor of reputation, almost all of the scanty band of American playwrights, and most of the theatrical managers of New York, with many from other cities. The attendance at the regular weekly suppers, when Saturday night stretches swiftly into Sunday morning, often reaches as high as sixty or seventy. The desire of the founder of the club is in course of accomplishment.

The constitution declares that "any male person over the age of twenty-one years shall be eligible to membership who is an actor, manager, dramatist, or other member of the dramatic profession, or who is engaged in literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, or who is a patron or connoisseur of the arts." Those connected with the dramatic profession are the most numerous class in the club; they number nearly 175 out of the 660 resident and non-resident members; and they are the most frequent in attendance, especially on the midnight gatherings of Saturday, when the actor may rest, after two performances, serene in the consciousness of a clear forty hours before him. The next largest delegation is that of the authors, painters, sculptors, and architects — practitioners in the kindred arts with whom the player-folk foregather gladly; as Mr. Story says in verse:

> Yet it seems to me
> All arts are one — all branches on one tree —
> All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

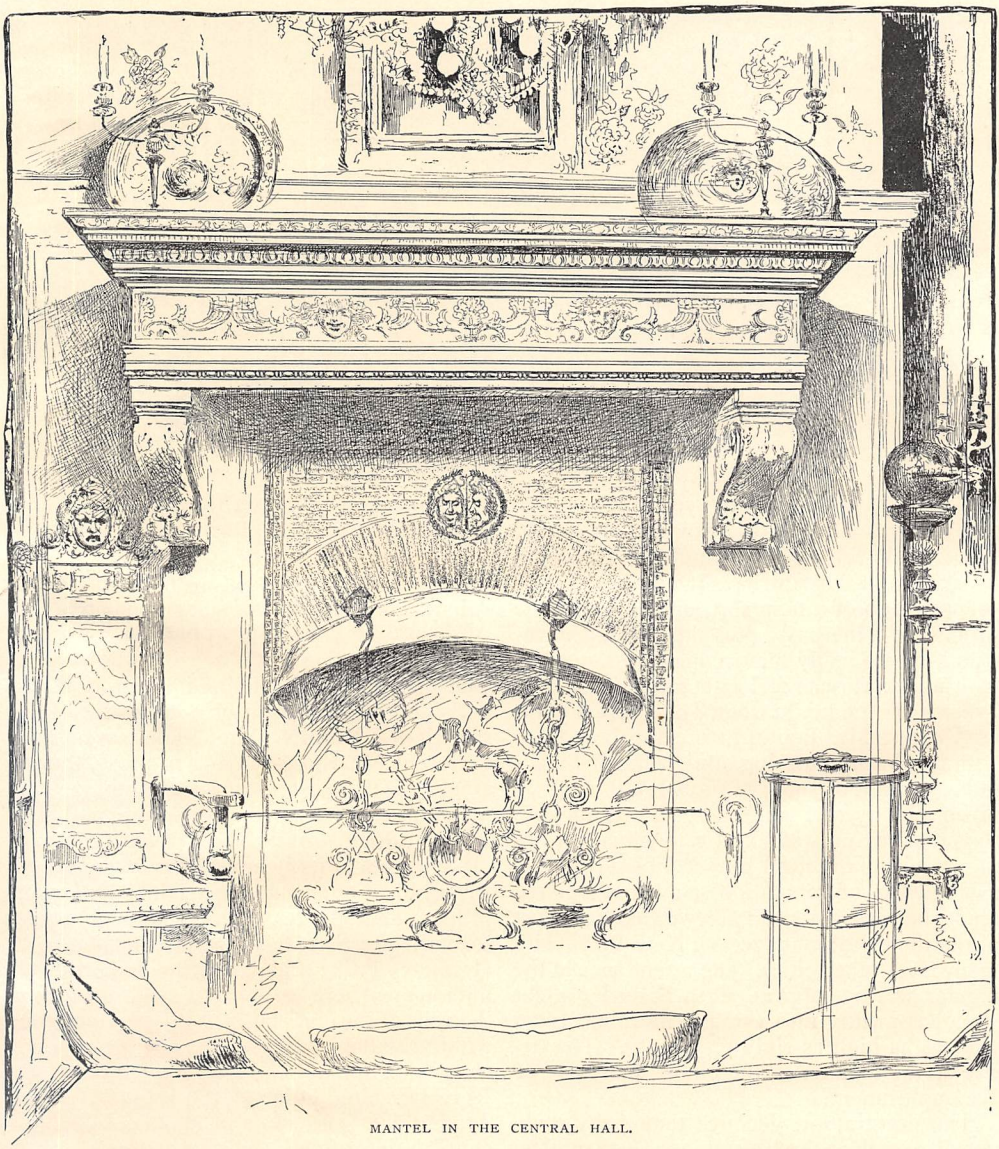
The mere outsider admitted under an elastic definition of "a patron or connoisseur of the arts" is in a minority, although there is no need to accept Mr. Story's saying in prose, that an amateur is "a person who loves nothing" and a connoisseur "a person who knows nothing." Early in the history of The Players a tentative classification of its members into four divisions was rashly made by a scoffer: first, the Players proper,— actors, managers, and dramatists; second, the artists; third, people who lived near Gramercy Park; and fourth, millionaires. Of millionaires there are perhaps a sparse dozen on the rolls of the club, but it is a rarity to see one within the doors. There are also two or three clergymen among The Players, including the Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the "Little Church Around the Corner," who may be called the chaplain-in-ordinary to the profession, and whose request for the closing of the theaters on Good Friday night has been acted upon by many of the managers.

Keenly alive to the disadvantage of a close association of journalism with the dramatic profession, there is an unwritten law of The Players which holds as ineligible for membership

the dramatic critic, the theatrical reporter, and the out-of-town correspondent, all gentlemen whose duty it is to formulate opinions on the words and deeds of actors, authors, and managers. Thus The Players is free from the possibility, remote though it be, of a scandal such as occurred in the Garrick Club of London, when Thackeray had to insist on the expulsion of Mr. Edmund Yates for a personal lampoon. As the members of the Fellowcraft (which is the club of the newspapers as The Players is the club of the theater) hang twined roses over their dinner-table to show that the words there spoken are *sub rosa*, so the members of The Players obey the mandate expressed in the quatrain composed by their founder and inscribed under the marble mantel in the hall:

GOOD FRENDE FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE FORBEARE
TO UTTER WHAT IS GOSSIPT HEARE
IN SOCIAL CHATT LEST, UNAWARES,
THY TONGE OFFENDE THY FELLOWE PLAIERS.

The ample hall where one may read this pertinent request is reached by low flights of two steps leading up from the entrance. To the right and facing Gramercy Park is the reading-room, with the daily and weekly journals and the monthly magazines. Up half a dozen steps is a broad alcove extending over the entrance; and from this coign of vantage is to be had the best view of the portrait of



MANTEL IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

Mr. Booth, framed over the fireplace of the reading-room. This picture was presented to The Players by Mr. E. C. Benedict. It was painted by Mr. John S. Sargent, and it is one of the most brilliant, vigorous, and vivid portraits of the nineteenth century. It is a full-length, and it represents Mr. Booth standing negligently before the yule log of the hall, much as he stood on the night when he gave the house to the club. His attitude is easy, and the countenance is lighted by the kindly smile so often seen upon the face of the tragedian. What most endears this picture to The Players is that it is a portrait, not of the actor merely, but rather of Mr. Booth himself, as he is known to his fellow-members. In the alcove are portraits of Macready by Washington Allston, and of Rachel by Gilbert Stuart's daughter.

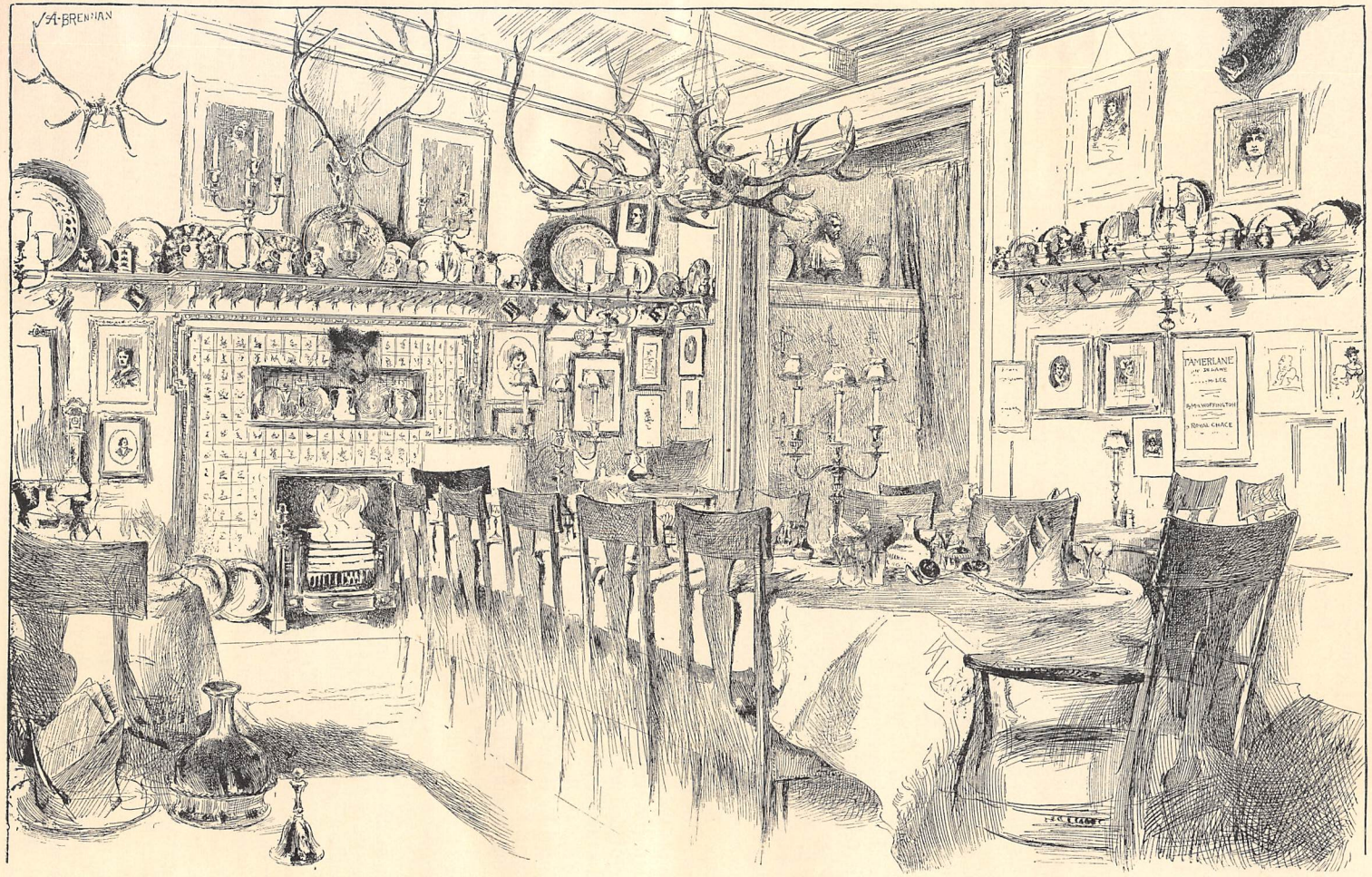
Between the fireplace and the window hangs Mr. J. Alden Weir's fine portrait of the late John Gilbert, the first of The Players to die after the club was opened. Below this is a portrait (by Zoffany) of David Garrick as *Abel Drugger* in Ben Jonson's play, now no longer acted. On the other side of the room is another picture of Garrick by Sir Joshua Reynolds, set off by a George Frederick Cooke by Sully and one of Naegle's portraits of Edmund Kean. Elsewhere in the reading-room are a portrait of E. A. Sothern by Mr. W. P. Frith, one of Thomas Apthorpe Cooper by Gilbert Stuart (presented by the actor's daughter), and one of Robert Palmer by Gainsborough.

In the great central hall hangs an heroic picture of Mr. Booth in the character of *Richelieu*, painted by John Collier of London, and on the other side of the fireplace an excellent replica of Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of John Philip Kemble as *Hamlet*. On the opposite side of the room hang two of Sargent's pictures — one of Joseph Jefferson in the character of *Dr. Pangloss*, the other of Lawrence Barrett in his every-day dress. Here also are a portrait of Mrs. Gilbert by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, a portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport by Henry Peters Gray, one of Mr. W. J. Florence as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* by Carroll Beckwith, and an ideal head of Beatrice painted by the president of the Century Club, Mr. Daniel Huntington.

Between the hall and the dining-room are huge safes to hold the relics and the stray curiosities which are beginning to accumulate. The treasures stored up do not as yet rival those in the Green Vaults of Dresden. Though one may seek here in vain for a wheel of the chariot of Thespis, for the mask of Aristophanes, for the holograph manuscript of a missing comedy by Menander, for the buskin worn by Roscius, and for a return check to the theater at Herculaneum, still there are not a few curiosities almost as curious as these. There is the sword Frederick Lemaitre drew in the last act of "Ruy Blas." There is the crooked staff whereon Charlotte Cushman leaned as *Meg Merrilies*, when she foretold the fate of *Guy Mannering*. There is the blond wig which M. Fechter chose to wear as *Hamlet*, perhaps the most chattered about of all theatrical wigs; that it is, in reality, red and not at all blond is not surprising to those who have mused on the unrealities of life, as *Hamlet* himself was wont to do. There is a ring that once belonged to David Garrick, and a lock of hair that once belonged to Edmund Kean. There is a spring dagger, formerly the property of Edwin Forrest, the blade of which kindly retired within the hilt when the owner went through the motions of stabbing himself. There is a crucifix used by Signora Ristori in the character of *Sor Teresa*, and a ring of Mrs. Betterton's. Here also are the second, third, and fourth folios of Shakspere's works, the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's, the first folio of Ben Jonson, and the first of Sir William Davenant with an autograph poem. Here are many autographs of high theatrical interest. Here, finally, are certain stately pieces of silver, among them a salver and pitcher presented in 1828 to Junius Brutus Booth and the loving-cup presented to William Warren a few years before he died.

Here and there throughout the house are to be seen Shaksperian mottoes, even in the most unexpected places. That which adorns one of the mantelpieces in the grill-room is, "Mouth it, as many of our Players do." It is into this grill-room that the passage opens which the safes with the relics guard on either hand. The grill-room extends the full width of the house, and it has a broad piazza whereon the tables are set on pleasant summer days that the members may lunch and dine in the open air. This grill-room, with its oaken beams overhead, its high wainscot, its branching silver candelabra skilfully adapted to the electric light, its novel chandelier of silver-mounted stag-horns, its blue tiled fireplaces at either end, its restful vista of a green garden beyond, its framed playbills, and its many portraits, beneath which the walls are almost hidden, is the most beautiful room in the house and the most original.

It is seen to best advantage on Ladies' Day. The Players have but two annual feasts: one is Founder's Night, when the members assemble on New Year's Eve at midnight in commemoration of the opening of the club on the first day of 1889; and the other is Ladies' Day, when the wives and daughters of members are made welcome; this is on the afternoon of Shakspere's birthday, the twenty-third of April. Then is the grill-room in its glory, with the fair greenery of spring outside, with deep red roses on every



THE GRILL-ROOM.

table, with the moving groups of the ladies eager for the annual inspection of the paradise from which they are barred on every other day in the year. Such a gathering of beautiful and distinguished women as is seen on Ladies' Day at The Players is a rare sight even in New York.

From the evening when the club-house opened its doors, The Players have been well bestowed. On that first New Year's Eve, though the paint was scarce dry, so delicate had been the taste and so adroit the skill of the decorator, the house had no offensive air of raw newness. It appeared to be mellow from the very beginning; and as the members for the first time entered into their own, they found a fire crackling cheerfully in many a fireplace, pictures peopling the walls, and books ready to the hand, just as though the club had been in existence for years.

The books and a majority of the pictures are in the room which serves as library and as the chief portrait gallery. It is a long room, occupying most of the second floor. The bookcases rise to the height of a man's head and the books are ready to the hand. From the walls above the portraits of the great actors and actresses of the past look down upon their successors of the present. It was the intent of the founder that the home of The Players should be a center of light and a haven of rest for the active members of his profession. Here in the library, with its inviting arm-chairs, and its atmosphere of repose, one may keep the best of good company — that of the silent friends of the past which stand on the shelves on all sides rejecting no advances. It is an oasis where the most active of us may gladly loaf and invite his soul. "There were times," wrote Thoreau recalling his sojourn at Walden, "when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or of the hands: I love a broad margin to my life."

In the oaken cases which stretch from one fireplace to the other is the private collection of Mr. Booth, the working library of a Shaksperian tragedian. Beyond and between the farther mantelpiece and the rear window is a major part of the theatrical collection of Mr. Lawrence Barrett; and opposite are the dramatic books of the late John Gilbert, a welcome gift from his widow. Other friends have filled most of the other shelves; and the gathering grows apace. Among the treasures, for example, is a collection of some thirty thousand playbills, and over a hundred volumes of original editions of the elder dramatists, presented by Mr. Daly. In a shrine over a cabinet are half a dozen death-masks, from the unequaled collection of Mr. Laurence Hutton; and thus we may see how the author of "The School for Scandal" looked after he had departed this life, and the author of "Faust," and the author of "The Robbers." There are death-masks also of David Garrick and of Edmund Kean, of Marie Malibran and of Ludwig Devrient, of Boucicault and of Lawrence Barrett, sad memorials of departed beauty, genius, and power.

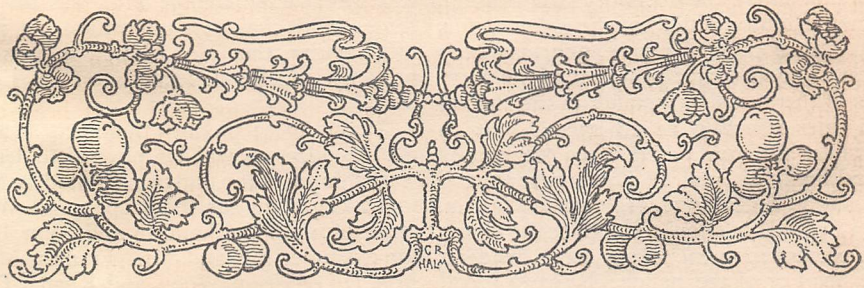
Above the shelves where the dust settles on their biographies and on the comedies and the tragedies they acted, are the portraits of the players of the past. No other collection of theatrical pictures approaches this in extent or in importance save that of the Garrick Club in London. As the gallery of the Garrick was begun by the purchase of the pictures got together by Charles Matthews, so that of The Players had its germ in the portraits gathered by Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, a comedian who has acted with abundant success more than one of Matthews's characters. To the small collection of his brother-in-law, Mr. Booth added many others; and since the club has opened, and since the fact has become known that it will gladly accept and care for portraits of actors, not a few have been presented, as always happens when the public is aware that gifts of this sort are welcome. The two-score and more portraits in the library are all theatrical in their subjects — except that there is here a picture supposed to be by Rembrandt Peale of George Washington, who, under George III., was the active leader of his majesty's opposition. It was for this painting that Mr. Aldrich suggested the properly theatrical legend, "Our Leading Man."

Among these pictures there are, as all dramatic collectors will be pleased to learn, at least a dozen of the portraits painted by Naegle to be engraved for the Lopez and Wemyss series of plays — Charlotte and John Barnes, for example, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Wilson, Wood, and Kean. There is also a portrait of Kean by Naegle, painted at a single sitting, so the story goes, and under peculiar circumstances. Some admirers of the actor wanted him to sit to the artist for a picture as *Richard III.*, but he refused repeatedly. At last they invited Kean to supper after the play, and made him acquainted with Naegle, to whom he took a fancy before the feast was half over. When urged again to let the artist paint his portrait as the crookback, the actor craftily consented to pose at once, if the painter had his instruments and if he had his costume. Now these necessaries were secretly in readiness, Naegle having provided against good fortune, and his friends having bribed Kean's dresser to be in attendance with the royal robes and plumes. So it is that *Richard III.* gazes down on us now a little unsteadily, as though flushed with wine rather than with victory.

It was before this portrait of Kean that Mr. Joseph Jefferson placed himself one evening when he had a night off and wished to rest. He helped himself to a biography of Kean from the shelf, and he settled himself down in an easy chair; and there he read for two hours or more, glancing up now and again from the printed page, where the story of the wayward actor's life was told, to the painted canvas from which the man smiled back in full enjoyment of existence. Down in the grill-room there hangs a broad playbill of Drury Lane Theater announcing that David Garrick would play *Hamlet* on Wednesday, February 10, 1773; and there below the name of Garrick is the name of Mr. Jefferson, who is set down to play *The King*. The Joseph Jefferson who now delights us as *Bob Acres* once pointed with pride to this playbill, and remarked that the Joseph Jefferson who played with Garrick was his great-grandfather.

Among the other portraits in oil which fill the library, and overflow out upon the staircase hall, are those of Charles Mayne Young, Edwin Forrest, Mrs. Nesbit, and James Wallack by Middleton, of Henry Wallack by Inman, of E. S. Connor and R. C. Maywood by Sully, and of John Howard Payne by Wright. In the private dining-room, which is on the same floor as the library, there are half a dozen landscapes, two of them being scenes in Louisiana, painted by Mr. Jefferson. From the windows of this private dining-room may be had a grateful glimpse of the grass and the shrubbery of the shaded garden of the Tilden Library next door. "The country is lyric," said Longfellow—"the town dramatic"; and of necessity the theater is urban, but The Players are fortunate in catching a breath of rusticity from Gramercy Park in front, and from the quiet gardens behind. In other respects, the club-house is much like other club-houses; upstairs there are the apartments reserved by the founder and a few chambers which members may occupy, and downstairs there is a billiard-room where an actor may fail to take his cue without fear of derogation. Upstairs and downstairs the home of The Players is seemly and comfortable, restful and satisfactory. It is interesting in itself, and for what it contains, and for those who frequent it. It is a place to delight all who can echo Horace Walpole's assertion: "I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers; because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are."

Brander Matthews.



INDIA.

SILENT amidst unbroken silence deep
Of dateless years, in loneliness supreme,
She pondered patiently one mighty theme,
And let the hours, uncounted, by her creep.
The moveless Himalayas, the broad sweep
Of glacial cataracts, great Ganges' stream—
All these to her were but as things that seem,
Doomed all to pass, like phantoms viewed in sleep.
Her history? She has none—scarce a name.
The life she lived is lost in the profound
Of time, which she despised; but nothing mars
The memory which, single, gives her fame—
She dreamed eternal dreams, and from the ground
Still raised her yearning vision to the stars.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

I.

ICHOLAS TARVIN sat in the moonlight on the unrailed bridge that crossed the irrigating-ditch above Topaz, dangling his feet over the stream. A brown, sad-eyed little woman sat beside him, staring quietly at the moon. She was tanned with the tan of the girl who does not mind wind and rain and sun, and her eyes were sad with the settled melancholy of eyes that know big mountains, and seas of plain, and care, and life. The women of the West shade such eyes under their hands at sunset in their cabin doors, scanning those hills or those grassless, treeless plains for the home-coming of their men. A hard life is always hardest for the woman.

Kate Sheriff had lived with her face to the west and with her smoldering eyes fixed upon the wilderness since she could walk. She had advanced into the wilderness with the railroad. Until she had gone away to school she had never lived where the railroad ran both ways. She had often stayed long enough at the end of a section with her family to see the first glimmering streaks of the raw dawn of civilization, usually helped out by the electric light; but in the new and still newer lands to which her father's civil-engineering orders called them from year to year there were not even arc lamps. There was a saloon under a tent, and there was the section-house, where they lived, and where her mother had sometimes taken to board the men employed by her husband. But it was not these influences alone that had produced the young woman of twenty-three who sat near Tarvin, and who had just told him gently that she liked him, but that she had a duty elsewhere.

This duty, as she conceived it, was, briefly, to spend her life in the East in the effort to better the condition of the women of India. It had come to her as an inspiration and a command two years before, toward the end of her second year at the St. Louis school where she went to tie up the loose ends of the education she had given herself in lonely camps.

Kate's mission had been laid on her one April afternoon warmed and sunned with the first breath of spring. The green trees, the swelling buds, and the sunlight outside had tempted her from the prospect of a lecture on India by a Hindu woman; and it was finally because it was a school duty not to be escaped that she listened to Pundita Ramabai's account of the sad case of her sisters at home. It was a heart-breaking story, and the girls, making the offerings begged of them in strange accents, went from it stilled and awed to the measure of their natures, and talked it over in the corridors in whispers until a nervous giggle broke the tension, and they began chattering again.

Kate made her way from the hall with the fixed, inward-looking eye, the flaming cheek, and air-borne limbs of one on whom the mantle of the Spirit has descended. She went quickly out into the school-garden, away from everybody, and paced the flower-bordered walks, exalted, rich, sure, happy. She had found herself. The flowers knew it, the tender-leaved trees overhead were aware, the shining sky had word. Her head was high; she wanted to dance, and, much more, she wanted to cry. A pulse in her forehead went beat, beat; the warm blood sang through her veins; she stopped every little while to take a deep draft of the good air. In those moments she dedicated herself.

All her life should take breath from this hour; she vowed it to the service this day revealed to her, as once to the prophets — vowed all her strength and mind and heart. The angel of the Lord had laid a command upon her. She obeyed joyfully.

And now after two years spent in fitting herself for her calling she returned to Topaz, a capable and instructed nurse, on fire for her work in India, to find that Tarvin wished her to stay at Topaz and marry him.

"You can call it what you like," Tarvin told her, while she gazed at the moon; "you can call it duty, or you can call it woman's sphere, or you can call it, as that meddling missionary called it at church to-night, 'carrying the light to them that sit in darkness.' I've no doubt you've got a halo to put to it; they've taught you names enough for things in the East. But for me, what I say is, it's a freeze-out."

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

"Don't say that, Nick. It 's a call."

"You 've got a call to stay at home; and if you have n't heard of it, I 'm a committee to notify you," said Tarvin, doggedly. He shied a pebble into the irrigating-ditch, and eyed the racing current with lowering brows.

"Dear Nick, how can you bear to urge any one who is free to stay at home and shirk after what we 've heard to-night?"

"Well, by the holy smoke, some one has got to urge girls to stand by the old machine, these days! You girls are no good at all under the new regulations until you desert. It 's the road to honor."

"Desert!" gasped Kate. She turned her eyes on him.

"Well, what do you call it? That 's what the little girl I used to know on Section 10 of the N. P. and Y. would have called it. O Kate dear, put yourself back in the old days; remember yourself then, remember what we used to be to each other, and see if you don't see it that way. You 've got a father and mother, have n't you? You can't say it 's the square thing to give them up. And you 've got a man sitting beside you on this bridge who loves you for all he 's worth — loves you, you dear old thing, for keeps. You used to like him a little bit too. Eh?"

He slid his arm about her as he spoke, and for a moment she let it rest there.

"Does that mean nothing to you either? Don't you seem to see a call here too, Kate?"

He forced her to turn her face to him, and gazed wistfully into her eyes for a moment. They were brown, and the moonlight deepened their sober depths.

"Do you think you have a claim?" she asked, after a moment.

"I 'll think almost anything to keep you. But no; I have n't any claim — or none at least that you are not free to jump. But we all have a claim; hang it, the situation has a claim. If you don't stay, you go back on it. That 's what I mean."

"You don't take a serious view of things, Nick," she said, putting down his arm.

Tarvin did n't see the connection; but he said good-humoredly, "Oh, yes, I do! There 's no serious view of life I won't take in fun to please you."

"You see — you 're not in earnest."

"There 's one thing I 'm in earnest about," he whispered in her ear.

"Is there?" She turned away her head.

"I can't live without you." He leaned toward her, and added in a lower voice, "Another thing, Kate — I won't."

Kate compressed her lips. She had her own will. They sat on the bridge beating out their difference until they heard the kitchen clock in a cabin on the other side of the ditch strike eleven. The stream came down out of the mountains that loomed above them; they were half a mile from the town. The stillness and the loneliness closed on Tarvin with a physical grip as Kate got up and said decisively that she must go home. He knew she meant that she must go to India, and his own will crumpled helplessly for the moment within hers. He asked himself whether this was the will by which he earned his living, the will which at twenty-eight had made him a successful man by Topaz standards, which was taking him to the State legislature, and which would one day take him much further, unless what ceased to be what. He shook himself scornfully; but he had to add to himself that after all she was only a girl, if he did love her, before he could stride to her side, as she turned her back on him, and say, "See here, young woman, you 're away off!"

She did not answer, but walked on.

"You 're not going to throw your life away on this Indian scheme," he pursued. "I won't have it. Your father won't have it. Your mother will kick and scream at it, and I 'll be there to encourage her. We have some use for your life, if you have n't. You don't know the size of your contract. The land is n't fit for rats; it 's the Bad Lands,— yes; that 's just what it is, a great big Bad Lands,— morally, physically, and agriculturally, Bad Lands. It 's no place for white men, let alone white women; there 's no climate, no government, no drainage; and there 's cholera, heat, and fighting until you can't rest. You 'll find it all in the Sunday papers. You want to stay right where you are, young lady."

She stopped a moment in the road they were following back to Topaz and glanced at his face in the moonlight. He took her hand, and, for all his masterfulness, awaited her word with parted lips.

"You 're a good man, Nick, but"—she drooped her eyes—"I 'm going to sail on the 31st for Calcutta."

II.

To sail from New York the 31st she must leave Topaz by the 27th at latest. It was now the 15th. Tarvin made the most of the intervening time. He called on her at her home every evening, and argued it out with her.

Kate listened with the gentlest willingness to be convinced, but with a dread firmness round the corners of her mouth, and with a sad wish to be good to him, if she could, battling in her eyes with a sadder helplessness.

"I 'm called," she cried. "I 'm called. I can't get away from it. I can't help listening. I can't help going."

And, as she told him, grieving, how the cry of her sisters out of that dim misery, that was yet so distinct, tugged at her heart, how the useless horror and torture of their lives called on her by night and by day, Tarvin could not refuse to respect the solemnly felt need that drew her from him. He could not help begging her in every accent he knew not to harken to it, but the painful pull of the cry she heard was not a strange or incredible thing to his own generous heart. He only urged hotly that there were other cries, and that there were other people to attend to this one. He, too, had a need, the need for her; and she another, if she would stop a moment to listen to it. They needed each other; that was the supreme need. The women in India could wait; they would go over and look them up later, when the Three C.'s had come to Topaz, and he had made his pile. Meanwhile there was happiness; meanwhile there was love. He was ingenious, he was deeply in love, he knew what he wanted, and he found the most persuasive language for making it seem to be what she wanted in disguise. Kate had to strengthen her resolution often in the intervals between his visits. She could not say much in reply. She had no such gift of communicating herself as Tarvin. Hers was the still, deep, voiceless nature that can only feel and act.

She had the kind of pluck and the capacity for silent endurance which goes with such natures, or she must often have faltered and turned back from the resolve which had come upon her in the school-garden that spring day, in the two years that followed it. Her parents were the first obstacle. They refused outright to allow her to study medicine. She had wished to be both physician and nurse, believing that in India she would find use for both callings; but since she could follow only one, she was content to enroll herself as a student at a New York training-school for nurses, and this her parents suffered in the bewilderment of finding that they had forgotten how to oppose her gently resolute will through the lifelong habit of yielding to it.

Her ideas had made her mother wish, when she explained them to her, that she had let her grow up wild, as she had once seemed certain to do. She was even sorry that the child's father had at last found something to do away from the awful railroad. The railroad now ran two ways from Topaz; Kate had returned from school to find the track stretching a hundred miles to the westward, and her family still there. This time the boom had overtaken them before they could get away. Her father had bought city lots in the acre form and was too rich to move. He had given up his calling and had gone into politics.

Sheriff's love for his daughter was qualified by his general flatness; but it was the clinging affection not uncommon with shallow minds, and he had the habit of indulgence toward her which is the portion of an only child. He was accustomed to say that "what she did was about right," he guessed, and he was usually content to let it go at that. He was anxious now that his riches should do her some good, and Kate had not the heart to tell him the ways she had found to make them do her good. To her mother she confided all her plan; to her father she only said that she wished to learn to be a trained nurse. Her mother grieved in secret with the grim, philosophic, almost cheerful hopelessness of women whose lives have taught them always to expect the worst. It was a sore trial to Kate to disappoint her mother, and it cut her to the heart to know that she could not do what both her father and mother expected of her. Indefinite as the expectation was,—it was simply that she should come home and live, and be a young lady, like the rest of the world,—she felt its justice and reason, and she did not weep the less for them because for herself she believed, modestly, that it was ordered otherwise.

This was her first trouble. The dissonance between those holy moments in the garden and the hard prose which was to give them reality and effect grew deeper as she went on. It was daunting, and sometimes it was heart-sickening; but she went forward—not always strong, not every moment brave, and only a very little wise, but always forward.

The life at the training-school was a cruel disillusion. She had not expected the path she had set before her to bloom with ease; but at the end of her first month she could have laughed bitterly at the difference between her consecrating dreams and the fact. The dreams looked to her vocation; the fact took no account of it. She had hoped to befriend misery, to bring help and healing to pain from the first days of her apprenticeship. What she was actually set to do was to scald babies' milk-cans.

Her further duties in these early days were no more nearly related to the functions of a nurse, and looking about her among the other girls to see how they kept their ideals alight in the midst of work so little connected with their future calling, she perceived that they got on for the most part by not having any. As she advanced, and was trusted first with babies themselves, and later with the actual work of nursing, she was made to feel how her own purpose isolated her. The others were here for business. With one or two exceptions they had apparently taken up nursing as they might have taken up dressmaking. They were here to learn how to make twenty dollars a week, and the

sense of this dispirited her even more than the work she was given to do as a preparation for her high calling. The talk of the Arkansas girl who sat on a table and swung her legs while she discussed her flirtations with the young doctors at the clinics seemed in itself sometimes a final discouragement. Through all ran the bad food, the scanty sleep, the insufficient hours for recreation, the cruelly long hours assigned for work, the nervous strain of supporting the life from the merely physical point of view.

In addition to the work which she shared with the others, she was taking regular lessons in Hindustani, and she was constantly grateful for the earlier days which had given her robust health and a sound body. Without them she must often have broken down; and soon it began to be a duty not to break down, because it had become possible to help suffering a little. It was this which reconciled her finally to the low and sordid conditions under which the whole affair of her preparation went on.

The repulsive aspects of the nursing itself she did not mind. On the contrary she found herself liking them as she got into the swing of her work; and when, at the end of her first year, she was placed in charge of a ward at the woman's hospital, under another nurse, she began to feel herself drawing in sight of her purpose, and kindled with an interest which made even the surgical operations seem good to her because they helped, and because they allowed her to help a little.

From this time she went on working strongly and efficiently toward her end. Above all she wanted to be competent, to be wise and thorough. When the time came when those helpless, walled-up women should have no knowledge and no comfort to lean on but hers, she meant that they should lean on the strength of solid intelligence. Her trials were many, but it was her consolation in the midst of them all that her women loved her, and lived upon her comings and goings. Her devotion to her purpose carried her forward. She was presently in full charge, and in that long, bare ward where she strengthened so many sufferers for the last parting, where she lived with death and dealt with it, where she went about softly, soothing unspeakable pain, learning the note of human anguish, hearing no sound but the murmur of suffering or relief, she sounded one night the depths of her own nature, and received from an inward monitor the confirmation of her mission. She consecrated herself to it afresh with a joy beyond her first joy of discovery.

And now every night at half-past eight Tarvin's hat hung on the hat-rack in the hallway of her home. He removed it gloomily at a little after eleven, spending the interval in talking over her mission with her persuasively, commandingly, imploringly, indignantly. His indignation was for her plan, but it would sometimes irrepressibly transfer itself to Kate. She was capable not only of defending her plan but of defending herself and keeping her temper; and as this last was an art beyond Nick, these sessions often came to an end suddenly, and early in the evening. But the next night he would come and sit before her in penitence, and with his elbows on his knees, and his head supported moodily in his hands, would entreat her submissively to have some sense. This never lasted long, and evenings of this kind usually ended in his trying to pound sense into her by hammering his chair-arm with a convinced fist.

No tenderness could leave Tarvin without the need to try to make others believe as he did; but it was a good-humored need, and Kate did not dislike it. She liked so many things about him that often as they sat thus, facing each other, she let her fancy wander where it had wandered in her school-girl vacations — in a possible future spent by his side. She brought her fancy back again sharply. She had other things to think of now; but there must always be something between her and Tarvin different from her relation to any other man. They had lived in the same house on the prairie at the end of the section, and had risen to take up the same desolate life together morning after morning. The sun brought the morning grayly up over the sad gray plain, and at night left them alone together in the midst of the terrible spaces of silence. They broke the ice together in the muddy river near the section-house, and Tarvin carried her pail back for her. A score of other men lived under the same roof, but it was Tarvin who was kind. The others ran to do what she asked them to do; Tarvin found things to do, and did them while she slept. There was plenty to do. Her mother had a family of twenty-five, twenty of whom were boarders — the men working in one capacity or another directly under Sheriff. The hands engaged in the actual work of building the railroad lived in huge barracks near by, or in temporary cabins or tents. The Sheriffs had a house; that is, they lived in a structure with projecting eaves, windows that could be raised or lowered, and a veranda. But this was the sum of their conveniences, and the mother and daughter did their work alone, with the assistance of two Swedes whose muscles were firm but whose cookery was vague.

Tarvin helped her, and she learned to lean on him; she let him help her, and Tarvin loved her for it. The bond of work shared, of a mutual dependence, of isolation, drew them to each other; and when Kate left the section-house for school there was a tacit understanding between

them. The essence of such an understanding of course lies in the woman's recognition of it. When she came back from school for the first holiday, Kate's manner did not deny her obligation, but did not confirm the understanding, and Tarvin, restless and insistent as he was about other things, did not like to force his claim upon her. It was n't a claim he could take into court.

This kind of forbearance was well enough while he expected to have her always within reach, while he imagined for her the ordinary future of an unmarried girl. But when she said she was going to India she changed the case. He was not thinking of courtesy or forbearance, or of the propriety of waiting to be formally accepted, as he talked to her on the bridge, and afterward in the evenings. He ached with his need for her, and with the desire to keep her.

But it looked as if she were going — going in spite of everything he could say, in spite of his love. He had made her believe in that, if it was any comfort; and it was real enough to her to hurt her, which *was* a comfort!

Meanwhile she was costing him much in one way and another, and she liked him well enough to have a conscience about it. But when she would tell him that he must not waste so much time and thought on her, he would ask her not to bother her little head about him: he saw more in her than he did in real estate or politics just then; he knew what he was about.

"I know," returned Kate. "But you forget what a delicate position you put me in. I don't want to be responsible for your defeat. Your party will say I planned it."

Tarvin made a positive and unguarded remark about his party, to which Kate replied that if he did n't care she must; she could n't have it said, after the election, that he had neglected his canvass for her, and that her father had won his seat in consequence.

"Of course," she added frankly, "I want father to go to the State legislature, and I don't want you to go, because if you win the election, he can't; but I don't want to help prevent you from getting in."

"Don't worry about your father getting that seat, young lady," cried Tarvin. "If that 's all you 've got to lie awake about, you can sleep from now until the Three C.'s comes to Topaz. I 'm going to Denver myself this fall, and you 'd better make your plans to come along. Come! How would it suit you to be the speaker's wife, and live on Capitol Hill?"

Kate liked him well enough to go half credulously with him in his customary assumption that the difference between his having anything he wanted and his not having it was the difference between his wanting it and his not wanting it.

"Nick!" she exclaimed, deriding, but doubtful, "you won't be speaker!"

"I 'd undertake to be governor, if I thought the idea would fetch you. Give me a word of hope, and you 'll see what I 'd do."

"No, no!" she said, shaking her head. "My governors are all rajahs, and they live a long way from here."

"But say, India 's half the size of the United States. Which State are you going to?"

"Which —?"

"Ward, township, county, section? What 's your post-office address?"

"Rhatore, in the province of Gokral Seetarun, Rajputana, India."

"All that!" he repeated despairingly. There was a horrible definiteness about it; it almost made him believe she was going. He saw her drifting hopelessly out of his life into a land on the nether rim of the world, named out of the Arabian Nights, and probably populated out of them. "Nonsense, Kate! You 're not going to try to live in any such heathen fairyland. What 's it got to do with Topaz, Kate? What 's it got to do with home? You can't do it, I tell you. Let them nurse themselves. Leave it to them. Or leave it to me. I 'll go over myself, turn some of their pagan jewels into money, and organize a nursing corps on a plan that you shall dictate. Then we 'll be married, and I 'll take you out to look at my work. I 'll make a go of it. Don't say they 're poor. That necklace alone would fetch money enough to organize an army of nurses. If your missionary told the truth in his sermon at church the other night, it would pay the national debt. Diamonds the size of hens' eggs, yokes of pearls, coils of sapphires the girth of a man's wrist, and emeralds until you can't rest — and they hang all that around the neck of an idol, or keep it stored in a temple, and call on decent white girls to come out and help nurse them! It 's what I call cheek."

"As if money could help them! It 's not that. There 's no charity or kindness or pity in money, Nick; the only real help is to give yourself."

"All right. Then give me too. I 'll go along," he said, returning to the safer humorous view.

She laughed, but stopped herself suddenly. "You must n't come to India, Nick. You won't do that. You won't follow me. You sha'n't."

"Well, if I get a place as rajah, I don't say I would n't. There might be a dollar in it."

"Nick! They would n't let an American be a rajah."

It is strange that men to whom life is a joke find comfort in women to whom it is a prayer.

"They might let him *run* a rajah, though," said Tarvin, undisturbed; "and it might be the softer snap. Rajahing itself is classed extra-hazardous, I think."

"How?"

"By the accident insurance companies—double premium. None of *my* companies would touch the risk. They might take a vizier though," he added meditatively. "They come from that Arabian Nights section, don't they?"

"Well, you are not to come," she said definitively. "You must keep away. Remember that."

Tarvin got up suddenly. "Oh, good night! *Good* night!" he cried.

He shook himself together impatiently, and waved her from him with a parting gesture of rejection and cancelation. She followed him into the passage, where he was gloomily taking his hat from its wonted peg; but he would not even let her help him on with his coat.

No man can successfully conduct a love-affair and a political canvass at the same time. It was perhaps the perception of this fact that had led Sheriff to bend an approving eye on the attentions which his opponent in the coming election had lately been paying his daughter. Tarvin had always been interested in Kate, but not so consecutively and intensely. Sheriff was stumping the district, and was seldom at home, but in his irregular appearances at Topaz he smiled stolidly on his rival's occupation. In looking forward to an easy victory over him in the joint debate at Cañon City, however, he had perhaps relied too much on the younger man's absorption. Tarvin's consciousness that he had not been playing his party fair had lately chafed against his pride of success. The result was irritation, and Kate's prophecies and insinuations were pepper on an open wound.

The Cañon City meeting was set down for the night following the conversation just recorded, and Tarvin set foot on the shaky dry-goods-box platform at the roller skating-rink that night with a raging young intention to make it understood that he was still here, if he *was* in love.

Sheriff had the opening, and Tarvin sat in the background dangling a long, restless leg from one knee. The patchily illumined huddle of auditors below him looked up at a nervous, bony, loose-hung man, with a kind, clever, aggressive eye, and a masterful chin. His nose was prominent, and he had the furrowed forehead and the hair thinned about the temples which come to young men in the West. The alert, acute glance which went roving about the hall, measuring the audience to which he was to speak, had the look of sufficiency to the next need, whatever it might be, which, perhaps, more than anything else, commends men to other men beyond the Mississippi. He was dressed in the short sack-coat which is good enough for most western public functions; but he had left at Topaz the flannel of every-day wear, and was clad in the white linen of civilization.

He was wondering, as he listened to Sheriff, how a father could have the heart to get off false views on silver and the tariff to this crowd while his daughter was hatching that ghastly business at home. The true views were so much mixed up in his own mind with Kate, that when he himself rose at last to answer Sheriff, he found it hard not to ask how the deuce a man expected an intelligent mass-meeting to accept the political economy he was trying to apply to the government of a State, when he could n't so much as run his own family? Why in the world did n't he stop his daughter from making such a hash of her life?—that was what he wanted to know. What were fathers for? He reserved these apt remarks, and launched instead upon a flood of figures, facts, and arguments.

Tarvin had precisely the gift by which the stump orator coils himself into the heart of the stump auditor: he upbraided, he arraigned; he pleaded, insisted, denounced; he raised his lean, long arms, and called the gods and the statistics and the Republican party to witness, and, when he could make a point that way, he did not scorn to tell a story. "Why," he would cry defiantly in that colloquial shout which the political orator uses for his anecdotes, "that is like a man I used to know back in Wisconsin, who—" It was n't very much like the man in Wisconsin, and Tarvin had never been in Wisconsin, and did n't know the man; but it was a good story, and when the crowd howled with delight Sheriff gathered himself together a little and tried to smile, and that was what Tarvin wanted.

There were dissentient voices, and the jointness of the debate was sometimes not confined to the platform; but the deep, relishing groans which would often follow applause or laughter acted as a spur to Tarvin, who had joined the janitor of the rink that afternoon in mixing the dusky brew on the table before him, and who really did not need a spur. Under the inspiration of the mixture in the pitcher, the passionate resolve in his heart, and the groans and hisses, he melted gradually into an ecstasy of conviction which surprised even himself, and he began to feel at last that he had his audience under his hand. Then he gripped them, raised them aloft like a conjuror, patted and stroked them, dropped them to dreadful depths, snatched

them back, to show that he could, caught them to his heart, and told them a story. And with that audience hugged to his breast he marched victoriously up and down upon the prostrate body of the Democratic party, chanting its requiem. It was a great time. Everybody rose at the end and said so loudly; they stood on benches and shouted it with a bellow that shook the building. They tossed their caps in the air, and danced on one another, and wanted to carry Tarvin around the hall on their shoulders.

But Tarvin, with a choking at the throat, turned his back on it all, and, fighting his way blindly through the crowd which had gathered on the platform, reached the dressing-room behind the stage. He shut and bolted the door behind him, and flung himself into a chair, mopping his forehead.

"And the man who can do that," he muttered, "can't make one tiny little bit of a girl marry him."

III.

It was an opinion not concealed in Cañon City the next morning that Tarvin had wiped up the floor with his adversary; and it was at least definitely on record, as a result of Tarvin's speech, that when Sheriff rose half-heartedly to make the rejoinder set down for him on the program, he had been howled back into his seat by a united public opinion. But Sheriff met Tarvin at the railway-station where they were both to take the train for Topaz with a fair imitation of a nod and smile, and certainly showed no inclination to avoid him on the journey up. If Tarvin had really done Kate's father the office attributed to him by the voice of Cañon City, Sheriff did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the fact. But Tarvin reflected that Sheriff had balancing grounds of consolation — a reflection which led him to make the further one that he had made a fool of himself. He had indeed had the satisfaction of explaining publicly to the rival candidate which was the better man, and had enjoyed the pleasure of proving to his constituents that he was still a force to be reckoned with, in spite of the mad missionary notion which had built a nest in a certain young woman's head. But how did that bring him nearer Kate? Had it not rather, so far as her father could influence the matter, put him farther away — as far as it had brought his own election near. He believed he would be elected now. But to what? Even the speakership he had dangled before her did not seem so remote in the light of last night's occurrences. But the only speakership that Tarvin cared to be elected to was the speakership of Kate's heart.

He feared he should n't be chosen to fill that high office immediately, and as he glanced at the stumpy, sturdy form standing next him on the edge of the track, he knew whom he had to thank. She would never go to India if she had a man for a father like some men he knew. But a smooth, politic, conciliating, selfish, easy-going rich man — what could you expect? Tarvin could have forgiven Sheriff's smoothness if it had been backed by force. But he had his opinion of a man who had become rich by accident in a town like Topaz.

Sheriff presented the spectacle, intolerable to Tarvin, of a man who had become bewilderingly well-to-do through no fault of his own, and who now wandered vaguely about in his good fortune, seeking anxiously to avoid giving offense. In his politics he carried this far, and he was a treasury of delight just at this time to the committees of railroad engineers' balls, Knight Templars' excursions, and twilight coteries, and to the organizers of church bazaars, theatricals, and oyster suppers, who had tickets to sell. He went indiscriminately to the oyster suppers and bazaars of all denominations in Topaz, and made Kate and her mother go with him, and his collection of Baptist dolls, Presbyterian embroidery, and Roman Catholic sofa-pillows and spatter-work filled his parlor at home.

But his universal good nature was not so popular as it deserved to be. The twilight coteries took his money but kept their opinion of him; and Tarvin, as the opposing candidate, had shown what he thought of his rival's system of politics by openly declining to buy a single ticket. This feeble-foolish wish to please everybody was, he understood very well, at the root of Sheriff's attitude toward his daughter's mania. Kitty wanted to go so bad he supposed he 'd better let her was his slouching version of the situation at home. He declared that he had opposed the idea strongly when she had first suggested it, and Tarvin did not doubt that Sheriff, who he knew was fond of her, had really done what he could. His complaint against him was not on the score of disposition but of capacity. He recognized, however, that this was finally a complaint, like all his others, against Kate; for it was Kate's will which made all pleadings vain.

When the train for Topaz arrived at the station, Sheriff and Tarvin got into the drawing-room car together. Tarvin did not yearn to talk to Sheriff on the way to Topaz, but neither did he wish to seem to shirk conversation. Sheriff offered him a cigar in the smoking-room of the Pullman, and when Dave Lewis, the conductor came through, Tarvin hailed him as an old friend, and made him come back and join them when he had gone his rounds. Tarvin liked Lewis in the way that he liked the thousand other casual acquaintances in the

State with whom he was popular, and his invitation was not altogether a device for avoiding private talk with Sheriff. The conductor told them that he had the president of the Three C.'s on behind in a special car, with his party.

"*No!*" exclaimed Tarvin, and begged him to introduce him on the spot; he was precisely the man he wanted to see. The conductor laughed, and said he was n't a director of the road—not himself; but when he had left them to go about his duties he came back, after a time, to say that the president had been asking whom he could recommend at Topaz as a fair-minded and public-spirited man, able to discuss in a reasonable spirit the question of the Three C.'s coming to Topaz. The conductor told him that he had two such gentlemen on board his train at that moment, and the president sent word to them by him that he would be glad to have a little talk with them if they would come back to his car.

For a year the directorate of the Three C.'s had been talking of running their line through Topaz, in the dispassionate and impartial manner of directorates which await encouragement. The board of trade at Topaz had promptly met and voted the encouragement. It took the shape of town bonds and gifts of land, and finally of an undertaking to purchase shares of stock in the road itself, at an inflated price. This was handsome even for a board of trade, but under the prick of town ambition and town pride Rustler had done better. Rustler lay fifteen miles from Topaz, up in the mountains, and by that much nearer the mines; and Topaz recognized it as its rival in other matters than that of the Three C.'s.

The two towns had enjoyed their boom at about the same time; then the boom had left Rustler and had betaken itself to Topaz. This had cost Rustler a number of citizens, who moved to the more prosperous place. Some of the citizens took their houses up bodily, loaded them on a flat car, and sent them over to Topaz as freight, to the desolation of the remaining inhabitants of Rustler. But Topaz now began in her turn to feel that she was losing her clutch. A house or two had been moved back. It was Rustler this time which was gaining. If the railroad went there, Topaz was lost. If Topaz secured the railroad, the town was made. The two towns hated each other as such towns hate in the West—malignantly, viciously, joyously. If a convulsion of nature had obliterated one town, the other must have died from sheer lack of interest in life. If Topaz could have killed Rustler, or if Rustler could have killed Topaz, by more enterprise, push, and go, or by the lightnings of the local press, the surviving town would have organized a triumphal procession and a dance of victory. But the destruction of the other town by any other than the heaven-appointed means of schemes, rustle, and a board of trade would have been a poignant grief to the survivor.

The most precious possession of a citizen of the West is his town pride. It is the flower of that pride to hate the rival town. Town pride cannot exist without town jealousy, and it was therefore fortunate that Topaz and Rustler lay within convenient hating distance of each other, for this living belief of men in the one spot of all the great western wilderness on which they have chosen to pitch their tents contains within itself the future and the promise of the West.

Tarvin cherished this sentiment as a religion. It was nearer to him than anything in the world but Kate, and sometimes it was even nearer than Kate. It did duty with him for all the higher aspirations and ideals which beckon other men. He wished to succeed, he wished to make a figure, but his best wish for himself was one with his best wish for the town. He could not succeed if the town failed; and if the town prospered he must prosper. His ambition for Topaz, his glory in Topaz, were a patriotism—passionate and personal. Topaz was his country; and because it was near and real, because he could put his hand on it, and, above all, because he could buy and sell pieces of it, it was much more recognizably his country than the United States of America, which was his country in time of war.

He had been present at the birth of Topaz. He had known it when his arms could almost encircle it; he had watched and fondled and caressed it; he had pegged down his heart with the first peg of the survey; and now he knew what was good for it. It wanted the Three C.'s.

The conductor presented Tarvin and Sheriff to the president when he had led them back to his private car, and the president made them both known to his young wife,—a blonde of twenty-five, consciously pretty and conspicuously bridal,—by whose side Tarvin placed himself with his instant perception. There were apartments in the private car before and beyond the drawing-room into which they had been shown. The whole was a miracle of compactness and convenience; the decoration was of a specious refinement. In the drawing-room was a smother of plushes in hues of no kindred, a flicker of tortured nickel-work, and a flash of mirrors. The studied soberness of the woodwork, in a more modern taste, heightened the high pitch of the rest.

The president of the embryo Colorado and California Central made room for Sheriff in one of the movable wicker chairs by tilting out

a heap of illustrated papers, and bent two beady black eyes on him from under a pair of bushy eyebrows. His own bulk filled and overflowed another of the frail chairs. He had the mottled cheeks and the flaccid fullness of chin of a man of fifty who has lived too well. He listened to the animated representations which Sheriff at once began making him with an irresponsive, sullen face, while Tarvin engaged Mrs. Mutrie in a conversation which did not imply the existence of railways. He knew all about the marriage of the president of the Three C.'s, and he found her very willing to let him use his knowledge flatteringly. He made her his compliments; he beguiled her into telling him about her wedding journey. They were just at the end of it; they were to settle in Denver. She wondered how she should like it. Tarvin told her how she would like it. He guaranteed Denver; he gilded and graced it for her; he made it the city of a dream, and peopled it out of an Eastern fairy tale. Then he praised the stores and the theaters. He said they beat New York, but she ought to see their theater at Topaz. He hoped they meant to stay over a day or two at Topaz.

Tarvin would not praise Topaz crudely, as he praised Denver. He contrived to intimate its unique charm, and when he had managed to make her see it in fancy as the prettiest, and finest, and most prosperous town in the West, he left the subject. But most of their subjects were more personal, and while he discussed them with her he pushed out experimentally in one direction and another, first for a chord of sympathy, then for her weak point. He wanted to know how she could be reached. *That* was the way to reach the president. He had perceived it as soon as he entered the car. He knew her history, and had even known her father, who had once kept the hotel where he stayed when he went to Omaha. He asked her about the old house, and the changes of proprietorship since he had been there. Who had it now? He hoped they had kept the head waiter. And the cook? It made his mouth water to think of that cook. She laughed with instant sociability. Her childhood had been passed about the hotel. She had played in the halls and corridors, drummed on the parlor piano, and consumed candy in the office. She knew that cook—knew him personally. He had given her custards to take to bed with her. Oh, yes, *he* was still there.

There was an infectious quality in Tarvin's open and friendly manner, in his willingness to be amused, and in his lively willingness to contribute to the current stock of amusement, and there was something endearing in his hearty, manly way, his confident, joyous air, his manner of taking life strongly, and richly, and happily. He had an impartial kindness for the human species. He was own cousin to the race, and own brother to the members of it he knew, when they would let him be.

He and Mrs. Mutrie were shortly on beautiful terms, and she made him come back with her to the bow-window at the end of the car, and point out the show sights of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas to her. Theirs was the rearmost carriage, and they looked back through the polished sweep of glass in which the president's car terminated, at the twisting streak of the receding track, and the awful walls of towering rock between which it found its way. They stooped to the floor to catch sight of the massy heights that hung above them, and peered back at the soaring chaos of rock which, having opened to let them through, closed again immitigably as they left it behind. The train went racketing profanely through the tumbled beauty of this primeval world, miraculously keeping a foothold on the knife-edge of space won for it at the bottom of the cañon from the river on one side and from the rock on the other. Mrs. Mutrie would sometimes lose her balance as the train swept them around the ceaseless curves, and only saved herself by snatching at Tarvin. It ended in his making her take his arm, and then they stood and rocked together with the motion of the train, Tarvin steadying their position with outstretched legs, while they gazed up at the monster spires and sovereign hills of stone wavering and dizzying over their heads.

Mrs. Mutrie gave frequent utterance to little exclamations of wonder and applause, which began by being the appropriate feminine response to great expressions of nature, and ended in an awed murmur. Her light nature was controlled and subdued by the spectacle as it might have been silenced by the presence of death; she used her little arts and coquetries on Tarvin mechanically and half-heartedly until they were finally out of the cañon, when she gave a gasp of relief, and, taking petulant possession of him, made him return with her to the chairs they had left in the drawing-room. Sheriff was still pouring the story of the advantages of Topaz into the unattending ear of the president, whose eyes were on the window-pane. Mutrie received her pat on the back and her whispered confidence with the air of an embarrassed ogre. She flounced into her former seat, and commanded Tarvin to amuse her; and Tarvin willingly told her of a prospecting expedition he had once made into the country above the cañon. He had n't found what he was looking for, which was silver, but he had found some rather uncommon amethysts.

"Oh, you don't mean it! You delightful

man! Amethysts! Real live ones? I did n't know they found amethysts in Colorado."

A singular light kindled in her eyes, a light of passion and longing. Tarvin fastened on the look instantly. Was *that* her weak point? If it was — He was full of learning about precious stones. Were they not part of the natural resources of the country about Topaz? He could talk precious stones with her until the cows came home. But would that bring the Three C.'s to Topaz? A wild notion of working complimentary bridal resolutions and an appropriation for a diamond tiara through the board of trade danced through his head, and was dismissed. No public offerings of that kind would help Topaz. This was a case for private diplomacy, for subtle and laborious delicacies, for quiet and friendly manipulation, for the tact of finger-tips,—a touch here, a touch there, and then a grip,—a case, in fine, for Nicholas Tarvin, and for no one else on top of earth. He saw himself bringing the Three C.'s splendidly, royally, unexpectedly into Topaz, and fixing it there by that same Tarvin's unaided strength; he saw himself the founder of the future of the town he loved. He saw Rustler in the dust, and the owner of a certain twenty-acre plot a millionaire.

His fancy dwelt affectionately for a moment on the twenty-acre plot; the money with which he had bought it had not come easily, and business in the last analysis was always business. But the plot, and his plan of selling a portion of it to the Three C.'s for a round-house, when the railway came, and disposing of the rest as town lots by the front foot, were minor chords in the larger harmony. His dream was of Topaz. If promoters, in accord with the high plan of providence, usually came in on the ground floor when their plans went right, that was a fact strictly by the way.

He noticed now, as he glanced at Mrs. Mutrie's hands, that she wore unusual rings. They were not numerous, but the stones were superb. He ventured to admire the huge solitaire she wore on her left hand, and, as they fell into a talk about jewels, she drew it off to let him see it. She said the diamond had a history. Her father had bought it from an actor, a tragedian who had met bad business at Omaha, after playing to empty houses at Denver, Topeka, Kansas City, and St. Jo. The money had paid the fares of the company home to New York, a fact which connected the stone with the only real good it had ever done its various owners. The tragedian had won it from a gambler who had killed his man in a quarrel over it; the man who had died for it had bought it at a low price from the absconding clerk of a diamond merchant.

"It ought to have been smuggled out of the mines by the man who found it at Kimberly, or somewhere, and sold to an I. D. B.," she said, "to make the story complete. Don't you think so, Mr. Tarvin?"

She asked all her questions with an arch of the eyebrow, and an engaging smile which required the affirmative readily furnished by Tarvin. He would have assented to an hypothesis denying virtue to the discoveries of Galileo and Newton if Mrs. Mutrie had broached it just then. He sat tense and rigid, full of his notion, watching, waiting, like a dog on the scent.

"I look into it sometimes to see if I can't find a picture of the crimes it has seen," she said. "They 're so nice and shivery, don't you think so, Mr. Tarvin, particularly the murder? But what I like best about it is the stone itself. It *is* a beauty, is n't it? Pa used to say it was the handsomest he 'd ever seen, and in a hotel you see lots of good diamonds, you know." She gazed a moment affectionately into the liquid depths of the brilliant. "Oh, there 's nothing like a beautiful stone—nothing!" she breathed. Her eyes kindled. He heard for the first time in her voice the ring of absolute sincerity and unconsciousness. "I could look at a perfect jewel forever, and I don't much care what it is, so it *is* perfect. Pa used to know how I loved stones, and he was always trading them with the people who came to the house. Drummers are great fellows for jewelry, you know, but they don't always know a good stone from a bad one. Pa used to make some good trades," she said, pursing her pretty lips meditatively; "but he would never take anything but the best, and then he would trade that, if he could, for something better. He would always give two or three stones with the least flaw in them for one real good one. He knew they were the only ones I cared for. Oh, I do love them! They 're better than folks. They 're always there, and always just so beautiful."

"I think I know a necklace you 'd like, if you care for such things," said Tarvin, quietly.

"Do you?" she beamed. "Oh, where?"

"A long way from here."

"Oh—*Tiffany's!*" she exclaimed scornfully. "I know you!" she added, with resumed art of intonation.

"No; further."

"Where?"

"India."

She stared at him a moment interestedly. "Tell me what it 's like," she said. Her whole attitude and accent were changed again. There was plainly one subject on which she could be serious. "Is it really good?"

"It 's the best," said Tarvin, and stopped.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Don't tantalize me. What is it made of?"

"Oh, diamonds, pearls, rubies, opals, turquoises, amethysts, sapphires — a rope of them. The rubies are as big as your fist; the diamonds are the size of hens' eggs. It 's worth a king's ransom."

She caught her breath. Then after a long moment, "Oh!" she sighed; and then, "Oh!" she murmured again, languorously, wonderingly, longingly. "And where is it?" she asked briskly, of a sudden.

"Round the neck of an idol in the province of Rajputana. Do you want it?" he asked grimly.

She laughed. "Yes," she answered.

"I 'll get it for you," said Tarvin, simply.

"*Yes*, you will!" pouted she.

"I will," repeated Tarvin.

She threw back her gay blonde head and laughed to the painted Cupids on the ceiling of the car. She always threw back her head when she laughed; it showed her throat.

(To be continued.)

SURSUM CORDA.

UP and rejoice, and know thou hast matter for revel, my heart!
Up and rejoice, not heeding if drawn or undrawn be the dart
Last winged by the Archer whose quiver is full for sweeter than thou,
That yet will sing out of the dust when the ultimate arrow shall bow.

Sing thou! for now thou mayst sing, though slender thy note were, and harsh;
Sing as but once sings the swan borne down the loved stream of his marsh!
In this thou hast matter for revel,— that, sick and undone as thou wast
(Thy wit and thy will in curious mazes frustrate and lost),
Emerged art thou now, neither darkling, nor blinded by fullness of light;
Struck through are the fetters of law by a Freedom unseen, in the height.

Now thou couldst laugh, nor thy laughter with sinister burden be fraught;
Now thou couldst weep where once were the eye-strings tensioned with drought;
Now thou couldst bless and God-speed, without bitterness bred in thine heart,
Loves, that, outworn and time-wasted, were fain from thy lodge to depart:
Though dulled by their passing, thy faith, like a flower upfolded by night,
New kindness should quicken again, as a flower feels the touch of new light.
Ay, now thou couldst love, undefeated, with ardor instinct from pure Love,—
Warmed from a sun in the heavens that knows not beneath nor above,
Nor distance its patience to weary, nor substance unpierced by its ray,
Though world-shadows utter abroad the figment of night and of day!
So should not error and evil enchain thee a mourner for aye;
Now couldst thou pity, and smile, where once but the scourge thou wouldst lay;
Now to thyself couldst show mercy, and up from all penance arise,
Knowing there runneth abroad a chastening flame from the skies.

Doubt not thou hast matter for revel, for once thou wouldst cage thee in steel,
And, wounded, wouldst seek out the balm and the cordial cunning to heal;
But now thou hast knowledge more sovran, more kind, than leech-craft can wield:
Never Design sent thee forth to be safe from the scath of the field,
But bade thee stand bare in the midst, and offer free way to all scath
Piercing thee inly — so only might Song have an outgoing path.
And now thou couldst sing — not as once, in one voice, an iterant strain,
But sounding all measures organic, unstinted of pleasure or pain!
Thou fearest no more, avoidest no more, a fiat decreed,
Nor hopest thou fearingly, reaching forth impotent hands for thy meed.
Now thou couldst love — couldst sing — holding measureless cheer in thy gift,
For such as ungirded and baffled sit down 'mid Time's wreckage and drift.

But now 't is not thine to bestow, to abide, or be known in thy place;
Withdraweth the voice into silence, dissolveth the form and the face.
Death — Life thou discernest! Enlarged as thou art, thy ground thou must shift!
Love over-liveth.— Throb thou forth quickly.— Heart, be uplift!

Edith M. Thomas.

WHAT ARE AMERICANS DOING IN ART?

BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIS question arises naturally from the one so often asked and more or less satisfactorily answered: "What are we doing for art?" It is not easy to give a definite reply to the first question without considering them both together. We may, without prejudice, date back the present revival of art interest in this country to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. First, the extensive and important collection of representative works of art from all countries had a wonderful influence on the public no less than on the artists; secondly, about that time an unusual number of young painters and sculptors returned home after years of study abroad, and established schools and societies, and initiated a movement in art which has since become widespread and popular. At that period there were but two or three art schools of any importance in the country. Even Boston, large as it was, gave no better advantages to an art student than those afforded by the Lowell Institute, where a model was posed one evening in the week for young artists to draw from without instruction. A course of study abroad was open only to those who had private means of their own, or who could rely on the assistance of friends. Europe was, as it is now, the Mecca of young artists, but in the majority of cases the aspirant for European training was obliged to spend the most impressionable years of his life in earning sufficient money to enable him to pass a certain time in the French or German art schools. We doubtless owe to the difficulties of early training much of the impulse which has urged our artists to persist in the effort to establish art schools, but, on the other hand, who shall number the geniuses whose lamps have flickered and gone out in the atmosphere of what Mr. Howells calls "belated puritanism," hostile to art, hostile to sentiment, hostile to all imaginative production?

In the consideration of the status of our art we must recognize first the popular impression that our best artists are disloyal to American art because they do not draw their inspiration from motives to be found within our political boundaries. There is a species of patriotic glamour which invests the phrase "American art" with an importance and with possibilities which surely do not exist in this cosmopolitan age. It is a favorite theory with those who make art a study without practising it that an American artist should treat American subjects. They forget that the majority of European artists who have made fame and fortune have sought their subjects outside the bounds of their own nationalities. They ignore the fact that the true elements of art which make it characteristic of a people, and therefore a national art, are found, not in the subject, but in the mind of the artist himself. Also, we have to take note of the growing confidence in the powers of our temporarily expatriated artists, and in the belief that, if these same men would pursue their profession at home, their artistic impulses would remain as keen and their enthusiasm continue without a check. The success of our artists in the exhibitions abroad appears to prove that, if we can successfully compete with foreign artists in their own field, we can retransplant these young trees into our own soil and confidently expect them to grow into sturdy oaks and elms. Experience, however, shows us that the contrary is most often the case. It is a discouraging fact that few of those whose names have been prominent among the promising young artists abroad have kept up the high standard of excellence, much less have continued to make progress, after a short season at home. What is the nature of the blight that attacks them, and is there any antidote for this insidious poison that destroys the germs of progress?

To answer these questions we must eliminate from this complex situation all elements of patriotism, and look upon our artists as forming a notable proportion of the great body of men who are to-day wooing the fickle goddess the world over. We may well be gratified with our position in modern art, it is true, but we must confess that we are as yet but in the second stage of artistic growth. It is beyond dispute that individuality marks the highest point of development in art, and is notably present only when there is a high standard of technical excellence. The artist who is so far a master of his materials that, in being able to forget the mechanical operations of execution, he is best prepared to work out his

own individuality, is the result of a succession of steps in art education, a result not accomplished by short methods nor without great personal sacrifice and persistent effort. Primitive art, on the other hand, however much it may be the embodiment of distinctly artistic ideas, is never so free from traditions and limitations of methods that the individual stands out in distinguished preëminence. There is no royal road to good art. The intermediate stages between the crude first attempts and the finished productions are necessarily devoted to the study of means and methods, to the drudgery and mechanics of the profession. These stages are marked, in general terms, by the temporary bewilderment of the artist, and by the apparent annihilation of the highest qualities of the artistic impulse.

This system of growth is true of the community as it is of the individual. When, after the Philadelphia Exhibition, we began to see art schools springing up all over the country, and art museums rising on foundations laid out with regard to the possibilities of the future, we hailed this new spirit, and welcomed this contagious enthusiasm for art as a sure promise of the speedy development of a large and well-equipped body of artists, whose importance in the world of art would be commensurate with our national rank in the world of modern science and commerce. Fifteen years have elapsed, a new generation of artists has sprung up, having had at home facilities for rudimentary education quite as efficient as any to be found abroad. They have sought more advanced instruction in the schools of Europe; they have been recognized there as among the most capable and most promising of pupils; they have taken prizes in the classes, medals in the exhibitions, and have, in general, more than fulfilled all that was expected of them. Many of them have come home again, and are teaching in their turn in the art schools. Of those who have remained abroad many have European reputations.

But the verdict of the world has been often given, and is always the same — namely, that the works by American artists as they are seen in the foreign exhibitions cannot be distinguished from those of their masters and associates; that, indeed, we are still in that stage of artistic development in which the highest acquirement is ability to execute with distinguished skill in the methods of others, and which is still in the leading-reins of school tradition and the glorification of technique.

This characterization is not harsh nor unjust, but rather appreciative and hopeful, and we may as well frankly recognize the truth of the verdict. We have, after all, made more rapid progress in art than any other people in the world's history. Let us curb our impatience, take what satisfaction we can out of this fact, and content ourselves with the absolute certainty that we are on the rapid road to the best development of all the artistic spirit there is in us. If our artists do not at present show extraordinary signs of original impulse and individuality, it is no proof that these qualities do not exist. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that they are dormant or temporarily suppressed by the force of circumstances. Most of the young men who have returned since the Philadelphia Exhibition have, with a rare self-denial and enthusiasm, devoted themselves to teaching. There is a vast difference between teaching the rudiments to beginners and giving advice and assistance to those who are struggling with the higher problems of the profession. In the one case the labor of instructing is compensated by little or no gain to the teacher beyond his salary; in the other the artist finds himself encouraged in his own work, gains new ideas and fresh impulses, experiences constant rejuvenation from the intimate contact with younger men. Many of the prominent French and German artists have for years and without compensation devoted much of their time to the higher instruction of art students. By a complete system of elementary art education the pupils come into the foreign ateliers well grounded in all the rudiments, and depend on the master for suggestion and encouragement only in the direction in which his own knowledge is increased by the endeavor to impart it to others. The price of this constant effort is some loss of time and energy, but the reward to the master is the most precious of all rewards, stimulus to production and encouragement of singleness of purpose.

We cannot give too much praise nor too hearty recognition to those of our artists who have spent many of the best years of their lives in teaching the rudiments of their profession, for it is to them that we owe the present hopeful stage of progress, and it is by their self-sacrifice and devotion to the most intimate interests of art that we are fast approaching the time when we can no longer afford to allow them to dissipate their powers and exhaust their energy over the A B C of art education. When that time arrives, when our elementary schools are, as they should be, in the hands of those who either by nature are fitted for the work, or who may be in their own stage of advancement profited by such experience, then, with all the new and important fields now opening up before the serious artist, with the phenomenal increase of culture in the great West, with the extraordinarily contagious spirit of liberality among rich men, with the practical annihilation of the distance

between the United States and Europe, then and not before shall we find our artists free to put forth the best that is in them, unhampered by the sordid considerations which now beset them, and by the tardiness of recognition which is the most potent and baneful factor of discouragement. Then, surely, shall we see develop one element in our art which is now conspicuously absent—style. This element, the most intangible, the most worthy of encouragement, and, indeed, the most precious, can only exist under conditions similar to those just spoken of. Style without a high degree of skill is like musical taste without ability of execution. Style can be successfully developed only when the methods are mastered, for although it is in a measure superior to technique, it may be cramped and distorted by mechanical effort. The soul of all best art, it can only exist in its most attractive form in healthy and vigorous surroundings.

In the near future, too, we shall see encouraged and nourished the one branch of figure-painting and sculpture for which this country affords quite as good a field of effort as any other community—portraiture. We have a distinct type of feminine beauty, distinguished for symmetry and refinement; we have a strongly accentuated masculine type, full of character and picturesqueness. The first thing that strikes the observant eye of an American who, after a season abroad, returns to this country sensitive to fresh impressions of his native land, is the peculiar, nervous, high-strung, keen type of face, which has in it great elements of beauty, prominent marks of character, and an accentuation of lines which are particularly fascinating to the painter. The immortalization of this type is a task which may well fire the ambition of any painter.

It is natural to be impatient of processes, and it is difficult to wait for the fulfilment of the promise of planting, transplanting, and grafting. We already have a system of art education, which, though by no means so good as it can be and will be,—and perhaps not even justly to be called a system,—sends its students into the foreign schools quite as well founded in the rudiments of the profession as any other beginners; even, as it is often claimed, better prepared for rapid advancement. From California to Maine, from Texas to Wisconsin, there is scarcely a town of note that has not its art school and its art club. Art museums are numbered almost by the score. Private collections of works of art are increasing in numbers and importance with bewildering speed. Bequests to add private acquisitions to public collections are more and more numerous. The United States has now become the most active picture-market in the world.

A decade ago a few young artists in Paris met for the purpose of attempting to raise money enough to establish a European scholarship for American art students. The effort, although an earnest one, met with little success at the time; but the idea took firm hold on the minds of those who were interested in the scheme, and the enthusiasm, while it was somewhat checked by the indifference of the public, was still kept alive. Recently there have been established without any ostentation several such scholarships in different parts of the United States, all of them supported by private generosity, and now any young man who proves that he has sufficient talent and application to entitle him to a period of study abroad may secure one of these prizes.

Within the past few years also there has arisen here a coterie of picture-buyers who make a point of purchasing none but works by American artists, thus stimulating home production, softening the harshness of foreign competition, and gathering together, as is amply proven by occasional exhibitions, most interesting and choice collections of contemporary art which are revelations even to the most hopeful and enthusiastic friends of our artists. In various institutions there have been established funds for the purchase of works of art for permanent public exhibition. The library building of the city of Pittsburgh given to the city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie has, with equally unparalleled generosity, been endowed by him with a fund the annual income of which, fifty thousand dollars, is to be expended in the purchase of works of art for the permanent collection, and at least ninety per cent. of this sum is, by the terms of the endowment, to be spent for the productions of American artists. The extent of this gift is scarcely to be realized at first sight. What a museum of modern art will in a few years be built up by this fifty thousand dollars per annum *in perpetuo!* The income from the fund of the Chantrey bequest in England for the purchase of modern pictures is but twenty thousand dollars a year, and, so far as is known, was, up to the date of Mr. Carnegie's endowment, the largest sum in the hands of any institution for such a purpose. What a stimulus to production this fund in Pittsburgh will become! and what a power in the hands of the committee to urge our artists to turn from the tentative to the genuine accomplishment! The prospect is as encouraging as it is novel, and as bewildering in its possibilities as it is encouraging, for the Carnegie fund is doubtless the precursor of other similar endowments in different cities, and almost before we are aware of it we shall find this new factor one of the most important ones in our artistic development.

Enough has been said to show how widespread the interest in art has become in the past fifteen years, and how this interest has materialized, so to speak. The weakness of the situation lies in a measure in the absence of centralization. Not that a rigid system of centralization in art education is necessary, or even desirable, but some kind of a harmonious relation between the schools of the metropolis and those of other places might easily be brought about, so that the superior advantages of the larger communities might be held out as an inducement to the best pupils all over the country as a primary step in advancement toward the goal of higher artistic education. The difficulties in the way of giving the young artist all the necessary preliminary training are diminishing every year. There is no reason why our schools should not, in a very short time, send the best pupils abroad in much the same way, and with quite as good an equipment, as the students are sent from the foreign ateliers for travel and independent study in the art centers of the Continent. Most of the exterior advantages are now at our command in New York. There are excellent examples of the old masters in our Museum; the best work of modern men is seen here more easily than anywhere else; the photograph supplements these advantages to a degree which it was impossible to prophesy a dozen years ago. The one nourishing condition and the one which is most desired and the most necessary to the artist, the so-called art atmosphere, is beginning to be felt as a gentle, zephyr-like current which, before we are aware of it, will envelop us in its stimulating embrace. Architects have long since recognized this current, and by the thoroughness of their schools and the seriousness of their advanced studies they have raised up a class of men whose taste and skill are leaving enduring monuments in this country which rank with any modern constructions, if they do not surpass them. Remote as it may seem, the suggestion, recently made, that the Government establish a department of art and architecture is an indication of the extent of the influence of this current. With excellent examples constantly before our eyes of tasteful architecture erected by private enterprise, we naturally feel the necessity of some central and responsible, not to say intelligent, control of the public decorations and constructions, so that we shall be more or less sure of protection from the monuments of bad taste and vulgarity which, in the confusion of public business, may be accepted by a political committee. Some national recognition of the profession of fine arts must soon result from the public estimation of the value of this element of civilization, and although we cannot legislate an art atmosphere, legislation may do much toward encouraging its growth. The taxation of works of art has been not the least powerful of the various causes which have retarded the progress of art in this country, and this will undoubtedly soon be removed in deference to the extensive popular sentiment against it, and in recognition of the wishes of a very large majority of American artists. What we have done in art and for art during the past quarter of a century is unparalleled in the history of nations. What we are now doing gives promise of speedy and gratifying results.

F. D. Millet.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.[1]

FROM other hands let fragrant roses fall
  On victors' paths; *I* look past Volga's flow
  To Hell's true Frozen Circle, realm of snow,
  Where rises Kara's evil prison wall!
There fettered heroes did gaunt Famine call
  To be their Savior, when bent prone below
  The heavy yoke; racked Nature's throb and throe
  Steadfast they bore, till silence folded all.
In the dim light, shoulder to shoulder, lay,
  In awful triumph, the mute, ghastly band,
  And tyrants cowered!—O Strong Spirits! we,
Sons of this New World, glad in Freedom's day,
  Greet you! and with eyes wet, bowed lowly, stand
  Awe-struck before your mighty constancy.

Elizabeth W. Fiske.

[1] See Mr. Kennan's article on the Kara prison in THE CENTURY for September, 1889.

HOW OLD FOLKS WON THE OAKS.

FTER supper all the stable gathered round the big wood fire in Colonel Bill's room, even to the boys who walked the horses; for it was a bitter night outside, and the rain, driven before the raw, northern blasts, cut like bits of ice. Very pleasant it was within. The yellow blaze crackled gleefully about the logs and flooded the old room with its mellow light. It played hide-and-seek with the heavy shadows that clung about the corners, touched playfully the black faces of the stable-boys sprawling on the bare floor, and merrily sported with their ragged trousers and their patched cotton shirts. It dashed recklessly up the rickety ladder at the end of the room, and for a moment peeped into the loft above, and there finding the darkness uncongenial, rushed down and took absolute possession of the massive figure of Colonel Bill, dreaming with unclosed eyes in his favorite broad-armed, cane-bottomed chair. It made odd shadows on the strong, ruddy face and under the wide-open blue eyes, and threw against the whitewashed wall a fantastic image of the Colonel's tawny mustache.

Colonel Bill was thinking of the great meeting at New Orleans, where he had won race after race, and particularly did his mind dwell on every incident of the cup when the Mare had galloped away from the pick of the Mobile stable. Then he thought of the rich stakes and purses soon to be run for at Memphis, and especially the Oaks, where the Mare would have a chance to beat all the cracks of the South. He had been at the Memphis track a week now, and the horses had stood the trip from New Orleans well; there was not an unsound animal in the stable, and never in all her life had the Mare been in such perfect condition. The season thus far had been a most successful one; and as for the future, well, when a man is looking at the future from the sunny side of thirty, it is only the silver linings of the clouds which he sees. Colonel Bill did not earn his title in active service. He inherited it, together with his horses and his amazing capacity to absorb much whisky without affecting either his temper or his complexion. These things were his birthrights; for Colonel Bill was a Kentuckian.

So deep were the Colonel's musings that he paid no heed to Jim and Ike, two black mites of stable-boys, who were engaged in a bone-breaking wrestling-match; and even when they fell under his feet he promptly kicked them away without awakening. Now and then some one belonging to an adjoining stable hurried by, seeking shelter from the driving rain. Loose doors, knocked about by the wind, creaked dismally on their hinges. Jim and Ike butted their heads against the floor in an ecstasy of mirth. Old Elias, yellow and solemn, "de kunnel's assistant, sah," sat bolt upright in his chair in the chimney-corner snoring ponderously. All these sounds came to the Colonel's ears like far-away echoes in a thick wood. Presently it seemed to him that there was a faint tapping at the door; or was it the ghost of the thundering hoofs of which he had been dreaming? Soon it came again, louder, stronger, more assertive.

"Come in," called the Colonel, rousing himself with a great effort.

The door opened, and, in a gust of wind and rain, a most remarkable figure entered. The visitor was scarcely three feet high, and his queer little wrinkled and puckered-up face was as black as ink. Cocked rakishly on the side of his head was an enormous silk hat, whose top was open to the winds of heaven and whose sides bore the marks of many a stubborn battle. The hat evidently caused its wearer much inconvenience, despite the jaunty manner in which it was worn; for it had a chronic habit of falling down on his neck, and it was only by unceasing care that this was prevented. The stranger's body was enveloped in a Prince Albert coat, originally intended for a man of six feet or more. The tails of the coat, although prudently trimmed, still trailed on the ground; and even with the sleeves rolled up, the tiny black hands were utterly lost in their cavernous depths. The trousers must have belonged to the same suit as the coat. The wearer carefully tucked them up at the bottom; but they refused to remain in that position, and fell down in the most embarrassing way.

When the Colonel saw this extraordinary figure, he rubbed his eyes and stared hard. Jim and Ike stopped playing and the whites of their eyes looked as big as snowballs. Old Elias woke with a snort, and for the first and last time in his life showed intense surprise. The visitor closed the door and walked up to the fire. After carefully warming himself in front he turned around and stood with his legs wide apart, his head on one side, looking at the group about him.

The Colonel drew a deep breath. Then, as he recovered from his surprise, he asked curiously:

"Well, Gen'r'l, whar 'd you come frum?"

The little man arranged his hat, which had fallen forward instead of backward, entirely covering his face, and said in a high, childish treble:

"I come frum Plastah Par's."

"Now, Gen'r'l," replied the Colonel, shaking his head solemnly, "how can that be so? Plastah Par's is white, an' yore the blackest niggah I ever laid eyes on."

Jim and Ike rolled over in convulsions of laughter. The visitor simply stared at the Colonel with his little beady black eyes, and repeated:

"I come frum Plastah Par's."

"What 's yo' name?" asked the Colonel.

"Dey call me Ole Folks," said the boy, and then an expression of absolute vacantness settled over his little black face. It was in vain that the Colonel asked him how he got to Memphis, who his parents were, or how he reached the race-track. The only reply he received was a vague statement about a boat and a river. At last the Colonel grew weary and told Jim and Ike to give the stranger something to eat and let him sleep in the loft with them.

As the boys were tumbling up the ladder, Colonel Bill turned to old Elias.

"What do you think of him?" he asked.

"Kunnell Bill," cried the old man, earnestly, his eyes never leaving the stranger for a moment till he disappeared, "don't keep him around de stable. Befo' God, I b'lieve he 's onhuman."

The next morning the sun triumphantly climbed up into the sky, sweeping away the last traces of the storm, and, with the heat of that semi-tropical climate, driving the cold air before it like a conqueror. The boys were up with the sun, feeding the horses, walking them under the long open sheds, and galloping them out on the track. Old Folks helped them, and when their work was done, he went with them into the kitchen, a shed adjoining Colonel Bill's room, where fat Aunt 'Liza, enveloped in an aroma of fragrant coffee, was busily cooking crisp brown breakfast-bacon and golden corn-bread.

"Lawd sakes, honey," cried Aunt 'Liza, waddling across to where Old Folks sat, perched on a stool at the corner of the table, and for the third time generously filling the tin plate in front of him; "Lawd sakes, honey, you got de mos' pow'rfullest appetite I eber come across." It was not till every one else had finished that Old Folks left the kitchen, licking his lips, a look of tranquil happiness on his face.

Old Folks found a dozen of the boys lying on a load of fresh hay in front of the stable, their faces turned up to the sun. He was soon in the midst of them, and if he were uncommunicative about his affairs to the Colonel he more than made amends for it now. He told them with many impressive gestures and rollings of his eyes how he came from a country where there were a king and a queen, where there were music and flowers, and where everybody wore "store clo'se an' had chicken five times a day." In this grand country Old Folks was the court dancer; and all he had to do to get any favor he wanted was just to dance. Ike listened to this story with growing signs of suspicion.

"Um," said Ike at last; "ef you could dance in yore own country, why can't you dance yere?" The crowd looked at Old Folks. The proposition struck them as being an eminently fair one.

"Dance yere!" cried Old Folks with great scorn. "Dance yere! How kin I dance when I ain't got no shoes?" Sentiment straightway shifted back to Old Folks. Ike was silent a moment. Then without a word he kicked off his shoes and pitched them over to Old Folks. Sentiment began setting back toward Ike. Old Folks, holding up one of the shoes for general inspection, said disdainfully:

"Ef I had *shoes*, I 'd show you how ter dance; but how kin I dance a-standin' on things like them?"

Sentiment paused undecided.

Complaining bitterly of his tools, Old Folks nevertheless put on the shoes and jumped down from the hay. Just in front of them lay a stable door, torn from its fastenings by last night's storm. Old Folks propped up the corners with bits of wood and stone, and soon improvised a firm and safe stage. Then, with a look of triumph at Ike, he began to dance. The shoes were thick and heavy, and the door, as it lay, acted as a sounding-board, so that the boys for a dozen stables heard the dancing and came running over. They gathered in an admiring circle about Old Folks, who was dancing away with an absorbed look on his little face. Wherever Old Folks picked up his accomplishment, he was a master of it. The Mobile shuffle, the pigeon-wing, the old buck, and the hoe-down followed each other in hot succession. The audience yelled and cheered. Soon some trainers lounged up. The crowd kept growing and growing until half the track was gathered around Old Folks, who was every moment displaying some new grace, some fresh variation of one of the old favorites. Among the latest to arrive was Colonel Bill; and when Old Folks saw him he was inspired with renewed energy. Faster and faster he danced. The sweat stood out on his face in great drops. The corners of his mouth were drawn down. There was a tense look about his eyes. Occasionally he added to the artistic effect by yelling, "Oh, my!" "Come, my honey!" "Yes, indeed!" The stable-boys shouted and swayed their bodies, keeping time to the rhythm of the

sound. On and on danced Old Folks. A gray pallor showed through his black skin. The tense look deepened about his eyes. His breath was coming in gasps; but he kept up unflaggingly. Colonel Bill's big, lazy-looking blue eyes had been fixed on the boy for several minutes. At last he pushed through the ring of men and caught Old Folks by the arm.

"Perfahmance is pos'poned till another occasion, ladies an' gen'l'm'n," said the Colonel, waving his hand gracefully; and then, as he led the boy away, and saw that he was so weak he could hardly stand, he looked admiringly at him and muttered:

"He 'd 'a' been dancin' there till he dropped ef I had n't come along. He 's the gamest little niggah I ever saw."

And now for Old Folks, as the orators say, there dawned an era of unparalleled prosperity. He was the king of the race-track; and his subjects gave him a royal welcome wherever he went. For not only could he dance, but he could pick the banjo in a way no one had ever heard it picked before, and he could sing all the good old songs to its accompaniments; he could rattle the bones after such an inspiring fashion that every foot went to dancing without asking its owner, and he could tell a series of the most remarkable stories. Indeed, in the reminiscential line, Old Folks found that he had a virgin field to work. The only limit set to his imagination was his own forbearance. Perched on the sunny top of a bale of hay with the boys of a dozen stables around him, his head on one side, his little, withered, black face now drawn long with solemn import and now broad with mirth as his story demanded, Old Folks was inimitable. In addition to his other accomplishments he was a marvelous mimic; and even Colonel Bill himself, Old Folks's stanchest friend and supporter, was not spared. The Colonel had a habit of putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, throwing his chest out, and whistling. Old Folks reproduced it with life-like accuracy. As a touch of local color he always ended by swearing at Ike.

There was one thing lacking, however, to make Old Folks's rule a permanent one. He hated riding. Indeed, he possessed a royal disinclination for work of any kind. He even protested against exercising the horses. He positively refused to feed them, and he would sooner have starved than rub them. But riding was especially disagreeable to him. The few times that he had been compelled to give the horses their exercise, he had displayed such judgment and skill that the Colonel, as a mark of special favor, had said to him one day:

"Old Folks, you kin gallop the Mare every mawnin'."

The morning after this permission had been so graciously given the Mare was not galloped, and the Colonel in a rage hunted up Old Folks. He found him in the stable, carefully wrapping a strip of blanket around his left ankle.

"Why did n't you gallop the Mare this mawnin'?" asked the Colonel sternly.

Old Folks looked up innocently. "Kunnel Bill, do you see dat lef' leg?" said he, and he pointed to the ankle, swathed a foot deep in many-colored rags. "Dat lef' leg ob mine am bogus."

"Seems to me," retorted the Colonel, "ef yore lef' leg 's bogus yo' dances mighty spry."

"Kunnel Bill," replied Old Folks, while a sly look crept into the corner of his eyes, "ef you eber took notice ob me a-dancin', you see I duz all ob it wid my right leg. Dat 's a powerful good leg, dat right leg, and dat lef' leg he jes' kind-a look on."

The Colonel turned away to keep Old Folks from seeing his face. That night old Elias, who had not recovered from his first prejudice against Old Folks, received orders from the Colonel to let the boy do as he pleased about riding.

It was not long, however, before Old Folks learned how fatal to his power was his inability to ride. In the community in which he lived everything turned on the race; and the most important factor in the race was the rider. Everybody around him who was not too heavy rode. Jim and Ike were given mounts frequently. Ike especially was a capital jockey; only his fondness for candy and the constant indulgence of his appetite made him a trifle too heavy for ordinary mounts. All the other boys had ridden in races at one time or another, and lived in the hope of some day being great jockeys. When they were all together, and the conversation by any accident was permitted by Old Folks to turn on horses, it was Ike's day and hour; and he gloried in it. He told all about his great races in the past, and about that one in particular where the Great Isaac had to "hump hisself" to beat him. He told, illustrating the words with copious gesticulation, of glorious bursts of speed in the stretch, due entirely to his superior skill, where he brought his horse from the rear when defeat seemed certain, and "won easy, an' me a-pullin' his head off." Ike had the stage all to himself; for he was an authority, and all Old Folks could do was to wrap himself up into a scornful little black ball and pretend to be sent to sleep by such stupid stories. But not a word of what was said did he miss; and after scenes like this it was always noticed that Old Folks told of some adventure more astonishing than any of the past, and that he danced, and picked the banjo, and handled the bones with unaccustomed vigor.

When the races began Old Folks felt his

power slipping away from him rapidly. The boys were riding horses to victory every day; and nothing was talked of from morning till night but the races. Little groups met around the stables and went over each race in detail. A boy's riding was criticized with marked candor, particularly if he was unfortunate enough to lose when the horse carried stable money. On the other hand, if he won, his lightest wish was law to a host of obsequious followers who hung on his words. All that he said was either oracularly wise or irresistibly funny. The stable and all that was in it were laid at his feet.

Of all the boys at the track Ike was the luckiest. All that seemed necessary for a horse to win was to have Ike on his back. It was an open secret that the Mobile stable wanted him, while half a dozen outsiders were fighting for second call upon his valuable services. It was the happiest period of Ike's life. He spent the pleasant sunny afternoons strutting up and down in front of the stables, his hat on the back of his head, his hands stuck deep into his pockets. He scorned the humbler duties of exercising and walking the horses, and treated the former friend of his bosom, Jim, with lofty contempt.

As Ike waxed great, Old Folks dwindled. Indeed, these were grievous days for Old Folks. All his old-time fire and dash were gone. Scarcely could he muster up courage to tell a story, and as for the banjo and the bones, the dust of neglect lay thick upon them. All day long he did nothing but think how he could regain his lost prestige; and at night he was tormented by disordered dreams in which, in all kinds of extraordinary situations, Ike was forever getting the better of him.

One day he was lying moodily on the grass in front of the stable when Ike, with a troop of admirers at his heels, came swaggering up. Ike evidently had something on his mind, for he stopped when he reached Old Folks, and after several efforts to appear entirely at his ease, he made them all "cross their hearts three times looking up," the most sacred oath the stable-boy, white or black, can take. Then, when their eyes were nearly popping out on their cheeks with curiosity, Ike told them that he was going to ride for the Mobile stable. He had seen Colonel Bill, and the Colonel with a terrific volley of oaths had told him he might ride to —— if he wanted to. Then Ike lowered his voice and concluded in a frightened whisper:

"Kunnel Bill, he done said, 'Ike, if eber I ketches sight ob yo' ugly mug round dis yere stable, I 'll skin yo' 'live an' cut yo' black yeres off.'"

"Thought you wuz goin' ter ride de Mare in de Oaks to-m'a'h?" inquired Old Folks with a sneer.

"I can't get down to de weight," replied Ike, apparently ignoring the challenge, "an' anyhow, dat white kid from Nashville 's comin' on. But he don't know no mo' 'bout ridin' dan, dan,"—Ike paused a moment for rhetorical effect, and then, looking at Old Folks, concluded crushingly,—"dan you do, little niggah." And with this final shot Ike and his train, all of whom, of course, laughed uproariously at this repartee, left Old Folks to his own bitter reflections.

To-morrow the big race would be run, thought Old Folks, and Ike would of course win it, enabling him to climb to still greater heights of glory, while for himself were reserved corresponding depths of oblivion. He was roused from his reverie by Colonel Bill's passing him, giving the Mare her exercise walk, followed close behind by the faithful Elias. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Kunnel Bill," he cried, jumping up and touching his hat, "Kunnel Bill, plea', sir, kin I ride de Mare to-m'a'h?"

Colonel Bill stopped and looked at the boy with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Why don't you git Archer to let you ride fur him in the Derby, Old Folks? He jes' cabled to me he wanted you." For once Elias failed to laugh at the Colonel's wit. He looked at the boy with unspeakable indignation. At the slightest hint from the Colonel he would have tossed him over the fence, but the Colonel only walked on with the Mare, chuckling to himself. On his return trip Old Folks was still standing in the same place. Again he touched his hat deferentially.

"Kunnel Bill," said he, appealingly, a little tremor in his voice, "plea', sir, kin I ride de Mare to-m'a'h?"

The Colonel was on the point of uttering some chaffing reply, when his eye chanced to light on the eager, strained look in the small black face before him.

"Why, Old Folks," he said kindly, stopping the Mare, "I 've got a good boy. You can't ride; an' this yere 's a great big stake. Matter co'se I can't let you ride."

Old Folks stood looking after him, big tears rolling down his cheeks. The Colonel, happening to glance back, saw him standing there, and his heart smote him; for he had a great liking for the queer little black, and besides the Colonel dreaded seeing anything suffer, man or beast. He threw the boy a silver dollar. "There, Old Folks," he cried cheerily, "go an' buy yo'self somethin'." The boy looked at the coin which had fallen at his feet, and then, his eyes sparkling with passion, he began kicking it in an ecstasy of savage fury. He never stopped until it was buried deep in the soft earth. Then, with his hands tightly clenched

and his little figure trembling with rage, he strode off down the track. The Colonel looked after him in amazement.

"Well," said he, "ef that ain't the funniest niggah ever I seen," and he walked on meditatively with the Mare, while Elias, following after, shook his head many times.

THE morning of the great race dawned bright and clear. The sun came rolling up into a cloudless sky. The air was redolent of the breath of the spring. If the weather could make it a success, the Oaks would be a memorable one. Colonel Bill had been up with the Mare before daylight. No other hand but his was ever allowed to touch her; for she was the very apple of his eye. And as he led her out into the morning air, and the sun shone on her glossy coat, the Colonel felt that so fine an animal had never before pressed the turf. Her large, soft eyes, so full of courage and intelligence, had that look which only comes with perfect health; and her every motion showed the fruits of the patient care and loving training of Colonel Bill.

Her trial, made before daybreak two days before, had been so good that Colonel Bill had kept quiet about it. He wanted long odds against her, and proposed making the winning of the season on the race. There was nothing to be done now but to wait; and as Colonel Bill finally closed the stable door on the Mare, he exultantly heard the cheering thousands, and saw his beauty led back by the grand stand to receive proudly the ovation of the victor.

Only one thing worried him. He had not heard from Grubbs. The boy ought to have come down the day before; still there was a train at noon, and that was three hours before the race. Grubbs had ridden her at New Orleans and knew all her peculiarities thoroughly. There was no absolute necessity for his presence, but, all the same, Colonel Bill would have had a load lifted from his mind if the boy were on hand. He sent Elias with a carriage to the depot an hour before the train was due, with orders to let Grubbs neither eat nor sleep, but to come straight to the track. From twelve o'clock on the Colonel scarcely had his watch a moment out of his hands. What was the matter? Why did they not hurry? What was keeping them? The Colonel fretted and fumed. When 12.30 came, with no Grubbs in sight, the Colonel could hardly contain himself; and when 12.45 arrived without Grubbs, he walked nervously down to the road to look for him. It was nearly one o'clock when Elias came dashing out to the track, his horses' necks covered with foam. Colonel Bill was standing at the gate and ran up to the carriage. Elias gave him a despatch, his hand shaking so he could hardly hold it. It was from a friend in Nashville and contained one line:

Grubbsy can't come: dead drunk.

Those most familiar with Colonel Bill's well-known abilities as an artist in the use of forceful English unanimously declared afterward that he did full justice to the occasion. When he finished, hypercriticism could suggest nothing to be said. The sound of the storm penetrated through the stables to a loft into which Old Folks had crept to suffer alone and not be present at the triumph of his enemy. From the fierce energy of the sounds he knew something had happened, and a vague hope that in some way he might be benefited sent the blood tingling through his veins. He swung down from the loft, not waiting for the ladder, and rushed out in front of the stable. The Colonel was coming toward him, his eyes bloodshot. He was still talking about Grubbs. At last, exhausted, he walked over to the race-track fence, crossed his hands on the top plank, rested his chin on them, and glared into space.

What could he do? There was not a boy at the track capable of riding at the weight who was not already engaged for the race. It was absurd to think of sending elsewhere for a jockey. No, he would have to give it up. All his months of labor, of care, and trouble went for nothing. All those winter-evening dreams by the big wood fires were only dreams, hopeless of realization. While the Mobile stable was galloping off with the prize, the Mare would be standing in her stall; perhaps they would even say that he was afraid to start her. And then he thought of the recreant Grubbs, and lapsed into another transport. When he had grown quiet, only a few oaths rumbling in his throat like distant thunder in the gorges of the mountains, he felt something tugging at his coat-tails. He turned around, and there stood Old Folks. The boy touched his hat respectfully.

"Kunnel Bill," he cried with nervous eagerness, "Kunnel Bill, plea', sir, lemme ride de Mare."

Colonel Bill felt a little gleam of hope. It was with no change of expression, however, that he said shortly:

"Why, you can't ride; what do you know 'bout ridin'?"

"Kunnel Bill," cried Old Folks sharply, "ef dat fool niggah Ike kin ride, I kin ride. Ef de Mare don't win, you kin jes',"—here Old Folks paused a moment for a comparison, and then the Colonel's awful threat to Ike came back to him,—"you kin jes' skin me an' cut my black yeres off."

"Why, you could n't sit on the Mare," responded the Colonel in a more mollified tone.

"Jes' try me," urged Old Folks with a voice of keenest entreaty. "Jes' try me, only plea', sir, try me once."

The Colonel looked at his watch. It was nearly two o'clock. The horses would be at the post in an hour. There was no possible hope of getting any one else. Then came a thought of the Mobile stable and the treacherous Ike.

"Old Folks," said the Colonel with great solemnity, "you kin ride the Mare; an' ef you beat that niggah Ike I 'll give you mo' money than ever you heard tell of in all yo' life."

THE Oaks was the big race of the meeting, and all Memphis turned out to see it run. The crowd filled the grand stand and overflowed into the inner field, lining the track on both sides. Up in the boxes young ladies in gay attire made little exclamations and picked out horses to win because they had pretty names. On the lawn the crowd bubbled up into excited groups and fell away in quiet eddies, moving hither and thither, filled with the fever of unrest, as shifting and uneasy as the yellow waves dancing away off yonder on the bosom of the Mississippi, while all the time the brazen-throated ring brawled forth its odds. Everywhere there was motion, life. The entry of the Mobile stable, Cleopatra, was the strong favorite. The newspapers had been discussing her for weeks, and the public had concluded that she was invincible.

"What 's the matter with the Colonel's Mare?" asked Joe Sutton, the biggest book-maker in the ring, of a trainer who bet him on the favorite.

"Oh, she can't win," was the reply; "Grubbsy 's went off on a toot and they 've got nobody to ride. It 's a walk for Cleopatra. There won't be nothing else in it."

"I never heard of that boy before," mused the book-maker, looking up at the list of jockeys. "O. Folks; who is he?"

"Only a stable-boy," answered the trainer. "A little nigger that don't know no more about ridin' than you book-makers knows about horses."

Joe laughed good-naturedly and went on with his book, lengthening the odds against the Mare. A strong tip was out on Catalpa and Fairy Rose, the Californians, and they were hotly played. The Johnsons of Alabama sent a commission in on their entry, Kathleen and Elizabeth. Blue Eyes found friends, and so did Tantrum. The rank outsider was the Colonel's Mare.

"I 'll lay fifty to one against Bill's Mare," yelled the Chicago plunger, one of the heaviest betters in the Southern Circuit.

"I 'll jes' go you a hundred," cried a big, ruddy-faced young man with wide-open blue eyes and a tawny mustache, pushing his way through the crowd. The book-maker hesitated a moment, and then, rubbing his odds at the same time, called out to his sheet-writer:

"All right, $5000 to $100," and then, as the stranger walked away with the ticket in his pocket, he asked curiously: "Who is that fellow?"

"Don't you know him?" responded the sheet-writer. "Why, that 's Colonel Bill himself."

The Chicago plunger watched the Colonel going down the line, and he noticed that wherever the odds were particularly long, there the Colonel would stop, and wherever he stopped the odds were promptly shortened. He saw the Colonel at last leave the ring in the direction of the paddock with a big bundle of tickets in his hand.

THE last bell had rung and the jockeys had begun to mount. A big crowd was around Ike, who wore the blue-and-gold stripes of the Mobile stable, and who never looked more important in all his life. He pulled on the stirrups, to see if they were all right, looked wisely at the arrangement of the bridle, struck his whip jauntily against his leg, and strutted about, keenly enjoying the incense wafted up to him by the crowd. He never even deigned to glance at Old Folks, who looked smaller and blacker than ever, sitting on the Mare's back in Colonel Bill's all-white colors. Old Folks pulled his cap over his eyes and said nothing.

"I ain't got no orders fur you, Old Folks," said Colonel Bill, as he gave the girth a little final tightening. "You just lay with the bunch and don't go out and make no runnin'. Ef you manage to stick on till you come to the head of the stretch the Mare 'll eat them up. You don't need no whip, for she ain't never been hit in her life and would n't understand it. Now go on and do your best. I 'll never forgit you ef you win."

Old Folks answered never a word. He pulled his cap down harder over his eyes and set his teeth together grimly, and with Colonel Bill at the Mare's head, started out of the paddock.

They made a pretty picture as they galloped up the brown stretch of track, one by one, with the sun lighting up the party-colored jackets of the jockeys; and the crowd cheered them all good-naturedly. The first from the paddock was the favorite, Cleopatra, a handsome chestnut. The coal-black Tantrum followed. Behind her, dancing across the track from side to side, was Blue Eyes, a coquettish bay, drinking in with eager ears the applause she loved so well. Then came the Californians, two noble chestnuts. Hard behind were Kathleen and Elizabeth, the Johnson entry, each with a white star in her forehead. Last of all was the Mare. But so

lithe and graceful was she, with her haughtily arched neck and her dainty step, that the applause she received equaled that which greeted the favorite herself; and the Colonel, from his position on a little knoll beside the judge's stand, listened to it with a thrill of passionate joy.

All faces are now turned toward the head of the stretch where the start will be made. For a few moments the horses and the jockeys are blended together. Then the red flag in the starter's hand goes down like a flash; there is a leaping line of color, swiftly moving before a column of dust, and the race for the Oaks has begun.

The line which has extended across the track from fence to fence narrows toward the inner rail, like a fan closing; the dust has become a flaming yellow banner behind, the sunlight shifting through it; the jockeys' colors have begun to take separate form, and the figures of the horses to regain their identity. The first to catch the eye is Tantrum, who has shot out from the bunch, her gleaming black body clear of the field. The Californians are close behind her, with Kathleen and Elizabeth at their shoulders, while Ike and Old Folks are locked half a length away. Sweeping by the grand stand Tantrum opens up a gap of daylight. The Californians are still second, a length before the Johnson pair.

The pace is growing hotter. The long necks of the horses are stretched, and the race is on in earnest. As they round the first turn, Tantrum is still leading, but the distance has been cut down to a length. The field behind her are a solid body with the horses' heads so close together they touch each other. Suddenly there is a jumble. A half-suppressed cry comes up from the grand stand; and out from the mass, like a cat tossed from a balloon, come Old Folks and the Mare. They look to be standing still, so fast do the field leave them. Colonel Bill, whose trained eye has not lost a movement of the race, turns his head away and groans, "Cut down." Five lengths, ten lengths, twenty lengths, the others are leaving them as the waves leave a wreckage.

And now the grand stand utters a cheer of encouragement. The jockey once more has his mount in her stride. At the sound of the cheering the Colonel looks up. But his heart is like lead when he sees the awful gap between the foremost horse and the Mare. He wonders, too, what 's wrong with the saddle; for the boy's left foot is not in the stirrup.

They are well up the back-stretch, with poor Tantrum slowly falling back, her race run. The Californians are forging to the front, with Cleopatra at their saddle-skirts, Ike merely steadying her. A length away are the field, well bunched; while twenty lengths behind, out of the race, are Old Folks and the Mare.

As they thunder by the third quarter-pole, the Colonel rubs his eyes. Is he dreaming? Is the Mare really closing up the gap? He looks again. Old Folks is humped up on the Mare's shoulders like a monkey; and without pushing her, he is surely gaining ground. The Colonel's heart is beating so hard he can hear each throb as he closes his eyes to test the truth of what he sees. When he opens them again, he gives a whoop that sounds across the reaches of the track like a bugle-call, for the Mare is within ten lengths of the bunch, and on her back, still cool and unflurried, sits Old Folks.

They are nearing the fourth quarter-pole. Cleopatra is leading, the Californians at her throat-latch. Blue Eyes and Kathleen have improved their positions. Ike has not yet moved on the favorite, and even at this distance the Colonel can see a satisfied smirk on the traitor's face. Slowly, slowly the Mare is gaining. To the tense-nerved Colonel with his blood on fire it is a snail's pace; but inch by inch until the inches make feet, foot by foot until the feet make lengths, almost imperceptibly, yet as surely as the tide creeps in over the sand, Old Folks and the Mare are closing up their ground.

The leaders have reached the head of the stretch. Cleopatra is still in front. The star-faced Kathleen is beside her. The Californians are dropping back, dying hard. Elizabeth and Blue Eyes are just behind. And then, clinging so close to the inner rail that his horse's side seems to scrape it, to lose not an inch of space, is Old Folks.

Down the stretch they come, all fighting. Off in front are Cleopatra and Kathleen. The pace is a killing one, and the field are beginning to falter. The Mare alone is gaining. At last there is no longer daylight between her and the hindmost horse. It is poor Tantrum, sorely pressed. And now she is leaving Tantrum and is at Blue Eyes' throat-latch. And now Blue Eyes is passed, and she is at Elizabeth's saddle-skirts. And now Elizabeth is behind her, and she is abreast of the Californians. There is an instant's hot, sharp fight, and she has shaken them off, and only Cleopatra and Kathleen are left out there in front, neck and neck, just five lengths away. But five lengths! And that black rascal Ike is still holding Cleopatra back, with something up his sleeve.

Ten thousand eyes are upon the Mare. Ten thousand voices cheer her onward. Can she close the gap? Can she catch the leaders? Half the journey down the stretch is passed. As they swing by the eighth pole, Ike looks over his shoulder. He sees Old Folks's vengeful black face, just two lengths behind him! He loosens his last wrap and drives the spurs in deep. Cleopatra darts away from Kathleen like an unleashed hound. A moment more and

DRAWN BY H. HELMICK. OLD FOLKS AND HIS AUDIENCE. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

the Mare has rushed by; and Kathleen is struggling in a ruck behind.

Ike is riding the race of his life. His whole heart and soul are burning up. He is lifting his mount along; whispering to her; sparing the whip with the wisdom of the great jockey; helping her by knee and hand and voice. But each time he glances behind, he sees the hated face of Old Folks, a little nearer.

They have reached the first of the wall of faces that lines the track. All about them is an ocean of whirling sound. For the last time Ike looks over his shoulder. The final gleam of light between them has gone. Without looking he can see the Mare's head gaining steadily, resistlessly. The head is at Cleopatra's flanks. It has reached her saddle-skirts. Ike can feel the hot panting breath against his cheek. But swiftly the head passes the saddle-skirts, passes the shoulders, passes the neck, and only the width of another head is between it and victory. And the judges and the timers, with their watches in their hands, silent and solemn, are standing over the finish-line just twenty yards away. Only a head between victory and defeat! Ah! Many 's the race won and lost by that fateful space.

Old Folks's highly prized cap has blown off in that wild fight down the stretch. His round, black head is bent so low over his horse's neck that his face can only be seen in glimpses, as he urges the Mare onward. One thing alone he knows. Ike is so close to him, he can touch him. The shouting of the thousands is only a dull, distant rumble. Can he never pass that head rising and falling there, just before him? He is gaining, but slowly, slowly. And the distance is so terribly short. The calm-faced men with the watches in their hands are hardly a dozen yards away. If they were only a furlong further, or half a furlong even. As they pass the Colonel not ten feet from the judge's stand, the two heads are rising and falling together, not an inch of space in favor of the one or the other.

The crucial moment has come. Old Folks digs his knees deep into the shoulders of the Mare, catches the reins with a grip like steel, and inspiring the high-strung animal beneath him with the fierce courage that burns in his own little black breast, with a last desperate, despairing effort he fairly carries the Mare across the line winner by a clear good head.

Out from the howling thousands, like one shot from a cannon, comes Colonel Bill. With a bound he is over the fence and is off down the track to the Mare, his face purple from much cheering. As the Colonel springs toward her, he sees Old Folks with the reins still in his hand, swaying backward and forward in the saddle, his lips the color of ashes, and his face all pinched with pain. He barely reaches the Mare's head when the boy pitches over into his arms.

"What 's the matter?" ask a hundred voices as Bill, carrying the little bundle as tenderly as could a mother, shoves his way through the crowd to the Secretary's office.

"Nothin'," cries Colonel Bill fiercely, swallowing a lump in his throat. And then, as his big red hand wanders gently down the little leg to where the left foot is dangling helplessly to and fro, and he feels the edges of the broken bones sticking out through the skin, the tears gather so fast that the crowd becomes a blur. The boy winces and opens his eyes for a moment.

"Kunnel Bill," he says feebly, with a ghost of the old sly look in the corners of his eyes, "Kunnel Bill, I allays tole you dat lef' leg wuz a little bogus."

J. J. Eakins.

AFTER THE RACE.

BRONTË.

THERE are two ghosts upon the stair!
One is so slender and so fair —
The grave-light faints upon her hair,
And falls and follows as she stirs
With the old grace that once was hers,
Stirs on that chill and furtive breath
Blown from the frozen halls of death.
A dream, a film, along the air —
There are two ghosts upon the stair.

There are two ghosts without the door,—
One lofty as when first she wore
The purple of her youth, and bore
Her state like some young queen. Full white
And icy as the northern light
The death-mask on her face. And see,
A cold flame where her heart should be!
Calm, bitter calm, and fair and frore,
There are two ghosts without the door.

There are two ghosts beyond the pane —
In all the void and vast inane,
In all the vernal fall of rain,
In all the drifting of the mist,
When winds are high, when winds are whist,
In all the long sighs of the gale,
Two hovering wavering shapes and pale,
In all the wide night's dark domain,
There are two ghosts beyond the pane.

On wintry driving of the sleet,
Between those graves whose furrows meet,
She sees a yearning face and sweet.
All night she hears the great winds blow,
And sees the wild white whirling snow
Sweep up the black vault of the sky,
And sees a shadow fleeting by
That treads the storm with royal feet,—
There are two ghosts upon the sleet.

Out on the high brow of the moor,
Night lifting all her clear-obscure,
Or morn with primal tides washed pure,
While skies and larks together soar,
And the rime glimmers fresh and hoar,
Out in the glorious golden weather,
Knee-deep and lost in plumy heather,
In lonely space from lure to lure
There are two ghosts upon the moor.

And when along heaven's shining coasts
The summer evening leads his hosts
In the great train the pole-star boasts,
She sees from purple hollows shine
Eyes with a sorrow half divine,
And in a mist of stars will note
Ethereal weft of garments float,—
Pressing from faintest farthest posts
In heaven itself there are two ghosts.

Or dreaming there beside the hearth
Of lightsome days of ancient mirth
That cast a bloom upon the earth,
Of shapes that filled those happy years
Seen through the halo of her tears,
She feels them stealing nigh and nigher
To take the last flash of the fire,—
Woe to that house of gloom and dearth,
There are two ghosts beside the hearth!

Sometimes at night about her bed
The moonlight, in a glamour shed,
Puts on the likeness of the dead.
The glamour creeps along the wall,
Far off soft voices seem to call,
Soft footsteps falter through the room,
She cries, and reaches in the gloom,
And life, and light, and joy are fled,—
There are two ghosts about her bed.

The gentle cunning fails her hand,
Here where they woke, they wrought, they planned,
While day slides o'er the lonesome land,
The needle poised, the pencil prone,
Pale fingers moving with her own,
The book, that once strange witchery threw,
Forgotten slipt,—they read it, too,—
Awake, asleep, astir, at stand,
There are two ghosts at her right hand.

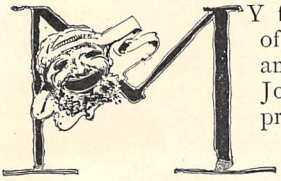
What memories nestling in her heart
With wild, sweet wings of longing start!
The things they touched — with awful art —
The clock's dull tick, the walls, the doors,
The very shadows on the floors,
The old smiles, wake an aching fret.
Barbed with the poison of regret
Each moment gives a keener smart,—
There are two ghosts within her heart!

There are two ghosts upon the stair.
Long since Fame spread his splendid snare;
Love came and camped about her there.
Oh, love was sweet, and life was dear,—
But hark! those voices, strong and clear,
They wail, they thrill, she must not stay —
Out, to the open, and away!
Oh, love past death and death's despair,
There are three ghosts upon the stair!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

BY EDGAR W. NYE.



MY father was a native of the State of Maine and a relative of Joshua Nye, whose prohibitory efforts have so long afforded entertainment for man and beast. The family record extends back to Cape Cod, where many of our people may still be found on Buzzard's Bay and toward the interior of Massachusetts. This fact I have kept concealed from the Nyes of Cape Cod up to this time, but I can no longer do so.

My birthplace consisted of a small hamlet called Shirley, now a station on the Bangor and Moosehead Lake Railroad, but at that time a happy and peaceful neighborhood clustering about a red sawmill in the midst of a rich belt of white birch and gum-arabic trees.

Few would have selected this as a birthplace, perhaps, but I have never had cause to regret it. Having now served its purpose, however, it seems content to recline on its laurels, and is in fact smaller to-day than when I chose it as a suitable site for my object.

Our humble home lay in the valley of the bright Piscatequis, within the shadow of the pine-clad pinnacle of Squaw Mountain, where the moldy blue bloom of the huckleberry slumbered in the quiet shade of the hemlock, or wooed with sweet and cunning coolness the advances of the wild bear and the woodchuck of the Katahdins.

We grew for the Boston and Bangor market the spruce gum that rounded the cheek of beauty in the high schools at Waterville and the Christmas tree that gladdened the hearts of the children of the prairie. In the rich soil of the valley, under the tropical sun of the Skowhegans, we reared the large red apple of commerce, and fashioned the richly carved ox-yoke which hung about the well-rounded shoulders of the bright red steer of the Kennebeckers.

My early life was uneventful after the 25th day of August, 1850, at which time I decided upon Shirley, and utilized it as the birthplace of greatness. It was, for the first three years, such a history as might be written of an ordinary person. Beyond getting strangled in a set of knitted harness by accidentally hanging myself over a stone wall till cut down by the authorities, and afterwards developing a style of somnambulism which frightened the neighbors almost to death, I led a quiet life for three years.

Yet we were well thought of even then, and were acquainted with prominent people, especially the Hamlins and the Brownes, Stephen and Ephraim Browne, the uncles of Artemus Ward, being my father's schoolmates. So we were well connected even then, and I was already receiving a training which was to fit me so well in after years for the atmosphere of courts.

In the early part of the latter half of the present century, and while yet a child, I girded up my loins and, without other luggage, traveled westerly, taking with me my parents, who pleaded so hard to go that I could not well refuse them, especially as I had no other people with whom to leave them. Our journey was extremely exciting and filled with strange events. The latter part of it especially, which lay through the dense forests of Wisconsin, under the guidance of an old trapper named Thomas G. Nesbitt, was full of hairbreadth escapes and a noticeable paucity of food.

For quite a space of time we journeyed on by short stages, compelled each day to eat such wild animals as crossed our path, whether in season or not, and also the unbolted meal made of unsifted oats, with which we also fed the beasts of the outfit, so that even unto this day the oatmeal of civilization is to me a *bête noir* of great virulence. Finally our caravan came to a halt in the valley of the river Kinnick-Kinnick, and founded a settlement by treaty with the Indians, who, we found, had already preceded us. With the permission of the Government, and at the earnest solicitation of the Indians, we settled upon one hundred and sixty acres of beautiful ferns and bright young rattlesnakes, and it was here that my younger brother and an uncle were bitten by the cheerful fauna of that region. Whisky internally and plug tobacco externally, however, soon overcame the poison of the rattlesnake.

The Indians were extremely friendly at times, and preferred our salt-rising bread to the bread of idleness, which they had been using before we got there. We built up a good trade with them by exchanging brass rods, tin roofing, and pain-killer for beaver, buckskin, and ginseng-root, which we afterward bartered with the merchants of St. Paul for salt and other

delicacies, such as molasses, salt mackerel, embroidery, gunpowder, horse medicine, and saleratus. We constructed a low châlet of basswood, shingling it with swamp grass, and the following year put in a glass window. In this region I grew to ladhood, studying the benefits of industry and early attaining among the Indians a degree of social recognition of which I am still justly proud.

My life thus far had been one of earnest endeavor and vigilance, but I can see now that

TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

it was fitting me even then for the position which I was afterward to occupy, of Justice of the Peace, during six of the most eventful years in the life of the nation. If I had thought of it in time, I would have studied a good deal more by the light of the pine-knot, but it did not occur to me until too late to be of use to me in an autobiography.

It is fair to say that my parents were very poor, but they were so honest that it occasioned comment. As they grew older they found that their integrity had become so fixed upon them that they could not throw it off. I shall never forget the time when it came over them like a clap of thunder from a clear sky that this habit had fastened itself upon them. "We are now past middle life," they said, "and it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. We shall no doubt die as we have lived. But you," they said, with much feeling, "you are yet young. Your principles are still plastic; you are like versatile clay in your own hands. You can be what you will. Shun, if you can, the errors we have made. Do not allow any habit whatever to obtain entire control over you."

I now budded into manhood. It was a great hit. I had obtained quite an education — that is, mostly a practical education. I had attended school off and on, between massacres, by working out in summer by the month and then attending school winters, by dint of building fires and sweeping out the school-house for my board. Of course the board was not extensive, but almost every day some well-to-do and forehanded scholar would leave a doughnut or a piece of "bread and jell" in his desk and forget it, or else voluntarily give me a nice, durable boiled egg for writing his composition for him, and so I got along real well and always with a blithe heart. That is one thing which aroused the admiration of one and all, an admiration in which I was at last compelled to join, viz: I had a blithe heart.

Passing on rapidly over this perhaps dull and uninteresting portion of a biography, let us proceed to the actual moment when a boy really blooms into manhood, and has singlehanded and with bare knuckles to meet the great, coarse, brutal world.

I remember very well when the day came on which I was gently but firmly invited to angle, cut bait, or go ashore. It was when I had outgrown the home nest. I was timid and of a shrinking nature. So were my clothes. At this time I was invited to buy into the farm with the privilege of allowing my wages to go in toward the payment of principal and interest,— interest first, then principal, like the motto of a political patriot from New York. I made a few rapid calculations covering one side and part of one end of the barn, showing that I would have to give up operas, balls, cigars, wine, underwear, summer vacations at Newport, and my club; that I would have to let my beard grow, cover myself with metallic paint, and work very hard all the pleasant weather in the field, and all the bad weather in the barn or cellar. Thus, as crops and prices were, I found that my wages and my own share of the crop would pay the interest and leave a small sum each year which would help to make up the deficiency between the actual cost of the crop and the price received.

I hope I make this entirely clear to the reader.

So I said: "No, I think that farm life, of course, for those who can afford it, is the most independent, the most chaste and lonesome one of which I know; but I am not worthy of it. I am too restless. I am too dependent on my fellow-man. I want to see him and look in his face and catch his reflected sunshine. I cannot milk a cow a month without drying her up.

"THE BOYS."

I cannot impress my own indomitable spirit of push and enterprise upon the hens as some can. I cannot pay for a team each year with gopher pelts as others do. I cannot stack wheat so that all the rain for thirteen miles will not come and run into the very midst of it. I am also too selfish to farm it, and besides, I have n't the money. Give my place to some more worthy man."

There was another thing about it which made it seem imperative that I should go away. Where I lived I was still regarded as a boy. I saw that where I had grown up and been whipped repeatedly I should never be able to secure absolute reverence. There are grizzly persons there now, three-score years old, who have not yet found out that they are men, because the community call them "the boys" yet, and address them by their first names, and so they have never shucked their boyhood; thus the smell and the sound of the battle of life have never been borne to them. They are silver-haired children yet, with big, fat, dimpled minds on which the world has made no scar. So one day, with tears, I turned my back upon the old home, which, although it had made rather a disagreeable specialty of industry, it seemed to me, yet held every element of a good home. Not as a fugitive with bruises and bitterness only to show for the past,— that would have been easier,— but as a boy whose home had been made always as cheerful for him as circumstances would permit, I plumed my wings for the wild and woolen West.

Securing second-class passage and not knowing exactly whither, so that it was west, I slept the nights away sitting upright in a coach, and landed finally in a territorial town accompanied by thirty-five cents, with which I desired to aid the flourishing young city in her wonderful growth. I was also associated with a pale yellow trunk which cost three dollars and had been rained on, so that when I landed at Cheyenne the inflated thing peeled.

I cannot think of anything sadder than to be associated with a trunk which has made claims to respectability which it was not able to maintain. This trunk when new had aimed to impress people with the idea that it was a leather trunk, but when adversity came, it surrendered and peeled. When the wall-paper came off it was quite a plain trunk, and those who came in contact with it did not treat it with respect. I went to the best hotel, registered, and by some strange accident got a pretty good room; but I had to hurry and do it before my trunk got up there. Some would not have gone to the best hotel under such circumstances. They would also have said that I had no right to do so, but there is another way to look at that. Every hotel runs its business on a basis calculated to make it pay, allowing a percentage for losses in cases of this kind. I have been paying my percentage ever since, and probably paid it also when I paid my bill there several weeks afterward, which I did. But this was the nearest I ever came to being on the dividend side of the ledger of a hotel.

It would take some time to tell how I got the money to pay this bill, and how the lonely little lop-eared, écru-colored trunk stood there in the baggage-room waiting for the day of its redemption to draw nigh; but suffice it that a lucky accident put me in the way of earning ten dollars by copying the minutes

of a military court-martial then in session, and a tall angel with wings concealed under the cape of a Chumley overcoat was the means. His name was Remington, and I earnestly hope that he will find, when his life is over, that suitable arrangements have been made for his comfort.

Later I struck hard pan again, but the idea of despair did not enter my head. There is a general air of picnic and irresponsibility about a new country which certainly goes far to take the sting out of poverty. Stranded in New York, I would be tempted to fall from some elevated structure, perhaps, or with a shriek of despair to throw myself from the prow of some swift ferry-boat into the moaning tide; but where all is new, and where prosperity is ever generous, knowing that swift changes may in a few years or even months darken its own horizon, hope is the most hardy shrub that hangs upon the trellis of the heart.

(The above sentiment was written in an album at the age of eighteen years.)

If a boy could be made to believe that this one hour or day of battle with adversity may be the hand-to-hand fight of his life, compared with which all others following it may be mere skirmishes; if he could only know or even believe that the sky would never be again so somber, or his horizon so opaque — in nine cases out of ten he would win; but he fears too often that this is the beginning only of a long life of despair and disappointment. At that time I fully expected for a few days that I would have to assist in taking care of the Union Pacific Railroad, as a lawyer friend of mine had already done — going to California in considerable style and returning by easy stages as a section hand.

But the opportunity to do reporting at a small salary came to the surface soon after, and I improved it. The salary was not large; it was not oppressive. It was not calculated to canker the soul. By putting handles on it every Saturday evening, I was enabled to carry it home by myself, the distance being short. I used it wisely, not running through it as some would have done. In this way at the end of the year I had two dollars in money and a nice new set of whiskers. I also had acquired a gum overcoat, whose views one could easily get by being thrown in its society for a few minutes on a warm day.

It was at this time that I was chosen by the will of the people to go and sit on the woolsack as Justice of the Peace. I do not quite remember the name of my predecessor, but I think it was Twitter. I know that I trembled for fear that I should not successfully fill his place, and so I used to go over to the penitentiary, where he was stopping for a few years, to get points from him as to my course of action. It strikes me now that his name *was* Twitter. At first I sought to evade the great responsibility, and told the people to search far and wide and that possibly they would find a more worthy man. They went away and were gone quite a long time. Then they came back and said, No, they could not find any one who seemed to be raised up as I was, to lead our people through the doubts and dangers of the coming years, up into the glorious light of peace and prosperity.

"Oh, go away," I was heard to say to them; "I fear that you are joshing me."

I was elected quite vociferously, for the people of the West are a humor-loving people and so entered into the thing with great glee. Therefore, on the first of January I procured a compressed room with a real window in it, through which the glad sunlight and 'most any other medium-sized object came softly stealing. Furnishing this room by means of a little bright red stove and a copy of the Revised Statutes,

THE MARRIAGE OF BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

BRONCO SAM.

I was ready to mete out substantial justice to those who would call and examine stock and prices.

It was really pathetic to see the poor little miserable booth where I sat and waited with numb fingers for business. But I did not then see the pathos which clung to every cobweb and darkened the rattling casement. Possibly I did not know enough.

I forgot to say that the office was not a salaried one, but solely dependent upon fees, the county furnishing only the copy of the Revised Statutes and a woolsack, slightly and prematurely bald. So while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half of the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage. Friends in the Eastern States may possibly recall the time when my correspondence, from some unknown cause, seemed to flag. That was the time. Of course I could have borrowed the money, but I had, and still have, a foolish horror of borrowing money. I did not mind running an account, but I hated to borrow.

The first business that I had was a marriage ceremony. I met the groom on the street. He asked if I could marry people. I said that I could to a limited extent. He said that he wanted to get married. I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredients. He then wished to know where my office was. It occurred to me at that moment that there was no fire in the stove; also, no coal; also, that the west half of the stove had fallen in during the night. So I said that I would marry them at their home. He maintained that his home was over eighty miles away and that it would consume too much time to go there.

"Where are you stopping at?" I inquired —using the Pike County style of syntax in order to show that I was one of the people.

"Well, we met here, Squire. She come in on the Last Chance stage, and I 'm camped up in Gov'ment Cañon, not fur from Soldier Crick. We can go out there, I reckon."

I did not mind the ride, so I locked my office, secured a book of forms, and meeting the young people at the livery stable went out with them and married them in a rambling, desultory sort of way.

The bride was a peri from Owl Creek, wearing moccasins of the pliocene age. The rich Castilian blood of the cave-dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy-blue blood of Connecticut on her father's side. Her hair was like the wing of a raven, and she wore a tiara of clam-shells about her beetling brow. Her bracelet was a costly string of front teeth, selected from the early settlers at the foot of Independence Mountain. With the shrewdness of a Yankee and the hauteur of the savage she combined the grotesque grammar of Pike County and the charming naïveté of the cow-puncher. She was called Beautiful Snow. But I think it was mostly in a spirit of banter. She was also no longer young. I asked her, with an air of badinage, if she remembered Pizarro, but she replied that she was away from home when he came through. The cave-dwellers were a serious people. Their plumbing was very poor indeed; so also were their jokes. Her features were rather classic, however, and —I was about to say clean-cut, but on more mature thought I will not say that. Her nose was bright and piercing. It resembled the breast-bone of a sand-hill crane.

The groom was a man of great courage and held human life at a very low figure. That is why he married Beautiful Snow without any flinching; also why I have re-

ONE OF THE ROAD-AGENTS.

frained from mentioning his name; also why I kissed the bride. I did not yearn to kiss her. There were others who had claims on me, but I did not wish to give needless pain to the groom, and so I did it. He had no money, but said that he had a saddle which if I could use I was welcome to. I did not have anything to put the saddle on at home, but rather than return empty-handed I took it.

It was soon after this that I decided to give my hand in marriage to my present wife. Concluding that I had more poverty than one person was entitled to, I made up my mind to endow some deserving young woman with a part of it. There was really something rather pathetic in the transaction, viewing it from this distance across the level plateau of gathering years. But it did not seem so then.

The sorry office with its hollow-chested wood-box and second-hand stove, red with the rust of time and the rain of heaven, the empty docket, the shy assault and battery, the evasive common drunk, the evanescent homicide, the far-away malice prepense, the long-delayed uxoricide, the widely segregated misdemeanor, the skittish felony,— all, all seemed to warn me and admonish me against matrimony, for there were two other justices and they got all the business.

I was elected fourteen years ago, and it never occurred to me that it was a piece of political humor until last week, when I was thinking over my past life.

Thus I married, and one evening while the town lay hushed in slumber, and only the mountain zephyr from the grim old Medicine Bow range rustled the new leaves of the quaking aspen and the cottonwood, I moved. Not having any piano or sideboard I did the moving myself. It did not take long.

Later on, the legislature, seeing that the county would have to provide for me in some way, decided to abolish one of the other justices. Then trade picked up. I was also *ex-officio* coroner. I would marry a quick-tempered couple in the morning, sit on the husband in the afternoon, and try the wife in a preliminary way in the evening for the murder. Thus business became more and more brisk. Sometimes a murderer would escape the grand jury and get lynched, but he did not escape me. If I could not try him in life's bright summertime, I could sit on him and preside over his inquest after the lynching. We had considerable excitement, too, in those days, for the town was young and laws were crude. Lawyers were still cruder. I know this because I was admitted to the bar at that time myself.

I rose early each morning while my heart and the dawn were breaking, and while the coyotes sang in the suburbs of the city. I lived on the side facing the cemetery, for rent was cheaper there. In the early dawn a coyote band of soloists used to come over between the cemetery and my 'dobe house and sing. Those who have never heard a coyote's chastened welcome to the jocund day do not know what compressed despair and unavailing regret can be concealed in the wail of a wild animal. To a man who was doing his own work, and cutting enough jack-pine firewood before breakfast to do for the day, the shrill notes of the coyote, echoing among the gray slabs which marked the lonely resting-places of the dead, were not filled with delicious joy. I judge that the coyote has been politically on the wrong side for three or four thousand years, and that his sorrow has become chronic and his nature soured. Possibly it is something else, but the bitterness, the diatonic hopelessness and forbidding despair which he gets into one little bar of music would do a good business in the drama if it could be properly staged.

The most attractive day's work that I remember was the preliminary examination of a band of stage-robbers, captured by Sheriff Boswell and a posse in the early morning. I examined them in the forenoon and held a double inquest in the evening on two gentlemen from a tie camp in the mountains. That was my busy day. I think Bronco Sam called that day also to be married to Mademoiselle Walk-Around-the-Block. Bronco Sam was a semi-Greaser, whose parents on his father's side came from the Congo Basin and settled among the peanut vines and citron groves of Middle Georgia. I was too busy to marry him that day, and so he went elsewhere, fearing that if he put it off he might change his mind. Later he shot his wife, and then blowing out his brains instead of turning them off he closed his career with the regular red fire and fortissimo bass-drum of the new West.

The stage-robbers had among them the gentlemanly, genial, and urbane Irvin and the brainy but somewhat erratic and felonious "Kid." They were captured by a band of gritty frontiersmen under Sheriff Boswell. Boswell was not a toy frontiersman with long, accordion-plaited hair, tied back with blue ribbon, in which at springtime the swallows come to build their nests and rear their young. He was a plain, quiet man, with the scars of Indian arrows all over him, the record of an early day when you could not fight Indians by means of a Pullman car. I always admired him because he cut his hair and manicured his nails even in the early days. Boswell was not reckless of human life, and in fact killed very few people, but if a bad man had to be captured and brought to camp in good order, he generally had the job.

Once I heard a shot in the hallway of my place, and going to the porch on the second floor rather cautiously, I saw the rest of the tragedy. Windy Smith had been shot by a gambler whose name I 've forgotten, though I had to try his case a day or two afterward. Some shouted, "Take away his gun."

I said, "Yes, certainly, take away his gun." I am not a good hand to remove guns at such a time, but I can direct others. I was born to command.

Then some one yelled, "Lynch him." A dozen healthy men made a grab for him, but Boswell came along then and took the gentleman home with him. A day or two after, fearing that he would be lynched if brought to my office, I examined him at the courthouse, which also contained the jail.

Reading a charge of wilful murder to him, I asked him to plead, but he said nothing. Then I asked him his reason for killing Smith. He had none. His reason had fled. The scare he got at the time when he expected every moment to be lynched had driven him mad.

These road agents, however, were a picturesque little picnic party. They had probably not slept in a house for two or three years, and they needed repairs. They removed their spurs and piled them up in the corner of the room like a large bed of cactus. Their side-arms and Winchesters made quite a little hardware store on top of my desk. They were disagreeable men in some respects, and yet they did much to elevate the stage, especially the Rock Creek and Black Hill stages. Irvin was tried finally for some minor felony and got nine years. On top of this, in some way, he was also indicted for murder in the first degree and got a life-sentence. The jailer found him in tears afterward, in his cell.

"Why do you weep?" asked the gentle jailer, looking sadly into the uncertain light.

"Because," said the sobbing outlaw, "I shall be so busy serving out my life-sentence that I do not see how in Sam Hill I am going to get time to serve out those nine years for plain robbery."

But incidents of six years' life on the bench would require too much time and space for a short sketch like this, and so I will not add to those given already, except one which will show that courts do not always receive that respect and reverence to which they are entitled.

We had a German *restaurateur* who could cook well, but prosperity overthrew his good resolutions, and so about every thirty days he would give way to a taste for the native-grown wines of Kentucky, and he would then start out as a painter and decorator of an otherwise quiet and gentlemanly little town. At such times it became necessary to extend the strong arm of the law, and to issue the ukase for the arrest of Wilhelm in order that the peace and dignity of the Territory might be maintained. After several such arrests, and a fine with its attendant trimmings, Larry Fee, an officer, was again required to take him to the fountainhead of justice.

"Who makes owid dot vorrand?" asked Fischer.

"You will have to go before Judge Nye," said the officer.

"Chudge Nye!" says Fischer. "Chudge Nye! Dot feller dot comes down py der debo fen der drain gomes een? You baid your sweed life he ish no chudge. He looks more like dot beenuts poy on der drain."

At another time I was alone with a criminal called Dirty Murphy. The officer had gone to get witnesses for the prosecution of Murphy on the charge of larceny. I needed some more coal on the fire and I had no valet. The coal was down a flight of stairs in a crypt under the sidewalk. I could not leave D. Murphy alone for fear that he would steal the rapidly cooling stove and fly with it; so I asked him if it would be too much trouble for him to go down and get a hod of coal for me, so that at his trial we could make it warm for him. He said certainly not. I gave him the hod, and although it has been something over thirteen years he has not yet returned. On leaving the woolsack to my successor I told him about Dirty Murphy, and said that he was liable at any moment day or night, footsore and weary, to come back, and that it would be a good idea to leave the door ajar for him; but it was not done, and so at this writing I do not know where he is.

Of course, during the six years of my judicial life I met with many reverses, especially at the hands of the Supreme Court, but I am proud to say that during all that trying time I was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the people even though the higher courts did not sustain and soothe my decisions as I wish they had.

Looking back over those eight years of life in the new West where a State has since blossomed into being, and where the eagle's nest of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains has given place to the mare's nest of doubtful political methods, I am forced to ask myself this question: Is there anything in the way of official triumph and official honor in all this that cannot be attained by most any bright young American? Certainly not. Patient endeavor, untiring industry, and political purity, coupled with a profound intellect and massive thoughtworks, will surely win in the struggle for prefer-

ment, and there is no reason why any young man so equipped who reads these lines may not ultimately rise also to a position as justice of the peace.

Every year, and in fact almost every month, some justice of the peace dies. Who are to fill these places? The young men of the nation. The bright-eyed students and farm hands who are just attaining their majority. Fit yourself, therefore, young man, that you may be able, when the time shall come, to occupy the woolsack thus left vacant by the death of older justices of the peace, and if you do so with credit to yourself I shall feel that this brief bit of autobiography has not been written in vain.

Edgar W. Nye.

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

IT has been the privilege of the writer to see the originals of Joseph Mazzini's letters to an English family, now for the first time to be given to the public by Madame Venturi, the surviving daughter of William Henry and Elizabeth Ashurst.

The name of Ashurst is not altogether unknown in America. Frequent mention of it occurs in the life of William Lloyd Garrison written by his sons, and Mr. Garrison himself has told us, in his introduction to a volume upon "Joseph Mazzini: His Life, Writings, and Political Principles," issued shortly after the exile's death, that it was at Mr. Ashurst's beautiful home at Muswell Hill that he first met the great Italian. "There," he says, "our personal friendship began [1846], which revolving years served but to strengthen." Twenty-one years later, on a visit to England in 1867, Mr. Garrison and Mazzini met again. "The interviews I had with him — alas, all too brief! for of his company one could never tire — were," says Mr. Garrison, "at the residence of Mr. Ashurst's son . . . and of his son-in-law, James Stansfeld, M. P." . . . His "altered appearance affected me sadly. There were, indeed, the same dark, lustrous eyes; the same classical features; the same grand intellect; the same lofty and indomitable spirit; the same combination of true modesty and heroic assertion, of exceeding benignity and inspirational power, as in the earlier days, but physically he was greatly attenuated, stricken in countenance, broken in health, and evidently near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. But no marvel! During our long absence from each other what mighty intellectual forces he had brought into play! . . . What hairbreadth escapes, what fiery trials, had been his!"

The intimacy between the Italian exile and the Ashurst family began soon after he succeeded in proving the fact that his correspondence had for a long period been violated by the English Government. His letters were systematically "opened and resealed, with all the ignoble arts of a Fouché," before being delivered at his house. This, incredible as it may seem, was done in a room set apart for such purposes at the Central London Post-office, and the information obtained by this means was regularly forwarded by the English Ministry to the Austrian Government, which was thus enabled to entrap and arrest the brothers Bandiera and other Venetian exiles at Naples, and to cause them to be shot by the Neapolitan Government in cold blood, without even the semblance of a trial. All these things, and the indignation they called forth in England, are matters of history, matters upon which it would be more interesting to dwell had the popular wrath been carried to the point of compelling the abandonment of the system; but that, unhappily, survives to this day. Special interest, however, lies for us in the fact that indignation at the wrong and sympathy for the personal sorrow thus inflicted upon Mazzini impelled Mr. Ashurst's son and eldest daughter to seek his acquaintance and to invite him to their father's house. It is obvious that the exile was as much attracted toward them as they were drawn toward him; for although it was his habit to shun English society, he at once agreed to go to Muswell Hill on the following Sunday, and it quickly became, to use his own phrase, "an established institution" that he should there pass his Sundays with those whom he called his second family. The tone of his letters when separated from them is indeed that of a son and brother, and they regarded the relationship given and accepted as their highest honor.

The first idea of publishing some, at least, of Mazzini's letters occurred to Madame Venturi as far back as 1851, during a conversation with the exile's mother. Madame Mazzini then suggested that her young friend should write her son's life, and, as a portion of the necessary materials, gave her the complete collection of his letters home, and allowed her to note down certain details and anecdotes concerning his childhood and early youth which

she related. Madame Mazzini said she could not doubt that future generations would do justice to the patriot, the thinker, and the statesman in him, yet, owing to the life of solitude and concealment he had been compelled to lead, she feared the man would never be rightly appreciated and understood. "It is only through his letters to those whom he deeply loved," she added, "that that heart of gold can be known."

Mazzini was compelled, in every part of the Continent, to lead this life of concealment, because, being condemned to death by the seven governments of Italy, he was liable to extradition in all monarchical countries save England. Thus "correspondence was the sole method of his ceaseless, persistent apostolate of Italian unity; correspondence, revolutionary and political, formed his only weapon of offense or defense in the 'lifelong duel between himself and the ignoble governments of Italy'; and correspondence was, in very truth, *communion* with those he loved; the one consolation of what he sadly alludes to as 'the life I have led for twenty years out of thirty,[1] a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of one little room.'"

That such communion was a real necessity of his loving nature explains the childlike spontaneity of the letters themselves. He wrote as he would have talked to his adopted family had he been again in England, a return to which he often spoke of as "coming home."

The special charm of the letters now before us consists in the fact that even when they treat of political matters they remain essentially intimate, personal, and confidential. They show us, so to speak, the other side of the medal. All the world is familiar with the picture drawn of Mazzini by the monarchical press of Europe, all the world has heard of the dark conspirator, the teacher of assassination and rapine, who, actuated solely by reckless ambition, aroused the rash, unthinking youth of Italy to rebellion against the paternal governments of the seven states into which the peninsular was divided, and drove them into revolts the danger of which he had not the courage to front himself. But in these letters we see for the first time the tender, loving nature of the man, who, during the years in which they were written, was tracked by the police of Europe like a hunted animal.

Mazzini's English, though by no means faultless, is extremely picturesque and at times even eloquent, and the public will certainly agree that Madame Venturi has done wisely in leaving his occasional errors uncorrected, except in the rare instances in which, to those unaccustomed to his style, they might obscure his meaning.

Madame Venturi, being at the time of Madame Mazzini's suggestion very young, and moreover diffident of undertaking the task assigned to her (quite unnecessarily, for it would be impossible for the great subject of the projected work to have had a biographer more completely equipped with the requisite gifts of insight, sympathy, and literary ability), wrote to Mazzini informing him of his mother's request, and expressing her desire to accede to it (subject to his approval), in association with Maurizio Quadrio, his trusted and devoted friend. Although it was Mazzini's habit to attach very scant importance to matters personal to himself, he promised to help wherever help was possible, but added:

> My life is all contained in my writings and in the dominating idea of my soul — to help to create an Italy; a nation powerful in faith, in unity, and in the social European idea pre-announced by her emperors, her popes, her great thinkers, and her martyrs. My individual existence, concentrated in a few affections, might well be left where it is — in a few tombs and in the hearts of those who love me.

The nomadic and agitated life Mazzini led during the years that followed rendered it impossible for him to furnish his would-be biographers with the requisite materials to enable them to carry out his mother's wish; but chiefly owing to their urgent and repeated reminders, he began the autobiographical notes which embellish Messrs. Smith and Elder's edition of his "Life and Works," and helped to rescue from oblivion his scattered political and literary writings which were collected for that edition.

Visiting at Muswell Hill forty years ago appears to have been a far more serious matter for Londoners than it is now. By night no help could be obtained from railway or stage, and chartering a cab for the day was too expensive a proceeding for exiles, or indeed for the majority of the English *habitués*. The little group of friends who had passed the afternoon and evening at Mr. Ashurst's delightful home generally assembled in the porch at about half-past ten, to light their cigars and to journey together on foot as far as the Angel, Islington, where cabs and omnibuses were available.

Muswell Hill quickly became to him what he called it, his heart's home; and the little family festivities, which usually have no charm for outsiders, were his chief pleasure. Being unable to make one of the circle on the first day of 1847, he wrote to Miss Ashurst, "The initiating day must not be allowed to pass without two words of mine reaching Muswell Hill." And his letter concludes, "Pray for me that the year do not elapse without my finding an occasion for acting and proving myself worthy of your esteem and affection."

The peaceful gatherings at Mr. Ashurst's house were indeed soon disturbed by the news

[1] Written in 1861.

of uprisings in Sicily and Naples; but the movements were partial, lacking in organization and quickly quenched in blood. "The Sicilian and Neapolitan affairs are saddening me to the heart's core," he wrote. "Ah me, how long it takes to teach men their duty, and, consequently, victory!" But in September, 1847, he writes:

On the whole, things [in Italy] are improving. Our *moderates* are left behind by the people; never mind what they print or shout in the danger, the real danger, that which unsettles me, is the one concerning unity; unity, not a *political* crotchet, but the thing upon which every other depends, our power of doing good, our mission in the world, the dream of all my life, the one condition on which alone the Word may come to the world again from Italy. There is real danger for *that*. Between our princes yielding, our *moderate* leaders preaching, our having never been *one* country, our hopes, our fears, our absolute political ignorance,—for all that is done springs from instincts, not from thoughts just now,—it is rather difficult to see one's own way clearly to *that*. To such uncertainty you can attribute the enthusiasm for the Pope. . . . I consider this as the last agony of popedom authority. And in my own way of feeling I would not be sorry to see a great institution dying, for once, in a noble manner; transmitting the watchword of the future before vanishing, rather than sinking into the Crockford or Tuileries mud of the English aristocracy and French monarchy. A moral power, like a great man, ought always to die so; uttering the words of dying Goethe, "Let more light in." . . .

The true cause of the English enthusiasm about the Pope's reforms, or intended reforms, is this: they do not esteem us; they feel toward us with Christian charity . . . they sincerely wish us to be better fed, clothed, lodged—made more comfortable, on the whole. As for unity, nationality, a mission in and for Europe—these are treated like dreams, things to which we have no claim. I speak of course of the generality. . . . There is too much of the passive tendency in Christian courage; a logical consequence of the little value given by Christianity to our earthly life, which, after all, is the only implement that has been given to us for us to reach a superior life.

When the news of the proclamation of the French Republic (February, 1848) reached London, Mazzini went immediately to Paris to confer with the members of the Provisional Government and to ascertain their probable international policy. He was requested by the People's International League, an association formed at his suggestion, to present an address of sympathy to the new government, and was accompanied by Mr. Stansfeld [1] and two other members of the league.[2]

A month later the victorious insurrection of Milan and the expulsion of the Austrian army from lower Lombardy took place, and Mazzini hastened to Italy. April 7 he wrote:

I am in Italy, at Milan. At the frontier the custom-house officers knew me; they quoted to me some words from my writings. At Como I was surrounded by people, priests, and young men. . . . I felt moved, deeply moved, when I entered Italy, but, strange and sad to say, without joy. Never mind; if I am, as I fear, dead to joy, I am not dead to duty. I write by night, before going to bed, tired as I am. To-morrow I shall plunge in the midst of all sorts of men, and try to see clearly the state of things.

On the 11th he says:

I send a paper containing an account of my reception here: it was such that I wished you all here, because I knew you would have felt happier than I did. *I* had felt far more in the morning in seeing some two thousand of our Italian soldiers belonging to the Ceccopieri legion, and who had left *en masse*, at Cremona, the Austrian flag, passing under my windows in the midst of the people frantic with joy; and they themselves looking intoxicated with the feeling of being, once in their life, loved by their countrymen. Still there was an importance in my own reception; it was a republican manifestation . . . it was such that five minutes after there came a deputation from the Provisional Government to invite me to go to them. . . . I tell you all these things because I know that you will be delighted with them. As for me, alas! it is evident that the power of rejoicing for myself is dead within me. I found myself crying like a child at the sight of the soldiers of the Ceccopieri regiment, and I feel almost frightened at those demonstrations, and very much disposed to run away.

I crossed the St. Gothard; there was danger, but the scene is sublime, Godlike. No one knows what poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the route, on the plateau, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible on the Alps.

The government here is composed of heterogeneous elements; a majority under secret engagements to Charles Albert, a minority belonging to our men, but rather timid and wavering.

It is characteristic of Mazzini that his thoughts were not hindered by the fact that "there was danger" from turning to those left behind in his English "home." In this letter he inclosed a violet, "the first *viola dell' Alpi* I saw." It must have been gathered on the Italian side of the pass, where the spring flowers first thrust their tender heads through the melting, and therefore dangerous, snow. By "our men" Mazzini means the party of Italian Unity, who were desirous of taking advantage of the actual defeat of Italy's most formidable foe to carry on the war and to arouse the populations of the other Italian States to imitate the hero-

[1] Son-in-law of Mr. Ashurst, now member of Parliament for Halifax.

[2] Messrs. Dobson Collett and W. J. Linton.

ism of the Milanese, and to emancipate themselves from their foreign masters. The King of Piedmont had been compelled by the excitement of his Italian subjects to declare against the Austrians, to enter Lombardy with his army, and to pose as a protector; but he was naturally alarmed at the prospect of a *popular* war. As the son of a Savoyard Duke and an Austrian mother, he had no hereditary bias of Italian sentiment in the matter. The people of Italy are, by tradition and tendency, republican, and it was obviously probable that the various States, if once freed from foreign domination, would aspire to unity under a republican flag. Therefore, although for a while tempted by the bright vision of winning the crown of Italy, the king ultimately decided that his safest course was to sacrifice Lombardy by delivering up Milan to her former masters. He declared to the people that he came "to lend them that assistance which brother may expect from brother," and he caused the Provisional Government to issue a manifesto promising to await the settlement of the national question till every portion of Italy should be free; "when all are free, all will speak." But the despatches of English agents in Italy during this period inform Lord Palmerston that the king is entering Lombardy "in order to prevent the proclamation there of a republic," of which there was imminent danger. . . . "The situation of Piedmont is such that at any moment at the announcement that the Republic had been proclaimed in Lombardy, a similar movement might burst forth in the States of His Majesty," . . . and they go on to assure the minister that the king felt that by thus taking means "to maintain order in a territory left by force of circumstances without a master," he was acting "for the safety of all other monarchical states." Madame Venturi, in her memoir of Mazzini which prefaces the volume published by Mr. T. A. Taylor containing "Thoughts on Democracy" and the "Duties of Man," has given an admirably lucid though brief account of the betrayal of the republican party by Charles Albert and the Moderates. She quotes frequently from the despatches, which, of course, remained unknown to Mazzini until their publication in the Blue Books long after these insurrections were at an end. Mazzini's military instinct, however (which was so remarkable as to have amounted to genius, and which elicited the warmest eulogiums from old and tried commanders, signally from Moltke), confirmed his suspicion of royal treachery when the king ordered the withdrawal of the Italian volunteers from the passes of the Alps which they were guarding. This order left open the roads into Austria, and enabled the Austrian general Radetzky to revictual, reinforce, and reorganize his army, demoralized by defeat. Mazzini continues:

The Charles Albert party is intriguing very actively, . . . still our party [the party of Unity, which had faithfully accepted the program of "awaiting the decision of the national question until all were free to speak"] is strong, and I am trying to organize it. . . . It will be impossible for me to write letters for a while, but read attentively the papers; you will be able to detect what I do.

And you all, my best friends, what are you doing? I know that you are thinking of me very often. I am full of faith in you; I thought of you when on the Alps, of you when the soldiers passed under my windows, and I will think of you whenever I will feel most deeply — *à la vie et à la mort.* . . . Think of me when you are at Muswell Hill. . . . Farewell, not for ever.

Your JOSEPH.

Could you know the *gachis* [muddle]! I have this morning an *ouverture* for an alliance of the republican party with Charles Albert on certain very liberal terms and for a "*rapprochement personnel*" [with the king]. They must feel us very strong to come down to such a proposal after fifteen years of relentless war. [Mazzini was still under sentence of death in Piedmont as well as in all the other States of Italy.] I have answered that I did not wish for any rapprochement personnel. Let Charles Albert break openly with every diplomatic tie, every connection with other places [Italian States], let him sign a proclamation to Italy for absolute unity, with Rome as the metropolis, and for an overthrow of all the other princes, we [the republicans] will be soldiers under his banner. *Se no, no.*

Of course the answer was no.

Madame Venturi tells us[1] that the "very liberal terms" of which Mazzini speaks with characteristic indifference to personal advancement were "that he should constitute himself patron of the royal scheme of uniting Lombardy to the crown, offering him, in that case, power to draw up the constitution of the new kingdom of the north, an interview with the king, and the position of first minister of the crown." His mode of rejecting this glittering program — his first important public act after his return to Italy — is a typical example of his conduct as a patriot, and a sufficient answer to the charge, persistently made against him to this day, that he invariably put the republic before every other question. He was then, as on every other occasion, ready to accept *unity*, which was the essential condition of Italy's taking her righteous place among the nations, at the hands of the king.

Notwithstanding all my aversion for Charles Albert as the executioner of my best friends [he wrote] and the contempt I feel for his weak and cowardly nature, notwithstanding all the demo-

[1] Memoirs.

cratic yearnings of my own heart, yet, could I believe him to possess enough even of true ambition to *unite* Italy for his own advantage, I could cry amen.

But Mazzini knew too much of Charles Albert to feel any real hope. He writes:

. . . I have refused to be a M. P. for Genoa and for I know not what place in Piedmont, refused to be more than that with the man Charles Albert, refused all the offers of the tempter, and I remain the republican Joseph you know. Do not believe (this not for you but for my male friends) that it has been owing to pride, reaction, or any other narrow feeling. No; I told all tempters the same words that I address to Charles Albert in my Manifesto. . . . Was I not right? Meanwhile I am here, disliked, dreaded, suspected, calumniated, threatened more than ever, and my writings are burnt in my native town, Genoa, almost under the eyes of my poor mother, and threatenings of death are uttered here in Milan. How the reaction has been produced, how they have spread amongst the lower class calumnies against me, how they contrive to make me appear a sort of ambitious Catiline, would form too long a story for me to write it. I feel quite strong and immovable and smiling at all this; but I cannot deny my feeling entirely an exile in my own country; feeding my soul with its own substance, like the pelican its little ones. Do not exaggerate to yourself my position here. . . . I am, politically, strong enough, and *that* is the cause of the uproar; but I was speaking about myself, about Joseph, and not about Mazzini. . . . Will you write me a long letter full with particulars about all your family? And tell them all that I *wish* to write every day to each of them, and cannot. Still, *they* can. . . . Tell me every bit of thing concerning you and the family, my life is so dreary! . . . Addio: writing or silent, I am, *ora e sempre*, yours,

JOSEPH.

But in spite of all calumnies, busily spread by both open and secret enemies, Mazzini had done much, as will be seen by many passages in his letters, to enlighten the people as to the illusory nature of the bulletins forwarded from the camp; and when at length the news came that Udine was retaken and that the Austrians were advancing upon Milan, he regained all his extraordinary influence. Even the Moderates, who had been denouncing him as an ally of Austria, turned to him in this hour of danger, and he, mindful only of how to rescue the people, at once organized a committee of defense. But his measures quickly alarmed the king, who, having failed to buy him over, now managed successfully to undermine him. The "wretched creatures of the Provisional Government" placarded the walls of Milan with the official announcement that the king was coming to defend the city, and "the people," wrote Mazzini, "believed themselves saved; they were therefore irrevocably lost." Fully convinced, himself, of the king's treacherous intentions, but unable to convince the deluded people, alone he left the city, "God knows with what grief," and joined Garibaldi's volunteers at Bergamo. How entirely Mazzini's worst apprehensions were fulfilled by the king's stealthy withdrawal of his troops by night, so leaving Milan ready for Radetzky to enter with his reorganized army at daybreak, is well known.

Milan having fallen, the rest of Lombardy soon followed, and the Austrian rule was before long reinstated. Mazzini wrote to one of the Ashurst family (Emilie, now Madame Venturi):

Your note, dear, the beautifully noble letter of S——, and the very thought of you, even if you had been silent all, would have strengthened me in my trials. There are a few, very few, chosen beings on this earth and elsewhere who will always have the power of saving me from doubt or despair. I can [may] sink, but not in such a manner as to make them ashamed of me, and you belong to these, my guardian angels. I am up again and at work. Between Austria and me *c'est un duel à mort*. . . .

Do not feel too sad. We — not I — had to expiate the sin of having thrown at the feet, not of a principle, but of a wretched man, our sacred flag. . . . I have seen my mother at Milan before the end. God bless your mama; I have her carbine still.

This was a rifle which Mrs. Ashurst had given him just before he started for the scene of insurrection. She asked him one evening after his journey had been determined upon what he would best like to have as a parting gift. "A carbine," he exclaimed laughingly. His "second mother" scarcely knew what he meant, but when she remembered what the word stands for in Italian, she cried, "Very well. I will get you the best rifle there is to be had."

The carbine saw but short service, but we get an interesting glimpse of its intrepid bearer in a graphic letter from Colonel Medici, whose column Mazzini joined. He describes the enthusiasm of the volunteers at the "unexpected appearance among them of the great Italian, rifle on shoulder, demanding to fight in their ranks as a simple soldier. My column," says the colonel, "always pursued by the enemy and menaced with destruction every moment by a very superior force, never wavered, but remained compact and united, and kept the enemy in check to the last. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree never failed, and were the admiration of the bravest amongst us. His presence, his words, his courage, animated our young soldiers, who were, besides, proud of partaking such dangers with him; . . . his

conduct has been a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier."

It is difficult to realize that the man who could write thus of the great apostle of republican freedom actually, as the king's governor of Palermo in 1870, cast him into prison.

One of the most noteworthy points shown in this correspondence is the way in which upon Mazzini's mind "coming events cast their shadows before." Thus, after the disbanding of Garibaldi's volunteers, he writes that "things are going on in a certain way at Rome," and, having described how the Tuscan movement in favor of union with the other provinces of Italy had been "stifled by our own doctrinaires," he says, "I suppose that toward the end of the year I shall leave the Lombard frontier for another, *if they have sense enough at Rome*." A little later he says, "I am well enough [*assez bien*] in health, which I mainly attribute to your mama's stockings." A little later he writes to Emilie:

> I am obliged now to keep my curtains down on account of the sudden apparition of a man on a little roof dominating my window. The man was only looking for a hen, but it has been enough to frighten the friend who keeps me, and the consequence is that I cannot see the sky. . . .
>
> You do not say a word, you ungrateful daughter, about Mr. Ashurst. What is he doing? Is he patronizing peace as when I visited him at Muswell Hill? I certainly must address myself to Mrs. Ashurst for a long, full-of-details letter on Muswell Hill and its inhabitants.

In the December of that momentous year he wrote to Emilie of his father's death. His grief is characteristically resigned.

> But [he says] though a believer, I am a man. I wanted to see him before his going away. I was dreaming from time to time that I would still be able to give him a joy — one single joy — before, for I have given none in life, . . . to realize in part the idea through which I have been an exile, and to go to him and say, we have been separated, but our sufferings have achieved some good for our country, for our fellow creatures. To me success in lifetime is nothing; to him it would have been a supreme, all-compensating joy. . . . I think of my mother too, of her loneliness, and dream of joining her somewhere, but where, and when?

Less than two months later, on the 9th of February, 1849, the Republic was proclaimed at Rome, and the Pope fled ignominiously, in the disguise of a lackey, from a peaceful population only desirous that he should remain as their spiritual head. Mazzini was in Tuscany "vainly endeavoring to infuse one single spark of Italian life into the Provisional Government" constructed after the flight of the Grand Duke, but he had already been declared a Roman citizen and elected a member of the Roman Assembly. On March 2 he wrote to the Ashursts that he was starting for the sacred city,

> feeling very gloomy, wishing for physical action on a barricade more than for any other form of activity. Everybody — Austria, Naples, France, England — seem to be against us. The foreign press is shamefully hostile. . . . All the articles I occasionally see in your press, a tissue of lies. . . . A blessing upon you all. Yours with everlasting affection, JOSEPH.

He entered Rome on foot, alone,

> with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. . . . Rome was to me, as in spite of her present degradation she still is, the temple of Humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined, for the third time, to bestow moral unity upon Europe.

Mazzini believed that twice already God had chosen Rome "as the interpreter of his design among the nations." His profound and philosophic study of history taught him what, among his predecessors, had been revealed perhaps to the genius of Dante alone,— namely, that the subjugation of so many nations by ancient Rome — "a mere city, a handful of men" — was the fulfilment of the Providential design to prepare the world, by subjecting it to a single power, for the teachings of Jesus to spread and to cause a new life to spring up everywhere in the earth. "God consecrated Rome to this mission; therein lay the secret of her strength." Rome for the second time gave the "Word" to the world by maintaining the unity of the spiritual hierarchy, by sustaining, in the name of the moral law, a desperate struggle against the arbitrary power of kings and feudal lords, and by the fruitful victory "of mind over royal arms," of spirit over matter, gained by one of the greatest Italians in genius, virtue, and iron strength of will, Pope Gregory VII.

Mazzini's whole being was lighted by the new, the coming gospel — unity of spiritual and temporal law, the end of the long divorce between earth and heaven, the fresh definition of politics as religion in action; his life was an exemplification of its truth, and now, in the movement within the Holy City, the presentiment, the aspiration of his soul, might begin to find fulfilment.

Shortly after Mazzini's arrival the Roman Assembly, foreseeing war to be inevitable, passed a decree investing three of its members — Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini — with the supreme executive power. The new government was of course installed in the Quirinal, and Mazzini afterward comically related to the Ashursts how he uneasily searched for a room "small

enough to feel at home in." The letters to the Ashurst family during this period are of great historic interest, but the facts concerning the brief though glorious Roman Republic are so well known as to render quotation from them unnecessary here. Mazzini was able, for the first and only time in his life, openly to lead his countrymen before the eyes of the world, and personally to direct his country's course; Rome became the center of interest to all the European nations, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the figure of the great triumvir, whose measures and administration afterward caused Lord Palmerston to declare that "Rome was never so well governed as under Mazzini's rule."

But not even his genius, his supreme devotion, and the wonderful effect upon the people of his personal magnetism, could save Rome from the iron heel of treacherous tyranny. On July 2 he sadly writes, "We are conquered, dear Emilie; the French are in the town to the number of nearly 40,000 men, and Rome is *en état de siége*."

Mazzini remained in the city for a whole week after the entry of the French, wandering about the streets unable to tear himself away. It is well to mention this fact, because, even to the present day, numerous absurd stories are told of his disguises, etc., whereas he never condescended to any disguise in his life. The only means of changing his appearance, to which he occasionally, and always unwillingly, submitted at the earnest entreaty of his English friends, was shaving off his beard and mustache.

In May of 1850 he went to Paris, when he wrote to the Ashursts:

I am decidedly, unless arrested before, "the coming man." . . . I shall come straight forward to you, stop with you in half seclusion, and seeing people only by tickets of admission signed by you during *one week*, if you do not send me away before of course. Then I shall have a room somewhere and see *l'Univers*, taking refuge, if possible, every evening, . . . in any house belonging to the clan. . . . Eliza[1] is well; she is coming, it appears, with me to London.

After passing a few months in England, Mazzini returned to the "life of concealment" in Geneva. Toward the end of the year (1850) Matilda (Mrs. Biggs) and Emilie Ashurst went to Italy, and shortly after their arrival in Genoa they received, through Mazzini, the news of the death in childbirth of their eldest sister in Paris. Writing to Emilie, he says:

. . . Eliza is lost to us. It is strange that it is from me that you are to receive the sad news, but I would have claimed the mournful task had I been with you. . . . I have lost two sisters during my exile, and I know that such a loss puts into one's life a shadow never to be removed, a blank never to be filled. I cast my arms and my soul around you and ask you to be strong for your mother's and Caroline's and my own sake. I could say for Eliza's sake, for I do not believe in such a thing as death. It is for me the cradle of a new existence.

To the mother he writes, November 29, 1850:

. . . Like the Macedonian legion, when one was falling, draw nearer all you that remain; love each other more dearly; see, help, advise one another more than ever; commune with her who has loved and loves you all by communing more intimately with one another, and remember, for God's sake, that there is no such thing as death for all that is best in us; that what people call death is only a transformation and step onward in life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower on a tomb if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that our love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath, and depend upon me there is more truth discovered by these flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge. . . .

And this faith of mine, which I would give all my actual life gladly for feeling able to infuse into you all, and my grieving with you all over our loss, and my loving you all more dearly than before — that is all the consolation I can give to you, dearest friend. I wish I could be with you during these days, and it makes me feel bitterly the bondage of my condition. Still, I live, think, feel with you the best part of the day; and I dreamed of you all during the few hours of sleep I had last night. My dear, dear friend, how I should wish to be able to take on my own, poor, doomed life all your sorrows, and to yield to your own all the smiles that your affections have been yielding to it. . . .

Part of 1851 and 1852 was spent by Mazzini in England. In August, 1852, his mother died suddenly in Genoa. Emilie, to whom the news was sent, at once went round to him at his lodgings, which were close to the house (Belle Vue Lodge, Chelsea) where she and the Stansfelds were living. After telling him of his loss she left him, at his own request, alone. In the evening he did not appear as usual in the little circle at Belle Vue Lodge, but he sent the following lines, written in pencil:

I am strong, and I have nerved myself to this blow these last six months. Do not distress yourselves too much. My mother is too much a sacred thing for me not to be strong. Do not come. I want to be alone for one day. But write, each, one word of blessing; it will do me good. And you, Emilie, write what particulars you have.

God bless you. Yours,

JOSEPH.

[1] Mr. Ashurst's eldest daughter, then married and living in Paris.

The next day, Sunday, he wrote:

I trust you go all to Muswell Hill. One day lost for your mother would be a sin. But if she is ill, and you think your news can do her harm, do not say the whole. Take Mazzoleni with you as agreed.

The blow is hard to bear, now especially that I had a hope to repay within the year her long years of loneliness with a moment of joy. Now, even if I reach that moment, I shall be an exile on my own land. Perhaps it is better so. Who knows what can happen? I feel as if they had taken from me some essential part of myself; but I am calm and firm. She has not lost me; and I deeply believe that I have not entirely lost her and her holy influence. Tell James that I know all that he feels. Your notes have done me good, and I feel your presence and love around me.

Yours,
JOSEPH.

On January 2, 1853, he left for Italy on account of the insurrection impending at Milan, organized by a wide-spreading secret association of working-men, who before acting appealed to him for assistance. From the frontier he wrote:

I am here. I write only a few lines, dear, but it will be a joy to you to know that so far I am safe. I arrived at four o'clock this morning, and as soon as I reached the place appointed I found that I could not stop there. A *commissaire de police* had been the evening before looking for Saffi, who has been, of course, walking everywhere and showing himself to everybody. So that I have been obliged to go through fields and valleys to another house. . . . I have been thinking of you all as much, I fancy, as you have been of me. I have been unusually well on board, and I fancied that it was owing to the warmth of my chest given by your mama's waistcoat. Tell her this, and tell Bessie that had I not wrapped myself in her own gift I would have been frozen to death.

In a letter to William Ashurst, describing his journey, he says:

The season suits the Alps, which looked to me, spite of cold and wind, the most sublime poem of eternity which has been written. It is poetry leading to action, stern and rugged as duty, strong as faith, pure and serene like hope and immortality.

The rising of the people at Milan failed, owing to the treachery of one of the leaders, who at the last moment betrayed the secret of the conspiracy to the Austrians, and fled. Mazzini, having remained in the midst of the "storm whistling round" him as long as his presence could serve any useful purpose, retreated to Switzerland across the difficult pass of the San Bernadino. He wrote to one of the Ashursts that he made the journey in an open sledge, for the diligence could not pass, under snow, wind, and all the physical evils possible, my horse rolling twice in the snow until I really began to think . . . I would have to send you my last farewell from there. I could not help dreaming of Cain turned away from the terrestrial paradise, the wrath of God threatening him, the accursed — I, too, accursed now by all, by those especially who have ruined the scheme. All this I scorn; the thing itself is weighing on me . . . my best men persecuted here, in Piedmont, everywhere; all our arms seized . . . the leaders still in danger, the heroic workingmen of Milan baffled, imprisoned, and worse . . . the leaders, with their faults, will remain unknown. They [their names] are nothing to Italy, and I must be the scapegoat on whom all the faults of Israel will be heaped with a curse. All this is very little to me, but it is this which keeps me here for a while. Were it not for this, I would fly to my harbor in grief or joy — Belle Vue.

In 1854 Mazzini's "second mother" died. Her increasing illness had been made known to him, and he had striven to reach England in time to see her once more, but absorbing duties withheld him. The beauty of what he wrote to the Ashursts could alone mitigate in some degree the pain to them of his absence in this time of sorrow.

I receive, dear Emilie, your sad lines. . . . I had feared, foreseen, — you know it. . . . I felt that I would not see her, my poor second mother, any more, when I left her for the last time, and I shall feel her loss almost as deep as my mother's. Am I not one of yours? Are you not all my family, my chosen family, the only beings whom I can now love here below? It will be a heavy, dark cloud on what remains of life, a new, deep furrow on the soul — one smile vanished forever, one touch of loneliness which through joys and griefs will never leave us. But oh, for God's sake, and for her own sake, let it be only that for you, for Caroline, for Matilda, for William! Let it not be the withering, dry, atheistical despair which she would blame and which would make her sad above, but the pious, loving, consecrating grief, making us better — better loving, more devoted to the truths she taught, more bound to all that she loved. Let us do nothing, feel nothing, which she would not approve. Let death be the christening to a renewed earnestness, to the high religious belief, to all the immortal hopes, which nourished her angel soul.

Let you all feel, as I shall, her presence more now than ever. Let you all believe — as you believe in my undying affection — that death is the cradle of a new, purer, and happier life. It is so. God knows I would not give, at such a moment, a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings — and except you, *all* have departed — has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love; longing for your rising [some time], calmly and trustfully, to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the good she did and wished

to do, with some more power to help you on, to influence you with holy, virtuous thoughts.

Mazzini's letters during the Neapolitan Revolution are of exceptional interest because even more full than usual of details, making clear to the minds of his adopted family the complicated and varying relations of parties and persons in Italy. His own situation was very similar to what it had been after the Milanese movement in 1849.

"What Louis Napoleon, Cavour, and *hoc genus omne* want," he wrote, "is to prevent what they call *revolution* spreading."

The story of Garibaldi's triumphs is well known, but the untiring efforts of Mazzini, the influence over the people of his unquenchable faith in nationality, and his complete self-abnegation, are still almost unknown, being overborne by the meretricious glory of the soldier of fortune who handed Italy over, for better, for worse, to the grasping hands of monarchy. Writing from his concealment in Genoa, on the 23d of May, 1860, he excuses the "terror in all the *bourgeoisie*" at his presence among them, "because they fancy that to honor me would be war with Louis Napoleon, which would be an immense danger for us until we get the South." He describes the military part of the scheme to which Garibaldi had agreed, and continues:

> The great thing is not my position; it is the birth of a nation. It is worth while submitting to anything for that. . . . Nevertheless, what you say of my position is perfectly true, and certainly I think I have never been so faithful to duty as in this period; my moral suicide is complete.

But in another letter he unconsciously shows the amount of suffering he was enduring. He who rated matters personal to himself so low writes, "I really feel sick at the position in which I am — at the vile abuse which is poured on me whilst I am sacrificing all the dreams of my life for Unity's sake." And in this noble sacrifice he was to meet once more what he had already encountered so often, disappointment; for the material organizer of the movement upon Naples, Dr. Bertani, to whom Mazzini was "doomed to be the Egeria," meeting him secretly by night to instruct and inspire, received an unexpected visit from La Farina, Minister of the Interior, was "overwhelmed" by his representations, and Mazzini sadly wrote to Mrs. Stansfeld that "through plenty of reasons which I cannot explain I saw that the labor of two months, the *aim*, the whole scheme was at an end, destroyed at once, and the whole affair changed into a fifth or sixth reinforcement of Garibaldi, who wants none." Later he writes: "You saw Garibaldi declaring himself a dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. It is bad and ungenerous in one who carries help, but *anything* from him just now would be welcomed."

Mazzini was extremely fond of birds, and wherever he went he was sure quickly to be known to the birds of the locality, who would soon allow him to handle them. In his place of concealment in Genoa he formed what he called a society of sparrows, who visited him assiduously at meal-times. At the end of one of his long political letters he says:

> To the society of sparrows I have added two hens — I have always been fond of hens — whom I feed after dinner, sometimes with bread and wine, to strengthen their constitutions against shocks and adversities.

And again he remarks:

> My two sparrows are getting more friendly; one especially, who is my favorite because he is deprived of his tail. I take him up very often, at which he pretends to be raging, and pecks me very hard; then, when I open my hand, he remains there and will not stir. He, or it, never goes to his cage in the evening unless put in by me. This is all my amusement and emotion.

Patiently, as usual, after the betrayal of Garibaldi, Mazzini took up the broken strands of the disrupted Italian party (those who aimed before all else at making Italy a nation), and for this purpose he again started a newspaper. He went to Naples, and worked incessantly at writing articles, seeing people, instructing, inspiring, organizing; but amid all the turmoil, sorrow, and labor he never forgot the dear ones in England, nor lost for a moment his sense of humor.

Lack of space forbids following Mazzini's further movements in Italy, though perhaps at no period had his life been more useful to his distracted country. His untiring vigilance seemed at times almost preternatural, and more than once the "Sword of Italy" and his "magnanimous ally" found their plans suddenly unmasked and their anti-popular ends frustrated by the dauntless writer of the "tiny missives which have shaken thrones." But before passing on to a few of his last letters it is well to revert to one dated 1858, written to Emilie, who was then at Newcastle. Speaking of his approval of the agitation for manhood suffrage led by Mr. Joseph Cowen, afterward M. P. for Newcastle, he says, referring to his Liberal friends' "Whiggish notions" in the matter:

> They are all involved in the capital error of assuming the mission of the government to be that of welcoming and acknowledging the *educated* ones, whilst it is that of educating those who are still uneducated. I take the suffrage to be the starting-point of political education — the program, as it were, of education given to the masses; the

putting before their eyes a task to be fulfilled, which is the preliminary stage of all education.

In May, 1867, he wrote:

Dearest Emilie: I have less than you have to say. Besides, I am feeling between the unhappy and the furious about the Fenians condemned. To-day, I think, is the Queen's birthday. Does she read a newspaper? Cannot she find a womanly feeling in her heart and ask the Cabinet to commute the punishment? In point of fact, the killing of those men will prove an absolute fault.[1] Burke will be the Robert Emmet of 1867. A feeling of revenge will rekindle the energy of the discouraged Fenians. The dream will become, through martyrdom, a sort of religion. But that is not my ground. It is the legal murder reënacted against a *thought*, a thought which ought to be refuted, destroyed by thought only. Burke and others who are now doomed are perhaps the only noble characters[2] amongst those who led — the trial showed them to be genuine believers in Irish nationality. I think they are philosophically and politically wrong; but are we to refute a philosophical error with hanging? To-day a deputation of members, Mill, James, and others, were going to Lord Derby to insist. I have a very faint hope the Cabinet may reconsider.

This brief notice of the letters of a great genius cannot be better closed than by two quotations which exhibit the deep and manifold love that was the mainspring of his every thought and action. To Mrs. Stansfeld he wrote from Lugano in 1871:

Yes, dear, I love, more deeply than I thought, my poor, dreamt-of Italy, my old vision of Savona [the fortress where he was first imprisoned]. Worn out, and clearly — to me — unequal as I now am to the task, or to rule the movement, I cannot get rid of the thought. I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, start up from her three hundred years' grave: this is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy. And the thought haunts me like the incomplete man in Frankenstein, seeking for a soul from his maker. It is the secret of all my doings, which you cannot, most likely, understand, and which I cannot explain by letter.

And in January, 1872, two months before his death, he wrote to the same correspondent:

I must tell you a little additional deception of these days. When I heard of the death of my sister's husband I wrote to her, offering to go and spend some time with her under the same roof, just to comfort her loneliness. She refuses on account of her principles,[3] and of what she owes to the memory and presumed wish of the dead husband. It is the old excommunication, and from her it came rather bitter to me. I do not react, however, and remain as I have been toward her.

Madame Venturi has told us in her memoir of Mazzini how, striving to reach England in order to spend with the Ashursts a cherished anniversary, he crossed the Alps at the most inclement season, took cold, was seized with pleurisy, and died at Pisa. The longing to forget, if only for a brief moment in his stricken life, the sense of exile,— "that consumption of the soul," — and to be with those who so truly loved him, was too great for resistance; but, alas! far from their ministering hands, far from the solace of their loving hearts, his spirit entered that mysterious pass "where two cannot walk abreast and where, for an instant, souls lose sight of each other."[4]

Stephen Pratt.

[1] It was his habit to use this word as the French do, as a grave mistake or error.

[2] Madame Venturi had written this, but doubtingly, wanting evidence.

[3] Her Catholicism.

[4] Lamennais.

IN THE PAUSES OF HER SONG.

A SINGER who lived in a sunny land
Poured forth a song so full of cheer,
The murmurer, listening, forgot his plaint,
The mourner, to shed his tear.

Oh, what a happy lot is hers,
Said the toiling world as it heard,
To pour forth songs as carelessly
As joy from the throat of a bird.

Alas, I said (for Art is long:
I have trodden its weary way, and know),
Could you but dream of the struggle and woe
That come in the pauses of her song!

Orelia Key Bell.

A RIVAL OF THE YOSEMITE.[1]

THE CAÑON OF THE SOUTH FORK OF KING'S RIVER, CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN MUIR.

ITS GENERAL CHARACTER.

IN the vast Sierra wilderness far to the southward of the famous Yosemite Valley, there is a yet grander valley of the same kind. It is situated on the south fork of King's River, above the most extensive groves and forests of the giant sequoia, and beneath the shadows of the highest mountains in the range, where the cañons are deepest and the snow-laden peaks are crowded most closely together. It is called the Big King's River Cañon, or King's River Yosemite, and is reached by way of Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from which the distance is about forty-five miles, or by the Kearsarge Pass from the east side of the range. It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide, and the stupendous rocks of purplish gray granite that form the walls are from 2500 to 5000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain mass from which it has been carved is considerably more than a mile. Thus it appears that this new yosemite is longer and deeper, and lies embedded in grander mountains, than the well-known Yosemite of the Merced. Their general characters, however, are wonderfully alike, and they bear the same relationship to the fountains of the ancient glaciers above them.

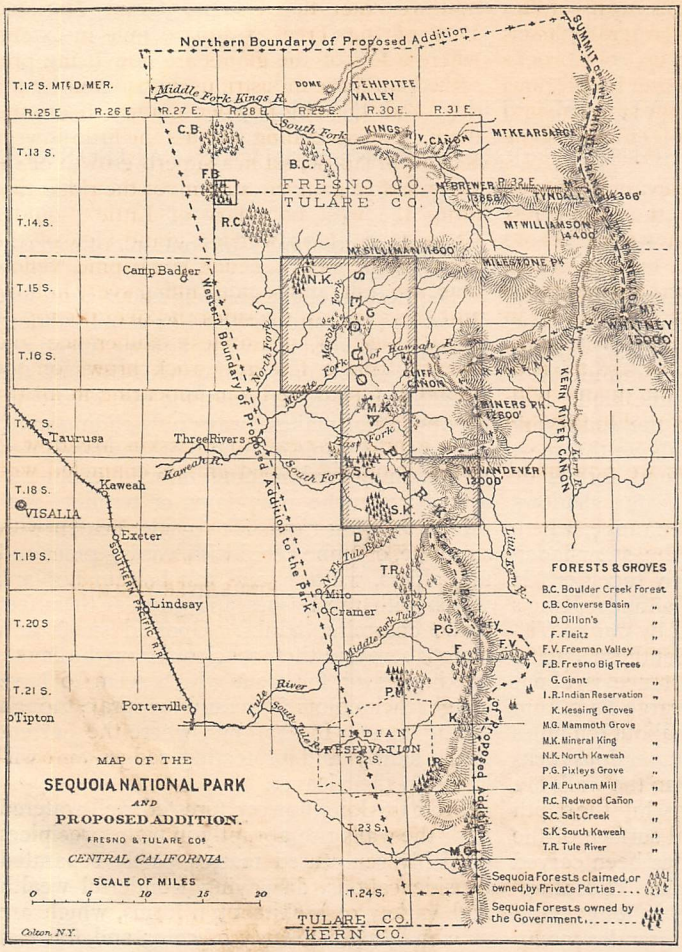
As to waterfalls, those of the new valley are far less striking in general views, although the volume of falling water is nearly twice as great and comes from higher sources. The descent of the King's River streams is mostly made in the form of cascades, which are outspread in flat plume-like sheets on smooth slopes, or are squeezed in narrow-throated gorges, boiling, seething, in deep swirling pools, pouring from lin to lin, and breaking into ragged, tossing masses of spray and foam in boulder-choked cañons,—making marvelous mixtures with the downpouring sunbeams, displaying a thousand forms and colors, and giving forth a great variety of wild mountain melody, which, rolling from side to side against the echoing cliffs, is at length all combined into one smooth, massy sea-like roar.

The bottom of the valley is about 5000 feet above the sea, and its level or gently sloping surface is diversified with flowery meadows and groves and open sunny flats, through the midst of which the crystal river, ever changing, ever beautiful, makes it way; now gliding softly with scarce a ripple over beds of brown pebbles, now rushing and leaping in wild exultation across avalanche rock-dams or terminal moraines, swaying from side to side, beaten with sunshine, or embowered with leaning pines and firs, alders, willows, and tall balsam poplars, which with the bushes and grass at their feet make charming banks. Gnarled snags and stumps here and there reach out from the banks, making cover for trout which seem to have caught their colors from rainbow spray, though hiding mostly in shadows, where the current swirls slowly and protecting sedges and willows dip their leaves.

From this long, flowery, forested, well-watered park the walls rise abruptly in plain precipices or richly sculptured masses partly separated by side cañons, displaying wonderful wealth and variety of architectural forms, which are as wonderful in beauty of color and fineness of finish as in colossal height and mass. The so-called war of the elements has done them no harm. There is no unsightly defacement as yet; deep in the sky, inviting the onset of storms through unnumbered centuries, they still stand firm and seemingly as fresh and unworn as new-born flowers.

From the brink of the walls on either side the ground still rises in a series of ice-carved ridges and basins, superbly forested and adorned with many small lakes and meadows, where deer and bear find grateful homes; while from the head of the valley mountains other mountains rise beyond in glorious array, every one of them shining with rock crystals and snow, and with a network of streams that sing their way down from lake to lake through a labyrinth of ice-burnished cañons. The area of the basins drained by the streams entering the valley is about 450 square miles, and the elevation of the rim of the general basin is from 9000 to

[1] See also by the same writer "The Treasures of the Yosemite" and "Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park," in THE CENTURY for August and September, 1890. A national park on the lines proposed by Mr. Muir was established by Act of Congress, dated October 1, 1890.—EDITOR.



upward of 14,000 feet above the sea; while the general basin of the Merced Yosemite has an area of 250 square miles, and its elevation is much lower.

When from some commanding summit we view the mighty wilderness about this central valley, and, after tracing its tributary streams, note how every converging cañon shows in its sculpture, moraines, and shining surfaces that it was once the channel of a glacier, contemplating this dark period of grinding ice, it would seem that here was a center of storm and stress to which no life would come. But it is just where the ancient glaciers bore down on the mountain flank with crushing and destructive and most concentrated energy that the most impressive displays of divine beauty are offered to our admiration. Even now the snow falls every winter about the valley to a depth of ten to twenty feet, and the booming of avalanches is a common sound. Nevertheless the frailest flowers, blue and gold and purple, bloom on the brows of the great cañon rocks, and on the frosty peaks, up to a height of 13,000 feet, as well as in sheltered hollows and on level meadows and lake borders and banks of streams.

At the head of the valley the river forks, the heavier branch turning northward, and on this branch there is another yosemite, called from its flowery beauty Paradise Valley; and this name might well be applied to the main cañon, for notwithstanding its tremendous rockiness, it is an Eden of plant-beauty from end to end.

THE TRIP TO THE VALLEY.

SETTING out from Visalia we ride through miles and miles of wheat-fields, and grassy levels brown and dry and curiously dappled with low oval hillocks with miniature hollows between them called "hog-wallows"; then through tawny, sun-beaten foot-hills, with here and there a bush or oak. Here once roamed countless droves of antelope, now utterly exterminated. By the end of May most of the watercourses are dry. Feeble bits of cultivation occur at long intervals, but the entire foot-hill region is singularly silent and desolate-looking, and the traveler fondly turns his eyes to the icy mountains looming through the hot and wavering air.

From the base of the first grand mountain plateau we can see the outstanding pines and sequoias 4000 feet above us, and we now ascend rapidly, sweeping from ravine to ravine around the brows of subordinate ridges. The vegetation shows signs of a cooler climate; the golden-flowered Fremontia, manzanita, ceanothus, and other bushes show miles of bloom; while great beds of blue and purple bells brighten the open spaces, made up chiefly of brodiæa, calochortus, gilia of many species, etc., the whole forming a floral apron of fine texture and pattern, let down from the verge of the forest in graceful, flowing folds. At a height of 3000 feet we find here and there a pine standing among the bushes by the wayside, lonely and far apart, as if it had come down from the woods to welcome us. As we continued to as-

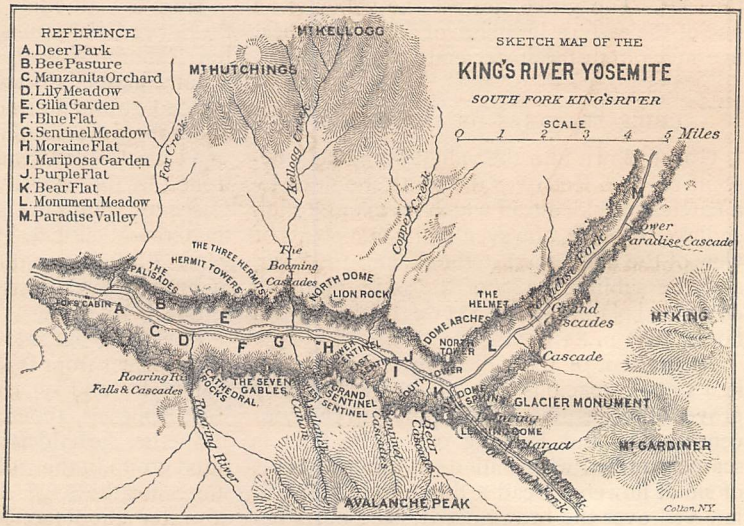
cend the flower-mantle thickens, wafts of balsam come from the evergreens, fragrant tassels and plumes are shaken above us, cool brooks cross the road, till at length we enter the glorious forest, passing suddenly out of the sunglare into cooling shadows as if we had entered some grand inclosed hall.

We have now reached an elevation of 6000 feet, and are on the margin of the main forest belt of the Sierra. Looking down we behold the central plain of California outspread like an arm of the sea, bounded in the hazy distance by the mountains of the coast, and bathed in evening purple. Orange groves and vineyards, fields, towns, and dusty pastures are all submerged and made glorious in the divine light. Finer still is the light streaming past us through the aisles of the forest.

Down through the shadows we now make our way for a mile or two in one of the upper ravines of Mill Creek. Stumps, logs, and the smashed ruins of the trees cumber the ground; the scream of saws is heard; a lumber village comes in sight, and we arrive at the Moore and Smith Mills, the end of the stage line. From here the distance to the valley in a direct line is only about eighteen miles, and two trails lead to it, one of which traces the divide between the waters of the Kahweah and King's rivers, while the other holds a more direct course across the basins of Big and Little Boulder creeks, tributaries of King's River. Both ways are fairly good as mountain-trails go, inasmuch as you are seldom compelled to travel more than two miles to make an advance of one, and less than half of the miles are perpendicular. A stout walker may make the trip to the valley in a day. But if instead of crossing every ridge-wave of these broad boulder basins a good carriage-road were built around the brows and headlands of the main river cañon, the valley could be reached in less than half a day, and with the advantage of still grander scenery. The lower trail is the one commonly traveled, and upon the whole it is the more interesting, for it leads all the way through glorious forests, amid which the stately shafts and domes of sequoia are frequently seen. Climbing a steep mile from the mill we enter the General Grant National Park of Big Trees, a square mile in extent, where a few of the giants are now being preserved amid the industrious destruction by ax, saw, and blasting-powder going on around them. Still ascending we pass the little flowery Round Meadow, set in a superb growth of silver firs, and gain the summit of the ridge that forms the west boundary of Little Boulder Creek Basin, from which a grand view of the forest is obtained,— cedar, sugar-pine, yellow pine, silver fir, and sequoia filling every hollow, and sweeping up the sides and over the top of every ridge in measureless exuberance and beauty, only a few gray rock brows on the southern rim of the basin appearing in all the sylvan sea.

We now descend to Bearskin Meadow, a sheet of purple-topped grasses enameled with violets, gilias, larkspurs, potentillas, ivesias, columbine, etc.; parnassia and sedges in the wet places, and majestic trees crowding forward in proud array to form a curving border, while Little Boulder Creek, a stream twenty feet wide, goes humming and swirling merrily through the middle of it. Here we begin to climb again; ever up or down we go, not a fairly level mile in the lot. But despite the quick, harsh curves, vertical or horizontal, and the crossings of bogs and boulder-choked gullies, the sustained grandeur of the scenery keeps weariness away. The air is exhilarating. Crisp and clear comes the bold ringing call of the mountain quail, contrasting with the deep blunt bumping of the grouse, while many a small singer sweetens the air along the leafy fringes of the streams.

The next place with a name in the wilder-



ness is Tornado Meadow. Here the sequoia giants stand close about us, towering above the firs and sugar-pines. Then follows another climb of a thousand feet, after which we descend into the magnificent forest basin of Big Boulder Creek. Crossing this boisterous stream as best we may, up again we go 1200 feet through glorious woods, and on a few miles to the emerald Horse Corral and Summit Meadows, a short distance beyond which the highest point on the trail is reached at Grand Lookout, 8300 feet above the sea. Here at length we gain a general view of the great cañon of King's River lying far below, and of the vast mountain-region in the sky on either side of it, and along the summit of the range. [See p. 81.] Here too we see the forest in broad dark swaths still sweeping onward undaunted, climbing the farther mountain-slopes to a height of 11,000 feet. But King Sequoia comes not thus far. The grove nearest the valley is on one of the eastern branches of Boulder Creek, five miles from the lower end.

CHIEF FEATURES OF THE CAÑON.

GOING down into the valley we make a descent of 3500 feet, over the south shoulder, by a careless crinkled trail which seems well-nigh endless. It offers, however, many fine points of view of the huge granite trough, and the river, and the sublime rocks of the walls plunging down and planting their feet on the shady level floor. [See p. 83.]

At the foot of the valley we find ourselves in a smooth spacious park, planted with stately groves of sugar-pine, yellow pine, silver fir, incense-cedar, and Kellogg oak. The floor is scarcely ruffled with underbrush, but myriads of small flowers spread a thin purple and yellow veil over the brown needles and burrs beneath the groves, and the gray ground of the open sunny spaces. The walls lean well back and support a fine growth of trees, especially on the south side, interrupted here and there by sheer masses 1000 to 1500 feet high, which are thrust forward out of the long slopes like dormer windows. [See p. 85.] Three miles up the valley on the south side we come to the Roaring Falls and Cascades. They are on a large stream called Roaring River, whose tributaries radiate far and wide and high through a magnificent basin back into the recesses of a long curving sweep of snow-laden mountains. But though the waters of Roaring River from their fountains to the valley have an average descent of nearly five hundred feet per mile, the fall they make in getting down into the valley is insignificant in height as compared with the similarly situated Bridal Veil of the old Yosemite. The height of the fall does not greatly exceed its width. There is one thundering plunge into a dark pool beneath a glorious mass of rainbow spray, then a boisterous rush with divided current down a boulder delta to the main river in the middle of the valley. But it is the series of wild cascades above the fall which most deserves attention. For miles back from the brow of the fall the strong, glad stream, five times as large as the Bridal Veil Creek, comes down a narrow cañon or gorge, speeding from form to form with most admirable exuberance of beauty and power, a multitude of small sweet voices blending with its thunder tones as if eager to assist in telling the glory of its fountains. On the east side of the fall the Cathedral Rocks spring aloft with imposing majesty. They are remarkably like the group of the same name in the Merced Yosemite and similarly situated though somewhat higher.

Next to Cathedral Rocks is the group called the Seven Gables, massive and solid at the base, but elaborately sculptured along the top and a considerable distance down the front into pointed gothic arches, the highest of which is about three thousand feet above the valley. Beyond the Gable Group, and separated slightly from it by the beautiful Avalanche Cañon and Cascades, stands the bold and majestic mass of the Grand Sentinel, 3300 feet high, with a split vertical front presented to the valley, as sheer, and nearly as extensive, as the front of the Yosemite Half Dome.

Projecting out into the valley from the base of this sheer front is the Lower Sentinel, 2400 feet high; and on either side, the West and East Sentinels, about the same height, forming altogether the boldest and most massively sculptured group in the valley. Then follow in close succession the Sentinel Cascade, a lace-like strip of water 2000 feet long; the South Tower, 2500 feet high; the Bear Cascade, longer and broader than that of the Sentinel; Cave Dome, 3200 feet high; the Sphinx, 4000 feet, and the Leaning Dome, 3500. The Sphinx, terminating in a curious sphinx-like figure, is the highest rock on the south wall, and one of the most remarkable in the Sierra; while the whole series from Cathedral Rocks to the Leaning Dome at the head of the valley is the highest, most elaborately sculptured, and the most beautiful series of rocks of the same extent that I have yet seen in any yosemite in the range.

Turning our attention now to the north wall, near the foot of the valley a grand and impressive rock presents itself, which with others of like structure and style of architecture is called the Palisades. Measured from the immediate brink of the vertical portion of the front, it is about two thousand feet high, and is gashed from top to base by vertical planes, making

GENERAL VIEW OF KING'S RIVER CAÑON, FROM GRAND LOOKOUT.

it look like a mass of huge slabs set on edge. Its position here is relatively the same as that of El Capitan in Yosemite, but neither in bulk nor in sublime boldness of attitude can it be regarded as a rival of that great rock.

The next notable group that catches the eye in going up the valley is the Hermit Towers, and next to these the Three Hermits, forming together an exceedingly picturesque series of complicated structure, slightly separated by the steep and narrow Hermit Cañon. The Hermits stand out beyond the general line of the wall, and in form and position remind one of the Three Brothers of the Yosemite Valley.

East of the Hermits a stream about the size of Yosemite Creek enters the valley, forming the Booming Cascades. It draws its sources from the southern slopes of Mount Hutchings and Mount Kellogg, 11,000 and 12,000 feet high, on the divide between the middle and south forks of the King's River. In Avalanche Cañon, directly opposite the Booming Cascades, there is another brave bouncing chain of cascades, and these two sing and roar to each other across the valley in hearty accord. But though on both sides of the valley, and up the head cañons, water is ever falling in glorious abundance and from immense heights, we look in vain for a stream shaken loose and free in the air to complete the glory of this grandest of yosemites. Nevertheless when we trace these cascading streams through their picturesque cañons, and behold the beauty they show forth as they go plunging in short round-browed falls from pool to pool, laving and plashing their sun-beaten foam-bells; gliding outspread in smooth shining plumes, or rich ruffled lace-work fold over fold; dashing down rough places in wild ragged aprons, dancing in upbulging bosses of spray, the sweet brave ouzel helping them to sing, and ferns, lilies, and tough-rooted bushes shading and brightening their gray rocky banks,— when we thus draw near and learn to know these cascade falls, which thus keep in touch with the rocks, and plants, and birds, then we admire them even more than those which leave their channels and fly down through the air.

Above the Booming Cascades, and opposite the Grand Sentinel, stands the North Dome, 3450 feet high. [See p. 87.] It is set on a long bare granite ridge, with a vertical front like the Washington Column in Yosemite. Above the Dome the ridge still rises in a finely drawn curve, until it reaches its culminating point in the pyramid, a lofty symmetrical rock nearly 6000 feet above the floor of the valley.

A short distance east of the Dome is Lion Rock, a very striking mass as seen from a favorable standpoint, but lower than the main rocks of the wall, being only about 2000 feet high. Beyond the Lion, and opposite the East Sentinel, a stream called Copper Creek comes chanting down into the valley. It takes its rise in a cluster of beautiful lakes that lie on top of the divide between the South and Middle Forks of King's River, to the east of Mount Kellogg. The broad, spacious basin it drains abounds in beautiful groves of spruce and silver fir, and small meadows and gardens, where the bear and deer love to feed, but it has been sadly trampled by flocks of sheep.

From Copper Creek to the head of the valley the precipitous portion of the north wall is comparatively low. The most notable features are the North Tower, a square, boldly sculptured outstanding mass two thousand feet in height, and the Dome arches, heavily glaciated, and offering telling sections of domed and folded structure. [See p. 91.] At the head of the valley, in a position corresponding to that of the Half Dome in Yosemite, looms the great Glacier Monument, the broadest, loftiest, and most sublimely beautiful of all these wonderful rocks. It is upward of a mile in height, and has five ornamental summits, and an indescribable variety of sculptured forms projecting or countersunk on its majestic front, all balanced and combined into one symmetrical mountain mass. [See p. 89.]

THE VALLEY FLOOR.

THE bottom of the valley is covered by heavy deposits of moraine material, mostly outspread in comparatively smooth and level beds, though four well-characterized terminal moraines may still be traced stretching across from wall to wall, dividing the valley into sections. These sections, however, are not apparent in general views. Compared with the old Yosemite this is a somewhat narrower valley, the meadows are smaller, and fewer acres if cultivated would yield good crops of fruit or grain. But on the other hand the tree-growth of the new valley is much finer; the sugar-pine in particular attains perfect development, and is a hundred times more abundant, growing on the rough taluses against the walls, as well as on the level flats, and occupying here the place that the Douglass spruce occupies in the old valley. Earthquake taluses, characteristic features of all yosemites, are here developed on a grand scale, and some of the boulders are the largest I have ever seen — more than a hundred feet long, and scarcely less in width and depth.

With the exception of a small meadow on the river bank, a mile or more of the lower end of the valley is occupied by delightful groves, and is called Deer Park. Between Deer Park and the Roaring Fall lies the Manzanita Or-

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAÑON, LOOKING EAST.

chard, consisting of a remarkably even and extensive growth of manzanita bushes scarcely interrupted by other bushes or by trees. Beyond the Roaring Fall the soil-beds are rather rocky, but smooth sheets occur here and there, the most notable of which is Blue Flat, covered with blue and fragrant lupines; while all the boulder-beds are forested with noble pines and firs.

The largest meadow in the valley lies at the foot of the Grand Sentinel. It is noted for its fine growth of sweet-brier rose, the foliage of which as well as the flower is deliciously fragrant, especially in the morning when the sun warms the dew. At the foot of the South Tower, near the Bear Cascades, there is a notable garden of Mariposa tulips, and above this garden lies Bear Flat, extending to the head of the valley. It is a rather rough, bouldery space, but well planted, and commands glorious views of all the upper end of the valley.

On the north side of the valley the spaces that bear names are the Bee Pasture, Gilia Garden, and Purple Flat, all lavishly flowery, each with its own characteristic plants, though mostly they are the same as those of the south side of the river, variously developed and combined; while aloft on a thousand niches, benches, and recesses of the walls are charming rock-ferns, such as adiantum, pellæa, cheilanthes, allosorus, etc., and brilliant rugs and fringes of the alpine phlox, Menzies pentstemon, bryanthus, Cassiope, alpine primula, and many other small floral mountaineers.

In passing through the valley the river makes an average descent of about fifty feet per mile. Down the cañon below the valley the descent is 125 feet per mile for the first five miles, and of course the river is here one continuous chain of rapids. And here too are several beautiful falls on streams entering the cañon on both sides, the most attractive of which is on Boulder Creek, below a fine grove.

TYNDALL CAÑON.

At the head of the valley in front of the monument the river divides into two main branches, the larger branch trending northward through Paradise Cañon, the other eastward through Tyndall Cañon, and both extend back with their wide-reaching tributaries into the High Sierra among the loftiest snow-mountains of the range, and display scenery along their entire courses harmoniously related to the grand gorge. Tracing the Tyndall Cañon we find that its stream enters the valley in a most beautiful and enthusiastic cascade, which comes sweeping around the base of the Monument, and down through a bower of maple, dogwood, and tall leaning evergreens, making a fall of nearly eight hundred feet. A few miles above the valley the declivity of the cañon is moderate, and nowhere does it expand into meadows of considerable width, or levels of any kind, with the exception of a few small lake-basins. But the walls are maintained in yosemitic style, and are striped with cascades and small sheer falls from 1000 to 2500 feet in height. In many places the cañon is choked with the boulders of earthquake avalanches, and these, being overgrown with tangled bushes, make tedious work for the mountaineer, though they greatly enhance the general wildness. Pursuing the upper south fork of the cañon past Mount Brewer, the scenery becomes more and more severely rocky, and the source of the young river is found in small streams that rise in the spacious snow-fountains of Mount Tyndall and the neighboring peaks.

PARADISE CAÑON.

Returning now to the main valley and ascending the Paradise Cañon we find still grander scenery, at least for the first ten miles. Beneath the shadow of the Glacier Monument, situated like Mirror Lake beneath the Half Dome of Yosemite, is a charming meadow with magnificent trees about it, and huge avalanche taluses tangled with ceanothus and manzanita and wild cherry, a favorite pasture and hiding-place for bears; while the river with broad, stately current sweeps down through the solemn solitude. Pursuing our savage way through the stubborn underbrush, and over or beneath boulders as large as hills, we find the noble stream beating its way for five or six miles in one continuous chain of roaring, tossing, surging cascades and falls. The walls of the cañon on either hand rise to a height of from 3000 to 5000 feet in majestic forms, hardly inferior in any respect to those of the main valley. The most striking of these on the west wall is the Helmet, four thousand feet in height; and on the east side, after the Monument, Paradise Peak. [See p. 92.] Of all the grand array only these have yet been named. About eight miles up the cañon we come to Paradise Valley, where the walls, still maintaining their lofty yosemitic characters, especially on the east side, stand back and make space for charming meadows and gravelly flats, while one grand fall not yet measured, and several smaller ones, pouring over the walls, give voice and animation to the glorious mountain solitude.

A SUMMER SCENE.

How memorable are these Sierra experiences! Descending one day from the depths of the upper forest we rambled enchanted through the sugar-pine groves of Deer Park. Never did

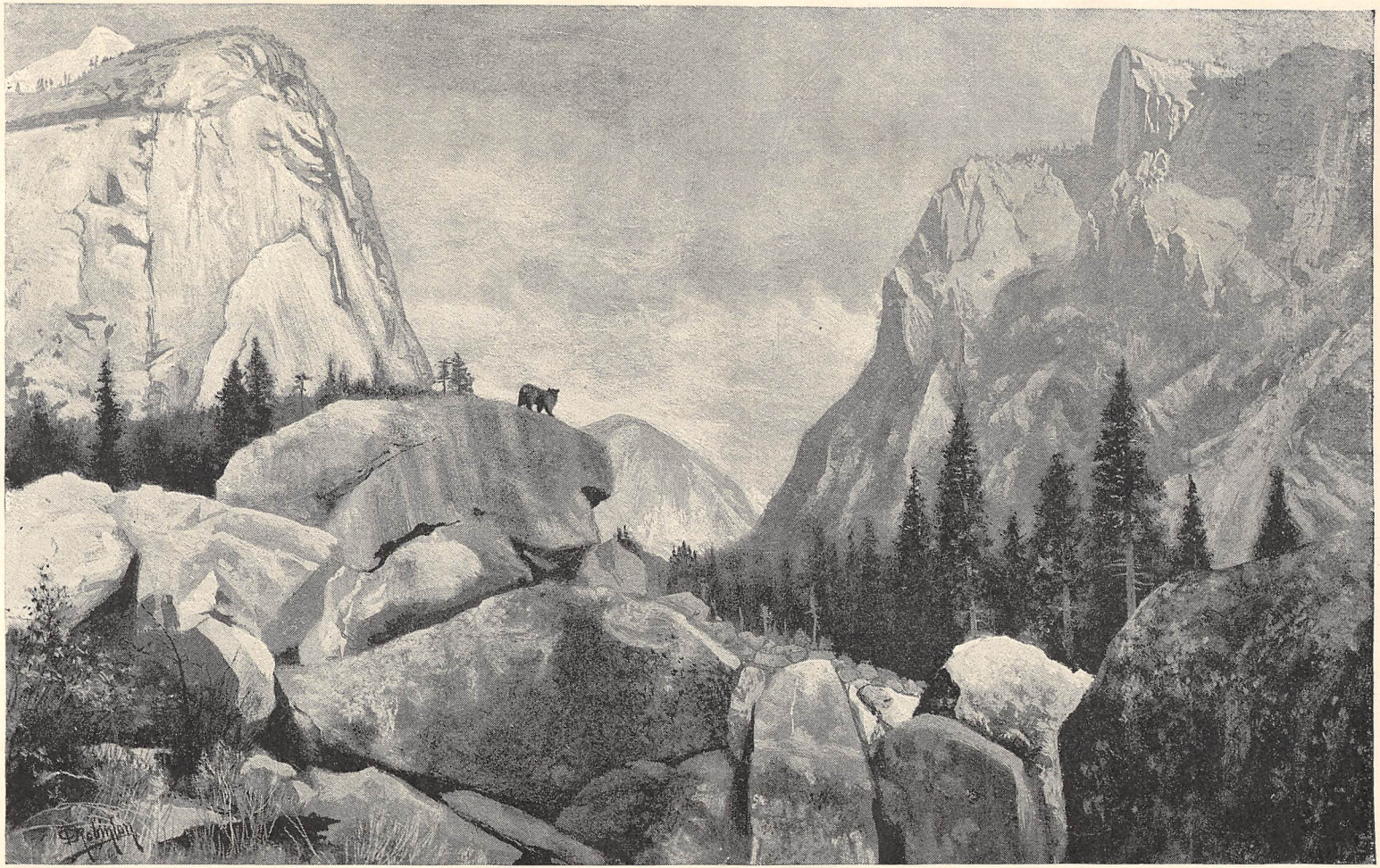
LOOKING UP THE VALLEY FROM THE MANZANITA ORCHARD.

pines seem more noble and devout in all their gestures and tones. The sun, pouring down floods of mellow light, seemed to be thinking only of them, and the wind gave them voice; but the gestures of their outstretched arms seemed independent of the wind, and impressed us with solemn awe as if we were strangers in a new world. Near the Roaring Fall we came to a little circular meadow which was one of the most perfect gardens I ever saw. It was planted with lilies and orchids, larkspurs and columbines, daisies and asters, and sun-loving golden-rods, violets, brier-roses, and purple geranium, and a hundred others whose names no one would care to read, though everybody would surely love them at first sight. One of the lilies *(L. Columbianum)* was six feet high and had eleven open flowers, five of them in their prime. The wind sifting through the trees rocked this splendid panicle above the rose-bushes and geraniums in exquisite poise. It was as if nature had fingered every leaf and petal that very day, readjusting every curving line and touching the colors of every corolla. Not a leaf, as far as I could see, was misbent, and every plant about it was so placed with reference to every other that the whole meadow-garden seemed to have been thoughtfully arranged like a tasteful bouquet. Bees and humming-birds made a pleasant stir, and the little speckle-breasted song-sparrow sang in the bushes near by, working dainty lines of embroidery on the deep, bossy tones of the fall, while the great rocks looked down as if they, too, were considering the lilies and listening to the music of their bells. That memorable day died in purple and gold, and just as the last traces of the sunset faded in the west and the star-lilies filled the sky, the full moon looked down over the rim of the valley, and the great rocks, catching the silvery glow, came forth out of the dusky shadows like very spirits.

FROM YOSEMITE TO KING'S RIVER ALONG THE SIERRA.

ONE of my visits to the great cañon was undertaken from the old Yosemite along the Sierra, and I was so fortunate as to get into the valley when it was arrayed in the gay colors of autumn. I was eager also to see as much as possible of the High Sierra at the head of it, and of the wild mountain region between the two great yosemites. Had I gone afoot and alone as usual, I should have had a glorious time, with nothing to do but climb and enjoy. But I took a party, and mules, and horses, which caused much trail-making and miserable carnal care. We followed the old trail to Wawona and the Mariposa sequoias, then plunged into the trackless wilderness. We traced the Chiquita Joaquin to its head, then crossed the cañon of the North Fork of the San Joaquin below the yosemite of this branch, and made our way southward across the Middle and South Forks of the San Joaquin, to a point on the divide between the South Fork of the San Joaquin and the North Fork of King's River, 10,000 feet above the sea. Here I left the weary party and the battered animals in camp to rest, while I made a three days' excursion to Mount Humphrey, on the summit of the range, from the top of which, at an elevation of about 14,000 feet, I obtained, to the southward, grand general views of the thick crowd of peaks gathered about the headwaters of the three forks of King's River, and northward over those of the San Joaquin. Returning to camp after my fine ramble, rich in glaciers, glacier-lakes, glacier-meadows, etc., I climbed the divide above the camp with the other mountaineer of our party to gain another view of the King's River country with reference to our farther advance. The view was truly glorious — peaks, domes, huge ridges, and a maze of cañons in bewildering combinations — but terribly forbidding as to way-making. My companion gazed over the stupendous landscape in silence, then sighed and said he must go home, and accordingly he left us next morning. I had still two companions and four animals to make a way for. Pushing on with difficulty over the divide, we entered the upper valley of the North Fork of King's River, and traced its course through many smooth glacier-meadows, and past many a beautiful cluster of granite domes, developed and burnished by the ancient glaciers. Below this dome region the cañon closed, and we were compelled to grope our way along its forest-clad brink until we discovered a promising side-cañon, which led us down into the North Fork yosemite, past a massive projecting rock like El Capitan. This valley is only about two thousand feet in depth, and of no great extent, but exceedingly picturesque and wild. The level floor was planted with beautiful groves of live oak, pine, libocedrus, etc., and a profusion of Yosemite flowers, of which the large tiger-lily (*L. pardalinum*) is the most showy. The river enters the valley in a chain of short falls and cascades through a narrow gorge at the head, where there is a mirror lake with beautiful shores.

After resting and sketching awhile we at length made a way out of this little yosemite by a rude trail that we built up a gorge of the south wall, and on to the crest of the divide between the North and Middle Forks of the river. Here we gained telling views of the region about the head of the Middle Fork of King's River,— vast mountains along the axis of the range, seemingly unapproachable, a broad map



VIEW FROM TALUS AT FOOT OF NORTH DOME, LOOKING UP THE VALLEY.

of domes and huge ridge-waves and cañons extending from the summits far to the west of us in glorious harmony. Tracing the divide through magnificent forests we at length forded the main King's River, passed through the sequoia groves, and entered the great Yosemite on the 9th of October, after a light storm had freshened the colors. With the exception of a few late-blooming goldenrods, gentians, and erigerons, the plants had gone to seed; but the ripened leaves, frost-nipped, wrinkled and ready to fall, made gorgeous clouds of color, which burned in the mellow sunshine like the bloom of a richer summer. The Kellogg oak, willows, aspen, balm-of-Gilead, and the large-leafed maple were yellow; the mountain maple and dogwood red, and the meadow ferns and general mass of the small plants purple and brown. The river gently gliding amid so much colored foliage was surpassingly beautiful, every reach a picture; while the hazy Indian Summer light streaming over the walls softened the harsh angles of the rocks, and greatly enhanced their solemn grandeur and impressiveness. Rambling through the valley we found the squirrels busy gathering their winter stores of pine-nuts. All the nests in the groves were empty, and the young birds were as big as the old ones, and ready to fly to warmer climates. The deer were coming down from the upper thickets on their way to the chaparral of the foot-hills, while the bears were eating acorns and getting themselves fat enough to "hole up." Everything seemed to know that before long the storm trumpets would sound, announcing the end of summer and the beginning of winter.

At the Sentinel Meadow we found a mountaineer who had come across the range by the Kearsarge Pass to catch trout for the purpose of stocking a number of small streams that pour down the east flank of the range into Owens Valley. He said the settlers there had raised five hundred dollars for this purpose. By turning the courses of the smaller streams of the valley he caught large numbers in the shallows and put them into tin cans to be transported on mules. He had already carried a train-load over the pass, and said that by frequently changing the water at the many streams and lakes on the way, nearly all the trout were kept alive to the end of their long and novel excursion.

Leaving the lively mountaineer with his mules and fishes, we pushed on up the Tyndall cañon by the Kearsarge trail to the first tributary that enters from the north. Here I again left the party in camp to climb Mount Tyndall. Returning in two days, I found that they had gone up the trail, taking everything with them, so that, weary as I was, without food or blankets, I was compelled to go on in pursuit. I overtook them in the pass at sundown, and when I asked why they had left me, they said they feared I would never return and that they too would be lost. They had simply lost their wits as soon as they were left alone. At the foot of the pass I again left the party, directing them to follow the trail to Fort Independence, and wait there in civilized safety while I turned southward along the base of the range to climb Mount Whitney.

From Independence we skirted the eastern flank of the range northward to Mono, passing many a flood of lava and cluster of volcanic cones, and gaining long, sweeping views of the High Sierra from the sage plains. From Mono I still held on northward through Faith, Hope, and Charity Valleys to Tahoe, walked around that queen of Sierra lakes, returned to Mono, climbed Bloody Cañon, went down through the delightful Tuolumne Meadows, down through the junipers of Clouds' Rest, down through the firs, and into Yosemite again, thus completing one of the wildest and most interesting trips conceivable.

DESTRUCTIVE TENDENCIES.

At first sight it would seem that these mighty granite temples could be injured but little by anything that man may do. But it is surprising to find how much our impressions in such cases depend upon the delicate bloom of the scenery, which in all the more accessible places is so easily rubbed off. I saw the King's River valley in its midsummer glory sixteen years ago, when it was wild, and when the divine balanced beauty of the trees and flowers seemed to be reflected and doubled by all the onlooking rocks and streams as though they were mirrors, while they in turn were mirrored in every garden and grove. In that year (1875) I saw the following ominous notice on a tree in the King's River yosemite:

> We, the undersigned, claim this valley for the purpose of raising stock.
>
> Mr. Thomas,
> Mr. Richards,
> Harvey & Co.

and I feared that the vegetation would soon perish. This spring (1891) I made my fourth visit to the valley, to see what damage had been done, and to inspect the forests. Besides, I had not yet seen the valley in flood, and this was a good flood year, for the weather was cool, and the snow on the mountains had been held back ready to be launched. I left San Francisco on the 28th of May, accompanied by Mr. Robinson, the artist. At the new King's River Mills we found that the sequoia giants, as well as the pines and firs, were being ruthlessly

GLACIER MONUMENT.

turned into lumber. Sixteen years ago I saw five mills on or near the sequoia belt, all of which were cutting more or less of "big-tree" lumber. Now, as I am told, the number of mills along the belt in the basins of the King's, Kaweah, and Tule rivers is doubled, and the capacity more than doubled. As if fearing restriction of some kind, particular attention is being devoted to the destruction of the sequoia groves owned by the mill companies, with the view to get them made into lumber and money before steps can be taken to save them. Trees which compared with mature specimens are mere saplings are being cut down, as well as the giants, up to at least twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. Scaffolds are built around the great brown shafts above the swell of the base, and several men armed with long saws and axes gnaw and wedge them down with damnable industry. The logs found to be too large are blasted to manageable dimensions with powder. It seems incredible that Government should have abandoned so much of the forest cover of the mountains to destruction. As well sell the rain-clouds, and the snow, and the rivers, to be cut up and carried away if that were possible. Surely it is high time that something be done to stop the extension of the present barbarous, indiscriminating method of harvesting the lumber crop.

At the mills we had found Mr. J. Fox, bear-killer and guide, who owns a pack train, and keeps a small store of provisions in the valley for the convenience of visitors. This sturdy mountaineer we engaged to manage our packs, and under his guidance after a very rough trip we reached our destination late at night.

Arrived in the valley, we found that the small grove (now under Government protection) has been sadly hacked and scarred by campers and sheep-owners, and it will be long before it recovers anything like the beauty of its wildness.

Several flocks of sheep are driven across the river at the foot of the valley every spring to pasture in the basins of Kellogg and Copper creeks. On the south side of the valley, in the basin of Roaring River, more than 20,000 sheep are pastured, but none have ever been allowed to range in the valley.

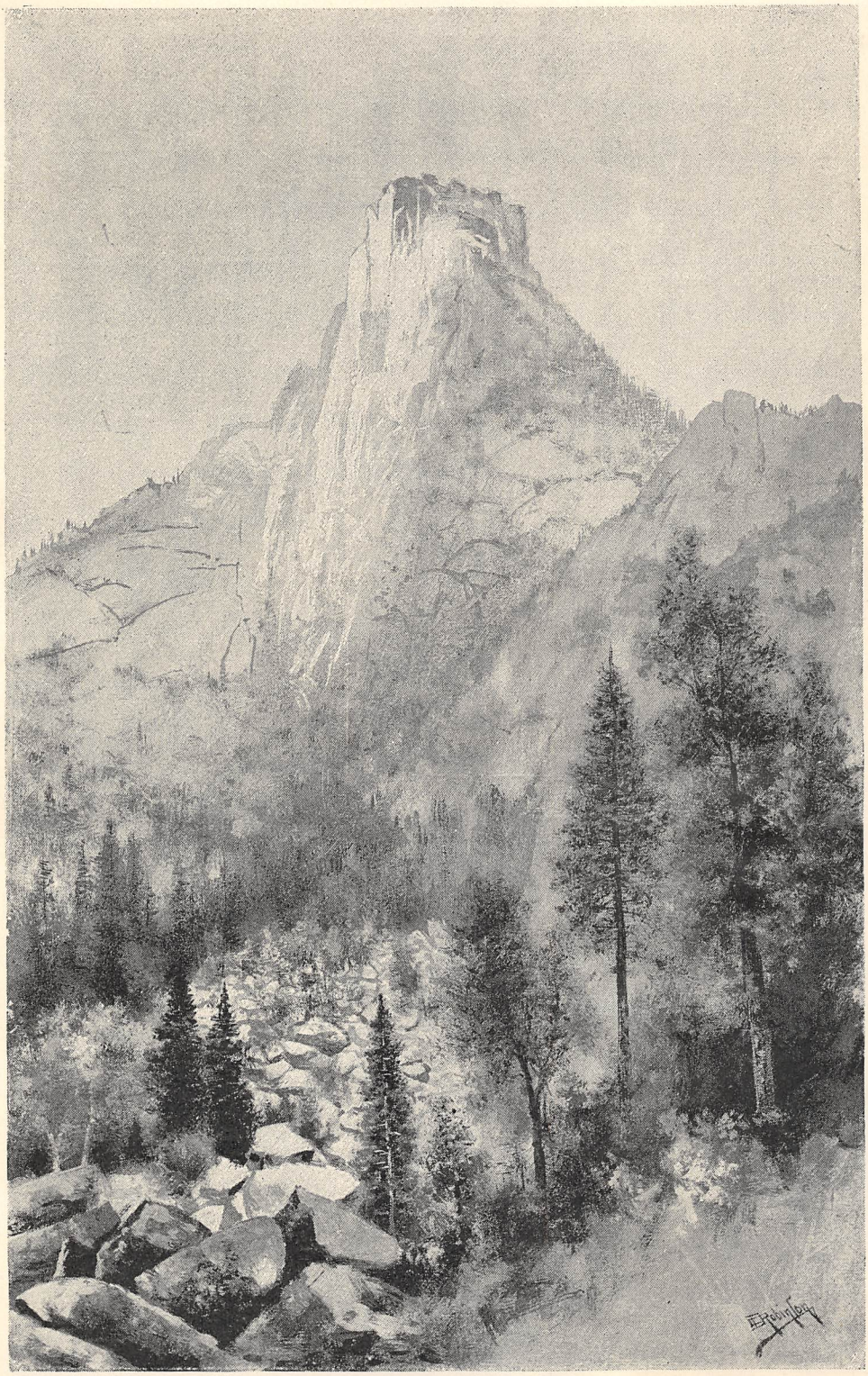
GAME AND SPORT.

After breakfast two anglers with whom we had fallen in on the way set forth to a big jam of flood timber on the south side of the river, and amid its shady swirls and ripples bagged the glittering beauties as fast as sham flies could be switched to them, a hundred trout of a morning being considered no uncommon catch under favorable conditions of water and sky. This surely is the most romantic fishing-ground in the world. Nearly all the visitors to the valley are hunters or anglers; they number about four hundred a year, and nearly all come from Owens Valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra, or from the Visalia Plains. By means of ropes and log foot-bridges we got across the three streams of Roaring River, and, passing through the fragrant lupine garden of Blue Flat, which Fox calls the Garden of Eden, we made our permanent camp in a small log cabin on the edge of the meadow at the foot of the Grand Sentinel.

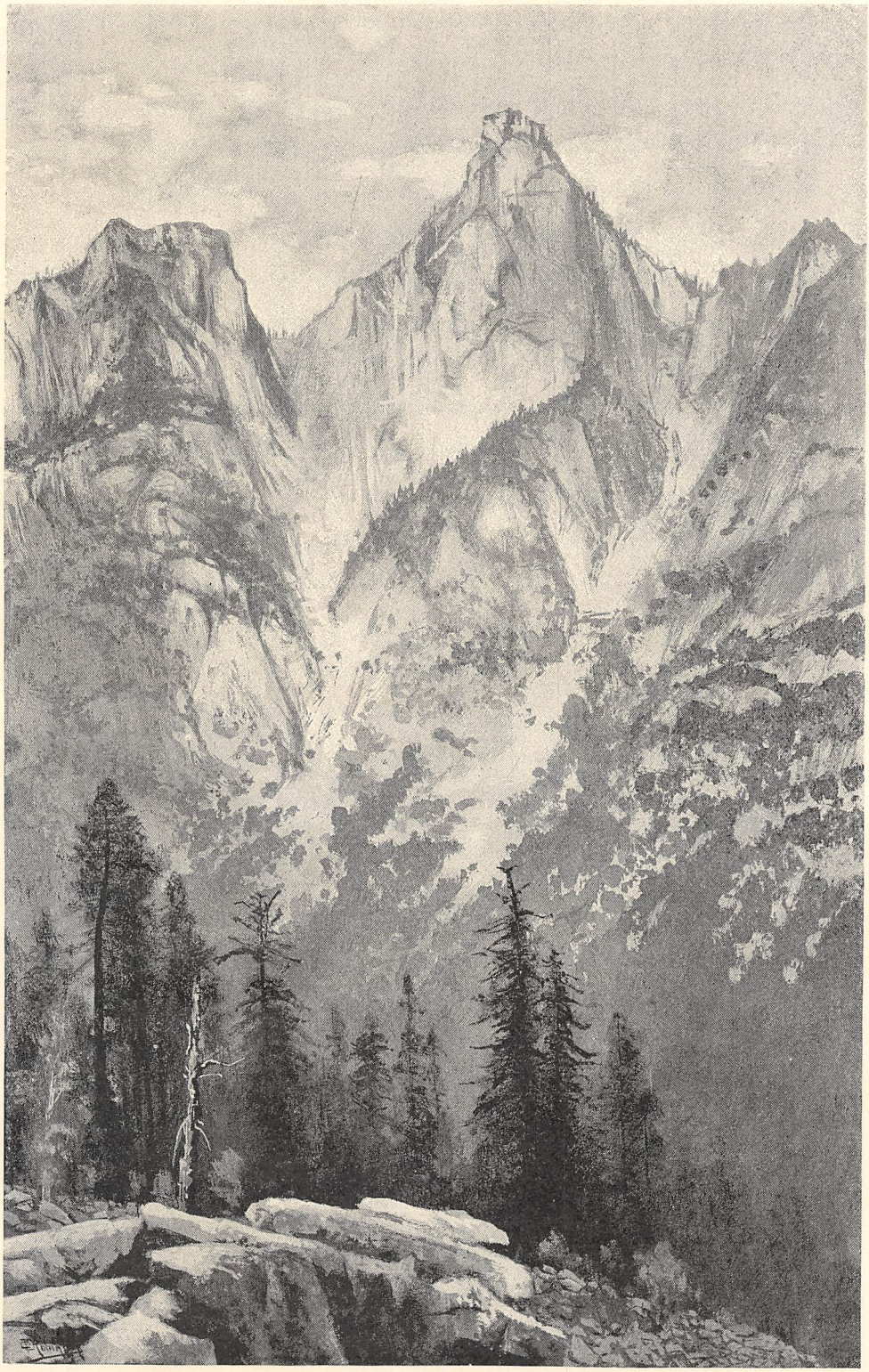
The fauna of the valley is diverse and interesting. The first morning after our arrival I saw the black-headed grosbeak, the Louisiana tanager, and Bullock's oriole, whose bills must still have been stained by the cherries of the lowland orchards. I also noticed many species of woodpeckers, including the large log-cock (*Hylotomus pileatus*) and innumerable finches and fly-catchers. The mountain quail and grouse also dwell in the valley, as well as in all the silver-fir woods on the surrounding heights. The large California gray squirrel, as well as the Douglass, is seldom out of sight as one saunters through the groves, and in the cabin we were favored with the company of wood-rats. These amusing animals made free with our provisions, bathed in our water-bucket, and ran across our faces in the night.

Besides our party there were two other persons in the valley, who had arrived a few days before us: a young student whose ambition was to kill a bear, and his uncle, a tough, well-seasoned mountaineer who had roamed over the greater part of the western wilderness. The boy did kill a bear a few days after our arrival, not so big and ferocious a specimen as he could have wished, but formidable enough for a boy to fight single-handed. It was jet-black, sleek, and becomingly shaggy; with teeth, claws, and muscles admirably fitted for the rocky wilderness. After selecting certain steaks, roasts, and boiling-pieces, the remainder of the lean meat was cut into ribbons and strung about the camp to dry, while the precious oil was put into cans and bottles. Bread at that camp was now made of flour and bear oil, instead of flour and water, and bear muffins, bear flapjacks, and bear short-bread were the order of the day.

The black bear is seldom found to the north of King's River. Of the other two species,—the cinnamon and grizzly,—the former is more common. But all the species are being rapidly reduced in numbers. From city hunters bears have little to fear, but many fall before the rifles of the mountaineer and prospector. Shepherds poison, and even shoot, many in the aggregate every year. Pity that animals so good-natured and so much a part of these shaggy wilds should be exterminated. If all the King's River bears



NORTH TOWER, FROM TALUS SLOPE AT FOOT OF GLACIER MONUMENT.



PARADISE PEAK, LOOKING EAST FROM SLOPES AT FOOT OF THE HELMET.

great and small were gathered into this favorite yosemite home of theirs, they would still make a brave show, but they would probably number fewer than five hundred.

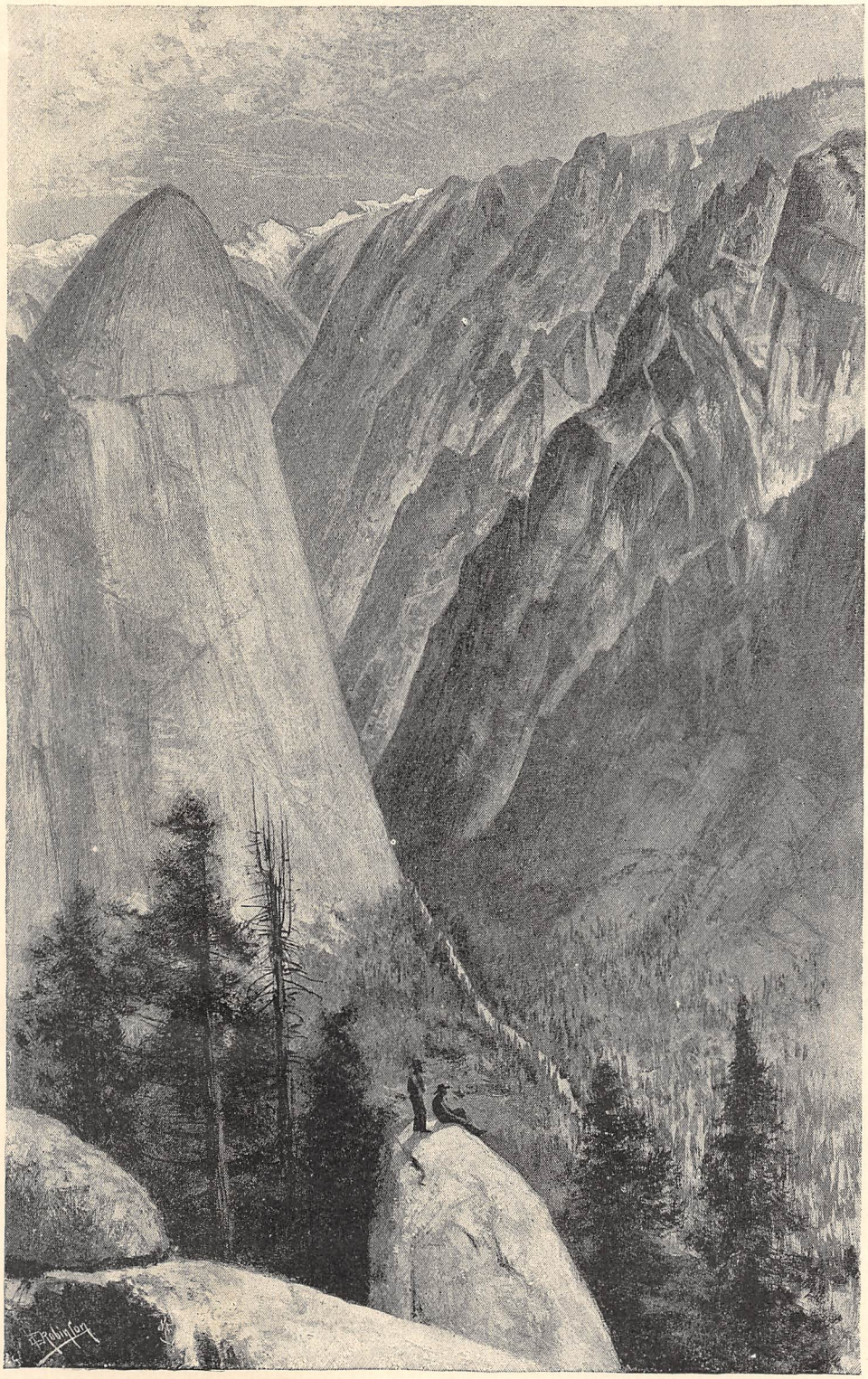
EXCURSIONS FROM THE VALLEY.

THE side and head cañons of the valley offer ways gloriously rugged and interesting back into the High Sierra. The shorter excursions to points about the rim of the valley, such as Mt. Kellogg, Mt. Brewer, the North Dome, the Helmet, Avalanche Peak, and the Grand Sentinel, may be made in one day. Bear-trails will be found in all the cañons leading up to these points, and may be safely followed, and throughout them all and on them all glorious views will be obtained.

The excursion to Avalanche Peak by way of Avalanche Cañon and the Grand Sentinel is one of the most telling of the short trips about the valley, and one that every visitor should make, however limited as to time. From the top of the Sentinel the bottom of the valley, with all its groves and meadows and nearly all of the walls on both sides, is seen, while Avalanche Peak commands a view of nearly all the magnificent basin of Roaring River, and of the region tributary to the valley on the north and east. A good bear-trail guides you through the cherry brush and boulders along the cascades. A thousand feet above the valley you come to the beautiful Diamond Fall, 200 feet high and 40 feet wide. About a thousand feet higher a small stream comes in from the east, where you turn to the left and scale the side of the cañon to the top of the Grand Sentinel. After gazing up and down into the tremendous scenery displayed here, you follow the Sentinel ridge around the head of the beautiful forested basin, into which the cañon expands, to the summit of the peak. In spring the Avalanche basin and cañon are filled with compact avalanche snow, which lies long after the other cañons are clear. In June last I slid comfortably on the surface of this snow from the peak down nearly to the foot of the Diamond Fall, a distance of about two miles. Of course this can only be done when the surface is in a melting condition or is covered with fresh snow. In April one might slide from the summit to the bottom of the valley, making a fall of a mile in one swift swish above the rocks, logs, and brush that roughen the way in summer.

MTS. TYNDALL, KEARSARGE, AND WHITNEY.

THE excursion to Mt. Tyndall from the valley and return requires about three days. You trace the east branch of the river from the head of the valley until it forks, then trace the South Fork past the east side of Mt. Brewer until it divides into small streams, then push up eastward as best you can to the summit. The way is rather rough, but the views obtained of the loftiest and broadest portion of the High Sierra are the most comprehensive and awe-inspiring that I know of. It is here that the great western spur on Greenhorn Range strikes off from the main axis to the southwest and south, bearing a noble array of snowy mountains, and forming the divide between the Upper Kern on the east and the Kaweah and Tule rivers on the west, while the main chain forms the eastern boundary of the basin of the Kern. Northward the streams fall into King's River, eastward into Owens Valley and the dead salt Owens Lake, lying in the glare of the desert 9000 feet below you. To the north and south far as the eye can reach you behold a vast crowded wilderness of peaks, only a few of which are named as yet. Mt. Kearsarge to the northward, a broad round-shouldered mountain on the main axis at the head of the pass of that name; Mt. Brewer, noted for the beauty of its fluted slopes; Mt. King, an exceedingly sharp and slender peak a few miles to the eastward of the Glacier monument, and Mt. Gardiner, a companion of King. Within two miles of where you stand rises the jagged mass of Mt. Williamson, a little higher than Tyndall, or 14,300 feet, and seven miles to the southward rises Mt. Whitney, 14,700 feet high, the culminating point of the range, and easily recognized by its helmet-shaped peak facing eastward. Though Mt. Whitney is a few hundred feet higher than Tyndall, the views obtained from its summit are not more interesting. Still, because it is the highest of all, every climber will long to stand on its topmost crag. Some eighteen years ago I spent a November night on the top of Whitney. The first winter snow had fallen and the cold was intense. Therefore I had to keep in motion to avoid freezing. But the view of the stars and of the dawn on the desert was abundant compensation for all that. This was a hard trip, but in summer no extraordinary danger need be encountered. Almost any one able to cross a cobblestoned street in a crowd may climb Mt. Whitney. I climbed it once in the night, lighted only by the stars. From the summit of Mt. Tyndall you may descend into Kern Valley and make direct for Mt. Whitney, thus including both of these lordly mountains in one excursion, but only mountaineers should attempt to go this gait. A much easier way is to cross the range of the Kearsarge Pass, which, though perhaps the highest traveled pass on the continent, being upward of 12,000 feet above the sea, is not at all dangerous. The trail from the valley



TEHIPITEE DOME, UPPER END OF TEHIPITEE VALLEY (MIDDLE FORK OF KING'S RIVER).

leads up to it along extensive meadows and past many small lakes over a broad plateau, and the views from there are glorious. But on the east side the descent to the base of the range is made in one tremendous swoop through a narrow cañon. Escaping from the shadowy jaws of the cañon you turn southward to Lone Pine. Then by taking the Hackett trail up Cottonwood Cañon you pass over into Kern Valley and approach the mountain from the west, where the slopes are easy, and up which you may ride a mule to a height of 12,000 feet, leaving only a short pull to the summit. But for climbers there is a cañon which comes down from the north shoulder of the Whitney peak. Well-seasoned limbs will enjoy the climb of 9000 feet required by this direct route. But soft, succulent people should go the mule way.

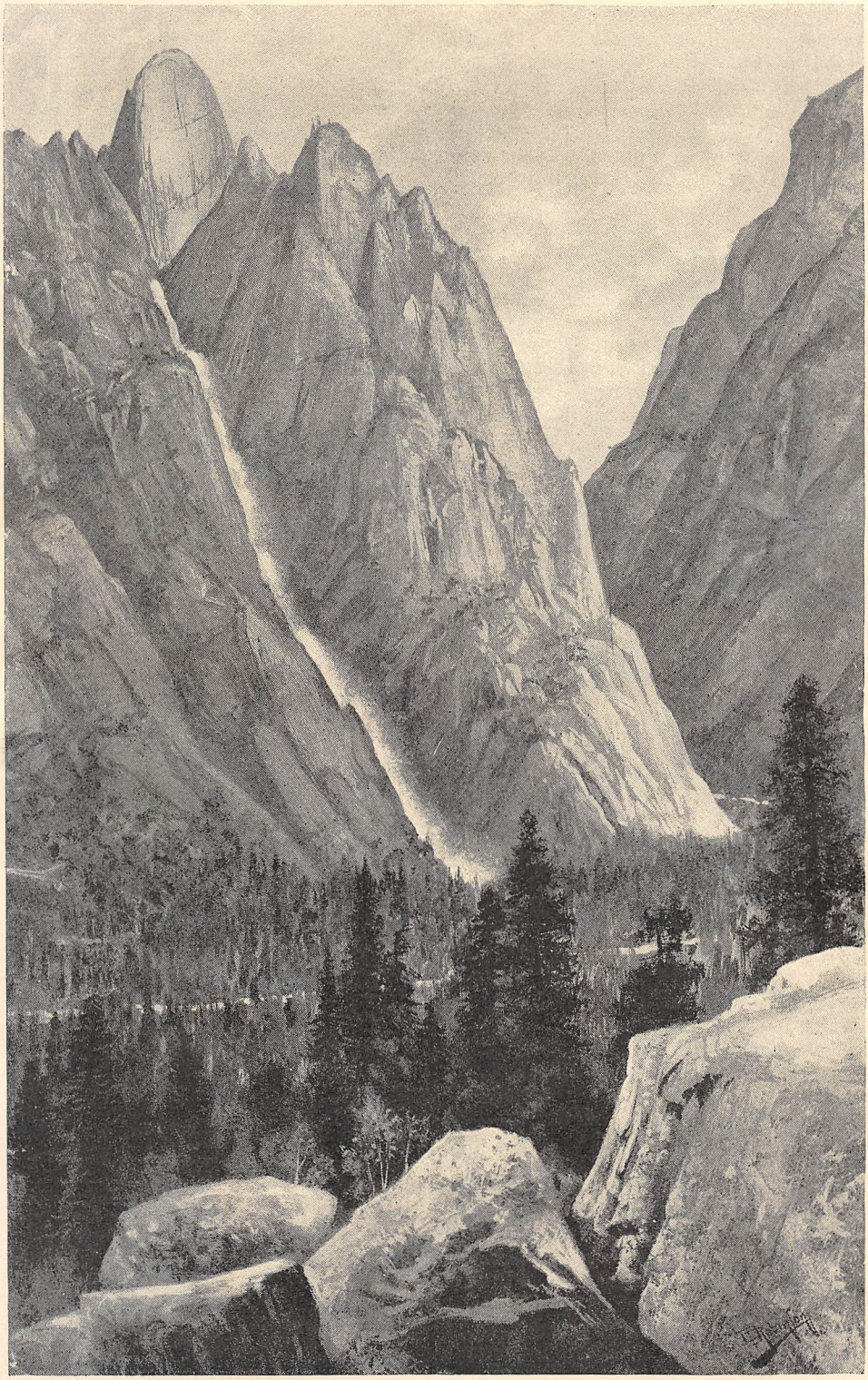
THE TEHIPITEE VALLEY.

THE King's River Cañon is also a good starting point for an excursion into the beautiful and interesting Tehipitee Valley, which is the yosemite of the Middle Fork of King's River. By ascending the valley of Copper Creek, and crossing the divide, you will find a Middle Fork tributary that conducts by an easy grade down into the head of the grand Middle Fork Cañon, through which you may pass in time of low water, crossing the river from time to time, where sheer headlands are brushed by the current, leaving no space for a passage. After a long rough scramble you will be delighted when you emerge from the narrow bounds of the great cañon into the spacious and enchantingly beautiful Tehipitee. It is about three miles long, half a mile wide, and the walls are from 2500 to nearly 4000 feet in height. The floor of the valley is remarkably level, and the river flows with a gentle and stately current. Nearly half of the floor is meadow-land, the rest sandy flat planted with the same kind of trees and flowers as the same kind of soil bears in the great cañon, forming groves and gardens, the whole inclosed by majestic granite walls which in height, and beauty, and variety of architecture are not surpassed in any yosemite of the range. Several small cascades coming from a great height sing and shine among the intricate architecture of the south wall, one of which when seen in front seems to be a nearly continuous fall about two thousand feet high. [See p. 96.] But the grand fall of the valley is on the north side, made by a stream about the size of Yosemite Creek. This is the Tehipitee Fall, about 1800 feet high. The upper portion is broken up into short falls and magnificent cascade dashes, but the last plunge is made over a sheer precipice about four hundred feet in height into a beautiful pool.

To the eastward of the Tehipitee Fall stands Tehipitee Dome, 2500 feet high, a gigantic round-topped tower, slender as compared with its height, and sublimely simple and massive in structure. It is not set upon, but against, the general masonry of the wall, standing well forward, and rising free from the open sunny floor of the valley, attached to the general mass of the wall rocks only at the back. This is one of the most striking and wonderful rocks in the Sierra. [See p. 94.]

I first saw this valley in 1875 when I was exploring the sequoia belt, and again two years later when I succeeded in tracing the Middle Fork cañon all the way down from its head. I pushed up the cañon of the South Fork in November when the streams were low, through the great cañon, and crossed the divide by way of Copper Creek. The weather was threatening, and at midnight while I lay under a tree on the summit I was awakened by the terribly significant touch of snow on my face. I arose immediately, and while the storm-wind made wild music I pushed on over the divide in the dark, feeling the way with my feet. At daybreak I found myself on the brink of the main Middle Fork Cañon, and in an hour or two gained the bottom of it, and pushed down along the river-bank below the edge of the storm-cloud. After crossing and recrossing the river again and again, and breaking a way through chaparral and boulders, with here and there an open spot gloriously painted with the colors of autumn, I at length reached Tehipitee. I was safe; for all the ground was now familiar. The storm was behind me. The sun was shining clear, shedding floods of gold over the tinted meadows, and fern-flats, and groves. The valley was purely wild. Not a trace, however faint, could I see of man or any of his animals, but of nature's animals many. I had been out of provisions for two days, and at least one more hunger-day was before me, but still I lingered sketching and gazing enchanted. As I sauntered up to the foot of Tehipitee Fall a fat buck with wide branching antlers bounded past me from the edge of the pool within a stone's-throw, and in the middle of the valley he was joined by three others, making fine romantic pictures as they crossed the sunny meadow.

A mile below the fall I met a grizzly bear eating acorns under one of the large Kellogg oaks. He either heard my crunching steps on the gravel or caught scent of me, for a few minutes after I saw him he stopped eating and came slowly lumbering toward me, stopping every few yards to listen. I was a little afraid, and stole slowly off to one side, and crouched back of a large libocedrus tree. He came on within a dozen yards of me, and I had a good



PART OF SOUTH WALL OF TEHIPITEE VALLEY.

quiet look into his eyes—the first grizzly I had ever seen at home. Turning his head he chanced to catch sight of me; after a long studious stare, he good-naturedly turned away and wallowed off into the chaparral. So perfectly wild and romantic was Tehipitee in those days. Whether it remains unchanged I cannot tell, for I have not seen it since.

THE NEED OF ANOTHER GREAT NATIONAL PARK.

I FANCY the time is not distant when this wonderful region will be opened to the world—when a road will be built up the South Fork of King's River through the sequoia groves, into the great cañon, and thence across the divide and down the Middle Fork Cañon to Tehipitee; thence through the valley and down the cañon to the confluence of the Middle and South Forks, and up to the sequoia groves to the point of beginning. Some of the sequoia groves were last year included in the national reservations of Sequoia and General Grant Parks. But all of this wonderful King's River region, together with the Kaweah and Tule sequoias, should be comprehended in one grand national park. This region contains no mines of consequence, it is too high and too rocky for agriculture, and even the lumber industry need suffer no unreasonable restriction. Let our law-givers then make haste before it is too late to set apart this surpassingly glorious region for the recreation and well-being of humanity, and all the world will rise up and call them blessed.

John Muir.

[The illustrations of this article were drawn by Charles D. Robinson from nature or from sketches from nature made by himself or, in three instances, by Mr. Muir.—EDITOR.]

A THEFT CONDONED.

ONE of the seven houses in Pawnee faced toward the south. It was the house where Mrs. Dyer lived. The other houses faced the west. The railroad track was across the street from these houses, with a broad plank walk and a little unpainted box of a station.

The houses in Pawnee were all one-story wooden buildings, with the gable-ends toward the street. Mrs. Dyer's house was painted a dull red; the other houses were not painted.

It had been a warm day and the sun had shone glaringly on the unbroken prairie around Pawnee.

The town was on a slight rise of ground. You could see more than twenty miles in three directions. A narrow strip of woods broke the view on the north, half a mile away.

Mrs. Dyer stood in her front door and looked off over the prairie. The railroad track wound away toward the south and disappeared where the earth and sky seemed to meet. The sun was going down and the short thin prairie-grass looked white and gold. The railroad track shone like silver. There were no clouds. In places the blue of the sky was so light that it was almost white. The air was cool and clear after the warm day.

"The sun's going down without any fuss to-night," Mrs. Dyer said, sitting down on the doorstep. "Just droppin' off the edge, like the string that held it had been cut."

She folded her arms in her lap and turned her face away from the bright light. She was a small, old woman with thin features. She wore her hair, which was still very black, combed smoothly behind her ears. Her eyes were black, with a keen look of resistance in them. This look was emphasized in the lines around her mouth.

Mrs. Dyer lived alone. Her son kept a little store and the post-office in the front room of one of the other houses. Two years before when her husband had died Mrs. Dyer had come west to be near her son. Her son had invited her to live with them, but she had refused.

"You ain't got room for your own. I did n't come out here to be beholden to anybody. I 'll have my own place, and you 'll see enough of me, dodgin' in and out, as it is."

She had spent the greater part of the time watching the carpenters at work on her house, during her forced stay at her son's, urging them to work faster, and at last in her impatience moved in before they had finished shingling the roof. She had decided to postpone the plastering until some time when she should go away on a visit.

The sun had gone down. The air was a soft gray and very still.

"Well, I must n't sit here gettin' the cramps," she said, getting up from the step. "I do say I ain't seen them mover wagons before. I wonder now if they 've stopped since I been sitting here. They camped near enough! I suppose they 'll buy something up to the store. The movers bring in John quite a little, off and on. There comes John up this way. I wonder

now what he 's comin' up here for. What you want, John? They ain't anything the matter, is they?" she called.

John came slowly toward her. He was a large man, but his clothes, which hung loosely, gave him the appearance of being thin. He wore a soft felt hat pulled well over his forehead. His eyes were like his mother's in color, but there was none of the determination in them.

"Have you seen the movers campin' over yonder?" he asked, pointing across the prairie.

"Yes, I just was lookin' at them when I see you comin' up."

"Well, they was just two of them up to the store, and they was evil-lookin', I can tell you. Marthy was in the store and see them, and she would have it you must come over and stay to our house to-night."

"Why, I ain't afraid of movers, as I know of."

"She don't want to think of you stayin' here by yourself, and I 'll own I don't neither."

"Well, I ain't goin' to leave my bed 'cause some movers happen to be campin' near. There 's always movers comin' and goin'. I guess if they stole me they 'd drop me when it come light enough to see what they 'd got."

"Well, I think you 'd better come. Marthy won't feel easy unless you do."

"I ain't goin' to be so silly, to please Marthy or no one. I ain't got anything they want, without it 's that money I 've saved to have my carpet-rags wove up, and they 'd never think of lookin' in a can for it. It 's one of them cove-oyster cans. I've made a pin-cushion that fits down into the can, and sewed a silk cover around the outside. You 'd never know it was a can to look at it. I see one made something like it when I lived east."

"You ain't got much money in it, have you?"

"It 's all in nickels. I 've been savin' of it up for near two years. Oh, I guess they must be four or five dollars. I ain't counted it just lately."

"Well, I think you 're foolish to stay here by yourself, when you can just as well come over. I think you 'd better change your mind and come along."

He turned and went back along the grassy road toward his own home. He walked with his head bent down and with a shambling gait. He was dreading his wife's reproaches that he had not been able to induce his mother to come back with him. He did not believe there was any real danger in letting his mother stay alone.

"I guess I ain't goin' to set up for a coward, at my time of life," said Mrs. Dyer. "I wonder now if Marthy really thought I 'd come!"

An express train was coming from the south. The light from the engine could be seen for some time before there was any noise from the train. Night had come quickly. It was already quite dark.

Mrs. Dyer took off her gingham apron and put it over her head, and stood watching the light from the engine as it drew nearer, and finally when the train had dashed by the little station she turned and went into the house. There were but two rooms in the house—the living-room and a small bedroom opening out of it. Mrs. Dyer went over to the window and looked out.

"It does beat me how soon night comes out here," she said; "back in York State we had a little between-time. There 's the moon shinin' away as if the sun had n't only just left. You can see the movers plain as if 't was day. They 're much as half a mile away, too. They 've got a big fire. 'T ain't likely there 's any more harm in them than there 's in me. I 'm goin' to get out that money and count it. They must be most enough to have the carpet wove by this time. Six dollars, they say it 'll cost me. They never charge no such price as that back east."

The can in which she kept the money was on a shelf behind the stove. She went over and took it down, and then sat down in an old rocking-chair, not far from the window. The moonlight shone in brightly. She took the cushion out of the top of the can and emptied the money into her lap. There was quite a pile of it.

"One would think there was considerable more 'n there is to look at it," she said, fingering the money. "If you could call these pieces dollars 'stid of nickels, 't would be. Might as well say five-dollar pieces while I 'm about it, I suppose."

She began counting the money, dropping each piece into the can as she did so. She enjoyed the sound of the money's rattling. Two or three times she forgot her count, and emptied it back into her lap and began again. Suddenly she started, gathering the money up in her dress. She went over and looked out of the window. The prairie was flooded with moonlight. The light from the fire in the movers' camp lit up the white canvas-covered wagons. Everything was perfectly still. She went over and locked the door.

"It must have been a cloud passing over the moon. They ain't any chance of a person's gettin' out of sight so quick, unless he just went round the house."

She stood listening for some time. "It 's all my imagination. I 'm going to put the money right back and go to bed. They ain't no such great rush about its being counted, anyhow."

She sat down and put the money carefully

back into the can. She did not let it fall in this time, but put each piece in carefully, counting it as she did so.

"There, they 's five dollars and fifty-five cents, — 'most enough," holding the can between her hands and looking toward the shelf and then toward the window.

"Now I 'm goin' to bed. I ain't goin' to be so silly as to think any one 's goin' to get it. They 'd never think of lookin' in this can anyhow. They 'd never know it was a can."

She put it back on the shelf, then turned and looked quickly toward the window, trembling.

"Well, I did n't think I was so silly, but seems like I see somebody goin' by that window again. I had n't any business countin' the money and thinkin' about it. That 's what 's upset me. If I 'd lit the lamp and put down the window-curtain and gone to bed in a natural way, I 'd been all right."

She lit the lamp and drew down the curtain. It was a dark-green paper shade. Then she went into the little bedroom, undressed quickly, blew out the light, and got into bed, leaving the door into the other room open. She did not go to sleep, but lay there listening, the fear growing every minute stronger and more beyond her control.

Once she sat up and looked out into the other room. Then she got up and pulled aside the curtain in her little bedroom and looked out. The moon had gone under a heavy cloud and the night was growing dark. She could see the other houses of the town from this window. There was a light burning in the back room of her son's house. It gave her a wonderful sense of security. She went back to bed and was soon asleep. Some time near one o'clock she woke suddenly and sat up in bed. The wind was blowing around the house and it was raining.

"There, that rain-trough ain't put up, so 's I 'll catch any water in that barrel! The tubs ought to be put out, too. I ain't had any soft water to wash with I don't know when."

All the fear that she had had in the evening was gone. She began to think of putting on her clothes and going out to place the tubs. As she sat there in bed, the window in the other room was opened softly. A spool of thread that stood on the upper casing fell to the floor. She heard the green paper shade give way — then she knew that some one was in the room.

"Well, I wonder if I 'm goin' to set here stiff and let them take that money," she thought. "Just as like as not they 'd kill me if I 'd interfere. They no doubt have their weapons ready."

Everything was perfectly still for some time. Then she heard the movement of some one crossing the room.

"Sounds as if they was makin' straight for that shelf! They are! I can feel their hand movin' right along the shelf toward it!"

She sprang out of bed and shut the door between the two rooms with such force that the house trembled. At that minute the can containing the money fell with a crash to the floor. The coins flew in all directions. Mrs. Dyer partly opened the door and looked out. In the dim light she could see the form of a man. He had one hand on the window-sill ready to spring through the open window.

"If you 've got any of that money, you drop it!" Mrs. Dyer screamed, forgetting all fear and coming out into the room. "Don't you leave this house till you drop every cent you stole!"

The man disappeared through the window. Mrs. Dyer went and looked out. She could see him for a short distance running across the prairie. He was going in the direction of the wagons. She put down the window and lit the lamp and dressed. Then she found a nail and fastened the window securely. After this was done she got down on her hands and knees and began creeping around the floor, picking up the scattered money. It was a long and difficult task. The money had rolled and hidden itself in every conceivable nook and crack in the room.

At last she gave up the search. She had found all but six of the pieces, and these she decided the man must have taken. Her loss could not have troubled her more if it had been her entire hoard.

"To think of my standin' in there and lettin' him pick it up after I 'd scared him into knockin' it off the shelf! As soon as it begins to get light I believe I 'll go down to the wagon and make him give it up. Like 's any way he 'll hitch right up and get off without waitin' for it to be light."

She decided that it would not do to risk the safety of the money in the can again, and after counting it the second time, she tied it into an old stocking-leg and buried it in the depths of the paper-rag bag that hung behind her bedroom door.

"There ain't any use goin' to bed again now; it 'll soon be mornin'. I believe I 'll look over those beans I 'm goin' to cook, and then get the carpet-rags down out of the loft and look them over and see if they 're in a condition to send away. I half believe I 'll take them over to the woman to-morrow or next day and not wait to save up the rest of the money the way I begun. Or perhaps she 'll wait for the balance."

The morning was clear, and the sun, which came early at that time of the year, lit up the wet prairie-grass and made it dance and sparkle like jewels.

Mrs. Dyer waited impatiently for the first light to see if the movers had broken camp. When it came she saw that they were still there, though evidently making preparations to go.

It was broad daylight when Mrs. Dyer put on her sunbonnet and started across the prairie toward the wagons. Her courage had nearly forsaken her, and at one time she had given up the idea of going at all, but when she saw that they were getting ready to go the sense of her loss was too strong to let her remain.

It was a longer walk to the wagons than she had thought. The prairie-grass was still very wet and draggled her dress. She was tired after the long night, and before she had reached the wagons she wished she had not come.

She found the men hitching the horses. There were two of them. The one woman of the camp was sitting up in one of the wagons, ready to go. She was very thin and looked sick. Her blue calico sunbonnet hung loosely about her face. She looked so weak and child-like that it went to Mrs. Dyer's heart.

"Good mornin'!" she said, looking first at the men and then at the woman.

No one made any reply. The woman looked at her absently with pale blue eyes.

"You 're sick, ain't you?" Mrs. Dyer said, going up to the side of the wagon.

"Yes, I be," she said, in a whining tone, hardly looking at her visitor.

"What 's the matter with you? I should not think you 'd be travelin' over the country this way when you can't hardly sit up."

"That 's what we 're trav'lin' for. Jeff 's taking me out to Arkansas Springs. They say it 'll cure me. I don't believe it will. We 've got out of money and I don't get enough to eat. I feel like I 'd die before I get there. I wish I would, I get so tired ridin' all day."

The other wagon with one of the men had started. The woman's husband went around to the other side of the wagon and sprang in, sitting down beside his wife.

"Stop your gabblin' to everybody that comes alongside of the wagon," he said roughly, and taking up the lines he started off across the prairie after the other wagon.

Mrs. Dyer stood watching them for a minute, and then walked slowly back toward the house.

"To think of that sick woman ridin' clear out to Arkansas Springs to get well, and they out of money and her goin' hungry? I declare I feel as if I ought to made them wait and give her every cent of that carpet-money. I 'll never look at that rag carpet but I 'll see just how sick and hungry she looked. I half believe I wish he 'd stole it all."

Gertrude Smith.

A SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

AH! little one, it is a merry world:
Say so and be not thus forlorn!
'T is all in say-so.
Dare the sharp thistle and the prickly thorn,
And make thy lay so:
If 't is a merry world, then I
Will pluck the thorn, and whistle though I cry.

Thou, youth, since life is all in love, thou too
Say so, and be not thus cast down;
'T is all in say-so.
And if on thee a maid doth nought but frown,
Yet make thy lay so:
Since life is still in loving, I,
When my love frowns, will whistle though I sigh.

Nay, man, a kindly and a merry world!
Say so, when thou art near thine end;
'T is all in say-so.
Murmur good-by to life, as thy best friend,
And make thy lay so:
Best life, if I must leave thee, I
Will speak thee fair and whistle though I die.

James Herbert Morse.

THE FOOD-SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE.

IS the evil time coming when population will exceed the capacity of the earth for production and the ever-fiercer struggle for existence will leave the weakest to starvation? Such is the direful import of the doctrine of Malthus, a doctrine which has weighed heavily upon the minds of philosophers and philanthropists, and which has greatly influenced thought if not legislation. But science to-day seems to offer a different answer to this question. Chemistry and physiology, in defining the laws of plant-growth, show that the old ideas which limit vegetable production by land-area and soil-fertility are incorrect, and imply that the capacity of the earth for yielding food for man is almost unlimited. In this view of the possibilities of plant-production, which the whole tenor of scientific research and practical experience makes more and more certain, the prospect for the future of the race is not one of Malthusian dreadfulness, but full of inspiring hope.

But before entering upon the main discussion I may refer to some of the ways in which we can better economize our present food-supply, and how it can be increased by fish-culture, by better tillage of the soil, and by irrigation.

In an effort towards obtaining information regarding the amounts and composition of the food of the people of the United States I have collated the figures for some fifty daily dietaries of several hundred persons in boarding-houses and private families—factory operatives, mechanics, and well-to-do persons in professional life—from the New England and other Eastern States. While these are insufficient for accurate generalizations, they accord with the impressions current among physicians, economists, and other students of the subject, and I am persuaded that when the needed data are gathered for judging as to the amounts of food consumed by people in the Southern and Western as well as in the Eastern States they will not differ greatly in the general outcome from those already collated. The available statistics of food-consumption in England, France, Italy, and especially Germany, are far more extensive. From these I have selected a number which seem to be fairly representative for comparison with the American dietaries referred to, and with dietary standards proposed by the leading authorities on these subjects.[1] Comparing the American dietaries with the European dietaries and the dietary standards thus brought together, the differences are very striking. The quantities on the American side are very much the larger. This is shown in the figures for the fuel-values, which are taken as the measure of the power of the food eaten to yield heat to keep the body warm and strength to do its work, and are expressed in calories (heat units). The number of the calories in the European dietaries ranges from 3000 to 4200; in exceptional cases of men doing unusually severe muscular work it reaches 4600, and in a single and very exceptional case 5600. In the American dietaries the range is from 3500 to 7800, and in one case of laborers at hard muscular work reaches 8800. Standards by European physiologists for a laboring man at moderate work call for 3050 to 3150, and an American standard for 3500 calories. While men in professional life in Germany, with abundant means, are well nourished with food supplying from 2500 to 2800 calories per day, that of men in similar callings in New England in the cases examined ranges from 3400 to 4500 and more.

We are better fed than the people of Europe, and do more work, and it is doubtless fortunate for us that this is so, but we certainly use much more food than we need. Part of the excess is simply thrown away; the rest is eaten to the detriment of our health. The facts at hand imply that our chief wastefulness is with meats and sweetmeats. This is perfectly natural. People in the United States are generally able to have the kind of food they like and all they wish of it. Sugar is abundant and cheap, and we consume immense quantities, as the statistics of production and importation and our grocers' bills very clearly show. But the worst wastefulness is in the production and use of meats.

WASTE IN THE PRODUCTION AND USE OF ANIMAL FOODS, AND ITS PREVENTION.

FACTS which were briefly cited in previous articles, and which I hope may be given in detail in a later one, indicate that people in this

[1] A brief abstract of some of the more important results may be found in Vol. I. of the "National Medical Dictionary," edited by Dr. Billings and published by Lea Brothers & Co. For other facts see articles on "The Chemistry and Economy of Foods," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, June, July, and September, 1887, and January, May, and June, 1888. More detailed data are to be given in the Report of the Storrs School (Connecticut) Agricultural Experiment Station for 1891.

country buy excessive quantities of meat, and especially of fat meat, that part of the excess is simply thrown away or used for other purposes than food, and that part is eaten to the detriment of health. A moderate amount of meat is, I believe, very desirable. The trouble is in our lack of moderation. We like the taste of meat, we can afford all we want, or at least think we can, we have the idea that we need it or that it is good for us, and we do not realize how much more we use than we actually need. Not only is the excess injurious to health, but the waste it involves is greater than is implied in the actual cost.

The chief use of meats in the nutrition of man is to supplement bread, potatoes, and other vegetable foods; in other words, to supply what they lack for our best nourishment. Our foods, animal and vegetable, furnish us material to build up the framework of our bodies and to repair their wastes on the one hand, and on the other to yield heat to keep us warm and to give us muscular strength for work. Blood and muscle, bone and tendon, are made from the so-called protein compounds, such as the myosin, which is the basis of lean meat, casein (curd) of milk, and gluten of wheat. For fuel to yield heat and muscular strength we use carbohydrates, such as starch and sugar, and fats like the oil of corn and wheat, the fat (butter) of milk, and the fat of meats. Vegetable foods, such as wheat, corn, and potatoes, have relatively little protein, and their nutritive material consists mostly of carbohydrates. Beef, mutton, fish, milk, and other animal foods furnish protein in large amounts, and in easily digestible forms. For our best nourishment we want sufficient protein to build up our bodies and to supply their wastes, as well as carbohydrates and fats to serve as fuel. We use meats and other animal foods to supply the protein, in which vegetable foods are relatively deficient.

Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats, and carbohydrates of grass and grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork, and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs, and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a pound of beef or pork. In other words, let the farmer make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the best way he can, and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable. This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well-to-do while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat but little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the nutriment they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford.

But meat-making in the United States to-day is far more wasteful than it need be, on account of the excessive fatness of our meats. This comes about very naturally. We have a great excess of soil-product in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi and on the ranches of the West. At present the pork-maker and the ranchman convert a large portion of this into very fat meat. The pork-producers of the great corn-growing States select the breeds of swine which, as they say, "will take the most corn to market," and have thus got into the way of growing animals that are little else than masses of fat. The beef-growers of the western ranches, and those in the East as well, produce excessively fat meat. Part of the fat is trimmed out of the meat by the butcher, part is left on our plates at the table to go to the soap-man or garbage-barrel, and part is eaten. Unfortunately very many of us eat much more fat, both in meat and butter, than is needed for nourishment, and thus do injury to our health.

The agricultural production of the United States to-day is one-sided. Our animal and vegetable food-products, taken together, contain relatively too little of the flesh-forming ingredients,—that is, those which make muscle and tendon,—and too much of those which serve as fuel. Or, speaking in chemical language, they have relatively too little protein and too much carbohydrate and fat. The reason for this is simple. From careless culture and insufficient manuring, or other reasons, our vegetable products, and especially the grasses and grains, have come to contain small proportions of protein, smaller by from 25 to 40 per cent. or more than the same products grown in Europe. Furthermore, our great staple grain, corn (maize), is poor in protein at best. This helps to explain the relative fatness of our meats. Animals fed on products poor in protein and rich in carbohydrates tend to excessive fatness.

Our national dietary has likewise come to be one-sided. Our food has relatively too little protein and too much fat, starch, and sugar. This is due partly to our large consumption of sugar, and partly to our use of such large quantities of fat meats. In the statistics above referred to the quantities of fat in the European dietaries range from 1 to 5 ounces per day, while in the American the range is from 4 to 16 ounces. In the daily food of the well-to-do professional men in Germany, who were amply nourished, the quantity of fat was from

3 to 4½ ounces per day, while in the dietaries of Americans in similar conditions of life it ranged from 5 to 7½ ounces. The quantities of carbohydrates in the European dietaries are from 9 to 24 ounces, while in the corresponding American dietaries the carbohydrates were from 24 to 60 ounces.

People in this country eat what is set before them, asking no questions for economy's sake provided it suits their taste. We are a generation of sugar and fat eaters. The one-sidedness of our dietary is a result of the one-sidedness of our agricultural production.

To resume. A large amount of soil-product is required to make a small amount of meat. We eat much more meat than is needed to supplement our vegetable food. Our meat is much fatter than would be necessary anyhow. The sugary and starchy foods of which we consume an excess make the fat still less necessary. It is clear then that by the present method of meat production and use a very considerable amount of the grass and corn of our farms and grazing regions is wasted, and worse than wasted.

A reform must come, but it will come no faster than our farmers learn to produce crops richer in nitrogen, and to make more meat and leaner meat from less vegetable material, and consumers learn to buy and use meats and other foods of the kinds and in the proportions best suited to their actual needs. The agricultural reform will lead to the production of more food from less land. The dietary reform will result in the eating of less food per person and food better adapted to the demands of health, work, and purse.

THE SEA AS A SOURCE OF FOOD FOR MAN. FISH-CULTURE.

AFTER we have used our food, the refuse, which contains material that should serve to nourish plants to be used as food again, is to a greater or less extent wasted. In various ways an immense amount of plant-food ultimately finds it way through soils, sewers, and streams into the sea. What makes the matter worse is that the costliest and most precious of all of the elements of plant-food, nitrogen, is the one which is most carried from the land into this great receptacle. The plant-food thus conveyed to the ocean is commonly looked upon as lost for future use. But we recover it to some extent, and may recover far more. Late research has shown that part of the nitrogen is transformed within the waters of the ocean to ammonia, which is continually evaporated from the ocean's surface and carried by winds to the land again, there to be brought to the soil by rain and to serve as food for growing plants. The nitrogen is thus passing through a ceaseless round, from air to soil, from soil to plants, from plants to animals and men who use them as food, and then to the sea, from which more or less returns to the air again. But this is not all the saving of nitrogen from the sea. There is vegetation in the sea as well as on the land. That on the land yields us bread and meat. That in the sea yields fish. Here is the source for an almost inexhaustible supply of nourishment for man. Such reliable authorities as the late Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, and Professor Huxley, serving in a similar capacity in England, have made calculations of the quantities of fish in the rivers, the lakes, and the sea, and of the possibility of increasing this supply by fish-culture. The conclusion as to the amounts of fish which may be made available for food for man seems almost incredible until we look into the facts and find how well they are founded. But this is only part of the story. Fish is especially rich in protein. This fact is brought out very forcibly in a series of chemical studies of the more important species of fish and shellfish used for food, made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission.[1] In other words, by the culture and use of fish we effect a threefold saving. We obtain the protein which is needed to supplement vegetable products of the soil as food for man. We thus reduce the demand for meat, for the production of which the product of so much land is necessary. And, finally, we bring back from the sea in the protein of fish the precious nitrogen which is needed to restore fertility to our exhausted soils.

Incidentally we have here an argument for fish-culture the force of which is not usually understood. Fish-culture not only supplies most valuable nourishment for man, but does so by utilizing material that would otherwise go to waste. It makes the sea supplement the land by producing the very food-ingredient that is most lacking in the produce of the soil. It helps materially toward both the increasing and the balancing of products for human consumption which are so essential for the welfare of the race.

In short, if we make leaner pork and leaner beef, and thus use less soil-product to make fat, of which we now have an excess, and if we get more protein from the sea in fish, and raise correspondingly fewer animals to produce protein, we shall save large areas of soil for the cultivation of wheat and other vegetables for

[1] A detailed account of this investigation, which was conducted by the writer at Wesleyan University, is to appear in a forthcoming report of the United States Fish Commission.

food. In this way the soil can be made to supply far more nourishment for man than is otherwise possible.

INCREASE OF FOOD-SUPPLY BY TILLAGE AND IRRIGATION.

FEW who have not studied the subject realize the possibilities of crop-growing by irrigation. The lands of Egypt, which would otherwise be a desert, have been kept in fertility for centuries by the overflowing of the Nile; the irrigated plains of Lombardy can yield nine crops of grass in a single year; the sewage-farms of England, over which is spread the sewage of cities that usually flows direct into the streams, yield almost fabulous produce. In the geographies that were used in our schools a generation or two ago a large portion of the territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific was designated as the Great American Desert. The largest yields of corn in the United States, now and for years past, have come from the midst of this region and without increase of water-supply, except that which comes with tillage; by irrigation portions of it are made to rival the plains of Lombardy and Egypt. Already our Government is preparing the way for a vast system of irrigation. It is proposed to build dams and to make reservoirs in the mountains of the West to hold the waters of winter until the time arrives for them to bring their store of food for the nourishment of plants and to enable them to withstand the summer's drought. In the belief of those who have studied the matter most thoroughly such an enterprise put into effect will make the region which covers two fifths of the whole United States include the garden of the continent, and capable of sustaining a population as dense as that of Italy or Spain.

There are those who prophesy that the agriculture of the future will be carried on largely by irrigation, and the more one looks into the matter the more plausible the idea appears. But tillage and manuring work wonders in farming. The produce which the Prussian farmer gets from his sandy plains excels that of our virgin prairies. Countless illustrations of this could be cited. Prince Kropotkin describes a case in point.[1]

> Is it possible that the soil of the United Kingdom, which at present yields food for one half only of its inhabitants, could provide all the necessary amount and variety of food for 35,000,000 human beings when it covers only 78,000,000 acres, all told—forests and rocks, marshes and peat-bogs, cities, railways, and fields? The current opinion is that it by no means can; and that opinion is so inveterate that we even see a scientist like Mr. Huxley, who is always so cautious when dealing with current opinions in science, indorse that opinion without even taking the trouble of verifying it. It is accepted as an axiom. And yet, as soon as we try to find out any argument in its favor, we discover that it has not the slightest foundation, either in facts or in judgment upon well-known facts.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> If we want, however, to know what agriculture can be, and what can be grown on a given amount of soil, we must apply for information to the market-gardening culture in this country, in the neighborhoods of Paris, Amiens, and other large cities [in France], and in Holland. There we shall learn that each hundred acres, under proper culture, yield food, not for forty human beings, as they do on our best farms, but for 200 and 300 persons; not for 60 milch cows, as they do yield in the island of Jersey, but for 200 cows, and more if necessary. . . . They [the gardeners there] have created a totally new agriculture. They smile when we boast about the rotation system having permitted us to take from the field one crop every year, or four crops every three years, because their ambition is to have six, nine, and twelve crops from the very same plot of land during the twelve months. They do not understand our talk about good and bad soils, because they make the soil themselves, and make it in such quantities as to be compelled yearly to sell some of it; otherwise it would raise up the level of their gardens by half an inch every year. They aim at cropping, not five or six tons of grass on the acre, as we do, but from fifty to one hundred tons of various vegetables on the same space; not £5 worth of hay, but £100 worth of vegetables, of the plainest description, cabbage and carrots. That is where agriculture is going now.

Of this *culture maraîchère*, the distinctive feature of which is replanting, Prince Kropotkin says:

> In such a culture the primitive condition of the soil is of little account, because loam is made out of the old forcing-beds. . . . No less than 2125 acres are cultivated near Paris in that way by 5000 persons, and thus not only the 2,000,000 Parisians are supplied with vegetables, but the surplus is also sent to London.
>
> The above results are obtained with the help of warm frames, thousands of glass bells, and so on. But even without such costly things, with only thirty-six yards of frames for seedlings, vegetables are grown in the open air to the value of £200 per acre, and even, with some most successful gardeners, £200 on the half-acre. . . . In fact we are totally unable to realize what the soil can give, unless we have seen its liberality with our own eyes. Let me add also that all this wonderful culture is a yesterday's growth. Thirty years ago the *culture maraîchère* was quite primitive. But now the Paris gardener not only defies the soil,—he would grow the same crops on an asphalt pavement,—he defies climate. His walls, built to reflect light and to protect the wall-trees from the northern winds, his wall-tree shades and glass protectors, his frames and *pépinières* have

[1] In an article on "The Coming Reign of Plenty," in "The Nineteenth Century" for June, 1888.

made a real garden, a rich southern garden, out of the suburbs of Paris. He has given to Paris the "two degrees less of latitude" after which a French scientist was longing; he supplies his city with mountains of grapes and fruit at any season; and in the early spring he inundates and perfumes it with flowers. But he does not only grow articles of luxury. The culture of plain vegetables on a larger scale is spreading every year; and the results are so good that there are now practical *maraîchers* who venture to maintain that if all the food, animal and vegetable, necessary for the 3,500,000 inhabitants of the departments of Seine and Seine-et-Oise had to be grown on their own territory (3250 square miles), it could be grown without resorting to any other methods of culture than those already in use, methods already tested on a larger scale and proved to be successful.

The essential features of this system are the selecting of vigorous plants, providing them with proper warmth and moisture, especially in their earlier growth, transplanting them so as to give them the best opportunity for development, and supplying them with abundant food. All this is simply the practical application of the principles which modern science is coming to explain. It is improvement of varieties of plants and the economizing of plant-food and energy.

The selection of the better and the rejection of the poorer individual plants are means for breeding better varieties. Of the variations of animals and plants under domestication Darwin and others have given us notable examples, and the utilizing of the underlying laws constitutes one of the great features of the advance of modern agriculture. Manures, sewage, and other waste products contain the chemical elements of the food of plants that are so precious, because essential for their growth. By the use of glass the direct heat of the sun otherwise reflected from the earth and lost is saved to soil and plant. In the fermenting of waste matters bacteria bring about the union of their carbon and hydrogen with the oxygen of the air, and in this combustion the heat which came from the sun to the plants of whose material the waste matters are composed is made available again. And in the warming by steam-pipes the heat of the sun which was stored in coal in past geologic time is turned to use once more. The power used to carry the water for moistening the soil, whether that of machinery fed by coal, or of animals and men fed by the product of the soil, is part of the energy which the sun supplies.

Thus provided with the proper conditions of growth the plants avail themselves of the stores of material in the air. The product is many times greater than is realized in ordinary farming.

Prince Kropotkin adds "that in the hands of men there are no unfertile soils; that the most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the Russian steppes; that they are in the peat-bogs of Ireland, on the sand-downs of the northern seacoast, on the craggy mountains of the Rhine, where they have been made by man's hands." The experience of tillers of the soil past and present, explained by modern science, upholds his statement. More than this, there is valid ground to expect that the food-production of the future may far exceed anything that these statements can even suggest.

Toward the realization of all these things that agency which is the fruit of rationally interpreted experience, and to which we give the name of science, is an indispensable and most efficient aid.

About the middle of the last century, a lighthouse, known as the Dunston Pillar, was built on Lincoln Heath, in Lincolnshire, England. It was erected to guide travelers over a trackless, barren waste, a very desert, almost in the heart of England; and long it served its useful purpose. The pillar, no longer a lighthouse, now stands in the midst of a rich and fertile farming region, where all the land is in high cultivation. For many years no barren heath has been visible, even from its top. Superphosphate of lime, a chemical invention first applied to land by the British chemist Murray, and brought to the notice of reading farmers by Baron Liebig, has been the chief means through which this great change was effected. Superphosphate over great stretches of English soil makes, or once made, the turnip crop. Turnips there support sheep, and with sheep the English farmer has been able to get rich on the poorest light lands.

Had not chemists busied themselves to find out what makes plants grow, and had practical farmers not been ready to use their discoveries, Lincoln Heath would perhaps still remain a waste. What is true of this bit of English soil is true in greater or less degree of wide areas of our own and other lands. Whether poor by nature or exhausted by cropping without return of the plant-food taken away, soils can be made fruitful by proper treatment. How to do this, science helps us to find out. The veteran agricultural chemist Professor Johnson of Yale University, Director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, who cites the above instance, tells the exact truth in saying further:

Agriculture, as well as other industries, has received large benefits from the systematic investigations of science. Chemistry, for example, has taught agriculture how to utilize the refuse of slaughter-houses and fisheries — the bones, the flesh, the blood, which but a few years ago were waste, a nuisance, and a peril to the public health. It has found vast mines of fossil phosphates in

England, Norway, Spain, France, Germany, Russia, in Austria, Canada, and many parts of the United States; and has shown how they may be quickly and profitably converted into a precious fertilizer.

Chemistry, by discovering and actually defining the food-elements of vegetable growth, and by revealing their sources and realizing the means of making them cheaply available to the farmer, has triumphantly overcome one of the previously insuperable obstacles to the development of national wealth.

Italy, Germany, France, Britain, and the United States have seen or are seeing the productiveness of thousands of their fields decline to a profitless minimum, until lands once beautiful with harvests are desolate and abandoned. But the artificial barrenness and exhaustion, like the natural barrenness of the heath or sand-down, yield to the touch of science; and in all the older countries I have named the work of reclamation is in full progress, and, barring some great calamity of politics or nature, we are confident that the producing power of their soil will never again be less than now, but will increase manyfold in the future, until they become gardens in all their breadth and to the very hilltops.

THE DOCTRINE OF MALTHUS AND THE FOOD-SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE.

THIS last statement promises wonderful things. It also brings us to the gist of the whole matter.

The doctrine of Malthus regarding the future food-supply of the world and the ultimate starvation of a portion of the race has been greatly misrepresented, but even the most favorable interpretation is a gloomy one. Briefly stated the theory is that population increases in a geometrical and food-supply in an arithmetical ratio; and hence the time must come when there will not be food enough. Perhaps the simplest and most correct reply to this theory is that the assumption that the race increases and will continue to increase in geometrical ratio is not borne out by observed facts. The theory that the food-supply increases in only arithmetical ratio, and must ultimately reach its limit, is doubtless nearer the truth. But while there is a limit to the possible production of food, it transcends all the ideas that ever occurred to Malthus or to the people of his time. It has always been assumed that the capacity of the soil to produce plants is measured by what is popularly called its fertility — that is to say, the amount of production possible under ordinary conditions of culture. The science of to-day, however, shows this measure to be incorrect, and the practice of agriculture is already beginning to add its testimony to the same effect. And remarkable as is the story told in market-gardening, in the reclaiming of the desert, and in irrigation, it is only the first chapter of a tale the already attested wonders of which almost rival those of the Arabian Nights.

The fundamental mistake out of which grew the gloomy doctrines of the older theorists was in measuring the possibilities of production by what they knew of soil-culture. Science had not revealed to them that, aside from proper temperature and moisture, the essential factor in vegetable production is plant-food; that this may be given to the plant without the aid of the soil; that what they understood by soil-fertility is a comparatively unessential factor of agricultural production; that, in short, the possibilities of the food-supply in the future are measureless. Since some of these facts are of comparatively late discovery and not very generally understood, and their bearing upon the present question is not always appreciated, they demand, perhaps, a few words of explanation here.

Modern research, in discovering the laws of nutrition and growth of plants, has shown that they can flourish on the most barren soil or even without any soil at all. Of the materials that make up the plant only a very small proportion — say two per cent. or thereabouts of the weight of grass when ready to be made into hay, and a still smaller proportion of the ripened grain of wheat or corn, for instance — has come from the soil, the rest having been supplied by the air from its stores, which are inexhaustible. If we heat a wisp of hay, a grain of wheat, or a piece of potato in an oven long enough it will be dried. The water thus driven out originally came from the air, though the plant obtained most if not all of it from the soil through its roots. If we put the dried material into the fire, the bulk of it will burn away, and only ashes will remain. The combustible portion consists mainly of four chemical elements, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. The carbon was obtained by the plant from the air, mainly through its leaves. Oxygen and hydrogen are the constituents of the water, which the air also furnished, and the nitrogen likewise came from the air, though a large part of it — until lately it has been claimed that practically all — was first accumulated in the soil and taken up by the plants. The only food which the soil supplies to plants from its original sources is the small quantity of mineral matter which we call ashes when the plant is burned. Of every hundred pounds of the flour we use for bread, or of the pasture grass from which cattle feed and our meat is made, only a little over a pound in the case of the flour, and about two pounds in the case of the grass, was furnished by the soil on which the wheat and the grass were grown. And that small quantity which the soil contributes from its own original stores is made up of a certain list of chemical elements the ma-

jority of which are contained in ordinary soils in such abundance that the cropping of ages would not begin to exhaust them.

It is hard to think of anything more barren, more destitute of fertility, than sea-sand. In connection with some studies of the chemistry of vegetable production in the laboratory of Wesleyan University we have been growing plants in just such sand, brought from the shore of Long Island Sound. To divest it of every possible trace of material which the plants might use for food except the sand itself, it was carefully washed with water and then heated. The young man who prepared the sand for use, in his zeal to burn out the last vestiges of extraneous matter, heated the iron pots in which it was calcined so hot that they almost melted. The sand was put into glass jars, water was added, and minute quantities of chemical salts, which plants take from the soil, were dissolved in it. In the sand thus watered and fertilized dwarf peas were grown. Peas of the same kind were cultivated by a skilful gardener in the rich soil of a garden close by, and grew to a height of about four feet, while those in the sand with the water and the minute quantities of chemical salts reached a height of eight feet.

This is an old story. For that matter, plants will thrive without even the sand. Experimenters have devised the method of water-culture, by which plants are grown, not in soil at all, but with their roots immersed in water in which are dissolved the ingredients of their food, which the roots ordinarily gather from the soil. The stems and branches are upheld by appropriate supports. Thus cultivated, they are in every way healthy, and attain a more than tropical luxuriance, a development rarely equaled in field-culture. This method of growing plants by water-culture, as it is called, has been developed in Germany more than anywhere else. Professor Wolff, of the Agricultural Experiment Station in Hohenheim, raised four oat plants in this way with 46 stems and 1535 well-developed seeds. Professor Nobbe, of the Experiment Station in Tharand, thus grew in jars of water a Japanese buckwheat plant nine feet high, weighing when air-dry 4786-fold as much as the seed from which it was produced, and bearing 796 ripe and 108 imperfect seeds. Wheat, maize, and other plants, and even trees, are grown in this way. Professor Nobbe now has some trees produced by water-culture from seeds of others which also had never been in soil at all, but had grown with their roots immersed in water. The requisites for such plant-growth are proper temperature, water, and certain elements of plant-food, of which very minute quantities suffice. Given these, and the air will supply the rest, and, if other conditions are right, abundant yield is sure.

The experimenters have found just what are the chemical elements that plants take up by their roots. The list includes phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, chlorin, iron, lime, magnesia, potash, and, for many plants, at any rate, some compound of nitrogen. It happens that the most of these substances exist in abundance in even the most barren soils. Iron and chlorin never, magnesia rarely, and sulphuric acid and lime seldom, fail to be supplied in abundance. The elements most frequently lacking in our ordinary soils are phosphorus, which is contained in phosphoric acid, potassium, the basis of potash, and nitrogen. These soil-elements are quickest exhausted in our ordinary farming. They, more than any others, are wanting in poor and worn-out land, and they are the most precious constituents of manure. With plenty of these, and proper water-supply, we need have no fear for the agriculture or the world's food-supply of the future.

Although it has been reserved for the science of the present to show that warmth, water, and plant-food are the prime factors of successful crop-growing, the principle has been acted upon from time immemorial. It is at the basis of the irrigation that has been practised since the most ancient times. It is as actually applied in market-gardens about Paris, where such surprising results are obtained; on the sands of Belgium and Holland, that yield food for a dense population, and on the soils of North Germany, which, though they are naturally poor, and have been in cultivation for many centuries, excel to-day the rich soils of our new West in their produce. Not the natural fertility of the soil but its rational culture is what brings the largest, the surest, the most enduring harvests.

THE FUTURE SUPPLY OF PLANT-FOOD.

In discussing "The Economy of Nitrogen" from the standpoint of the then prevalent view, a writer in the "Quarterly Journal of Science" some fourteen years ago said:

> To economize nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash, to recover these bodies from waste, and to find substitutes for their present profligate applications is the most sacred task which the chemist can take in hand. The reforms which may shield us from occasional pestilence sink into insignificance compared with those required to guard posterity, in a not very remote future, from chronic scarcity, from recurrent famine, and from a wolfish struggle for food, in which man must relapse into a worse savagery than that from which he has emerged.

But can we obtain the phosphoric acid, the potash, and the nitrogen? It seems to be a law of human progress that when a great want is

defined, the discovery of its supply soon follows. When advancing science had revealed the need of phosphoric acid in poor and exhausted soils, mines of phosphate were found in England, France, Germany, Spain, the islands of the Caribbean Sea, Canada, different parts of the United States, and elsewhere, and the already visible supply, that which has been discovered in the present century, is sufficient for the agriculture of untold thousands of years to come.

For the potash there was for a time no adequate promise. The soap-maker long ago outbid the farmer for the potash of wood-ashes; that of saltpeter is very limited in quality, and wanted for making gunpowder, for salting meat, and for other purposes. A process was invented for obtaining potash from sea-water, which contains a very minute percentage, but the cost of extraction was too great to make it feasible. But some years ago it was discovered that this costly process of evaporation had been carried out on an immense scale, in past geologic time, over an area of some sixty square miles in the region of Stassfurth in Germany, and that in this almost inexhaustible bed of sea salt the potash compounds were on the top. The use of the German potash salts speedily became common in European agriculture, and has extended to the United States and to the coffee-fields of Brazil and Ceylon. The results have been remarkable. Muriate of potash, mined and refined in Germany, brought to this country, and applied at the rate of 150 pounds, costing $3.50, per acre, on the worn-out soil of a Connecticut farm within a mile and a half from where I am now writing, has made the difference between corn so poor as to be hardly worth the husking, and a crop of sixty bushels per acre of the finest shelled corn, and a most excellent growth of stalks. Even if, in the far-distant future, the Stassfurth potash mines should be exhausted, it is by no means improbable that others may be found. It is evident then that we need not be troubled about the phosphoric acid or the potash.

With the nitrogen the case has, until lately, been somewhat different. Although four-fifths of the air are made up of this element, and over every acre of land there are hundreds of tons of it, crops often fail for lack of it. The prevailing doctrine has been that plants do not avail themselves of the nitrogen of the air to any extent, but are dependent solely on that which has accumulated in the soil in past time or is supplied as manure. The scientific interest of the subject and its incalculable importance have made the question of the acquisition of atmospheric nitrogen by plants one of the hardest fought in the annals of biological and agricultural chemistry. That plants should be without this power appears strange, and many observed facts in agricultural practice imply very decidedly that leguminous plants, such as clover, vetch, beans, and pease, somehow succeed in getting hold of the free nitrogen of the air and in using it for their growth. But the experiments of the most noted investigators have seemed to bring positive evidence to the contrary, and the prevalent doctrine has been that atmospheric nitrogen is not available to vegetation.

The evidence against the assimilation of atmospheric nitrogen by plants came from experiments in which the conditions differed considerably from those of ordinary plant-growth. In a series of experiments by the writer, the results of which were published in 1881–84, plants (pease) were grown in sand to which water with plant-food in solution was applied, but under conditions otherwise normal. They were found to contain, when ripe, much more nitrogen than was supplied in the nutritive solution and seed. The only possible source of this extra nitrogen was the air. A conclusion so opposed to the commonly accepted belief was received with hesitation, and very naturally so. But in the years following a number of other experimenters obtained similar results. Furthermore, several others, among whom is Professor Berthelot of Paris, have found evidence that soils as well as plants acquire nitrogen from the air to a much greater extent than was formerly supposed, and that they get this nitrogen very probably by the aid of microbes. And what is still more to the point, Professor Hellriegel of Germany has within the past six years made several hundred experiments and not only found that the leguminous plants — pea, lupine, and serradilla — which he has grown acquire large amounts of the free nitrogen from the air, but has brought very strong indications that microbes in the soil are the agents by which it is done. On the table where I write are the figures for somewhat over 250 experiments carried on during the last three years. They not only confirm to the fullest extent the conclusions published in 1881–84, and those of Hellriegel and others since, that the leguminous plants obtain large quantities of nitrogen directly from the air, but show in a no less convincing way that the amount of nitrogen acquired is more or less directly proportional to the number of nodules on the roots, called root tubercles, in which Hellriegel and others believe the microbes to act. With other plants, alfalfa is here found to obtain very large supplies of atmospheric nitrogen. Considering the great importance of alfalfa in a large part of the country, and especially in the irrigated regions of the West, its power to acquire nitrogen is certainly a weighty matter. Professor

Wolff in Germany has reported experiments which indicate that clover has this power of drawing its nitrogen from the air. His results are confirmed by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert in England, who were formerly, with M. Boussingault in France, the leading exponents of the opposite doctrine, but who, to-day, in the true scientific spirit, heartily accede to the conclusions which later research is bringing. Kindred results are being obtained by numerous other investigators, and it now looks as though the leguminous plants in general, at any rate those most commonly cultivated, are possessed of this remarkable faculty. Just what species of plants acquire nitrogen from the air, and how they get it, are problems still to be settled.

The connection of microbes with the supply of nitrogen to plants is very interesting. It has been long understood that the nitrogen of animal and vegetable matter in the soil is somehow made available to plants for food. Several years ago two French chemists, Messrs. Schlössing and Münz, discovered that the change is brought about by a ferment. Just what the organism is that performs this most beneficent office of transforming the effete matters of the earth so that they may again become food for plants and man, biologists have sought to learn, but without success, until a short time since, when Herr Winogradsky in Zurich, Switzerland, by a most ingenious series of experiments found evidence that bacteria are the agents. He has given to the group which he finds to cause the nitrification, as the change is called, the name Nitromonas. Still more remarkable is the action of microbes in helping plants to utilize the nitrogen of the air. What the species are and what is their exact connection with the process are questions which bacteriologists in Europe and the United States are now studying with the most eager activity. New facts are continually being brought to light, and we may hope for more definite answers to the problems before many years. But the interesting and withal inspiring thing is that these organisms, whatever they shall be found to be, are thus constantly providing for our welfare, that they are necessary and efficient ministers to our very existence. We are wont to think of microbes as only the germs of fever and cholera and consumption, the agents of disease and death; but they are no less truly the means of providing us with what is indispensable to life. The microbes that help plants to their nitrogen thus become, in the light of modern research, part of the beneficent system by which the earth is enabled to give its nourishment to man.

The practical bearing of all this is evident. As the store of nitrogen in the soil is reduced, the soil is exhausted and refuses to yield its harvests. Nitrogen eludes the husbandman, in being leached out of the soil by drainage waters, and in escaping to the air. He supplies it in manures, of which it is the costliest ingredient. Farmers throughout the older portions of our country pay from ten to twenty-five cents per pound and more for nitrogen in guano and nitrate of soda from South America, in sulphate of ammonia from Europe, in dried blood and meat-scraps from slaughter-houses, and in other commercial fertilizers. For these materials millions of dollars are expended every year in the United States, and the supply of some of them is being gradually used up. By raising leguminous crops, which are in many ways the most valuable for fodder, and which make the richest manures, the farmer may obtain his nitrogen from the air without money and without price. This farmers do and are learning to do more and more.

ENERGY AND FOOD-PRODUCTION.

THE supply of plant-food thus seems to be assured. But the population of the earth may become so dense that very general irrigation will be necessary. The rivers, the lakes, and the sea will furnish water, if it can only be transported. This requires power, energy. Will the energy be forthcoming? Is it at hand?

We are accustomed to think of burning wood and coal as the chief sources of power. But their energy is nothing in comparison with that of moving wind, rivers, and tide, and even that fades into insignificance in comparison with the energy of the sun's heat, a source of power so great that we can scarcely conceive of its vastness. When we reflect that remarkable as are the uses we already make of the different forms of energy, our knowledge of them is still in its infancy; that we are apparently much nearer the storage and transport of the energy of stream and wind and sun than our grandfathers were to what we realize to-day in the use of steam and electricity, it takes no great faith to believe that science and invention will, in due time, supply the need. And with this use of mind to make the forces of nature do what has before been either done by the labor of our hands or left undone, the natural order of events will continue to bring what the progress of the past has brought — more product and larger profit with less manual toil.

Instead of the yield of a dozen bushels of wheat from the poor or exhausted soil of an acre, which was, a comparatively few years ago, a common average in England, and is to-day in a large portion of the United States, thirty bushels of wheat per acre has come to be an average with better culture in England, and will come with us when the demand calls for it. It is not to such increase as this, however,

that we must look for the food-supply of the future, but to such yields as come with sand- and water-culture. We are not restricted to the thirty or sixty or one hundred fold of the New Testament parable, but may look for the thousand fold that is realized with abundant supply of plant-food and water without any regard to soil.

Nor is there anything abnormal in such vegetable production. That a single plant should produce a thousand seeds, as Professor Nobbe's buckwheat plant did, when fifty would be a large yield in ordinary practice; that the produce of a given area should be scores or even hundreds of times what we ordinarily see; that half a dozen crops should be grown on the same area every year instead of one, is not what we are accustomed to, but is not at all unnatural. What we call natural growth is really stunted growth. Our plants are subject to fluctuations of temperature; they have too much or too little moisture; their food-supply is scant or one-sided; and these very hindrances to their growth have had the further effect of preventing the development of varieties capable of producing the largest amount of the most valuable material. Let plants be trained by selection and cultivation to do their best, let them have the opportunity which comes with proper regulation of temperature and moisture and food, then perhaps we shall see what nature can and will do for us. As well say that the philanthropist is the abnormal, and the untutored child of nature the normal man, as that there is anything abnormal in such large vegetable production.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FOOD. CHEMICAL SYNTHESIS.

But even if there were no such probability of almost unlimited vegetable production, there is still possibility for food-supply in artificial manufacture by chemical process. Plants take the elements carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and combine them, in the forms of starch, sugar, oils, fats, gluten, and other compounds which serve to nourish animals and man. Within the memory of many chemists now living it was believed to be impossible to build up such compounds from their elements by artificial means. But chemistry has found means to imitate these processes of combination. Within the past few years many such compounds have been produced in the laboratory by synthesis. A few months ago, in reply to an inquiry from a friend as to the probability of thus making the nutritive ingredients of food, I wrote: "The advance of science in this direction is not enough to warrant any prophecy of the synthesis of food-material,—indeed such a feat seems almost visionary,—but it is hardly safe to say that it is impossible, and there are those who are confident that it will be done."

Chemists distinguish between various kinds of sugars. To one class belongs cane-sugar, which is formed in the sugar-cane, sorghum, beet, and maple, and which we use at the table; to another class belong the glucoses, of which the fruit-sugar that occurs in grapes and other fruits, and the glucose which is manufactured on a large scale from the starch of corn are samples. Some time since Professor Fischer of Würzburg, Germany, succeeded in the synthesis of several sugars closely allied to fruit-sugar. The news has just come that he has found a way to transform glucose into a sugar of the type of cane-sugar. We have long known how to convert starch and cane-sugar to glucose; the process is one of changing a more complex compound to a simpler one. But the possibility of reversing the process was long doubted. Yet just this is what Professor Fischer has now accomplished.

Still more remarkable, I was going to say,—but the time for calling such things remarkable seems to be past,—is the account which has come to hand within a few days of the preparation of an albuminoid compound by synthesis. How carbohydrates and fats may be prepared artificially we have come to understand. But the albuminoid compounds contain more chemical elements, and are far more complex; they are indeed the highly organized material of vegetable and animal life. That these substances could be made in the laboratory has been hard to believe. Yet Professor Schützenberger of Paris has just reported to the French Academy of Science the synthesis of a compound similar to the peptone into which the albuminoids of our food are transformed in the process of digestion.

Farming by water-culture, or the artificial manufacture of food-compounds, would not be feasible or profitable to-day. The growing of a buckwheat plant with a thousand seeds and the synthesis of sugar and protein are now only curious and costly experiments. But will they always be so?

A few years ago an interesting but troublesome lecture experiment consisted in providing a large galvanic battery and causing the current to pass from one piece of carbon to another. A bright light was produced, and there were persons with faith enough to predict that electric lighting would at some time in the distant future be made a practical success. The light of the electric lamp at every street-corner suggests most forcibly that we may be nearer the realization of other triumphs than we think. What we know of these things to-day more

than the Romans knew sixteen centuries ago has nearly all been discovered within the last sixty years. The rate of discovery far exceeds the rate of increase of population. Long before population becomes dense enough to demand such production as I have been suggesting we may hope that the details will have been worked out to make it easily feasible.

A German chemist, Professor Knop, wrote a book on agricultural chemistry. When it was done he gave it the title *Der Kreislauf des Stoffs* (The Circulation of Matter). He realized that he had been simply describing the ways in which the elements pass through a ceaseless round of changes, by which they are made parts of air and earth, then of plants, and animals, and man, then of air and earth again. In this round our food is made, our bodies are built up, and then both are resolved into their elements again. Chemical elements are combined by natural forces into starch and protein, into bread and meat, into muscle and brain. The supply of the elements is limitless for the simple reason that none is ever lost. Like the water which after moistening the soil and nourishing the plant passes away to sea or sky only to come again as rain, the elements of food are resolved into their simpler forms only to be made into food again. How much food mankind may have is not a question of area of arable land or of soil-fertility at all, but of man's control of the forces of nature. That control increases with the increase of human knowledge.

In the past man has had the strength of his hands, and that of the beast which he has subjected to his will, to do his work. In the present he uses the power that came from the sun and is stored in coal. This makes possible the industrial advancement, the lessening of the hours of labor, the rise of the scale of living, and the spread of knowledge. The material and intellectual progress of the nineteenth century is the using of potential energy.

With a supply of material exhaustless and enduring, with power to utilize it unbounded as the energy of the sun, with prospect of new discovery unlimited as the sphere of human knowledge, what bound dare we set, what fear need we entertain, for man's future sustenance?

The rôle of the political economist is hardly fitting for the chemist. But one inference continually occurs to me. To make manufactured products abundant and cheap large demand has been necessary. With the hand-loom of the past a given number of people living in a given area could weave a small amount of cloth. In the factory of the present each operative produces many times more than the weaver of the olden time, many more work in a given territory, and cloth is produced at a much lower cost. The agriculture of the future will perhaps be a manufacturing process with correspondingly increased product. It may seem paradoxical to say that the dense population which the older economy told us was to be the precursor of starvation will be actually the antecedent condition of a cheap and abundant food-supply; but is this anything more than the reassertion of a principle which has proved itself true in the manufacture of cloth in the factory, of machinery in the machine-shop, and in countless other ways?

IN CONCLUSION.

To resume briefly. In the light of our present knowledge the problem of the world's future food-supply is conditioned upon two things. One is plant-food, the other is energy, power to manufacture and transport plant-food, and to transport water. The visible supply of plant-food is such that the only element about which there has for some time been any question is nitrogen. Late research implies that this can be easily derived from the atmosphere in unlimited quantity. With the unmeasured energy of the wind, flowing water, and tide, to say nothing of the immensely greater energy of the sun's heat, and the possibility of storage, transfer, and use of energy by electricity and other agencies, we may hope that the science of the future will provide the power. The amount of vegetable growth that is possible within a given area is entirely outside our ordinary calculations. The old way of estimating possible food-production by land-area and soil-fertility is wrong. We have only to assume that as the population of the earth increases there will be a corresponding improvement in the use of plant-food and energy, of which the supply is practically inexhaustible, and the problem is solved.

So strangely yet simply it comes about that in the providing of what is essential for the best welfare and highest happiness of mankind in the future, the things which have seemed farthest from our reach, nitrogen and energy, are the very ones which Providence places about us at all times and in utterly inexhaustible amounts. To make them available requires only the pushing of discovery a little farther along the lines in which it is now moving rapidly and surely. To make a practical use of them requires only the demand for the product. If it is conceivable that population should become so dense as to demand more food than can be thus produced by natural growth of plants, there still remain the resources of artificial production. And if it be allowable to reason from analogy, what is needed to make food more abundant and more cheap is enough population to make sufficient demand.

The capacity of men to consume food is limited. The possibility of its production is almost limitless. The very increase of population which the Malthusian doctrine makes the cause of starvation will thus become the condition of cheap and abundant sustenance. So the use of man's brain transforms the prospect of dire calamity, of misery ineffable, into the promise of inexpressible blessing.

The doctrine of Malthus is the product of a time when men's thoughts ran in gloomy channels, when a stern logic, arguing ruthlessly from premises which to-day we cannot accept, led to conclusions at utter variance with the kinder teachings of nature and revelation, and the gentler aspirations of the human soul.

War, pestilence, and famine will not be needed to remove part of the people of the earth in order that the rest may be kept from starving. Instead of using the sword to kill, it may be turned into the plowshare to help abundant harvests. Pestilence, once thought to be the visitation of divine wrath, we now know to be the work of the microbes of disease. Not only are we finding how to prevent the ravages of these creatures, but we are learning that they are the upholders as well as the destroyers of life, and may be made the agents to protect our children from the very starvation our fathers so much dreaded. In place of the rule of famine which has been prophesied, we have the promise of a reign of plenty.

The doctrine here maintained is optimistic, decidedly so. But what was the earth made for? Is it governed by a beneficent power, or is it not? Are mankind the creatures of Almighty malevolence, or are we the children of a loving as well as omnipotent Father? Are we placed here in a world which is bad and ever growing worse, or is there a continual evolution toward higher and better and happier things? Faith has always had its reply to Malthusian pessimism, though that reply has been vague. The Science of to-day makes it clear. So Faith and Science rightly joined ever lead us to the light.

W. O. Atwater.

FOLKSONG.

"THIS work must give me lasting fame;
Immortal shall it make my name.
Forever live, my monument.
Indeed these years I deem well spent
The while its fabric I have wrought
With web of fancy, woof of thought."

The poet threw aside his pen.
His book was praised awhile by men,
And now it lies on dusty shelves
In corners where the bookworm delves.

Kind Fortune brought some leisure days.
The poet wrote some casual lays:
Songs with smiles and tears together,
All moods of man, like April weather;
"Frail and fleeting fair," said he,
"Their fate is quick obscurity."

But nature's breath inspired their art
And Mankind took them to its heart.
They grew into the people's life,
They marched with soldiers into strife,
Were lullabies for babyhood,
Were whispered low where lovers wooed,
Were sung at weddings to the bride,
Were chanted open graves beside.

The songs have won immortal fame,
And no man knows the singer's name!

Sylvester Baxter.

THE SONNET.

PURE form, that like some chalice of old time
Contain'st the liquid of the poet's thought
Within thy curving hollow, gem-enwrought
With interwoven traceries of rhyme,
While o'er thy brim the bubbling fancies climb,
What thing am I, that undismayed have sought
To pour my verse with trembling hand untaught
Into a shape so small yet so sublime?
Because perfection haunts the hearts of men,
Because thy sacred chalice gathered up
The wine of Petrarch, Shakspere, Shelley — then
Receive these tears of failure as they drop
(Sole vintage of my life), since I am fain
To pour them in a consecrated cup.

Edith Wharton.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.[1]

MR. LOWELL has written into his works his many titles to public remembrance with singular completeness. One need not go outside of the ten volumes in which the fruits of a long literary and public life are gathered to know what he has been and has done. The sign-manual of the poet, critic, and scholar is set upon the various page; moods of the fields and the homestead, the permanent attraction of human nature, patriotism profoundly felt are equally found in essay and poem; and in the admirable addresses there is stored up a lasting memory of the years of his distinguished service abroad. The fullness of this expression of a many-sided career is remarkable; but even more striking is the harmony of all these phases of life, one with another. There is no dividing line which sets off one part of his activity from its neighbor part; in his poetry there is politics, in his learning there is the vivifying touch of humor, in his reflection there is emotion, in the levels of his most familiar prose there is, at inconstant intervals, the sudden lift of a noble thought; and hence his works are at once too diverse and too similar — diverse in their matter and similar in the personality through which they are given out — to be easily summed or described by the methods of criticism. If there is a clue that may be used, it is to be sought in his individuality, in the fact that his ten talents have somehow been melted and fused into one, and that the greatest — the talent of being a man first and everything else afterward. It goes with this that one looks in vain for any separation of his work into marked periods, such as may be observed in those writers who are absorbed by successive moods of the age or by new foreign influences in thought or literary forms, or generally are determined in their character by external forces. Mr. Lowell, with all his free curiosity, alertness of attention, and openness to the world of the present and of the past, has exercised a power of reaction equal to that of his receptivity, and illustrates the slow native growth of a self-assured mind. From the first to the last of his pages the unity of mind is such that, unhelped by the context, one could rarely say with certainty whether a particular passage was from earlier or later years. Neither the style nor the way of thinking materially changes; the same person speaks with the same voice throughout. This singleness of Mr. Lowell's personality, by virtue of which he has held the same course from youth to age, as it is most obvious, is a cardinal matter. It were impossible to condense into the brief critical sketch for which only there is now

[1] This article was written for THE CENTURY before the death of Mr. Lowell as a review of the recently published revised edition of his complete works (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). EDITOR.

occasion, all that criticism must find to say upon his writings throughout their reach; but in the absence of such a complete and careful survey, something may be arrived at, possibly, by attending to this stamp of individuality which gives likeness to all his works and imparts to them that quality of the living voice which most interests and best holds men, and is besides the invariable accompaniment of an original mind in literature.

It is commonly a disadvantage to a poet to be reputed a scholar. Belief in the spontaneity of genius is deeply implanted in men's minds, and culture is set over against the simple primitive powers of feeling and thought as something by nature opposite. In this popular opinion there is a share of truth. Instinct is the method of genius, but culture, until it has been absorbed into character and temperament, works by afterthought. The conflict which is indicated by this widely diffused impression of the incompatibility of learning and inspiration is often felt by a poet himself in his own experience. Mr. Lowell, who more than any other writer of his time expresses the moods of that border-land which lies between instinct and reflection, speaks more than once of the intrusion of thought upon the natural way of living, and shows the old annoyance, that poetical regret for a simpler habit of life, which underlies the dream of the golden age and is the source of the charm of all pastoral. In a considerable portion of his nature-verse he accepts the Wordsworthian doctrine and goes to the fields as an escape from books, lays thought down like a burden and plays 't is holiday with him, and in coming back to the study seems to make an unwelcome return to himself. Yet he is not slow to acknowledge that the true poet has a pedigree that goes far into the past of men as well as a kinship of the day and hour with sky and birds and trees, the soft air and the warm landscape. If he seeks impulses in nature, he must find art in books; and from his earlier poems it is plain to see what sources in literature he most haunted. Imitativeness in youthful verse is a measure of susceptibility, and is rather a sign of strength than of weakness. The test of originality, or of the native force of the poetical endowment, lies in the spontaneity of the imitation and in the quickness with which one type shifts with another. It is noticeable that Mr. Lowell reproduced kinds of poetry rather than particular authors, style rather than moods, the cast of the words, not ideas; and the sign of culture in these beginnings is shown in the number of types which attracted him. So a similar literary scholarship, an acquaintance with what the poets of many lands had written, gave to Longfellow in his mature life, as well as at the outset, models of style which he made his own rather by graceful use of them than by informing them with original genius. In Mr. Lowell's case, perhaps, the single peculiarity is the taste he early showed for certain of the English poets of the seventeenth century whose defects of oddity and unevenness could not destroy the largeness of their phrase and the purity and elevation of their continuous style at its best. One need not read Mr. Lowell's criticism to discover what value he placed upon Donne and Vaughan, for example, and those who neighbor them in the "well-languaged" manner. Culture of this sort, which is no more than the fruit of delight in poetry, has been the possession of many of those poets who are most thought inspired, and genius has thrived upon it; but usually the greatest of them have felt the gap between such poetry of the past and the nature they stood in presence of, and each in turn has reconciled his genius with his own age in some original way.

Mr. Lowell soon developed several styles in which he wrote poems of many kinds, and gave literary expression to sentiment, thought, and emotion; but he was later preëminently distinguished by three forms of verse. The most popular of these, apparently, and certainly the most original, is that in which he employed the native Yankee speech. It was fairly by accident, he says, that he discovered the power of this New England lingo to express the character of the breed of men who used it and its fitness for the purpose in dealing with the subjects to which he applied it. Nevertheless, chance has as little place in literature as in other affairs of life. One finds only those things to which his faith has led him. There are reasons in plenty why Mr. Lowell, and not any of his contemporaries in letters, made the happy discovery of the Yankee idyl. His own roots go deep into the native soil; he loves that from which he sprang, and the past was realized to his apprehension most directly through the old time, which still lingered about the Cambridge of his growing years, and through its concrete characters of diverse types from clerical to rural which interested his human sympathy, struck his humorous sense, and embodied for him the long tradition of a dying age showing its results in man. This strong attachment to the paternal acres because of old associations is a trait common to New England; but none of the poets of the land have given more frequent and free expression to the feeling or shown its power in an individual more constantly. The old New England character appealed to him in the same way that the Scotch type drew Sir Walter Scott's heart out; each found in the ancient habit of life of "sixty years since" a literary opportunity, but

not by thought prepense; in both the old ways, crystallized in human nature, were loved for their own sake with a kind of natural affection, and were besides dignified by a true respect for their moral quality felt through all their humorous peculiarities. Scotland had more of history, of romance, and picturesqueness to mingle with the human element of common lives; in New England there was less of circumstance, but there was a core of character equally sound, a way of thinking and a freshness of expression, marked and peculiar, characterizing a people. The attractiveness of such survivals from the old days as Mr. Lowell either knew in the beginning of life or met with from time to time in the still uninvaded country districts was enhanced further by the fact that they stood for that simpler mode of existence, already referred to, which the poet is fain to think of as the better way of living, could he make the impossible escape from his own bonds; and it was entirely natural that the two moods should blend and the keen air of New England suffer the pastoral change with the least artifice in the world. In the poem in which he describes his day under the willows Mr. Lowell reveals in most phases the feeling habitual to his mind, of the sense of nature as a refuge, of the strength of associations with a familiar landscape, of the welcome he would give to the rude molds of man, and, in a word, shows the attitude of the poet, who is also a man of thought, toward nature and human nature met face to face; and in this reflective reverie, full of personal expression, the elements are the same as in pastoral verse though seen under a different aspect. When he came to imaginative expression through the medium of old New England, he escaped at once from the literary atmosphere, finding both a subject and a language wholly unworn by use in books; and what he was to express was just that type of character in which human nature was most fresh, sincere, and genuine to his senses and could be entered into most completely by virtue of native sympathies long active in his blood, while the medium of speech was the tongue of the country people as they themselves had fashioned it for their own uses. Not since Theocritus wrote the Sicilian idyls has the pastoral come so near to real life or been not merely so free from artificiality but so slightly transformed in the change from life into art. Mr. Lowell did not attempt the useless task of saying what the average up-country man would have said if left to himself; but, in expressing the true genius of the New England character with a precision and range impossible except to a man of his own faculty, he succeeded in keeping both thought and language within the limit of the character through which he spoke. He permitted himself to use elevation or pathos or the beauty of natural scenes, which both true art and the impulse of his own awakened powers required; but he has managed all with so sure a hand, such discernment and sensitiveness in his feeling for the form used, that all is as definitely objective as drama or novel, and the sense of reality is heightened, and the expression of the old spirit made more complete, by the curious prose of the pulpit in which the poems are set. It remains only to add that in taking public affairs for the main body of the matter of the verse Mr. Lowell chose the subject that fitted the mind of New England as perfectly as the country language fitted its lips.

The second form of verse in which Mr. Lowell has most excelled is next of kin to the Yankee poems. He was not only the son of New England, but he was born also to the wider inheritance of his fellow-countrymen everywhere, and could lay aside the provincialism of his eastern accent and phrase for the ampler English of the nation's speech. Love of home is the seed-plant of patriotism, and it was inevitable that faith to New England should grow to the larger compass of faith in America; and if in attachment to the native soil itself, such as Mr. Lowell expresses, there may be a certain closeness and peculiar warmth of the hearthstone, in his love of country there is more of what is purely ideal. When he first collected his political papers a year or two ago, there was some surprise at the amount and value of his writings upon the public topics of the time; but though this work in prose had been forgotten, it would still have been plain enough from his poems that he was ever in a true sense the citizen. In thinking of his patriotic verse attention is commonly too exclusively given to the group of odes which were rather the last and crowning work of a lifelong labor than isolated productions. In the very start he gave his country the ringing stanzas of "The Present Crisis," with the one indelible line, and that sonnet to Phillips which still stirs the blood; and, as time went on, in the first series of "The Biglow Papers" he dealt with a great political question of the period, and coming to the strong passions and immeasurable issues of the civil war he could scarce write of anything else. It was only after the peace, and in the assured triumph of the centennial anniversaries of the united country, that he closed the extensive series of poems, inspired by public spirit in the widest meaning of that phrase, with the long odes which by their solemn movement, their gravity, and the loftiness of their finer passages have that stateliness which makes them seem to dwarf his less impressive poems in this kind. He had been the true citizen-poet for almost

a lifetime before he was called to this ceremonial laureateship, and had used the lighter instrumentalities of humor, satire, and wit, the edge of epigram and poignancy of pathos, as occasion arose; so that one may fairly say that first and last he employed well-nigh all the resources of his mind in the service of his country. To think of the odes mainly as Mr. Lowell's patriotic verse would be a grave injustice both to the man and the poet, for passages may be found in the earlier verse equal, at least, to anything except the best in this last group. The distinction of the odes, and one reason why they have affected the public disproportionately in comparison with the best of the other poems, is their style. It is a style which Mr. Lowell has developed for himself, and is to be met with here and there in detached passages of his earlier poetry, but nowhere else is it so even and continuous as in the odes. It is characterized by a breadth and undulation of tone and a purity hard to describe, but these traits are not of consequence in comparison with the certainty with which, no matter how finally resonant the wave of sound may be, the thought absorbs it and becomes itself vocal and musical. The diction itself and the cast of phrase metrically seem to derive from that period of English subsequent to the Elizabethan ferment when the language retained freedom and spirit and a certain amplitude from the past age but had not yet subsided into the formalism, however excellent in itself, of the great age of prose; but if Mr. Lowell found the elements of this grave and full style in that period, he has so recombined them in his own manner that to trace out the source is at most only to hazard a guess. It is, however, this felicitous and well-commanded style which is the noticeable literary quality of the odes, and of the finer stanzas of other poems, such as "The Washing of the Shroud," to name one of the first; to have elaborated it is, possibly, the highest distinction of Mr. Lowell as a writer, in the strict sense, on the purely original side of his literary craftsmanship.

It is, however, almost a diversion to direct attention to the literary quality of these poems. What is most to be remarked in them, aside from their earnest intention and the emotion that is sometimes the welling-up of a deep passion, is the purity of the democratic feeling in them, the soundness of their Americanism. Mr. Lowell in one of his earlier volumes laid his wreath on the grave of Hood, and there are a few of his poems that express the sympathy of philanthropy with the poor and outcast; but this is a comparatively crude form of the democratic idea and is Christian merely. It is easy to pity suffering in any shape and to believe in the virtues that poverty is commonly thought to favor; it is a harder matter to put faith in man. But that rooted interest in human nature, which has already been spoken of as cardinal in Mr. Lowell's habit of mind, as it helped him to reconcile poetry with the life of rural New England, aided also in the generation of his democratic faith, for when a man is once interested in his fellows he is already half-way to being friends with them and thus coming to know how human they are. To accustom one's self to disregard the accidents of manner and station sufficiently to see the man as he is, to have a clear sight for genuine character under any of the disguises of unfamiliarity and prejudice, to know how simple and how common are the elements that go to the making of manhood, are the paths to belief in democracy; and to do this, it is enough to live out of doors. Culture that lives in the library may easily miss its way. The "Biglow Papers" by themselves would be sufficient proof of such democracy as goes to make a town-meeting; but the American idea is a larger thing. The better proof which Mr. Lowell gave of his quality was in the recognition he gave to Lincoln. He was the first of our writers to see what name led all the rest, and the truth which he intimated in "Blondel," and spoke more plainly in prose, he made at last shine out in the most famous passages of his greatest ode. One could not be so early to perceive this unsuspected fame before it filled the world and while it was yet in the clouds through which it broke, unless faith in man came natural to him. It was so in this case, and Mr. Lowell understood the "new birth of our new soil" not only in the fact that another name was given to immortal memory, but also in the profounder truth that the soil which had borne such a son was the heir of a new age. With all the faith he had in his own people of the past, the poet looked forward to the new race which is yet forming in our womb, and nowhere in our literature is there more direct expression of the national faith in mere manhood than in a few great lines of these patriotic poems, or more soberly and explicitly in the essay upon "Democracy." It may seem little that a man should believe in what his country believes in; but it may fairly be thought that Mr. Lowell, from his place in conservative thought, is as much beforehand in his recognition of democracy in the larger sense as he was earlier than others in his recognition of Lincoln.

Besides the New England and the national poems Mr. Lowell has written a third sort that stand in a class apart and have a distinction, if not so unshared as these, shared certainly by no other poet of this century. They are what would ordinarily be called poems of culture, the verse of a man deeply imbued with

the literature of the past. This definition rests on their form rather than their subject-matter. They are run in the molds that have been handed down in the tradition of literature and belong to the gild. Mr. Lowell, who has shown a disposition to experiment in verse and try many kinds, has used a variety of these set measures, but in two sorts he has shown a hand of unrivaled mastery. In the verses "Credidimus Jovem Regnare" there is, perhaps, the best example of one sort, in which the intellect finds crystalline expression; modern as it is in substance and strongly personal in quality, this poem is at once recognized as being composed in a classic style which is neither a revival nor archaic, but, though written yesterday, has the look of century-old verse still fresh. Another instance is the poem upon the goldfishes, one of the best from his pen. The second sort in which this perfection of style is equally found is illustrated by the letter to Curtis as aptly as by any single piece; the terseness, ease, and finish of these lines, in which compliment blends with the wisdom of life and the whole is subdued within the range of personal talk from friend to friend, are qualities unique in our poetry and recall the habits and modes of utterance of a more polished lettered age, when intellect and manners held their own beside emotion and the literary life was more complete in manly powers. In both these sorts of pedestrian poetry, if the devotees of inspiration will insist on the distinction, it is rather the man of cultivation conversing with others than the man of genius expressing his soul whom we find; but the classic literature of the world owes much to the poets who have put into just such verse the mind and morals of their time undisturbed by the strong emotion which has latterly ruled so supreme. Mr. Lowell has certainly strengthened his work by varying it with this element of the prose of verse both in the octosyllabic and the pentameter forms. It was necessary, too, for the complete expression of himself that he should give out his literary culture in art, and also find fit channels for that power of pure thinking which divides with the poetic impulse his allegiance to literature. For, when the end is reached and one looks back over the range of Mr. Lowell's poetical works entire, the one thing that binds them all together and runs through them, besides that unresting interest in man which is their blood, is the equally single and widely diffused presence of thought, which is their spirit. In no poet of our land, at least, is there to be found so large a number of single thoughts, to apply but one test, as in these poems, and there is so little need to say that in none other is there continuous reflection to the same degree, that Mr. Lowell is reputed rather for an excess of thought. To examine the matter further, to consider such a poem as "The Cathedral," for instance, would force this sketch beyond its limits; but the poems of pure reflection should be at least referred to. So, too, the type of which "Endymion" is the most eminent example should be named, and the poems in which Mr. Lowell has sought for musical effects—a most interesting group to the student of poetry, of which, perhaps, "The Fountain of Youth" is the most remarkable—should not be left unmentioned even in the briefest account of his work. It is not within the scope of this paper, however, to enter upon the criticism of Mr. Lowell's poetry further than to indicate such cardinal qualities as can be brought out by a broad treatment of it in the mass; and if the three kinds of verse in which he seems most to excel,—(1) the pastoral of his own people in their special language, (2) the poems of patriotism of several sorts but particularly those in which he employs his peculiar grave and noble style, and (3) the poems distinguished by classic perfection of manner,—if these have been discriminated, and in the course of such remarks the poet's primary instincts of love of human nature, patriotic passion and faith, and devotion to the worth and charm of literature in both its phases of thought and art, have been made obvious, the little that was aimed at has been accomplished; for it must then appear that in his poetry Mr. Lowell has really expressed himself with directness and fullness, and in the best of his work with no more intrusion of the self-consciousness of culture to the prejudice of the native gift than was necessary to make his poetry square all round with himself. The fact that so much of his verse of all sorts has the quality of improvisation is of itself proof of the immediacy of his method, the genuineness of the impulse, the truth of his statement somewhere that he has ever waited for poetry to find him and make itself out of his life. It results from this that his poetical works are the true record of that life,—the voice, as has been said, of the man, and immeasurably more complete as an expression of individuality than the larger body of prose.

If one must pack the description of that body of prose into a phrase,—and little more is possible here,—it might fairly be said that (to leave the journals out of account) the essays and addresses of various kinds, storing the results of scholarship and reflection, express distinctively the author's mind. Interesting as the political papers are both by their topics and the special contribution of the author to thought necessarily more or less generally shared, they remain subordinate to his critical work on great authors. It is in the literary papers proper that Mr. Lowell has hived what

he has gathered of wisdom in his wide range through literature, and though he does not speak more directly in them than in his speeches or poems, he communicates more and does it in a more exceptional way. Political thoughtfulness characterizes many Americans, but one would hesitate to name even Longfellow as Mr. Lowell's equal in acquaintance with literature, and certainly no other name would be offered in scholarly rivalry with his own on this ground; but he excels Longfellow by virtue of the extraordinary critical power which he brings to bear upon literature. He is, indeed, the only critic of high rank that our literature owns, and the fineness of his quality is obscured by the very singleness of his position, since there are none to compare him with; nor, if one goes to England for such comparison, is the case much bettered, for he surpasses his fellows there with equal ease. The critical faculty is so rare that criticism as an art suffers in repute thereby, and its results are undervalued; but if one is willing to learn, there is in the body of Mr. Lowell's literary papers a canon of pure literature so defined in intellectual principles and applied with such variety and fruitfulness as to suffice for an education in literary taste; and this education is of the best sort since it teaches how to see rather than how to analyze, is intuitive instead of scientific, and thus follows the method native to literature and logically belonging to it. The results of this method in what Mr. Lowell says about great works of genius are, nevertheless, the main thing, and the value of them is sufficiently appreciated by students of literature. It ought to be observed, perhaps, that that wealth of single thought which has already been noticed as characterizing his poetry is as strikingly found in these prose works of every sort. Here, too, no writer of the time equals him except Emerson, and in Mr. Lowell's work there is none of that Delphic quality which sometimes renders Emerson's most impressive phrases only an appearance of thought. Just as in all of Mr. Lowell's writings one always seems in direct contact with the man speaking, so his words are always weighted with that sense and common judgment which make them shells so impalpable that one touches the mind through them. In his poetry he gives himself, and in his prose he yields up his wisdom; to do this so immediately that the intervention of the printed page is not felt is the last victory of the faculty of expression in literature, whether it be achieved with the simplicity of genius or by the perfection of art through culture, nor are the two ways incompatible.

Such, briefly stated, is the impression made by a broad view of the ten volumes into which Mr. Lowell has recently collected his various contributions to our literature. Notwithstanding his acquirements in general and the special perfection of his literary culture, which are felt throughout his writings in their mass, it would appear that his self-expression, whether on the more scholarly, or the civic, or the simplest human side, has been more spontaneous than is commonly thought. Spontaneity, in fact, is the very quality that ought to be selected and set first in characterizing his work. It is true that the spontaneity of a complex mind wears a different aspect from that of a simpler nature, but essentially it is the same, and brings with it the same reality of life, the same genuineness and sincerity, on account of which it is justly thought to be a primary element in the genius of great writers and true poets. The intrinsic and artistic worth of Mr. Lowell's works has been purposely subordinated here; but that part of criticism of them is not in any risk of misapprehension or forgetfulness. The simplicity of his nature, as shown in his works, beneath the diversity of his interests and the subtle refinements of his intellectual part, the unity of his life as poet, citizen, and thinker, and the harmonious interplay of his faculties one with another, and especially the directness of his expression in every mode of writing, have not been hitherto so much recognized as was right; and only by attending to these primary traits can one be just to a great writer.

George E. Woodberry.

LOWELL'S AMERICANISM.

A LETTER BY THE POET CONCERNING HIS POEMS OF 1875, "THE WORLD'S FAIR" AND "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

OME time before the World's Fair of 1876 was held in Philadelphia, Mr. Lowell made a visit to Europe, and was absent from home for a considerable period. On his return in 1875 he wrote two brief poems for "The Nation," which were entitled respectively "The World's Fair, 1876," and "Tempora Mutantur." In these he described certain dangerous symptoms of the body politic. The characterization — as would be expected — was not only terse and pungent, but was enlivened by that unfailing critical humor which made his "Biglow Papers" of a former period famous. It was the voice of correction and warning, however, not a homily of despair. He spoke truth to the country for the republic's sake. The following lines are a fair sample of the tone and direction of the poems. Mr. Lowell, speaking for Brother Jonathan, recommends the exhibition of some of our political inventions of that day:

Show 'em your Civil Service, and explain
How all men's loss is everybody's gain;
Show your new patent to increase your rents
By paying quarters for collecting cents;
Show your short cut to cure financial ills
By making paper-collars current bills;
Show your new bleaching-process, chief and brief,
To wit: a jury chosen by the thief;
Show your State legislatures; show your Rings;
And challenge Europe to produce such things
As high officials sitting half in sight
To share the plunder and to fix things right;
If that don't fetch her, why, you only need
To show your latest style in martyrs — Tweed:
She 'll find it hard to hide her spiteful tears
At such advance in one poor hundred years.

In "Tempora Mutantur" occur these lines:

A hundred years ago,
If men were knaves, why, people called them so,
And crime could see the prison-portal bend
Its brow severe at no long vista's end;
In those days for plain things plain words would serve;
Men had not learned to admire the graceful swerve
Wherewith the Æsthetic Nature's genial mood
Makes public duty slope to private good.

. . . . . .

But now that "Statesmanship" is just a way
To dodge the primal curse and make it pay,
Since Office means a kind of patent drill
To force an entrance to the Nation's till,
And peculation something rather less
Risky than if you spelt it with an *s;*

. . . . . .

With generous curve we draw the moral line:
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,
And twenty sympathize for one that blames.

. . . . . .

The public servant who has stolen or lied,
If called on, may resign with honest pride:
As unjust favor put him in, why doubt
Disfavor as unjust has turned him out?
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge
To him who counted-in the elective judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife,
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life.

It happened that these caustic lines punctured the politician's pachydermatous hide, and awakened resentment. A large proportion of the press (and particularly that part of it which was of his own political faith) pursued him with no polite epithets, and with not a little persistence. It was charged that he was no true American; that he was, in fact, a snob; that he had elbowed against dukes and lords so much and so long that he could not any longer tolerate Democracy. And for many weeks this and other equally puerile nonsense went on unrebuked.

It occurred to me at last to say what was obvious, and record my sympathy with Mr. Lowell's position. That his character and motives were above all need of defense I knew, but such a shocking perversion of his ideas and intentions was altogether too flagrant to pass unnoticed. I therefore took up the cudgels for what seemed to me to be true; and, under the title of "Mr. Lowell's Recent Political Verse," volunteered, in the "Christian Union" of December 15, 1875, a defense of his friendly chidings.

In response to this article Mr. Lowell wrote me the letter given below. It was impliedly confidential, and for many years I have strictly kept it so; but I have concluded, and am sup-

ported by others in thinking, that this privacy is no longer called for. As it has now really become a part of history, and of Mr. Lowell's biography too, the public is entitled, I am sure, to read from a pen that will serve it no more, a pen that has given the country inestimable benefit, honor, and fame, the meaning of those much-abused poems.[1]

Joel Benton.

ELMWOOD, 19th January, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for the manly way in which you put yourself at my side when I had fallen among thieves, still more for the pithy and well-considered words with which you confirm and maintain my side of the quarrel. At my time of life one is not apt to vex his soul at any criticism, but I confess that in this case I was more than annoyed, I was even saddened. For what was said was so childish and showed such shallowness, such levity, and such dullness of apprehension both in politics and morals on the part of those who claim to direct public opinion (as, alas! they too often do) as to confirm me in my gravest apprehensions. I believe "The World's Fair" gave the greatest offense. They had not even the wit to see that I put my sarcasm into the mouth of Brother Jonathan, thereby implying and meaning to imply that the common sense of my countrymen was awakening to the facts, and that *therefore* things were perhaps not so desperate as they seemed.

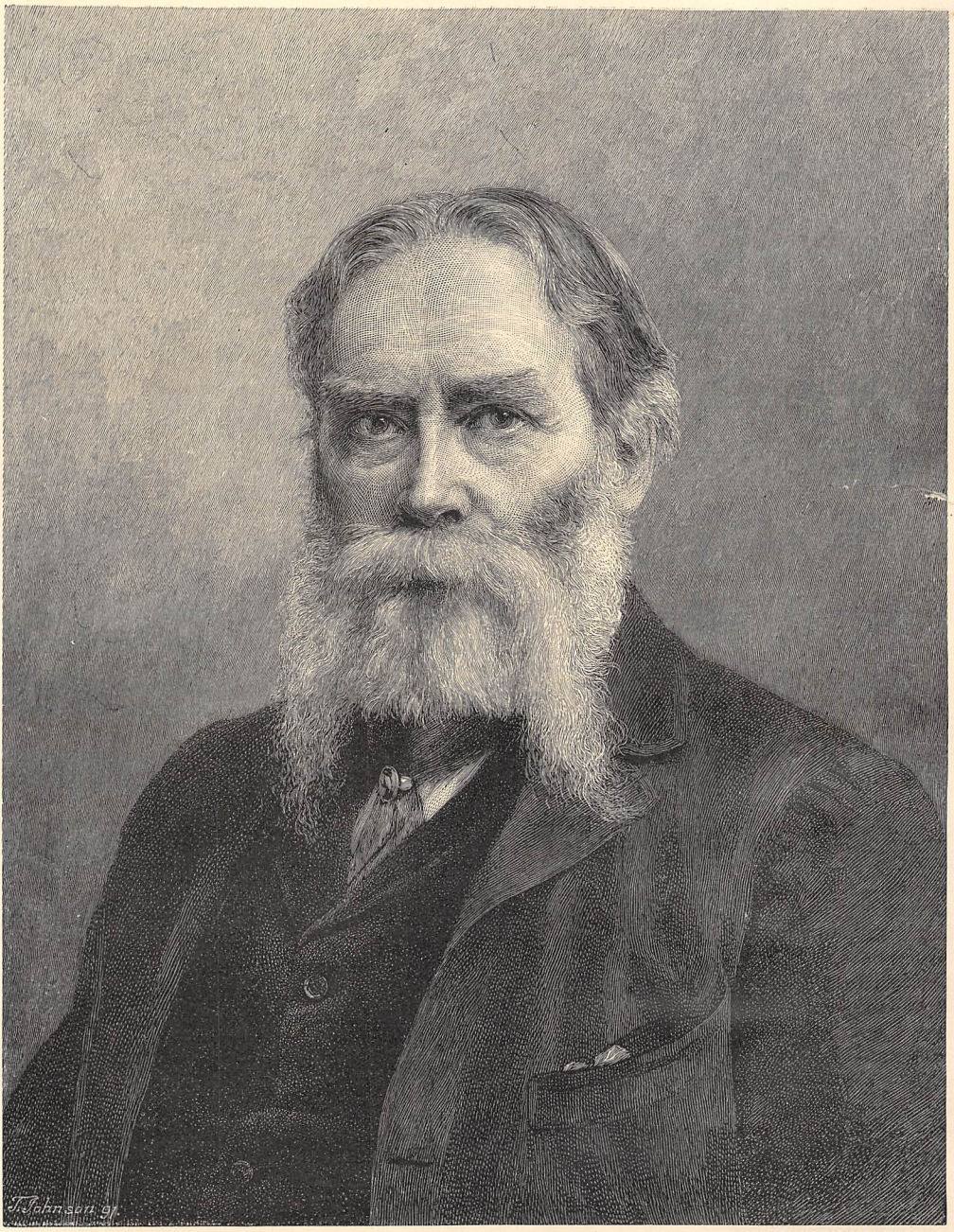
I had just come home from a two years' stay in Europe, so it was discovered that I had been corrupted by association with foreign aristocracies! I need not say to you that the society I frequented in Europe was what it is at home, that of my wife, my studies, and the best nature and art within my reach. But I confess that I was embittered by my experience. Wherever I went I was put on the defensive. Whatever extracts I saw from American papers told of some new fraud or defalcation, public or private. It was sixteen years since my last visit abroad, and I found a very striking change in the feeling toward America and Americans. An Englishman was everywhere treated with a certain deference: Americans were at best tolerated. The example of America was everywhere urged in France as an argument against republican forms of government. It was fruitless to say that the people were still sound when the Body Politic which draws its life from them showed such blotches and sores. I came home, and instead of wrath at such abominations, I found banter. I was profoundly shocked, for I had received my earliest impressions in a community the most virtuous, I believe, that ever existed. . . . In the Commonwealth that built the first free school and the first college, I heard culture openly derided. I suppose I like to be liked as well as other men. Certainly I would rather be left to my studies than meddle with politics. But I had attained to some consideration, and my duty was plain. I wrote what I did in the plainest way, that he who ran might read, and that I hit the mark I aimed at is proved by the attacks against which you so generously defend me. These fellows have no notion what love of country means. It is in my very blood and bones. If I am not an American, who ever was?

I am no pessimist, nor ever was. . . . What fills me with doubt and dismay is the degradation of the moral tone. Is it or is it not a result of Democracy? Is ours a "government of the people by the people for the people," or a Kakistocracy rather, for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools? Democracy is, after all, nothing more than an experiment like another, and I know only one way of judging it — by its results. Democracy in itself is no more sacred than monarchy. It is Man who is sacred, it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement. It is honor, justice, culture, that make liberty invaluable, else worse than worthless, if it mean only freedom to be base and brutal. As things have been going lately, it would surprise no one if the officers who had Tweed in charge should demand a reward for their connivance in the evasion of that popular hero. I am old enough to remember many things, and what I remember I meditate upon. My opinions do not live from hand to mouth. And so long as I live I will be no writer of birthday odes to King Demos any more than I would be to King Log, nor shall I think *our* cant any more sacred than any other. Let us all work together (and the task will need us all) to make Democracy possible. It certainly is no invention to go of itself any more than the perpetual motion.

Forgive me for this long letter of justification, which I am willing to write for your friendly eye though I should scorn to make any public defense. Let the tenor of my life and writings defend me. Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

[1] This letter appears here with the consent of Mr. Lowell's literary executor, Charles Eliot Norton, Esq.—EDITOR.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROS.

J. M. Lowell.

THE MAJOR'S APPOINTMENT.

MAJOR HUNTLEY rose—rather stiffly—from the breakfast-table, and stood a moment ostensibly examining a minute spot on the frayed cuff of his well-brushed coat.

The Major was forced to admit now and then, in the intimate recesses of his soul, that he was beginning to feel his age. He was sixty-eight—*only* sixty-eight he would have put it—and considered himself, with some reason, a well-preserved man.

His skin, though wrought with fine wrinkles, had a child's wholesome clearness; the eyes that beamed benignly from under the thick white brows had lost none of their original blueness and brightness, and he was fond of boasting that he had twenty-eight sound teeth in his head yet. But the tall, powerful frame stooped, at some times more than at others, and after sitting still some time there was a difficulty in rising, which the Major scrupulously endeavored to conceal. Not from vanity, though he had his little vanities too, but because, as he told himself over and over again, it would not do for a man with five orphan grandchildren on his hands to grow old. He fought old age with the same heroic front and obstinate persistence that had won him his title on the field.

When the call to arms first electrified the land, at the breaking out of the Civil War, the Major, though by no means a young man at the time, took fire at once, and leaving a fairly good business in a northern state to take care of itself, volunteered as a private and served throughout the war; how well, the straps that adorned his shoulders long before its close best testified. Meantime the business he had left to its own divagations had gone the way that might have been expected of it, and after he had been mustered out the Major found himself stranded in the midst of the confusion that succeeded the war.

As he stood looking about him dazed and undecided, there came to him through the din of clashing interests and the dying fanfare of

trumpets and roar of cannon, the well-meant suggestion of an influential friend that he should accept a position as clerk in the Department of the Interior, and the Major fell an easy victim to the proposition. It was not a brilliant position, certainly, but then the Major was not a brilliant man, and a position offering a regular income and a decent living was something to be grateful for, in the then existing state of things. The little cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," that hangs always in the horizon of the government employé was invisible to the Major. Only when the cloud suddenly overspread the heavens and the storm burst, did he realize that his head had been in jeopardy from the first day. After four years of honorable military service and seven of faithful plodding in civil service, when his needs were greatest and age was beginning to do its work, he was set aside to make room for some great Senator's constituent—that, in brief, was the Major's history.

Being now a resident of the District of Columbia, the Major was nobody's constituent. He had friends in plenty, as friends go, and they had exerted themselves in the beginning to get the Major reinstated, but they, too, were citizens of the District, and therefore nobody's constituents. Their efforts, it is needless to say, had proved unavailing.

But though the Major's friends were discouraged—easily, perhaps, as is apt to be the case when people are exerting themselves without hope of other reward than that proverbially awarded to virtue—the Major himself had never faltered.

There was always one of the Major's applications for place on file in some one of the departments, and the Major's figure was one familiar to departmental eyes. Indeed, his quaint person, the persistency with which he continued to haunt anterooms, corridors, and lobbies, sending in card after card, varied by carefully written, courteous letters to this or that political magnate, and the outward equanimity with which he bore rebuff, made him a fruitful subject for wit among door-keepers, messengers, and petty clerks. That sort, inured to such sights, saw nothing pathetic in the spectacle of gray hairs brought so low and long and honorable service thus rewarded. The Major, with his tall, stooping figure, each year a little more stooping, his old-fashioned, seedy garments, each year a little seedier and older-fashioned, his mild, refined old face, whose genial smile grew each year more childlike and appealing—the Major, with all these attributes, was only "a crank"; a little less fantastically ridiculous and troublesome than others, but, all the same, a crank. Yet though all this did not fail to wound, and even temporarily to depress, it had no lasting effect upon the Major's sublime confidence in the eventual triumph of his cause.

"The United States Government is certain to recognize my claim, sooner or later, sir," he warmly insisted. "The country cannot afford to let an old soldier and public officer suffer."

The dubious smiles these asseverations were apt to produce on the faces of his audience irritated, but did not dishearten him. The Major's honest faith in the existence of that myth—a Republic's gratitude—remained unshaken.

But to return. While the old man stood waiting for Time to let go that playful grip upon his lower limbs, Jocelyn, eldest of the five orphans mentioned, a slight girl of twenty, but looking older, sat watching him gravely and affectionately from the other side of the table.

The other orphans, Meg, Aleck, Hal, and Jack, had already breakfasted and departed for their several schools. The two were alone over the late breakfast that was one of the Major's weaknesses.

"Shall you go out to-day, grandpa?" the girl asked in the soft Southern drawl she had caught from her Virginia mother. "It is right blustering, and there 's ice on the pavements still."

"I am obliged to go, dear," the old man answered, bestirring himself with an air of importance. "I have an appointment with a gentleman at Willard's." A shadow crept over the girl's face.

Ah, those appointments with gentlemen at "Willard's," and "The Ebbitt," and other headquarters of lobbyists and wire-pullers—how many of them had the Major kept during the past ten years!

"It is a gentleman," cheerfully went on the old man, "who knows the Secretary of the Interior intimately, and he assures me that matters are coming to a head at last. I have it on good authority that the President has become interested in my case. Yes, my dear," he brightly added, "I may very likely have good news for you this evening."

Jocelyn answered his smile with another—a rather sad and perfunctory one—and rising, went into the little conservatory built out from the dining-room, where the sigh she had suppressed exhaled itself among the carnations and heliotropes blooming on the shelves.

The Major, as was his custom after meals, placed himself on the hearth-rug before the portrait of his dead wife. It had been painted in the early years of their married life, and by no unskilful hand. The Major had never been able to perceive much change in his wife's appearance up to the day of her death a few years before, and each year that greened the grass above her grave in Oak Hill helped to efface

even those slight ravages of Time from his memory. She lived in his heart crowned with all the beauty of her distant youth.

If only she might have lived, he reflected, to share the better days about to dawn—she who had borne so nobly the sorrows and cares of the past! Poor Kate! poor girl! How happy he might have made her yet!

At such moments as this the Major certainly showed his age; he stooped more, and the lines in his face deepened; but as Jocelyn came toward him with his hat and cloak he straightened himself and smiled down upon her cheerfully.

"Let me see; this is one of your busy days, is n't it, dear?" he said, as she drew the dark blue folds of the old military cloak about him with her little maternal air.

"I wish it were to be even busier," the girl answered, a careworn look stealing into her brown eyes.

"Oh, never mind, dear. Never mind," the old man responded, patting her shoulder affectionately. "Keep up courage. You won't need to go outside of home to work, after I 'm appointed."

"It is n't the work I mind, you know, grandpa. It is not having enough of it."

"Oh, you do enough, dear. Quite enough. More than enough. Don't fret, child. It 's going to be better soon. No doubt of it! I say, dear—er—have n't you forgotten something?"

Jocelyn looked at him a moment and joined in his playful laugh.

"THERE!"

"That is the first time I 've forgotten it, is n't it, grandpa?" she said, going to the conservatory and returning with a sprig of heliotrope which she fastened to the shiny lapel of the cloak. "There!" with a laugh, "now you are finished and look perfectly lovely!"

The Major laughed, too, and went his way, holding himself very erect, and looking, Jocelyn thought, very handsome and picturesque with his long, snow-white locks falling over the blue cloak.

The Major's *boutonnière* was one of his most

amusing idiosyncrasies in the eyes of most people. Even Jocelyn, detecting a facetious glance directed at it, would now and then wish for his own sake that he would give it up, but the old man would not hear of such a thing.

"Kate always liked to see it," he would say, with a pained yet obstinate look, "and it certainly harms no one."

And so the custom established by his wife in early years was not disturbed, and the little ceremony of attaching the floral decoration remained among the other duties that had fallen to Jocelyn's share.

After her grandfather had disappeared from view the girl turned from the window with a gravely troubled face. That assumption of having five orphan grandchildren on his hands was one of the many delusions the old man hugged jealously to his soul. In truth, it was many a day since he had added anything worth mentioning to the family income. The very house they lived in, an old frame mansion situated far up in the northwestern part of the city, had come to them from Jocelyn's mother.

It was a crumbling, ramshackle old affair, and what with taxes and repairs cost them a pretty sum yearly, but the ground it stood on would bring a good sum one of these days, when the youngest orphan, now twelve years old, should come of age, before which time it could not be turned into money.

Meantime some people wondered how the Huntleys managed to get along. Others, better acquainted with the family, could have told them. Two front rooms of the old house were rented to a couple of ancient spinsters. Almost every dollar besides was the result of Jocelyn's labors. She sold cut flowers from the little conservatory established by her invalid mother as a last resort; she did some fine needlework, and prepared rich preserves and jellies from her mother's Old Dominion recipes, for wealthy neighbors; she played the organ in a struggling church for a mere pittance, and taught the piano to beginners, at a low price, for Jocelyn had never had much opportunity for study of the art she loved. A hard-working, brave, patient little woman, as fond of fun and pleasure as most girls, but never envious nor discontented. Yet sometimes, when the pressure of care was too heavy, her heart misgave her, and this was one of the times.

Bills of all sorts and sizes were waiting to be paid. People were very kind about waiting, but there is a limit to human patience. Then the tin roof leaked frightfully, and the man called in to repair it reported it beyond help—a new one was needed. One of the spinsters had waylaid her on the stairs with the information that the stove "omitted gas" into her room. All the "children," as her sister and brothers were still called, though the youngest towered above little Jocelyn's head, needed shoes, hats, everything. Only the day before one of her richest patrons had taken away her two best pupils, because they were "doing so well" and consequently required, in the mother's opinion, a "man teacher." Always the same obstacle! Being "only a girl" had become a bugbear to Jocelyn at an early age, and not even a strong, brilliant girl, either, such as Meg was going to be, but a little creature with small, weak hands that could never "stretch an octave," and a sweet thread of a voice that could never make itself heard even in a quartette choir, and possessing no great talent for anything, except steady, patient work, and ingenious managing of small sums of money.

Yet with all this work and managing a crisis was at hand. The waters were rising fast, and threatened to engulf them. That is a figure of speech that Jocelyn frequently used in these self-communings without having any very definite idea what being "engulfed" really would be like. What *did* become of people like themselves when they were "engulfed"? Where did they go to, and what happened to them when they got there? Hitherto the swelling waters had stopped short of the line above which absolute ruin and destruction waited. Would it be so now? If present difficulties might be met, and only one more year tided over, Meg—now in the Normal School—would be ready to teach, and Aleck, once through the High School, would find employment, but how to achieve that end?

With one of those agonized upliftings of the soul to God which are the voiceless prayer of the desperate, Jocelyn forced back a choking sob, and went resolutely out into the world to fight the unequal battle for bread and independence she had been fighting so bravely for years.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day three young men came down the steps leading from one of the eastern doors of the Treasury Department, and mingled with the living stream that, flowing from between the great columns, spread itself to all points of the compass through the broad streets of the national capital. All three were typical department young men, well-dressed, easy in manner, and unmarked by any signs of excessive toil, but one of them, a dark, handsome fellow, carried himself with a moody air in sharp contrast to that of his companions, both of them obviously in that complacent, self-gratulatory state accorded by a merciful Providence to the mentally vacuous.

"I say, Remington," asked one of these latter of the other, as they strolled down the avenue, "how was it at the Ledyards' last night?"

"Dev'lish slow!" responded Remington, with a studiously blasé manner. "You know the old lady has taken up the temperance fad. Not a thing to drink stronger than bouillon. If there 's anything I hate it 's bouillon! If it had not been for Peters I should have choked before midnight. You know he always goes prepared for such emergencies. Awful bad form, I know,"—he had seen a look of disgust in Beverly's dark face,—"and no end of disagreeable, but what 's a man to do when people go in for cold water as a beverage? A man is driven to extremes. Nothing so demoralizing to society as these total abstinence organizations."

Rivers laughed delightedly. Beverly smiled a faint, discouraging smile that left Remington in doubt as to whether it was his wit, or something less flattering to his self-conceit, that produced it.

"Oh, Beverly! He can afford to sneer," said Remington, half-sulkily. "*His* lines fell in pleasanter places. Don't you know that he led the German at the Fosbricks' last night? No total abstinence about that establishment, eh, Beverly?"

"It might be an improvement if there were," said Beverly with indifference.

By this time they had reached the corner made historical by that time-honored political headquarters, Willard's Hotel.

"Hello!" exclaimed Rivers, laughing. "There's the Major. I have n't seen him for a month. I wonder if he has got that appointment yet."

"He?" said Remington. "Who is going to appoint an old fossil like that? He has been trotting around the departments for the last ten years. He 'll never get anything."

"No, of course not," assented Rivers. "He just makes a laughing-stock of himself, with his cards, and his letters, and all that rot. He stands more snubs than any man I ever heard of. Why does he keep it up, I wonder?"

"Why does a drowning man catch at straws?" demanded Beverly, almost fiercely, dropping a contemptuous look from his superior height upon his companions. Then checking himself, as if aware that it was not worth while to waste fine sentiments on such an audience, he was silent. But as the trio passed the Major standing alone on the curbstone, Beverly touched his hat with a respectful air, an act which did not escape the eyes of Remington.

"Oh, I forgot," said the latter, undeterred by Beverly's scowls, "the Major has a granddaughter. Very nice little girl, too. Met her at a barge party last summer. Not pretty, you know, but very nice. Dances well. Sings, too. Sweet little summer girl, eh, Beverly?"

"Leave me out of the conversation, won't you?" said Beverly, with a dark glance.

Even the impervious Remington was irritated as well as a little alarmed by the tone and look, but would not jeopardize his chances of being seen in Beverly's company by betraying resentment, for the latter had the entrée to a circle toward which he vainly aspired.

They had stopped before a window where were displayed some gaudy cartoons in which the jocular first of April, now close at hand, was made the most of as a nail upon which to hang political satires of a popular, but excessively vulgar, character.

Remington, himself a joker of the most objectionable type, and Rivers, his washed-out image, found these extravaganzas highly mirth-provoking. Beverly looked upon them without the ghost of a smile on his face.

"HE LOOKED BLUE AND PINCHED."

"Deuced clever!" exclaimed Remington for the tenth time, as they started on.

"Deuced!" echoed Rivers.

"Oh, I say!" said Remington, jubilantly, after a two minutes' reverie, "I have thought of the finest joke! Listen!"

Then, as well as he could for laughing, he proceeded to impart to his companions his latest inspiration in the way of being funny.

"There, what do you say to that?" he wound up, gleefully. "Good, eh? Capital idea, is n't it?"

"Immense!" drawled Rivers. "Best thing I ever heard of. What do you say, Beverly?"

They had come to a stop while Remington was speaking, and Beverly had listened, his eyes on the humorist's face with a look slowly kindling in them that now leaped into a blaze.

"I say," he answered with scorn, "that it is an idea which could not by any possibility enter a decent man's mind — not to mention a gentleman's."

Without another syllable he turned and left them. This was a trifle too much even for the caddish soul of Remington. A look of sulky anger followed Beverly up the street.

"Pretty rough, by George!" murmured Rivers, recovering from his paralyzed state of mind.

"Oh," said Remington, affecting a grand air, "he 's out of sorts to-day, somehow. Come along, Rivers!"

A moment later the two had disappeared in a neighboring pool-room.

THE Major stood on the curbstone in the bleak March wind waiting for his car. He looked blue and pinched, and there was a hurt, shamed, puzzled look in his face, as if he had recently suffered some pain and humiliation almost too great for comprehension.

Wild gusts tore around the exposed corner where he stood, wrapping the old blue cloak around him at one minute and at the next almost tearing it from his shoulders, blowing the long silvery locks about his temples, trifling with the withered flower that still clung to his buttonhole, and freezing the very marrow in his bones; yet the Major was but dimly aware of the keen wind, so much keener was the pain at his heart.

"THE OLD MAN WITH THE LETTER IN HIS HAND."

The day now passing had differed only in degree from hundreds that the old man had lived through before. Like them it had begun in hope and ended in disappointment, only this time the hope had been brighter, and the disappointment in consequence more crushing. By the representations of some unwise adviser he had been led to attempt a personal interview with a certain temporary magnate, and had met with a rude, even brutal, rebuff. In the course of his ten years' struggle the Major had met with many rebuffs before, but they had been couched in more or less courteous phrases. It was his first experience of open, gross, and cruel repulse, and the barbed shaft had entered deeply, and rankled painfully. From sheer force of habit he had made his way to this place where he was in the habit of taking a car for

home, but car after car passed and he made no effort to stop one. It was as if he saw them not, or saw them as one sees the changing phantasmagoria of dreams. An old friend had once said to him:

"Whatever you do, Major, for God's sake don't lose your grip!"

At this moment the Major was very near it. It had come to this, then! His sixty-eight years of untarnished, if obscure, existence, his long and faithful services to his country, his character as a man and a citizen had brought him only neglect, poverty, and insult. Certain terrible facts which the Major had heretofore refused to recognize had been brutally thrust upon his attention.

"I am an old man!" he kept repeating to himself. "Yes, it cannot be denied, I am an old man! I have outlived my usefulness. He—he intimated as much, and I dare say he is right, though it never struck me so before!"

He held up one withered hand and looked at it critically a moment.

"A little unsteady, for a clerk, maybe," he muttered, with a bitter smile. "Strange I never thought of it before! And my strength is not what it was. No. That Peninsular Campaign began the work, and I 'm afraid I 've fought it off as long as I can. I 'm beginning to fail. There 's a weakness in my breast sometimes, a difficulty in breathing. Oh, my God, I 've been losing time all these years! But I was so sure, so sure! I could not believe I was to be left to suffer in my old age—an old soldier, a faithful officer!"

He shook from head to foot with the shock of the thought.

His eyes, full of dumb anguish, wandered over the faces of the passing crowd, the continuous stream of government employés issuing at this hour from the various departments.

"Yes, I see! I see! Not many heads as gray as mine among them. Where are they all, I wonder?"

There came into his mind, confusedly and dimly, a poem he had once read, of an old steed turned out upon the highway by a cruel master to live or die as might be; he recalled how the starving beast, browsing among some foliage, had by chance rung the bell at whose sound the King's Syndic must appear, to listen to the complaints and redress the wrongs of even the humblest of his subjects, and how even this unwitting appeal of a dumb brute was not in vain.

"I have rung the bell," said the old man, with a mournful smile, "but in this land of liberty and equality there is no merciful king, no wise Syndic to mete out justice and redress wrongs like mine. Instead I must feel the lash and cudgel on my old bones."

With a feebleness never so apparent before, the Major at length boarded a crowded car. Some one—a sweet-faced young girl—insisted that he should take her seat. No longer ago than that morning he would have repudiated the offer with chivalric scorn; now he thanked the girl gratefully, and let his trembling limbs down upon the seat.

"I 'm an old man, Miss," he murmured with a deprecating smile, "a very old man!"

There were some acquaintances and neighbors in the car who had a friendly word or nod for the old man, but no one took any special notice of him. Not that any one had aught against the Major. On the contrary, they would have asserted unanimously that he was an amiable, upright, harmless old gentleman, a little given to garrulity on the subject of his own grievances, if given encouragement—that was all.

There exists in most of us a sad tendency to shrink away from such of our fellow-creatures as seem to have been especially singled out by misfortune, as ships at sea steer clear of the barnacle-incrusted derelicts that drift across their pathway.

So the old man sat silent and unnoticed in his corner; it was even necessary to call his attention when his street was announced, and some one, watching his laborious descent from the car, remarked in a casual way that "the old man seemed to be breaking up," a remark which occasioned no special manifestations of interest or sympathy.

After any particularly severe disappointment the Major was wont to keep for some time within the four walls of his home, as the sick or wounded animal seeks some quiet spot in which to suffer and die. Only the Major did not die. Suffering silently he waited for the rebound to come, and with his brave and sanguine temperament it was sure to come in time. This time it was so long in coming that Jocelyn, wise in reading the signs, and noticing the heavy droop of the silvered head, the pained look that had not left the dear, mild, old face, feared it might never come, and went away to her daily toil with a heart burdened with fresh misgivings. One of these mornings, after Jocelyn had gone, the old man wandered to the window overlooking their charming old-fashioned, untidy garden.

That was a merry prank nature had played between the going down of the sun on the 31st of March and his rising on this, the first day of April. People had gone grumbling to bed with the maddest of March winds whirling, banging, and shaking every out-of-door object susceptible of motion. Plenty of ice lying in wait for the belated pedestrian; quite a flurry of snow, too, towards midnight. "Old Probabil-

ities" predicted "a falling mercury with easterly winds." Lucky for him that he had nothing more valuable at stake than his already damaged reputation for prophetic accuracy, for whoever rose early that morning and looked out of window must have looked Spring herself square in the face.

Such glow in the sunshine, such balm in the air, such an unfolding of tree-buds, such a twittering and hovering of birds, such an apparition of garden blossoms, such a riot of song, color, perfume!

As the Major looked out upon all this, something of the subtle essence of the spring found its way into his veins. He was smitten with a quick sense of shame. It was weak, unmanly, childish, he told himself, to droop and despair as he had been doing for the past few days, merely because one man, dressed in a little brief authority, did not happen to possess brains or heart enough to keep him from abusing his power. If he did not look out people would begin to say of him, as he had heard them say of other old men, that he was "in his dotage." This thought made the Major's cheeks burn. He must, he would rise superior to the depression that had mastered him. Why not, by one broad expansion of courage, one grand mustering of will-power, sweep the clouds from his mental heavens as those farewell breezes of March had cleared the blue sky yonder? Already he felt stronger, more hopeful. His face was less rigid, there was more brightness in his look, more buoyancy in his attitude. For the ten thousandth time he went over his case in detail, viewing it in every possible light. There was no doubt whatever about it, his was a strong claim, a just cause; it must triumph in the end.

That letter-carrier yonder, that commonplace plodding fellow in gray, would one day, when he was least expecting it, perhaps, be the messenger of good tidings. Some day he would cross the street, as he was now crossing it — come up the steps, as he was now coming — ring the bell, as he was now ringing it — and hand him, as he now handed him — great God!

There was a chair in the hall, and the old man, with the letter in his hand, sank weakly upon it. It was some minutes before his shaking fingers managed to tear open the official envelope, still longer before his blurred eyes could decipher, his whirling brain comprehend, the contents; the printed heading — "U. S. Treasury Department" — the concise phrases, "you are requested to report," "assignment to duty," swam confusedly before his eyes. The signature he did not examine. Why should he? The one mighty, pregnant fact that had set his soul to reeling with joy — *that* he recognized. It was enough.

His first movement, when he was capable of motion, was to go and place himself before the portrait, whose soft dark eyes seemed to meet his own with answering tenderness and delight.

"It has come, Kate dear!" he said again and again, with streaming eyes. "The appointment has come at last. Thank God, we are saved!"

Presently he began preparing to go out, himself giving the final brushing to the old cloak and hat, and even pinning the spray of heliotrope in its place, with trembling fingers. He thought at first of leaving some lines for Jocelyn, then he decided to wait and announce the news in person. He wanted to see, and enjoy to the full, the effect upon her, and all the children. They had been growing incredulous, poor souls! What a change it was going to make in all their lives! How he would lift the burden from Jocelyn's young shoulders! What brightness he would bring into her life! Noble, devoted girl! Now she should have leisure to be young and pretty and gay, like other girls of her age.

Old Molly, the negro cook, as much a feature of the tumbledown establishment as the decrepit porch and crumbling chimneys, was engaged in the operation designated by herself as "wrenchin' off" the front steps when the Major wrapped in his cloak started out.

"Tell Miss Jocelyn not to expect me before dinner," he said to her in passing.

His voice sounded firm and strong even to the dulled ears of the old negress.

"Wha' for de Major a-whoopin' an' a-hollerin' at me dat a-way?" muttered Molly, gazing after him fondly and proudly. "Mus' think hisself a young man! Hm, hm!"

Who said the old man was "breaking up"? It was a man of certainly not more than fifty who walked, brisk and erect, down the street that morning. The years had slipped from him marvelously during that last half-hour. He even caught himself humming an old tune, and a very frivolous old tune, too, as he went along, and was quite alarmed lest some one should have observed this lapse from dignity. The Major was very particular about his dignity.

An hour later the Major entered the room of the official to whom he had been requested to report, and paused in a dignified attitude of waiting.

A number of clerks were present, some of whom gave him a careless glance, without ceasing their work. Two of them, however, paused, exchanged a look in which dismay rather preponderated over amusement, and resumed writing with ostentatious zeal. Another, a dark-browed young fellow, looked up,

changed color, fixed a glance of concentrated passion on the other two, and bent, scowling, over the papers on his desk.

As the moments passed and his presence appeared unlikely to produce any further impression, some embarrassment began to show itself in the Major's manner. He shifted his position a little, and coughed slightly behind his much-darned glove.

The dark young man alone looked up, and, catching the old man's errant glance, nodded almost imperceptibly toward the chief clerk, whose countenance was at that moment obscured by an open journal.

With heightened color the Major approached the official, and laid before his impassive eyes the letter he had received that morning.

The official opened it, glanced at it, frowned, smiled — very faintly — frowned again, and looked the Major square in the face, with obvious annoyance.

"Is it possible, sir," he said, shortly, "that you have taken this thing seriously?"

The Major thought he could not have understood correctly. He leaned forward, supporting himself on one hand.

The official repeated his words in a louder tone. Some of the clerks looked up. Three of them wrote on steadily.

The official turned the letter around toward the Major, and pointed at the signature, or rather at the ingenious complication of curves and angles that at first glance might have been easily accepted as one of those remarkable signatures for which public men are noted.

The Major stared at the tangle of lines dully, uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you see, sir?" said the gentleman a little sharply, "that it is no signature at all? The thing is a fraud, sir! You are the victim of some idle fellow's miserable joke. If you had examined the paper more carefully you would have discovered it yourself. I hope— I trust—"

The words died on his lips. No one will ever know what the public functionary hoped and trusted.

The Major had been standing with one hand clutching the edge of the desk, the other pressed against his temple. A livid red had flown to his face, a vein started out on his forehead and throbbed visibly; his eyes glared. There was a dry click in his throat, and the hand slipped from his head and pulled at his collar, loosening it a little. Then suddenly the flame died from his eyes, and the color from his face, leaving it blank, and of ashy hue. Without a word he reached for the letter, folded his cloak about him, bowed with dignity, and walked, very slowly, from the room.

The official watched him out of the door, then sent a long, penetrating look about the room. Every head was bent, every pen busy; but to one head, a blonde one, the official eyes returned, and rested there a moment with peculiar insistence.

"Mr. Remington!"

At the sound of his name, sprung upon him so suddenly, that individual started, confusion in every feature.

"Er—nothing of importance," said the official, keeping a quiet level gaze upon him. With ashy cheeks the clerk resumed his pen.

"As I suspected!" muttered the official behind his journal. "Very good, my humorous young friend! But if your little April hoax does not prove a boomerang it shall not be *my* fault!"

As they left the office at noon, Beverly walked straight up to Rivers and Remington.

"You are a couple of dastardly sneaks and scoundrels!" he said in a voice of suppressed fury. "Never dare to speak to me again!"

"I give you my word, Beverly," began Remington, "I never thought it would go that far. I thought—"

But Beverly was half-way down the long corridor already. The two young men exchanged a shamefaced, frightened look.

"Who would have supposed," muttered Remington sulkily, "that the old fool would n't have seen through it, at second glance anyhow?"

THAT night two women watched by the bed where the Major had been lying since nightfall in a dull stupor, broken only by delirious mutterings.

He had been found wandering in the outskirts of the city drenched to the skin by the rain in which the day had ended, and unable to give any account of himself. From a letter in his pocket the officer who found him had discovered his identity, and summoning an ambulance had conveyed him to his home, while Aleck was still absent in search of him.

On one side of the bed old Molly alternately dozed and prayed; in the next room Aleck and Meg slept in their chairs, or woke to wait in terror and grief the summons they had been told to expect. Jocelyn alone felt no need of sleep. With tearless eyes she watched unflaggingly the haggard face on the pillow, catching eagerly at every muttered word, seeking some clue to what had happened.

The officer had spoken of a letter, but Jocelyn had searched vainly for anything that might account for her grandfather's condition. Molly had no information to offer; she had not heard the postman's ring, and knew nothing—except that the Major had walked away looking, as she expressed it "for all de world

like a bridegroom on he way to de church to meet he bride."

Towards midnight the delirium increased, the disjointed exclamations grew louder. What was he saying?

"A good joke—a capital joke—a famous joke on the old man! The 1st of April—why, any fool might have seen through it! The old man must be in his dotage! Why don't you laugh, everybody?" he demanded, fiercely, half-rising and glaring about him with wild, bloodshot eyes. "You need n't be afraid of hurting the old man's feelings. Laugh, I say! Laugh, fiends and angels—everybody—laugh, I tell you! See! I laugh too!"

With a peal of terrible laughter he flung himself back upon the pillow.

Then Jocelyn, putting together the tattered fragments of delirious speech, constructed something very near the truth. With a bitter cry she flung herself down by the bedside, and laid her cheek against the poor restless hand that wandered over the counterpane, covering it with tears.

"They have killed you!" she sobbed. "They shall never be forgiven! Never!"

Over and over again the changes were rung by the stricken man upon the one theme, until at last stupor succeeded delirium, and the sufferer lay motionless, with closed eyes and failing pulse. For some hours this phase lasted, then suddenly the old man's eyes opened and brightened, a smile lit up his face, a smile of joyful recognition, of unutterable, divine content.

"Kate," said the white lips, a thrill of elation running through the clear, weak tone, "Kate, dear, that appointment—has come—at last!"

This time the Major was not mistaken.

Julia Schayer.

THE CHOICE.

WOULD I could choose the sweet and simple way!—
Could curb the spirit's will yearning for flight
To spheres unimageable, heavenly bright,
And in the shelter of thy bosom stay.
Thy love is like a clear consoling ray
That from some cottage window cleaves the night,
Bidding the guest to comfort, warmth, and light;—
I fain would enter did I dare delay.
'T is vain! a pearl- and emerald-studded car
Awaits; the charioteer, with streaming curls
And lustrous eyes, beckons—the pale earth swoons—
I mount—the wing'd steeds soar aloft, and far
From thy still home its freight the chariot whirls
Beyond the limits of the suns and moons.

Owen Innsly.

MUSIC.

OH, take the lute this brooding hour for me—
The golden lute, the hollow crying lute—
Nor call me even with thine eyes; be mute,
And touch the strings; yea, touch them tenderly;
Touch them and dream, till all thine heart in thee
Grow great and passionate and sad and wild.
Then on me too as on thine heart, O child,
The marvelous light, the stress divine shall be,
And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
The unveiled vision of this world flame by,
Battles and griefs, and storms and phantasies,
The gleaming joy, the ever-seething fire,
The hero's triumph and the martyr's cry,
The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

A. Lampman.

SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEES OF 1851, 1856, AND 1877.

ON the 14th of August, 1849, my brother and I rode from the Sierra foothills into the Sacramento Valley, intending to reach Sutter's Fort that night. Early in the forenoon we were overtaken by a horseman, a finely mounted, handsome fellow, who asked if we were immigrants. We answered, Yes. He welcomed us into the new country, and said he had arrived some months earlier. I told him that my brother, who was near by, and I were just arriving overland; that we had come from Salt Lake alone in about twenty days, for being well equipped we had made quick time; that he was the first Californian we had met, and, indeed, the first person we had seen in several days. I asked him if gold in California was a reality or a romance. He said it was an assured reality, and, as a ready proof, loosened his waistcoat and revealed a large, long, leathern bag strapped securely to his person, in which he said was about three thousand dollars in gold-dust, the result of his labor for a short time. He stopped his horse, opened his purse, and showed us the glittering metal. Enjoying my surprise and interest, he gave me several handsome specimens as a souvenir. I asked him if it was not hazardous to make such a display of his wealth. He answered, No, it was perfectly safe; that people were honest, or made to be honest; that there was no room in this country for thieves, and there was no such thing as highway robbery; there had been troubles in the country, but the worst men had been summarily punished, the others had learned better, and there was plenty for all who would work. He gave me many particulars about the country, the new population, the gold product; described the new towns, especially Sacramento, which had grown up on the river near Sutter's Fort, and whither he was then going; gave me the distances, and advised me of the best camping-grounds, and, his animal being fresher than ours, bade us good-by, and galloped on.

A few miles farther on, turning the point of a hill, a panorama of the grand, beautiful valley of Sacramento, the land of promise, opened its broad expanse before us, apparently limitless on the south and west, albeit revealing fringes of trees skirting the streams below. Very soon we met wagons, horsemen, footmen in scores, Americans, Mexicans, Chinese (the first I had ever seen of these), all going to the mines, every man pushing on eagerly. It was altogether a stirring scene, sharply contrasting the quietude of the one thousand miles of mountain, valley, and desert we had just traversed. About 4 P. M. we reached Sutter's Fort, and, as directed, passed around it, forded the American River, which was low, and found excellent grass and a good camping-place where several groups of new-comers were already comfortably located. Having selected our ground and picketed our animals, our new neighbors came with the usual greetings and inquiries, to which we responded in kind, and I reverted to the horseman we had met in the morning, and to what he had told us of the condition of the country, abundance of gold and provisions, and of the safety of life and property. They said it was all true; that no one thought at the present time of taking anything that did not belong to him because of the fear of prompt punishment by the people. I said, "Then is life as safe as property?" They said property was perfectly safe, and life as safe as in any country where people behave themselves. Accustomed as I was to frontier life and to the value of swift and severe punishment, this ideal security for life and property surpassed anything I had ever seen, and made me fancy that Utopia had become a reality in this new western land, and I said, "Here you have, then, a truly golden age with halcyon days."

The second day, after having rested, I went to the new city of Sacramento, and found it a scene of activity and vitality. It was a town of tents, with a few frame buildings, altogether strongly resembling a huge camp-meeting, with many people camping in the open air. The streets were filled with men coming and going, wagons and pack animals loading from the well-filled stores; many vessels were discharging on the river banks cargoes of mining supplies and provisions of all kinds, and there was everywhere a full display of prosperous business and earnest life. New immigrants were daily arriving overland and by sea; surveyors laying out building lots, auction sales of lands, cattle, and merchandise loudly proclaimed

cheerful activity everywhere. Sales were for cash, the currency of the country being placer gold-dust at $16 per ounce if clean and pure, and $15 or less for that which was not so good, supplemented by Mexican dollars and Mexican gold doubloons at $16 each; there was very little European or American coin. I noticed large piles of goods outside the stores and tents, unprotected, and I asked if they were left out at night and were safe. The answers were all affirmative. The doors of houses had no locks, or they were unused; the tents had no fastenings, yet there were no losses of property, as every trespasser knew that in theft he would hazard his life.

This I afterward found was the condition all over the country. The miner without fear or hesitation would leave his bag of gold-dust under his pillow and go to his camp for a day's work. He would leave his gold-diggings and rocker with hundreds of dollars exposed without fear of loss: all, or chiefly, the result of very summary punishment inflicted upon lawless men in San Francisco the year before, and of the trial and quick execution of a few throughout the country when found appropriating to their own use what did not belong to them. This was the common law of the country.

This condition of affairs continued through the winter of 1849 and the spring and early summer of 1850, during which time a large additional immigration came in, embracing numbers of our best people, and including many families of early pioneers, all bringing a sense of home-life and sanguine anticipation of future comfort and happiness. But unfortunately this tide was met by a flow of the worst element in the world, chiefly from Sydney and other Pacific Ocean ports, and, as a little foul matter will taint a large stream, so this matter seriously changed and endangered current affairs in California. Reports of robberies and assaults soon became common; again the public mind began to be excited over the general lawlessness. Wealth was increasing, business prospering, solid improvements progressing throughout the city and State; people were hopeful on the one hand, and fearful on the other, for while our golden era was bright, we had many sad proofs that our halcyon days had departed. This was no longer Arcadia.

The rapid and continued increase of crime in San Francisco impressed on every thinking man the conviction that some more vigorous action of the legal authorities was imperative, and must be stimulated and insisted upon, or self-preservation would make it necessary for the people to take the matter into their own hands, and assert the law and establish order in their own way. The police were notoriously inadequate and inefficient; the courts had been accused of corruption; the prisons were small and insecure, and it was boldly proclaimed through the streets that with packed juries and venal judges, false witnesses and dishonest officials, our criminal courts had become a failure and a reproach.

On Wednesday night, February 19, 1851, the city was thrown into intense excitement by the report that a bold attack had been made early in the evening upon the store of Jansen & Co., merchants, Mr. Jansen having been brutally assaulted and left on the floor insensible, it was supposed dead, and the house having been robbed. Arrests were soon made, and the person supposed to be guilty, one Burdue, was lodged in prison. A large crowd gathered around that building and made threats to destroy the premises and hang the offender. The officials made conciliatory appeals and the crowd finally dispersed, though dissatisfied, and it was soon reported that on Sunday morning, the 23d, the people would assemble *en masse*. In the early forenoon, I walked quietly toward the premises, and was surprised to find a great crowd of people already on the spot, while others were pushing in from all directions, many bearing side-arms. The eyes of the people I met showed that they were thoroughly aroused, and the clenched hands and quick gestures of many gave evidences of irritation and rage.

The mayor and a few leading citizens were vainly trying to calm the excitement by guaranteeing to hold the prisoner securely, promising a speedy and vigorous trial, and asking the people to disperse; but there was no faith in these promises. All seemed impatient of delay; no one would leave. On the contrary, all moved forward in a solid, sullen mass, surrounded the building, and pressed against every entrance. Though there seemed to be no concerted plan of action, no leadership, yet there was plainly a common thought and a common object. It was evident that unless the people were quickly diverted, and in some way satisfied, they would soon take possession of the building, seize the prisoner, and execute him without a hearing or form of trial. No available power could stop them. I always had had a horror of a mob, and its wild and hasty excesses, and it occurred to me that a middle course might be adopted, and a fair and speedy trial be secured by a court of the people, organized on the spot. So I pushed my way to the front balcony, which overlooked the people below, and catching the ear of the mass, I proposed that those present should immediately form themselves into a court within the building; that the prisoner should be brought before them, counsel on each side allowed, and testimony be taken, and that the

trial should proceed fairly, calmly, and resolutely, and, if the prisoner should be found innocent, that he should be discharged and this intense excitement allayed; but if he should be found guilty, that he should be hanged before the sun went down.

Never in my life had I heard a more instantaneous and tumultuous shout of applause. It was light breaking through the dark over-hanging cloud. It solved the problem and satisfied the longings of the people. This note had struck the chord and every nerve seemed to vibrate in harmony. All citizens who could find room were invited to come into the building, while others formed a guard without. Mr. Spence, a prominent merchant, was selected as judge, and twelve well-known citizens formed the jury. Three prominent lawyers, McAllister, Benham, and Shattuck, volunteered to defend the prisoner. I asked for counsel for the prosecution, when the house insisted upon my taking that position. The trial consumed about six hours. The hall was packed to repletion, and the streets surrounding the building were filled with a compact mass of people, about ten thousand in all. There was great impatience and fear of a failure in the trial, and that the prisoner would escape. Several times the people became so clamorous that I was compelled to leave the court-room and make a short speech to satisfy them that everything was going well. Happily, I always succeeded in restoring quiet. Whatever I said and did was satisfactory. So dense was the crowd that, on making my way to the front of the building, I was literally forced to walk over the heads and shoulders of the thickly packed mass of people.

Witnesses were thoroughly examined; the facts of assault and robbery were clearly proved; the evidence was so plainly detailed as not to admit of doubt. Counsel were heard on both sides, the trial continuing until about dark, when the jury retired.

After waiting patiently several hours, toward the middle of the night I was amazed to hear that Judge Shattuck had secretly secured admittance to the jury-room, had made an *ex-parte* appeal, and secured a disagreement.

When it was found that the jury had disagreed, the consideration came as to what next should be done. It was within our power to have yet dealt with the accused as we chose, and there were earnest advocates for prompt and summary action, who declared that justice was being tricked and cheated, and it was our duty to prove ourselves more than a match for such villainy, and that it would be but right to put the chief actor in this attempt alongside the criminal. But I said, "No, a thousand times no. Better by far that it should be so, than that we should make a fatal error. We had done our duty, our whole duty, honestly, loyally. Many before us had thought their prisoner the guilty party, and he had proved not to be; and as our action had been unusually prompt, our time for examination and comparison unusually short, it did not become us to act except on the most unquestioned proof. We could not afford to make a mistake, and surely we could not afford to have innocent blood on our hands. With all my earnestness, I preferred that this prisoner should go his way, or that he be left to those who had promised a full, fair, and impartial trial. We knew the man now too well for him ever to become dangerous."

These views were adopted, and the court and the remaining part of the assemblage adjourned, and the prisoner was left in charge of the county officers. Thus ended the famous "Burdue trial."

The result of this trial was not as fortunate for the safety of life and property as were similar proceedings in 1849. Soon the announcement of outrages in different parts of the State became numerous. In San Francisco the matter grew serious, and there was much discussion as to the remedy. The best people were wholly absorbed in their personal affairs; the worst were following their criminal instincts without fear and without obstruction.

On the 3d of May, 1851, a great fire occurred that destroyed almost the entire city and in which a hundred lives were lost. There were good reasons for believing that the fire was the work of incendiaries who had sacrificed these valuable lives and millions of dollars' worth of property for the sake of plunder, and a very strong and bitter feeling grew up against the newly arrived population of criminal classes. The conviction grew stronger every day that something should be done by the people themselves to rid the city of incendiaries and robbers. With the view of immediate protection, a number of mechanics, merchants, and other respectable citizens agreed to form a private patrol, each member of this volunteer police to take his particular beat, and to be on duty a certain number of hours every night. In case of emergency, the entire force was to rally at a point and be prepared for duty. The effect was good, but the result was not adequate: the criminal classes continued their outrages.

A second great fire occurred on the 3d of June following, and arrests were made of persons believed to be the incendiaries. So violent was the feeling of the people that attempts were made to hang the prisoners, but the mayor and officials promised that they should be severely dealt with. The grand jury was then in session, and found a true bill against

some of the accused, but by technicalities the indictments were quashed and the persons disappeared.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1851.

THE want of a strong organization among those who wished to preserve peace and enforce the laws was severely felt. Those who had the largest interests at stake felt that unless there could be united action and control, there might be introduced a system of mob law, which would ultimately be more dangerous than the existing state of affairs. It was for this reason that, on the 10th of June, 1851, an organization of prominent business men was effected, and about two hundred names were enrolled under what was styled "The Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco." The objects of the committee were "to watch, pursue, and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regularly constituted courts, if possible, through more summary process, if necessary." Each member pledged his word of honor, his life, and his fortune for the protection of his fellow-members, and for purging the city of its bad characters. After arranging for a concert of action, watchwords, and a signal to call the members to the rendezvous, which was three taps of a fire-bell, the committee adjourned for the evening.

Scarcely half an hour had passed before the bell was tapped. On reaching headquarters I found a number of gentlemen, and soon after there was brought in a very large, rough, vicious-looking man called Jenkins, an ex-convict from Sydney, who had been caught in the theft of a safe from a store. He was well known as a desperate character who had frequently evaded justice. The committee was organized immediately into a court, and Jenkins was tried for the offense within an hour. The evidence was overwhelming; he was promptly convicted and sentenced to be hanged that night. Jenkins's bearing throughout the trial was defiant and insulting, and he intimated that his rescue by his friends might be expected at any moment. We were notified by our officers that already the roughest and worst characters throughout the city were mustering in force to resist the committee. At the same time scores of our best citizens came forward and enrolled themselves as members, while others pledged their support in anything we might do.

I strenuously resisted the proposition to execute Jenkins that night, as I held it cowardly to hang him in the dark in such hot haste. I proposed he should be held till next morning and then hanged in broad daylight as the sun rose. Only a few agreed with me; there was much nervousness; the very circumstances of his crime having been committed at the moment of our organization and in defiance of it, and the threatened attack on us by abandoned criminals, all tended to impress the committee with the necessity of prompt action. Seeing that he must be hanged, I moved that the prisoner have the benefit of clergy. This was granted, but when the minister was left with him, the hardened criminal heaped the vilest insults on his venerable head. This hastened his doom, and his career was quickly closed.

The next morning the work of the Vigilance Committee was heralded throughout the State, and hundreds of citizens came forward and tendered their approval of our acts and asked to be enrolled in our ranks. The unexpected arrest and quick execution of Jenkins spread consternation among all his class. The Governor of the State, McDougal, issued a proclamation and maintained a nominal opposition to the committee, but took no active measures against it. Many arrests were made of desperate characters, and where clear proof of murder within the State was lacking, it was decided that banishment or corporal punishment should be the penalty. During the active operations of the committee, four men were hanged, and about thirty were banished. Nearly all were from Sydney or other British colonies, and as far as possible they were returned to the places from which they had come.

After a session of about thirty days the committee, finding that the country had been purged of a goodly number of the worst people, determined to adjourn quietly. It was decided not to disband, but to preserve the organization ready for any emergency. Happily there was no call for its services for some time; in fact, it was four years before the necessity of such a committee was again felt by the people of California, and brought forth finally the famous Vigilance Committee of 1856.

As contemporary testimony to the value of the work of the first Vigilance Committee, and its significance as an example of self-government, I quote the following editorial from the New York "Daily Tribune" of July 19, 1851:

> . . . The summary proceedings of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance, in the trial, condemnation, and execution of the thief Jenkins, are not to be regarded in the light of an ordinary riot, much less as an example of hostility to the established laws, heralding disorganization and anarchy. Seen from the proper point of view, it is a manifestation, violent, it is true, of that spirit of order which created the State of California. . . . San Francisco presents, therefore, the singular spectacle of a community governed by two powers, each of which is separate and distinct from the

EXECUTION OF JOHN JENKINS. (AFTER A LITHOGRAPH OF THE TIME, PUBLISHED BY JUSTH QUIROT & CO.)

other. They cannot come in conflict, since there is no aggressive movement against the law on the part of the committee, and no attempt on the part of the regular authorities to interfere with the action of the latter. Public opinion universally upholds the course pursued by the committee. This course, under the circumstances, cannot be called mob law or lynch law, in the common acceptation of the term. It more nearly resembles the martial law which prevails during a state of siege.

At this distance we will not venture to judge whether the circumstances demand so merciless a code. But we are sufficiently familiar with the characters of the men composing the Committee of Vigilance, to acquit them of any other motive than *that of maintaining public order and individual security*. We believe they will exercise the power they have assumed no longer than is absolutely necessary to subserve these ends, and that their willing submission to the authority of the law, when the law shall be competent to protect them, will add another chapter to the marvelous history of their State. In spite of these violent exhibitions of popular sentiment, the instinct of order, *the capacity for self-government, is manifested more strongly in California, at this moment, than in any other part of the world.*

THE GREAT VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856.

WHEN I returned to San Francisco in January, 1856, after an absence in New York of about two years, I found a great change and much public excitement in social, political, and financial affairs. There had been a severe financial crisis in 1855, and affairs were still very unsettled. The "Bulletin" newspaper, edited by James King of William,[1] had undertaken local reform, and was boldly assailing all evil-doers who had again become aggressive. Very recently United States Marshal Richardson had been killed by an Italian gambler named Cora. The murderer had been imprisoned and tried, but all efforts to convict him had failed. The excitement over the general lawlessness and the impotence of the courts increased as the months went by, but a crisis was reached only by the assassination of Editor King in the streets, on the evening of the 14th of May. He was shot down by an ex-convict named Casey, whose infamous New York record the editor had exposed. The community was immediately thrown into intense excitement, and the engine-bell on the Plaza was rung — the familiar signal of the old Vigilance Committee.

After a hasty dinner I went to the Plaza, which I found crowded with excited citizens. Members of the old committee sought me in

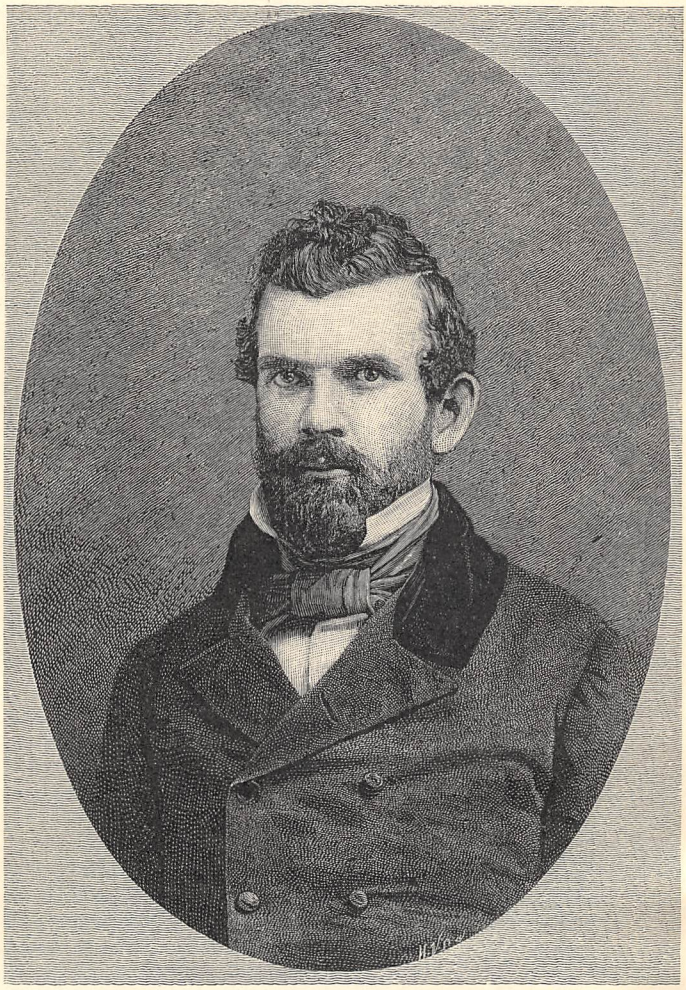
[1] This designation was chosen by Mr. King to distinguish himself from many others of the same name in San Francisco. — EDITOR.

numbers and urged me to organize a new committee. I declined these importunities; several meetings were held in different places, and urgent appeals made not to allow a repetition of the failure of organization as was done a few months previously when Cora killed Richardson. The result of all was that I finally consented to take charge and organize the committee, provided I should have absolute control—authority supreme. We organized, and within twenty-four hours we had fifteen hundred members, all well-known leading men of the city. They took a strong oath pledging their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to the cause, and promising to stand by one another under all circumstances, and not to divulge any transactions of the committee. The organization was to be entirely impersonal, and each man was to be known only by his number. An organization in military companies, well officered, was perfected the first evening. Within two days after the first meeting 2500 men were enrolled and equipped with arms, while drilling was carried on constantly day and night. Such was the zeal and intelligence of all, that soldiers were formed of men who but a few days before hardly knew how to handle a gun.

While this work of organization and preparation was progressing we were informed of numerous counter movements by the opponents of the committee. Word was brought that the roughs were organizing in large numbers, arming, and threatening with determined energy to defend Casey, Cora, and their friends, at all hazards, and to lay the city waste if need be to accomplish that end. The next day it was developed that a strong effort was being made by the mayor and others to organize and bring into action all the militia of the State that were available. The larger and better part of the militia in the city had, however, already joined the committee. Renewed and specific threats were made on the life and property of all who were members of the committee, and a determination was announced to crush the new movement at any cost of life, money, or property.

It thus became too evident that the committee had to prepare for more serious work than was anticipated, or by rights should have been forced upon them. James King of William was honest, brave, and terribly in earnest, but often rash. Unhappily, he had arrayed against him several classes of people. He had severely, though in the main justly, castigated that portion of the press that upheld or apologized for excesses or irregularities in political affairs. He had aroused a Roman Catholic influence hostile to himself by ill-advised strictures on one of their clergy. He had invited the bitter animosity of a large portion of the Southern element by the stinging severity of his criticisms on them in their official capacity, and his denunciation of them as the Chivalry, and the unworthy Chivalry, who had captured and held, or virtually controlled, for their own benefit the offices of the city and State. All of these elements, separately and combined, were inimical to King, who by his impetuous methods and reckless personalities had unfortunately and needlessly made himself many bitter personal enemies. Thus, the committee was assailed as his champion by all these parties, when in fact it was not such, but was merely the champion of justice and of right—the child of the necessi-

THE HANGING OF STUART BY THE FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

JAMES KING, OF WILLIAM. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF HIS SON CHARLES J. KING.)

ties of the hour. The committee scarcely thought of or had in view King's personal relations with his former antagonists. It merely looked at the state of affairs in the city and country, and the evils that threatened, and went forward in the direction of the work attempted a few months before, when Cora killed Richardson. Indeed, such was the condition of the public mind at this time that if, instead of King, any other prominent man had been assassinated, a similar demonstration would have ensued, though it would not probably have so clearly divided the community or brought such bitter opposition.

While on previous occasions the city and State authorities had been conservatively passive, they were now unexpectedly active and aggressive, the moral of which we knew might have weight with weak, doubtful, and negative people, and even with many of the best. This warned us to prepare for changes which caprice of opinion, the turn of fortune, or the course of time might bring forth against us. We felt strong in our resources, numbers, cause, and courage. We had about seven-eighths of the people with us.

With the opposition were some of the best people of the country. Their party and friends had all the city and State offices; they had with them the law and most of the lawyers, and all the law-breakers. Their chief hope was in legal, State, and Government aid. We asked nothing but to be understood and judged rightly.

Our aims and position were soon made plain and satisfactory to the leading army and navy officers on this coast and to the Government at Washington. They soon understood us and always left us to complete our work in our own way. On May 16 I was waited upon by some gentlemen who said that Governor J. Neely Johnson had just arrived,

and was very anxious to see me. He was at the Continental Hotel, and would come to any point that I might indicate; he did not know where I was, or he would have waited upon me at once. I replied that I would do myself the honor to call upon the Governor at his hotel. I did so, and the question of the work of the committee was broached immediately. He asked what we wanted. I answered that we wanted peace. We would like to have it without a struggle, but if it must be at the cost of war, then we must have war. He asked what we wanted to accomplish. I told him, very much what the Vigilance Committee of 1851 accomplished — to see that the laws were executed upon a few prominent criminals whom the officers of the law had allowed to go unpunished; to drive away from the State some notoriously bad characters; to purify the atmosphere morally and politically, and then to disband. I told him the names of the people in this organization were a guarantee to him that there were no personal aims, or ambitions, nothing in view except the work of the public good; that as an officer of the law, and an observer, he must be aware of the frightful condition of affairs throughout the State, especially in San Francisco; that it had been apparent to all that this could not be much longer endured, and that the climax had now arrived in the striking down of King; that the people had resolved that they would correct the mischief if possible, and that they believed they could do it; that done, they would retire from all participation in such matters, and leave the regularly constituted authorities to do their work, if they would. "Now, Governor," said I, "you are called upon by the mayor and a class of people here to bring out the militia and try to put down this movement. I assure you it cannot be done, and if you attempt it, it will give you and us a great deal of trouble. It is not the way to treat the question. Do as McDougal did; see, as he did, that this is a mere local reform, intended to correct local abuses. Allow us to take up the work and get through with it, as he did, without anything more than a formal opposition by the State. Do your duty in issuing your proclamation and manifestos, and maintaining formally the dignity of the law, but leave to us the work, and we shall get through with it in a short time and quit, and quit gladly." He slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Go it, old boy! but get through as quickly as you can. Don't prolong it, because there is a terrible opposition and a terrible pressure."

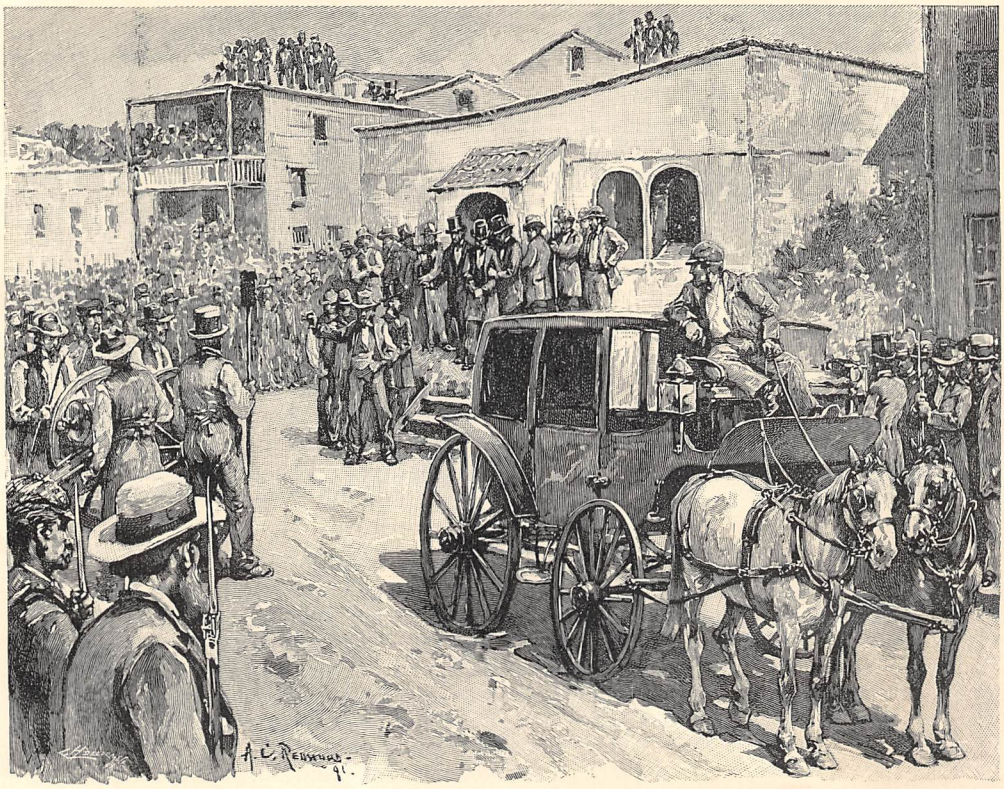
I told him I had just realized the position that King had stood in, and that all of King's opponents, or most of them, would become the opponents of the committee, but we could not retire from the position we had taken; that we did not want to be in opposition to the State; that we were as law-abiding people as any in the world, as long as there was any law; that our real object was to see the laws carried out and executed, and if the officers of the law would not carry them out and execute them, then it devolved on us to do it; we did not want to quit our business, our vocations, and our homes to do all this, but we were compelled to do it, and if he could see his way clear to maintain his status as Governor on the record, to do it by all means. We did not want a single court to adjourn, a single officer to vacate his position, nor to surrender his rights nor fail in his duties. He said he appreciated the situation, that he knew me very well (we had always been close friends), and he knew those associated with me; he had been called down from the State capital; he was now satisfied, and he would leave the field to us in confidence.

About two hours afterward, I was busily engaged at our headquarters when a messenger brought word that several gentlemen, Governor Johnson, Mr. Garrison, and others, were in the anteroom and wanted to see me particularly. Johnson's manner was much changed; he had evidently come under the influence of the opposing party. He asked what we were going to do, and if this trouble could not be settled, addressing me as if he had not asked the same question a few hours before in our former interview. I answered, and naturally addressed the whole party through him, that the people of the city and State were tired of having citizens shot down and other outrages committed as they had been, and were no longer inclined to endure them. He agreed with me, and was of my opinion as fully as any one could be, but he thought the courts could remedy all that; we had good judges and good men, and the people need not rise up in a mob and obstruct the execution of the laws. I told the Governor that ours was not a mob, that it was a deliberative body regularly organized, the officers and men pledged to their duty,— it was a government within a government, if he liked,— and that he must not regard it as a mob, because it was clean and clearly out of the sphere and atmosphere of mobocracy; that we had not seen any laws executed in San Francisco for a long while, and it was because of this failure that we felt called upon by the most imperative sense of duty and of safety to undertake it ourselves; that if it were done by the officers of the law, there was no portion of the citizenship of the State more prompt to aid and support them than the Vigilance Committee would be. He then proposed that we should hold ourselves together if we wished, but leave the trial of Casey and Cora to the regular courts, and of-

fered to pledge himself that they should have a speedy and fair trial, and if the evidence adduced was sufficient, that they would be executed. I replied that the people no longer had confidence in the officers, that too many of them were unfortunately friends and intimate associates of these very prisoners. I repeated my suggestion that he allow the committee to do its work and then disband. Now they had no patience to wait, they were thoroughly aroused and were determined to go through with the undertaking, and there was not power enough in the State to stop them.

I then asked three members of the executive to join me, and reviewed and repeated what had been said, all of which was clearly understood. It was then asked of us if nothing could be done. And the answer was, Yes. We were solicitous about the safety of the prisoners, feared they would be spirited away, and with a view to their safety we proposed that a small force of our men be placed in the prison as an additional guard, and we pledged ourselves not to take the prison or make any movement against it without giving the Governor notice, all of which was agreed to and complied with.

This interview was the next day reported in different forms, and brought forth from the other parties many disingenuous statements. Johnson's dorsal vertebræ proved too weak to stand by his word, and he never recovered; yet the status remained unchanged until Sunday morning, the 18th of May, when the Executive Committee determined on further and prompt action, and sent the Governor this communication:

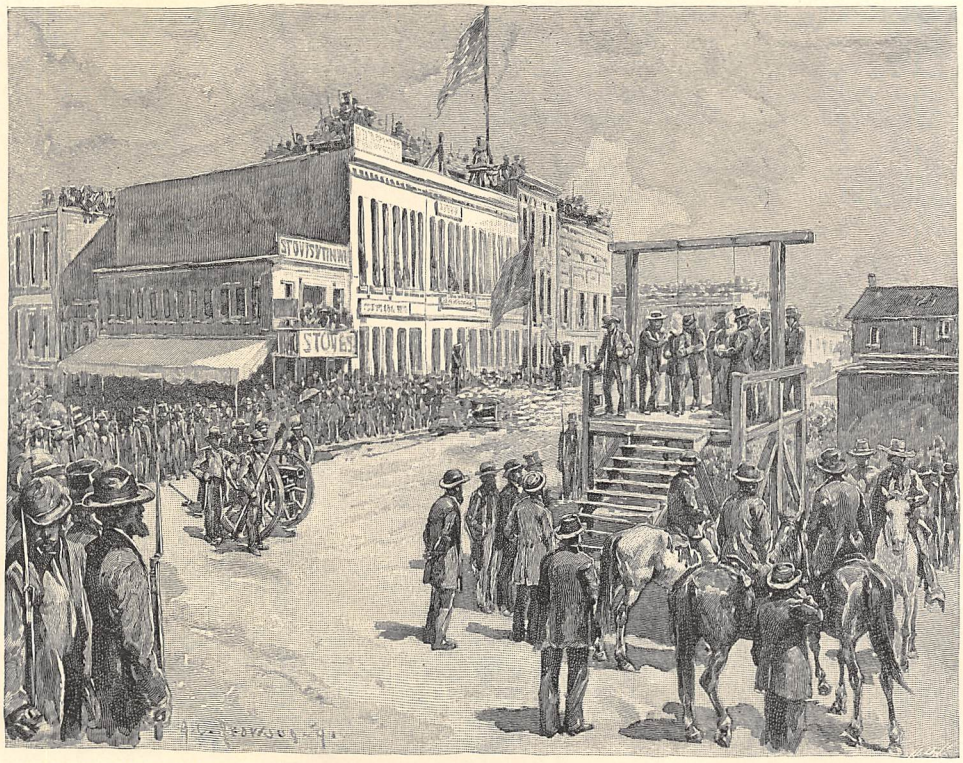


SURRENDER OF CASEY AND CORA TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, MAY 18, 1856.

We beg to advise you that we have withdrawn our guard from the County Jail.

The guard was soon after withdrawn from the building. This was a formal and necessary step to conclude our truce with the Governor. Soon thereafter the prisoners were demanded at the hands of the sheriff, and supplementing the demand the troops of the committee, numbering about 3500, marching by different routes, arrived at and surrounded the jail, demanded the prisoners, who were taken for their trial, which became an all-absorbing question and topic, and paralyzed the opposition.

The trial of Casey and Cora was soon begun and carried on with all the attention to legal forms that marked the trials of the first



EXECUTION OF HETHERINGTON AND BRACE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE, CALLED "FORT VIGILANCE."

[This building was also called "Fort Gunnybags," from the material of the breastworks in front of it. On the roof were cannon and sentinels, and the alarm-bell of the committee.]

committee. No outside counsel were permitted, but all witnesses desired by the prisoners were summoned and gave their testimony in full. Both were convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place on the morning of Mr. King's funeral. The committee's entire military force occupied the streets near the headquarters. As King's funeral train moved, all the bells in the city chimed a solemn requiem. The military force was brought to present arms, and then poor Cora and Casey were swung into eternity from the scaffold in front of the building. That great and solemn act, due to self-defense and the safety of the community, was fulfilled, and these turbulent spirits who had defied the laws of God and man paid the last and severest of penalties. No one more than the chief actors in this drama felt the gravity and solemnity of the occasion. No one would more gladly have been acquitted of these duties than they. But there was not a scintilla of hesitation, doubt, or fear. The work was done under solemn dictates of duty, even with pure Christian spirit, and while technically outside the law, with due and solemn reverence for the law as it should be executed.

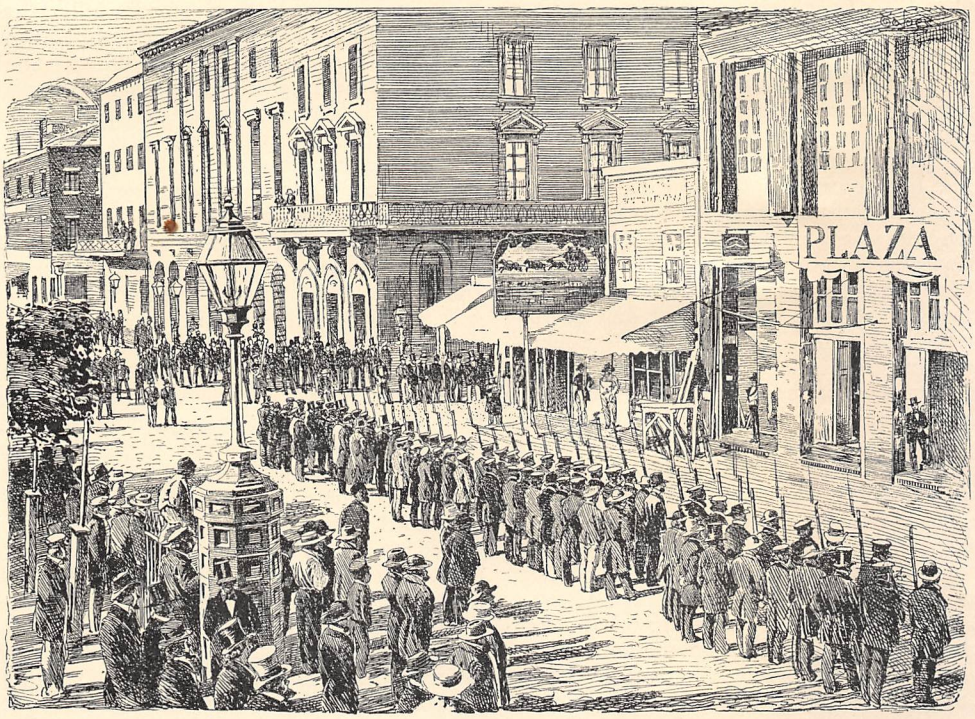
At a meeting of the committee on May 20, three members were delegated to wait on the Governor and on the mayor, and assure them that the committee had no desire or thought of interfering with the regular discharge of their duties, and only desired to take cognizance of outrageous cases of crime and rowdyism which the laws had been tardy in executing or could not reach; that we did not encroach on the regular execution of law or the maintenance of order, and would not, provided the laws were enforced or carried out; but we desired peace and order, and it was that consummation we were aiming at, and we would be pleased to see all legally constituted authorities proceed in civil and criminal cases as though this committee were not in existence. We had not desired and did not desire to encroach on the civil authorities whenever they were properly discharging their duties. Such was the message.

The next important work was the action to be taken with regard to notorious ballot-box stuffers and other desperate characters. They were a curse to the country. Every one admitted it, but no effective action had been taken against them. In many cases they held the polls at election and attacked, maimed, and terrified those voters who were opposed to their friends. If arrested, such was the dread they had inspired, and so great their influence with the courts, that conviction was almost impossible. This immunity from punishment increased

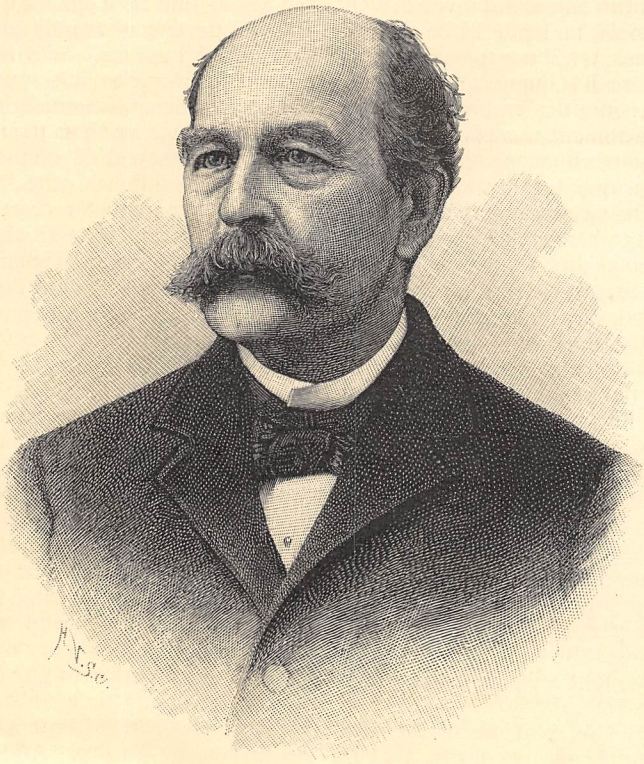
their insolence and violence, and it was evident that no reform could be made while they remained in the State. What was to be done with them? They could not be hanged; they would be a source of expense and trouble; safe and satisfactory imprisonment was plainly impracticable. It was therefore suggested that if, after fair trial, the charges against them were proved, no course would be so satisfactory and safe as banishment, with a warning never again to return under pain of death. This was adopted, and a black-list was made of all these notorious characters. Evidence was collected, and orders were soon given for the arrest of these men wherever they could be found in the State. They were tried, convicted, sentenced, and deported, many of them as first-class passengers, by sailing ships and steamships, at the sole expense of the committee, and in a style far above their deserts; this was not appreciated, but flattered and exalted them to the belief that they were important personages and had suffered great damages, and they brought suits against the committee. Singularly, or perhaps naturally, these suits were only brought by those who were best treated. Those who were shipped in the steerage never brought suits, and were never afterward troublesome.

So rapidly were the remnants of the work before the committee cleared away, that on June 18 a special committee decided that on the 4th of July the General Committee would adjourn, the executive only continuing to meet for needful business. We believed we were far enough along to finish our work speedily; but we were disappointed, for on June 21 there was precipitated upon us the most unexpected and the severest task of the year. Judge Terry of the Supreme Bench of California, a violent, hot-headed man, and an open denouncer of the committee and its efforts, quitted his bench and neglected his duties at Sacramento to come to San Francisco to join in the contest against us. In a quarrel over the possession of arms, Terry plunged his bowie-knife into the neck of an officer of the committee named Hopkins, inflicting a wound which at the time was thought to be mortal. This news came like the bursting of a bomb-shell. We saw instantly the magnitude of the new labor and the new responsibility thrown upon us. It was not only to vindicate the committee law, but to punish the presiding judge of the Supreme Court for violence to one of our own people. Orders were at once given and promptly executed for his arrest, and the arrest of all others who were with him.

Our police and military systems were now equal, if not superior, to any on the continent. Within an hour's time we could put in line 5700 men, well armed, equipped, and officered, ready for any service. And let it be noted that all were volunteers, without pay, direct or



A MEETING OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ON PORTSMOUTH SQUARE, 1856. (FROM AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.)



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

indirect, for their services, the committee providing only material — arms, munitions, transportation, and commissary. In these ranks were bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, miners, ministers, sailors, soldiers, salaried men, day laborers, and nearly all the men of property. All cheerfully sacrificed every interest for the cause.

Judge Terry was regarded and treated as a high State prisoner. His trial was delayed by the uncertainty of the recovery of Hopkins, and by the efforts of Terry's friends to make a compromise. All these efforts failed, and on June 25 the trial began. It lasted nearly a month —a long, wearisome, unsatisfactory piece of work. Terry was convicted of resistance to and assault upon the officers of the committee, but as the wound inflicted did not prove fatal, and the officer recovered, the usual punishment in the committee's power to inflict not being applicable, it was finally decided to discharge him. And it was resolved that the interests of the State imperatively demanded that he resign his position as judge of the Supreme Court.

While Terry's trial was going on, the committee had handed over to the authorities a number of men arrested for crimes and misdemeanors, and only two prisoners were held— Philander Brace for the murder of Captain West, and Joseph Hetherington for killing Dr. Randall. Both were cold-blooded crimes committed in open daylight, within the city, and demanded the full penalty. The men were tried fairly, sentenced to death, and executed. Thus ended the capital punishment of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

On August 8, 1856, the Executive Committee decided to close their labors, and on the 18th a great parade of all the members was held, and the active work of the General Committee ended *sine die*, the Executive Committee, however, continuing in session to close up financial and other affairs.

The personnel of the committee were men above the average. They were selected for their worth, integrity, and good standing in the community, and no man was admitted whose record was not clear in these particulars, and if he failed in them he was quietly retired. Politics, creed, nationality, or profession were not considered, not thought of. The largest element of the committee was of northern and western men, chiefly representing the mercantile, manufacturing, and vested interests, but embracing every profession and pursuit. It is estimated that about eighty-five per cent. of the population of the city and State were of the committee, or with it as friends, adherents, and

supporters. The little minority, however, were ever active, persistent, and plucky, and made their numbers count as often as possible. The church, as in all such commotions, advised moderation and good order, and maintained a dignified conservatism.

A comparison shows the coincidences of the work of the Vigilance Committee of 1851, and that of the great committee of 1856. In 1851 four men were hanged for high crimes, all clearly and unmistakably proved. Two of these were taken by surprise-parties from the city prison on Sunday morning during church hours, and immediately taken to the committee's headquarters and hanged, their trials and the proofs against them having been previously completed. The other two were held at headquarters, and were more deliberately executed. This committee also banished about thirty bad characters, with notice never to return under penalty of death.

The great committee of 1856 also hanged four men, all clearly guilty, and all convicted of murder in the first degree. Two of these, Casey and Cora, were taken from the same county jail which confined the two taken in 1851. We also banished about thirty.

The chief difference between the work of the two committees arose from the fact that the expatriated of 1851 were mainly ex-convicts from Sydney, while in 1856 more Americans by birth and adoption were sent away, and these were more tainted by political corruption than the others. Another marked difference was that Governor McDougal in 1851 bowed to what he thought was the public will and its demands, and kept faith in his promises not to interfere with the committee, except in form, if he could possibly avoid it; while Governor Johnson in 1856, after making the same promises, was swerved from his purpose and joined in opposing the committee, which greatly increased their labors and their influence, and prolonged their existence. Another point of difference was that in the later organization the reforms needed in the community were far more radical and complete than were those carried into effect by the first committee.

The committee of 1851 completed its work and adjourned within thirty days, and never again convened. The committee of 1856 required three months' service for the entire force, and the executive continued its sessions for a long while thereafter. The committee of 1851 had about 800 members all told; that of 1856 had about 8000 enrolled, with an equal number of active adherents, and earnest friends and supporters.

The conclusion of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 brought a complete revolution, politically, and financially. At the general election occurring soon after, the old political régime with its retainers was retired; the old "hacks" were turned out and put to grass, and but few of them ever saw the "crib" again.

A new era followed; the "people's" party swept everything before them and gave the city the delightful novelty of an honest, non-partizan, and economical administration, which continued for about nine years. It lowered taxation, yet introduced economies which in time so radically reduced municipal indebtedness, that the total of the city's obligations outstanding has since then rarely exceeded the amount of a single year's tax levy. Neither State nor city debts have since increased and are in fact practically nominal. The city's total net debt on June 30, 1891, was $618,000, while the tax valuation for the year is $411,000,000, and the tax to be collected about $3,900,000. No other city in the United States can make such a showing as this.

While a perfectly honest and pure administration was not attained, yet so superior was it to the old, so relatively pure, as to make it seem well-nigh perfect. The reforms of 1856 took deep root, and in their vigor have remained unimpaired to the present day.

The judiciary from that period have done their duty. The people of the country have enjoyed general security of life and property. The political parties are closely balanced, and in San Francisco and the cities generally, since the committee of 1856, partizanship has been largely disregarded.

The credit of the city, State, and people, which before was all uncertain, soon after took a foremost rank, which has since been firmly held and maintained.

THE SAFETY COMMITTEE OF 1877.

For twenty-one years the good influence of the great Vigilance Committee endured. Then came a movement in July, 1877, the importance of which has never been appreciated, either in California or elsewhere.[1] It was the direct outgrowth of the railway strikes and socialistic agitation in New York, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and other large eastern cities. At first it was thought no outbreak would occur in San Francisco, even though the Chinese question was troublesome, but on July 23 Mayor Bryant and Chief of Police Ellis, having unmistakable evidences of very serious trouble, called on General McComb, Commander of the State forces, and requested him

[1] For further discussion of the San Francisco Vigilance Committees, see H. H. Bancroft's "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth," Vol. I, pp. 336–379.

to hold his entire force in readiness to support the peace officers. General McComb, fearing that the militia would not be able to cope with a large riotous element, called a public meeting of leading citizens, and asked their organized aid in protecting the city. I was called to the chair, and on motion of Mr. D. O. Mills and by unanimous vote was given charge of the entire movement, with absolute control. I at once appointed Committees on Finance, Arms, and Enrolment, and in a few hours the organization showed a strong force. The work in many respects was a repetition of that of the earlier Vigilance Committees, unhampered by any opposition from within or without. It was found that the larger part of the guns and ammunition in the city had been bought up during the previous week by unknown persons. Governor Irwin came promptly to the city, approved my plans, and supported my movements. Urgent despatches were sent to President Hayes and to the Secretary of War, asking for arms and ammunition from the Benicia Arsenal, and for the presence in San Francisco harbor of the United States vessels at Mare Island Navy Yard. Both requests were promptly complied with, and within twenty-four hours we had 1760 rifles and 500 carbines with ample ammunition, and the next day three war vessels were ready to furnish aid.

The object and intent of our assembly being to reinforce the civil authorities, and in no way to assume any other power than that of a citizen posse under their formal control, it was my duty to provide men at once, and fit them for the service. Rolls of membership were prepared and opened for signature, a pass-word was given, badges marked "Committee of Safety" were ordered to be distributed to the men, and, under a general authority given by the mayor and the chief of police, our members sent on duty were sworn in as special police. It was my specific aim, and I made it my duty, to confine the powers of each member to aiding the police; and in the whole action of the force and patrol I allowed no step to be taken except by direction and request of the peace officers, conveyed through me.

The membership increased rapidly. On the morning of the 24th we established our general headquarters at the large Horticultural Hall, Stockton street, arranged complete telegraphic communications, ordered all forces to rendezvous there, and began the work of military and semi-military organization and discipline. Although it had been my object first to provide arms to cover every necessity, I at the same time determined to dispense with their use as far as possible. I appreciated the difficulties often arising by having military forces in the presence of mobs, and believed they should be employed only as a last resort, when they are needed for actual and *effective* service. This was in harmony, too, with the nature of our call and organization, to act in support of the police and not of the military. I accordingly gave orders for the purchase of six thousand hickory pick-handles, to be shortened, and converted into large police clubs, and to arm every man as a special policeman with clubs and side-arms. I then ordered the entire force into company organizations of one hundred, to select their own officers, and report to me for confirmation. As soon as these were approved, all were ordered under drill, and instructions and general discipline, and kept busily at work within the hall when there was sufficient room, and in the streets adjoining, if room were needed. Before night we had a large and effective force rationed by the Commissary Committee, and we sent out details for active duty, under orders of the chief of police.

An intense feeling existed throughout the city on the night of the 25th, and as the criminal and lawless elements were gathered in crowds and squads in every part of the city, causing much annoyance and fear, I consulted with the chief of police as to the propriety of arresting these people, and keeping them in confinement during the course of the trouble, but we found that the prisons and jails would accommodate only a few, and that there was danger to those already confined there for various offenses. I consulted with the commanders of the vessels of war lying off the city front, and they offered to care for and confine on board their vessels such as might be sent to them, to the number of 1500, and if more, to place them on Goat Island and patrol the island with their small boats. The idle and lawless element, hearing of this movement, and fearing to be gathered in by the police and naval forces, left the city in large numbers, and for days the authorities were in receipt of telegrams calling their attention to the great number of strangers, evidently rough and lawless men, that were reaching the villages and suburbs near San Francisco. Meantime I learned that if these arrests were made, immediate legal action would be taken in behalf of the arrested parties; the *habeas corpus* and jury trials would be brought into play; complications would arise that would give us greater trouble than to meet these forces face to face and treat them effectually on the spot, which would greatly simplify and shorten the work, and render it much more effective than to have this class thus pose as martyrs of deportation.

Hearing that there were more arms in the city than had been reported to me, I caused a careful and reliable survey to be made of the gun-shops, so as to secure control of the arms and munitions against capture by the roughs, and I shipped load after load of material to the men-

of-war in the harbor, together with the guns that were lying in various foundries and chandler-shops along the city front. In the establishment of Little & Keadings I found such a large quantity on storage that I deemed it best not to attempt to move this supply, and therefore, with their consent and approval, I left a heavy guard in and around the building, with careful and considerate officers in charge, with imperative instructions, as a last resort to blow up the building.

Tuesday night passed in these general labors of organization and supply, and on Wednesday, the news from the East still continuing alarming, it was decided to effect ward organizations, to divide the forces now enrolling into detachments and squads, well officered, with orders to patrol the city, and to furnish such assistance as the chief of police might from time to time require. Following a general plan of ward organization adopted at a meeting of the Executive Committee, the city was divided into twelve ward districts, company organizations were effected, halls and rendezvous were selected and opened, clubs and arms were supplied under proper requisitions, and telegraphic communication was established and maintained with the ward headquarters and the chief's office; wagons, couriers, and rations were supplied, and on Wednesday night, as shown by our records and despatches, an average active force of 1500 members was on duty in outside patrol, or awaiting, as reserves, the call of the chief of police at the headquarters, while under this effective organization a total available force of 5438 members could have been rallied in an hour by general alarm.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights a feeling of fear was general in the city. Much of the information was received through the chief of police, and as such reports of disorder were communicated to me or my adjutant, we either sent telegraphic orders to ward commanders to act, or despatched strong bodies of men from the main hall to the scene of action.

The first danger feared was fire; and the second, the gathering of excited crowds which might be arrayed against the police at any moment. It was clear that general excitement pervaded all classes, and the most careful officials and prominent citizens made frequent reports to me of alarming occurrences or suspicious matters during these three days. From the fact that the criminal classes were in motion, that secret meetings were held, that political agitation was attempted, and that many alarms of fire were sounded, together with the continual calls of the chief of police for detachments—from all these I am assured that the good work of the committee checked the violent classes and showed them the potency of a large force ready to quell any disorder. In our prohibitive capacity the patrols of the committee prevented lawless gatherings, fire and tumult, especially in the more lonely portions of the town. The cavalry forces of the committee, numbering nearly three hundred men, patrolled on Thursday and Friday nights the manufacturing portion of the city and the outskirts. The immense value of exposed shipping and property along the city front naturally suggested precautions against fire, especially as many threats had been made to burn the Pacific Mail wharves; and Captain Stewart Menzies generously offered to cruise along the city front with his steam yacht *Elaine* and two smaller craft. Crews of special police and committeemen on board these vessels rendered valuable service.

On Friday night we supported the police in the largest and severest engagement of the campaign. We were informed of the enemy's movements, including a proposed attack on our headquarters and barracks. The main attack was designed against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's properties, because of its connection with the Chinese immigration. It began by firing the large lumber-yards and surrounding combustible material. The attacking force was large. The firemen and fire brigade were soon in action with all the available police; our forces numbering seven hundred men, arrived soon after, on a double-quick in good order. The engagement became general and was stubbornly contested for about two hours, at the end of which time the united forces had routed the rioters in every quarter. Our men displayed coolness, discipline, and courage throughout. Our success was complete, and by midnight the city was quiet and safe. The next day showed the general demoralization and discouragement of the lawless element; they were subdued, and the backbone of their movement was broken.

On Saturday, the 28th, we withdrew all our forces from active duty, and by mutual arrangement General McComb took charge of and policed the city with the National Guard. Only slight disturbances occurred during the day, and the night passed quietly. Sunday proved peaceful and restful, a great boon to our citizens. The storm had passed and the calm was reassuring. The chief of police advised me that he was satisfied he could then take care of the city.

Within five days from the first call we had organized, armed, gone through successful action, completed our undertaking, established peace, order, and security; and, as the signs of the dangers which had called us out were now passed, we resolved that the returning quiet

should see us relinquish our extraordinary powers and public position. The committee determined to adjourn, but not to disband. The executive commander issued a general order.

The retirement of this large force was accomplished as speedily and as quietly as its organization. The headquarters only were retained, and all members advised to be ready to respond to call by messenger or tap of bell. As to our membership the result proved that the Executive Committee, their officers, and the great mass of men enrolled were moved by an unselfish devotion to public duty, and faithfully and intelligently wrought out the problem we had to solve. Their services were entirely voluntary, a generous offering, without a penny's pay or other moneyed compensation. They deemed it their high privilege and their imperative duty as Americans to give promptly their physical, moral, and financial aid as tributes for the maintenance of peace and good order; and all this being assured, they returned quietly to their families and their business.

In the history of California since it became American territory, the Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856 and the Safety Committee of 1877 are very important moral movements.

The Vigilance Committee was a new departure in the jurisprudence of the world. It may be called a compromise between the regular course of law, and the action of the people without regard to officers of the law. It was seizing upon the forces of a mob, arresting them in their mad course, harnessing them quietly, and utilizing their powers in regular form, systematically, coolly, and deliberately. It was a demonstration that had never before been made, and it was left to California to make it — while the law was lying dormant on the one hand, and trampled down and disgraced on the other, the people — the power of all government in our system — determined to execute in legal form what their servants had neglected or ignored. While they loved and revered the law, respected, upheld, and applauded its faithful servants, they contemned the faltering, and scorned the false and faithless administrators. In 1851 it cleared the country of Sydney ex-convicts and all the worst elements of the criminal classes. In 1856 it saved San Francisco from the rule of a mob of political outcasts, ballot-box stuffers, and a recent immigration of other criminals. In 1877, in the same place, the same people under different conditions, and yet in some regards similar, finding danger from much the same elements, but on a more formidable scale, determined to act under the law. The State government was in better hands than in 1851 and 1856; the city government was in better hands; the country generally was in better condition. The influence of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 had continued and prevailed all the time. The ethics of the State were of a higher order than at the earlier date. The early experiences were valuable to individuals as well as to the masses, and when called up for self-government the people again demonstrated a capacity that has few parallels.

The men acting in 1877 believed and still believe, and acted with confidence on the proposition, that of all people in the world Americans are best fitted for self-government; that of all portions of the United States, California was the best fitted: first, because of the general character of the people that constituted the State from 1848; next, because of the value of the experiences of those people, coming from every State of the Union and from every foreign country, and developing here independence of action and thought. Moved always, as much as people can be in ordinary conditions of life, by a spirit of patriotism, unselfishness, and general intelligence, they harmonized and formed a composition of character and citizenship remarkable for breadth and strength. Unhampered by old local influences and free to act on their own judgment, they had the courage to carry out whatever they conceived to be right. This action has been appreciated, not only in California, but in other parts of the world where it has gradually worked its way from doubt and dislike to cheerful acceptance.

The agitation and disturbances of 1877, beginning outside of the State and afterward reaching San Francisco, begot the Safety Committee, the younger sister of the Vigilance Committees, in whose name and under whose banner the people of California sprang at once to the support of the government in the maintenance of peace and the punishment of crime with a promptness, decision, intelligence, and cool determination rarely equaled and never excelled. The citizens gladly accepted the opportunities to avoid independent action, such as had been previously forced upon them, and enrolled themselves as State troops and as city forces in the regular way; that is, they would be volunteers for a short campaign, sub-militia, or special police, under the regular authorities.

The people of the world know little of this movement, and even in California many have not held this matter in the esteem to which it is entitled. The late difficulties in New Orleans exemplified and illustrated, however, the estimation in which these works of the Vigilance Committees and the Safety Committee are really held by the country at large, because these organizations held the power of peace in their hands: the first without the continuous ap-

proval and in opposition to the State and city governments, the second entirely in harmony with them. All showed to the world that the same people have done much the same work — stepped forward and restored and maintained order, and then retired without claiming anything and without wanting anything, except peace and its good results. It was seen that these efforts left no political shock, no moral damage, and practically no legal difficulties; that they did not demoralize the communities; that so far from rousing a spirit of mobocracy they have in California obliterated mobocracy and mobocratic feeling. The mob in San Francisco has not been known in thirty years, except the effort in 1877, which was stifled in the beginning. The people of California are ready and prepared to organize and form military forces, if necessary, to meet a mob and crush it, and if the civil authorities are not sufficiently active, they will furnish the power to supply their place.

Referring to the recent lynching at New Orleans, there surely was ample cause for prompt and severe action, but the mode adopted was frightfully at fault. Californians must forgive it, tacitly pass it by, but it is with regret and not with approval. Under the same influences and circumstances, the people in California would have met as they did in New Orleans, under the impulse that moved them; but they would have organized in full force, and in military form if necessary; they would have taken quarters, formed a court, appointed a judge, and selected a jury of good men; called for evidence in the case that had been before the recreant tribunals, analyzed it carefully, put on trial the people who had been discharged by the perjured jury, given the accused good counsel, the benefit of all doubts that occurred; and finally, with deliberation and in regular form, would have executed those whom they found guilty. Those entitled to the least doubt would have been discharged. Had it required 5000 men in this organization, or 20,000, they would have been found ready for the work. For execution, Californian forms would have been carried out. The criminals would have been allowed time to arrange their worldly affairs, and the benefit of clergy. The execution would have been carried out with gravity, deliberation, and firmness, securing thereby a moral as well as a legal triumph, which is all lost by the wild, stormy, heedless action of a mob. The rule of the leaders of the California Vigilance Committees was that it was better for a thousand guilty men to escape than that one innocent man should suffer.

It is to be feared that even the qualified approval of the New Orleans affair may encourage hasty people in other quarters and in other cases to adopt the modes of the New Orleans incident; whereas the California fashion has the great advantage of giving time for reflection and examination. A man in the heat of passion does many things that in cooler moments of the next day he would gladly change. None of the California executions, except that of Jenkins, was made within four days after arraignment. Every one who had a right to say anything was given an opportunity to do so; time was given for close inspection of testimony as to all pleas of justification and all equities. The New Orleans episode was a demonstration that could be made by any rude party, but the work of the California Vigilance Committees could only have been done by men who could govern themselves as well as others — men determined to do right and to admit of nothing but the right.

God forbid we should hereafter need vigilance or safety committees. The people of California do not want them. Those who organized and conducted these efforts heretofore as fully appreciate the undesirability of all such proceedings as any one else can, and they would never appeal to them nor encourage an appeal to them except as a last resort in dire necessity. If the delegated officers of law do their duty, neither will be needed, and mobs will be known in history only. But so long as our system is, as now, cursed with the harassing delays of law, new trials, endless technical appeals, shameless and unreproved perjury, and daily defeats of justice, hope is liable to lapse into despair, and serious danger to follow. The extent of these dangers no one can measure. The agencies employed, the people brought into action, the circumstances surrounding them, may produce results far less satisfactory than those that fell to the lot of the people of California.

The safety of person and property in California, young as the State is, covering a large area of territory, and sparsely populated, furnishes a record that is hardly to be found elsewhere. The greatest satisfaction, however, given to Californians was that they had thus disproved the assertion often made that the Vigilance Committee was mobocratic and that Californians necessarily acted in an extra-judicial manner. The State authorities by their course in 1877 really adopted and approved the work of 1856. They gladly embraced the opportunity to bring the same people and the same influences to work under the laws of the State. This shows to other countries that with proper regulation and proper encouragement the citizens of New Orleans or other communities may be relied upon to maintain peace and good order, if the State authorities have the breadth and good judgment to incorporate the people as active aids in great crises instead of

doubting them and trying to do without them. The grand result of such a policy is that every good citizen may consider himself a part of the practical workings of the machinery of the State; he may be at his bench, his plow, or his desk, ready to stop and turn his hand to the service of the State, if only for a day. I regard this as one of the great strongholds of self-government, a source of incalculable strength to Americans.

William T. Coleman.

[In an early number of THE CENTURY will appear a series of letters by General W. T. Sherman, written from San Francisco in 1856, and setting forth his relations to the committee of that year and his reasons for opposing its work.— EDITOR.]

SEAL OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lowell's Legacy to his Country.

IT is Man who is sacred, it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement. It is honor, justice, culture, that make liberty invaluable, else worse than worthless, if it mean only freedom to be base and brutal.

THESE golden words, taken from the letter of Lowell now first printed in another column of THE CENTURY, are as level to the needs and the duty of this very hour as they were to those of the moment when they left the poet's pen. This whole letter was written in pain and indignation — the pain of the true patriot, the indignation of the just and far-seeing citizen. It is written with the same fire that inspired the "Biglow Papers" on the one hand and the "Commemoration Ode" on the other. Looking back through all the praise that fills the air above the grave of the poet, it seems amazing that he could have been once so misunderstood and maligned for actions consistent with his entire career,— actions which only proved anew the wise and unfailing patriotism of the man,— a patriotism which is one of the principal causes of his fame, as it is the chief reason for the love in which he is held by his countrymen.

Lowell's legacy as a poet is great, but not greater than his legacy as a patriot. The true patriot does not love his country, labor and suffer for it, simply because he happened to be born in it,— that would be the infatuation of the egotist; but because, *being* born in it, his duty and pleasure are to help on all human progress by helping on first the progress of the land to which he belongs. This is Lowell's legacy as a patriot,— not the sentiment "My country, right or wrong," but "My country — it shall never be wrong if I can help it!" The true patriot is not the one who says it is *my* country, and *its* institutions, that are sacred; but who says, with Lowell, "It is Man who is sacred." The citizen who holds to this sacredness of humanity will be the most useful in securing institutions and a country whose services to humanity will make *them* also sacred in his own heart, and in the hearts of all good men.

Michigan's "Wild-cat" Banks.

THE history of Michigan's "wild-cat" banking experience, while not so applicable to present financial discussion as other cheap-money experiments which we have cited in previous numbers of THE CENTURY, is nevertheless instructive for two reasons: first, because it was an attempt to make "hard times" easier by unlimited issues of irredeemable paper money, and second, because the money so issued was based largely on land as security. For these reasons it has seemed to us worth while to recall it at the present time.

Michigan became a State in January, 1837. Almost the first act of her State legislature was the passage of a general banking law under which any ten or more freeholders of any county might organize themselves into a corporation for the transaction of banking business. Of the nominal capital of a bank only ten per cent. in specie was required to be paid when subscriptions to the stock were made, and twenty per cent. additional in specie when the bank began business. For the further security of the notes which were to be issued as currency, the stockholders were to give first mortgages upon real estate, to be estimated at its cash value by at least three county officers, the mortgages to be filed with the auditor-general of the State. A bank commissioner was appointed to superintend the organization of the banks, and to attest the legality of their proceedings to the auditor-general, who, upon receiving such attestation, was to deliver to the banks circulating notes amounting to two and a half times the capital certified to as having been paid in.

This law was passed in obedience to a popular cry that the banking business had become an "odious monopoly" that ought to be broken up. Its design was to "introduce free competition into what was considered a profitable branch of business heretofore monopolized by a few favored corporations." Anybody was to be given fair opportunities for entering the business on equal terms with everybody else. The act

was passed in March, 1837, and the legislature adjourned till November 9 following. Before the latter date arrived, in fact before any banks had been organized under the law, a financial panic seized the whole country. An era of wild speculation reached a climax, the banks in all the principal cities of the country suspended specie payments, and State legislatures were called together to devise remedies to meet the situation. That of Michigan was convened in special session in June, and its remedy for the case of Michigan was to leave the general banking law in force and to add to it full authority for banks organized under it to begin the business of issuing bills in a state of suspension,—that is, to flood the State with an irredeemable currency, based upon thirty per cent. of specie and seventy per cent. of land mortgage bonds. The law was so modified that any number of persons, upon signing an agreement to that effect, might become a banking corporation, and almost any one might become a director.

Everybody in the State who was in debt, and everybody who saw in the law an opportunity for rascality, went into the banking business. Within a few months wherever two roads crossed a bank was established. One was found in a saw-mill, and one of the official records of the period says: "Every village plot with a house, or even without a house, if it had a hollow stump to serve as a vault, was the site of a bank." Many of them had no offices, no books, and no capital. Judge T. M. Cooley, in an interesting account of the experience in his history of Michigan, published in the "American Commonwealths" series, says (p. 267): "Wild lands that had been recently bought of the government at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre were now valued at ten or twenty times that amount, and lots in villages that still existed only on paper had a worth for banking purposes only limited by the conscience of the officer who was to take the securities."

As for the requirements for ten per cent. payment in specie at the time of subscription, and twenty per cent. before beginning banking business, these were soon got around in ways more unscrupulous than ingenious. As the payments were to be made to the banks themselves, the same specie could be used many times over. Sometimes a small sum in specie was paid in and taken out, and the process repeated over and over, till the amount required was made to appear as having been received. Sometimes specie certificates, stating that the maker held a sum of specie for the bank, were counted as specie. These were almost invariably false, and they were made to do service for many banks in succession. If specie was actually used, as soon as the bank examiner had seen it it was hurried into a wagon and taken with fleet horses to another bank where it again did duty as capital. "Gold and silver," say the official chroniclers, "flew about the country like magic; its sound was heard in the depths of the forest, yet, like the wind, one knew not whence it came or whither it was going." Sometimes what seemed to the eye of the examiner to be kegs of specie were really kegs of nails or window-glass with a thin layer of coin on top. The loan of specie to be used in the establishing of banks became a regular and lucrative branch of banking business.

Within one year forty-nine banks were organized, and forty went into operation with a professed capital of $1,745,000, of which thirty per cent. was claimed to have been paid in in specie. Over $2,000,000 of irredeemable paper was distributed throughout the State, of which probably not a dollar was based upon *bona fide* capital paid in for legitimate banking purposes. As was inevitable, there was no public confidence in money of this character. Whoever received it got rid of it as soon as possible. It was always at a great discount with the money of eastern banks, and some of it was rated much higher than the rest. Much of it was never circulated near the places of issue, which were selected often in spots as inaccessible as possible, in order that the bills might not soon return to plague their sponsors. Adventurers from New York and other distant places went into the wilds of the State, located banks, took the entire issue of money, and put it in circulation anywhere but near the place of issue.

The commissioners used all possible vigilance to close up bogus banks, but as fast as they closed them others were started. When a "wild-cat" bank either failed or was put in the hands of a receiver the farmers and laboring people suffered the most severely, as is always the case in such disasters. The plague ran its course in about a year and a half. At the end of 1839 there were no fewer than forty-two "wild-cat" banks in the hands of receivers, and only four still doing business. Nearly all the currency of the State was worthless, business was prostrate, values of all kinds had been nearly or quite destroyed. There was no buying or selling of land, and only the bare necessities of life were able to command a market. The banking law was taken before the courts and declared unconstitutional, and the system was abolished, leaving behind it no assets, but boundless ruin.

In summing up the results, Judge Cooley, in language which many modern advocates of cheap money may peruse with profit, says: "Such were the fruits of the experiment of giving equal and practically unlimited rights in banking to everybody who wanted a shorter road to wealth than that trodden by labor and honest industry. The new State, under the bold but inexperienced guidance of its youthful governor, disdaining the lessons of history, had determined to try for itself the experiment of manufacturing money by the printing-press. The condition after the experiment might be compared to a forest after a cyclone; everything was prostrate, and everything was in confusion! . . . Thereafter wild-cat banking was a byword in the State; but the lessons it taught needed to be learned at some time, and were not likely to be learned except with experience as a teacher. One of its lessons was that neither real estate nor anything else not immediately convertible into money can support the credit of bank currency." This lesson is as applicable to the whole country as it was to Michigan, for even the United States Government is not powerful enough to support the credit of bank currency in real estate or anything else not immediately convertible into money. This is, moreover, the lesson of all human experience.

Corrupt Practices Legislation in 1891.

ATTEMPTS were made in several States during the present year to have laws passed limiting campaign and election expenditures, and requiring sworn publication of the same by candidates and committees, but

Michigan alone succeeded in having such a law enacted. In New York a bill amending the present law, extending its requirements to campaign committees and their officers, passed the Senate and failed in the Assembly. In Massachusetts an excellent bill passed the lower house and failed in the Senate. This is the third successive year in which a measure of the kind has met precisely that fate. In Minnesota a different but equally excellent bill passed the Senate and failed in the house. A bill forbidding both the contribution and use of money for illegitimate purposes in elections passed one house of the Rhode Island Legislature.

The Michigan law, which is simply a part of the State's new and excellent Ballot Reform Law, forbids all candidates to "treat," or in any way furnish entertainment to voters, or to spend money to procure the attendance of voters at the polls, or to contribute money for any except legitimate expenses of the campaign, and requires sworn publication after election, by candidates and committees, of all moneys expended. The law is similar to the New York law, but goes a most important step farther than that has gone, by requiring sworn publication of expenditures by committees as well as by candidates. The failure of the New York law to include publication by committees has proved in practice to be a serious bar to its efficacy, as we predicted it would last year. (THE CENTURY for July, p. 475.) Candidates are able to evade it by merely stating in their sworn returns the lump sums which they hand to the committees for expenditure. As no accounting for the use made of this money can be obtained from the committees, it can all be used for corrupt purposes with slight chance of detection and punishment. The persistent refusal of the politicians — the amendment has been defeated in two successive legislatures — to allow committees to be included is the strongest possible testimony to the efficacy of the desired extension.

The law proposed for Massachusetts this year, by the able and indefatigable group of reformers who have done so much to give that State its preëminence in all questions of electoral reform, was a distinct departure from the two measures which preceded it to defeat in 1889 and 1890, and was in many respects an original measure among laws upon this subject. Its provisions are worthy of study by all students of the question. They required that committees and organizations of any kind assisting in the nomination, election, or defeat of any candidate for political office should have treasurers, and should cause to be kept detailed accounts of all moneys, securities, and equivalents of money received or promised to them, and of the manner in which the same had been expended, and of all payments, liabilities, or promises of payment made by them. Within four weeks after election all treasurers were required to file sworn statements of all transactions in which they had been engaged during the campaign, giving itemized accounts of all receipts, and of all disbursements. Every member of a committee or organization who received or disbursed money or its equivalent in any form was required to make a detailed statement to the treasurer, who must include it in his sworn return. Every candidate before any caucus or convention, or at any election, was also required to file a sworn statement in detail of all receipts and disbursements of which he had personal knowledge. Every payment of a sum exceeding five dollars to any one person for expense in election must be vouched for by a bill stating particulars and by a receipt.

The bill did not imitate the English Corrupt Practices Act by fixing maximum limits to expenditures. It did, however, provide specifically for blank forms which must be filled out in the sworn returns, and which required the setting down of the exact amounts used for printing, hall and headquarters rentals, stationery, clerk hire, canvassers, and other familiar campaign expenditures. The entirely original feature of the bill was its bestowal upon the Supreme Judicial Court and the Superior Court of full equity powers to compel any person who should fail to file a sworn statement which did not conform strictly to the law to file one which did so conform. These equity proceedings might be begun on petition of any candidate voted for in the election, or on the petition of the qualified voters in the election. The courts were empowered to advance such cases upon their dockets in order that they might be decided with the least possible delay. No person testifying in such case was to be liable to criminal prosecution for anything concerning which he might testify, except for perjury.

The Minnesota bill was constructed on entirely different lines, and was notable as being the first American measure which was designed to prevent the undue use of money in elections by means similar to those embodied in the entirely successful English Corrupt Practices Act. It limited the expenditure of all candidates for the United States Senate, Congress, and State offices to $1000 each; that of all candidates for county offices to $500 each; that of all candidates for offices in cities of more than 15,000 inhabitants to $500 each; and that of all candidates in all other places to $250 each. It forbade the use of any of the money allowed by law for any save the legitimate expenses of election, and defined with great minuteness both lawful and unlawful uses, following in this respect the minuteness of the English statute. It forbade the use or the contribution of money by candidates, or anybody else, to influence the vote of any person; forbade betting of all kinds on the election, and bulldozing, intimidation, and violence, either by individuals or corporations, to influence the vote of any person; and required sworn statements in detail by candidates and committees, within ten days after election, of all sums received and expended. The violation of any provision of the act was made a misdemeanor, punishable with imprisonment for not less than three months nor more than a year, in addition to forfeiture of the office in case of election.

Both these measures are so stringent in their provisions that were they to become laws they could not fail to have a most salutary effect in driving out of our elections much of the corruption which has crept into them during the past quarter of a century. It is to be said of the Minnesota measure that it is not an experiment, for it is based upon the practical success of the English statute. When that was under consideration there was general skepticism in England about both its wisdom and its practicability, but it demonstrated both completely on its first trial. It was thought that the maximum limits of expenditure had been placed too low, but it has been found in practice that they were fully a third too high. At no election under the law has the total of actual expenditure exceeded two thirds of the amount permitted by the law. Sworn

publicity has been the chief agent in abolishing the corrupt and extravagant use of money, but another cause for the diminution of expenditure has been that the law permits only an equal outlay by all candidates, rich and poor alike. When one candidate could bribe and buy votes, his opponent had to bribe and buy to a greater extent to carry the day against him. Now, it being impossible to overmatch corruption with greater corruption, the elections are not only honest, but comparatively inexpensive.

What has been accomplished in England can be and will be accomplished here. The adoption of the secret official ballot is certain to help forward this reform, for it is a step in the same direction. That ballot has taken away the chief excuse for the contribution of large sums of money in elections, and has taken away also the possibility of keeping watch upon its use at the polls to see if the bribers keep their bad bargain. The next step will be to force the sworn publication of all expenditures, and we are confident that public opinion will bring this about within a very few years. The professional politicians, who get their living out of politics, will fight it desperately, for it is the death-blow to their trade. The secret ballot has taken away their chief occupation; this reform will take away their chief source of income, for a large part of the money which is contributed for campaign and election work goes into their pockets.

An American Achievement in Art.

It must be considered a fortunate omen for the future of American art that within the fifteen years which have passed since the Philadelphia Exposition we have confessedly taken the first rank among contemporary nations in two important branches of artistic work,—namely, in stained glass and in wood-engraving,—to what extent it is to be hoped the World's Columbian Exposition will adequately show. This is of course by no means the whole, or even a large part, of the development of art among us; in painting, in sculpture, in the decorative arts, and particularly in architecture, the progress has been both remarkable and, in the main, upon lines which indicate a widespread and genuine growth in taste and artistic education among our people. But it is quite within bounds to say that no department of artistic activity has yet produced a result of rarer and more permanent value than is shown in the series of wood-engravings which Mr. Cole has been making of the Italian Old Masters, and which from month to month we have been presenting in the pages of The Century. This is an achievement of which Americans may properly be proud—to have contributed to the work of multiplying in black-and-white the most famous masterpieces of Italy an engraver of such delicate sympathy and such exquisite skill as Mr. Cole.

With the present and the following numbers of The Century this series will reach the apex of pictorial art and popular interest in the work of Michelangelo, Raphael, Del Sarto, Titian, and their contemporaries. At the beginning of this last year of Mr. Cole's memorable enterprise we may commend the series anew to all lovers and students of art, in the words of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Art in Harvard University, who, in 1889, wrote in "The Nation" concerning the earlier examples:

> Nothing that has yet been done by the American engravers on wood who, during the last few years, have carried their art to the highest excellence in reproducing the characteristic qualities of the work which they have had to copy, has surpassed in exactness of delineation, in refinement and vigor of execution, and in sympathetic rendering of the subtlest features of the original, these remarkable productions of Mr. Cole. The variety of the technical methods of which he shows himself master has enabled him to reproduce with equal success work as widely different in motive and style as the mosaics of Ravenna and the panel paintings of the Florentine artists of the fourteenth century.
>
> No engravings hitherto existing of the works of early Italian art give so much of the essential spirit as well as of the manner of painting of these works as this series of Mr. Cole's. It is therefore invaluable to the student or the lover of the art of a period when the poetic genius of Italy was inspired with the first flush of conscious power, and was endeavoring to express itself in forms of beauty which it was not yet able completely to realize, but which, in their very simplicity and imperfection, often possess a charm beyond that of the more complete performances of a later and more sophisticated age.
>
> Mr. Cole's skill is so masterly, and his artistic sympathies are so broad, that there is no doubt that he will reproduce the work of the painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries not less admirably than he is doing that of their forerunners.

It will be a surprise to our readers to learn that work which can elicit such authoritative commendation, and which belongs to a class of art that has made America famous abroad, is nevertheless officially and deliberately excluded by the United States Government from the category of art. To the Treasury Department Mr. Cole's blocks are merely "manufactures of wood," and as such are heavily taxable at the Custom House, while the merest daub of the youngest tyro of an art student may come in free of duty as the "work of an American artist done abroad." It is to be hoped that with the abolition of the tariff on art—a tariff levied to protect artists who cry out against being protected, and maintained on the ridiculous assumption that art is a luxury—some way will be found to bring the decision of the Treasury officials as to the status of wood-engraving into harmony with the intelligent judgment of the entire art world, which, whether tested by the conferment of honors at the Paris Exposition or the French Salon, or by the recognition of wood-engravers as associates of the British Royal Academy, or by the exhibition of wood-engraving in the art sections of every museum of note, or, in brief, by the opinion of artists, critics, and connoisseurs, is unanimous in recognizing wood-engraving as an artistic medium, and its products as among the artistic glories of our day.

OPEN LETTERS.

Notes on Michelangelo.

I REMEMBER a picture by Gérôme that represents Raphael in his first visit to the Sistine Chapel — that stolen visit recorded by Vasari, and in which Raphael is shown to be shrinking to the ground as he steals along with his head raised to the stupendous creations above him. Something of this feeling of shrinking always comes over me when I go into the Sistine Chapel. I have been much impressed, while engraving the "Cumæan Sibyl," with the incessant movement of Michelangelo. It is endless, but most subtle. All is form with him — grandeur of form. Yet he has grand repose — the repose of the ocean, never at rest. If he should give way to the terrible within him! *But he is always contained*, and they are, to my thinking, mistaken in him who say he always "lets himself out." Where is there any such excess about him? It would be the height of all absurdity and weakness, found no doubt among his followers, with whom let those compare him who think he is "all blow," and they may then perhaps see or feel the profound depth and grandeur and forbearance he is possessed of, and the terrible inward power he suggests. Note the marvelous finish of his things, even to the minutest portions. His flesh is so highly finished that you feel its softness, and when he sets his hand to finish, he slights nothing, and it is amazing what delicacy he can give. He paints the twisted thread in his "Three Fates" with the utmost fidelity; you note its twisted character throughout, and the light upon it, relieving it from the drapery here and there, and then the bunch of flax in its sheaf, most remarkable for lightness and delicacy of touch. I could not reproduce, should I engrave never so fine, the amazing quantity of work he puts in, and the finish and delicacy he gives to everything.

Michelangelo's coloring is not what is generally known as rich, but it is perfection in the harmony and softness of tints. The frescos of the Vatican have darkened from dampness and the smoke of incense, but it is easy to see that they must have been light in coloring — painted in a very high key. The highest lights even now approach pure white, while the darkest portions are gray and soft. The scheme of coloring in the whole is very refined; nothing is pronounced or positive. The tints are laid in broadly, and float tenderly into one another. The backgrounds to the figures and the skies are gray, the lightest portions nearly pure white, while the coloring of the robes is sometimes blue of a fresh, pure, delicate tint, red of a fine, soft grayish tone, yellow inclining to old gold, and green of a most delicate soft gray tone; and then there are mixtures of these tones of fine subtle hues impossible to describe, but darkish and gray in tone. His flesh tints are finely worked, of a darkish warm gray tone. It is a grandeur and depth of coloring quite befitting the nobleness of the theme and execution.

I did not engrave the cracks in the "Cumæa," as I did in the "Delphica." You don't see them, or are not attracted by them, as you look up at the frescos.

T. Cole.

California's Interest in Yosemite Reform.

THAT the errors which have brought the management of the Yosemite Valley into disrepute should be excused, or even applauded, by an odd person or newspaper here and there in California, is in line with what was to be expected by those who have sought to effect an alteration of the policy which has had such regrettable results in almost every department of the control of the Valley. There is no cause so bad or so ridiculous that it may not procure encouragement from people of excellent conduct in their every-day affairs, but who are by nature or by lack of training incapable of discrimination in special concerns, or who, in dealing with public interests, allow personal sympathies or narrow local prejudices to hustle their better judgment unceremoniously out of doors. Were the good citizens of San Francisco to awake some morning to discover that their beautiful Golden Gate Park had been villainously desecrated during the night — that, for example, some of its fairest parts had been parceled off into potato patches or cattle corrals; that other extensive tracts had been withdrawn from public enjoyment and were occupied as hay-fields or pastures for hack-horses; that fine trees and shrubbery, so laboriously and expensively established, had been ignorantly hacked or burned; that, in short, the whole place had been turned over to the mercies of a management devoid of proper perception of what is attractive and lovely in landscape effects — then assuredly would be heard a great tumult of indignation. At the same time there would doubtless be audible some small percentage of voices wondering why there should be so much ado about nothing, or professing hearty admiration for the practical common sense under whose guidance the transformation had been evolved.

It would be a dim discernment that could make question as to which of these opposing sentiments would finally prevail. So also, despite the childish pamphleteering and the unnecessarily vehement protests of the Yosemite Commissioners and their limited circle of apologists, no occasion has arisen, or is likely to arise, to doubt that the endeavor which is in progress to secure a reformation in the management of the Valley is regarded otherwise than with approval by all Californians not directly, or indirectly, under the sway of the influences which have been mainly responsible for the injurious courses that are the objects of complaint. To credit the people of California with any other opinion would indeed be to impeach their intelligent loyalty to their State. It is obvious that the honor and the interest of California, so far as they are at all affected thereby, are to be served much more efficiently by working out an improvement in the handling of so conspicuous a subject as the Yosemite Valley than by refusing to see, or denying the existence of, destructive tendencies which are most palpably in evidence. The press of the State has not been slow to recognize so reasonable a proposition. It has, in fact, contained many utterances certainly no less condemnatory of the Yosemite management than those which have found expression elsewhere.

Other indications of the sentiment of California were

observable during last winter's session of the legislature. A committee of that body, having to report on the advisability of abolishing the Yosemite Commission, explained in effect that they were not prepared to accept the responsibility of recommending such abolition, simply because the act of Congress which intrusted the Yosemite to California had prescribed the form of government as composed at present. To abolish the Commission before preparing to replace it by some other system of management would be to leave the premises without any ruling authority. Such a report was, of course, equivalent to an announcement that but for the obstacle presented by the act of Congress the committee would have recommended the abolition of the Commission as useless or something worse. It was noticeable, too, that while the Yosemite Commissioners had asked for the sum of $50,000 to cover their expenses during the present year and the next, the legislature appropriated no more than $15,000. That in this large reduction of the estimate there was no suggestion of close-handedness is proved by the appropriation later in the session of a sum of $50,000 (afterward vetoed by the Governor) to pay for building a public highway to the Valley, and so to relieve travelers from the onerous demands of the system of private toll-roads by which the great resort is now reached. It is well understood in California that the controlling element of the Commission has been opposed to the establishment of a free public road, as such an institution would be contrary to the interests of the transportation companies doing business in connection with the Valley. The rejection of the Commission's estimate of expenditure, the appropriation of $50,000 for a purpose not supported by that body, and the unavoidable interpretation to be given to the legislative committee's report concerning the abolition of the Board of Commissioners, are all instructive indices to the disfavor with which the management is regarded by the mass of Californians themselves.

The time would appear to be ripe for the formulation of a distinct scheme for an improved method of direction of the Valley. The longer a reformation is delayed the greater will become the hindrances to its operation and the more irreparable will be the consequences of inappreciative and unskilful management. It must be borne in mind that the present Commission has publicly announced its intention to cut down all the trees which have sprouted in the Valley within thirty years —a policy which Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the expert professional landscape architect, states would prove in execution "a calamity to the civilized world." An immense amount of damage may be wrought even with the reduced appropriation which the legislature felt compelled to concede in order to provide for the maintenance of existing roads, trails, and other necessary conveniences. The unwise expenditure of a few hundred dollars may destroy attractions that could be replaced, if at all, by no outlay of money, but only by the indefinitely prolonged lapse of time. Already—and while the Commissioners have been denying that the floor of the Valley has been injured by the official management—an insignificant sum in dollars has proved adequate to degrade the wild natural charm of Mirror Lake into the condition of a mere artificial irrigation reservoir, and the cheap and debasing "improvements" on exhibition at that once romantic tarn have their counterparts in a long panorama of allied barbarities. To the end that such encroachments on the perfection of Yosemite may not become ineradicable, and on a continually spreading scale, procrastination in transferring the management to hands of the highest expertness will be one of those blunders that fall little short of constituting a crime.

Perhaps the readiest and most effective method of securing a reform would be found through the absorption of the district covered by the grant to California in the great National Park—a reservation as large as the State of Rhode Island—recently established by act of Congress, and which entirely surrounds the Valley, extending away for many miles on every side. Such an absorption would go far to hasten the arrangement of a thorough system of park control not yet advanced beyond the stage of a preliminary makeshift. The proposed absorption has been widely commended throughout California, the generality of whose people are endowed with sufficient acumen of mind not to be deceived by appeals to the contrary—appeals based on perverted notions of State pride, and instigated by purely selfish motives of personal vanity or pecuniary advantage. Californians are justly proud of their State, and are not likely to be satisfied with less than the best expert care of their wonderful scenic treasures. One can find an upland farm anywhere. The glory of Yosemite consists largely in its wildness, and this characteristic can be preserved only by intelligence and skill of the highest order.

George G. Mackenzie.

The Paris Opera.

THE French National Academy of Music was founded in the year 1669, during the reign of Louis XIV. Before being transferred to the splendid edifice erected by M. Charles Garnier, the opera was located in various parts of Paris—in the Rue de Valois at one time, on the Place Royale at another, and again in the Rue Le Peletier. Between its foundation and the year 1672 the opera only performed unimportant works, such as ballets. The first lyric work it presented was an opera-ballet by Lulli, entitled "The Fêtes of Cupid and Bacchus." For a century after 1672 a considerable number of operatic works by French and Italian composers of every kind and without any distinct characteristic were performed at the opera, and it was only when Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" was produced in 1774 that dramatic music acquired a special form in France.

M. Arthur Pougin, a French writer well known as an authority on music, has written an admirable monograph on Gluck, who may be styled the founder of French music. His "Orphée" was produced at Paris in 1774, "Alceste" in 1776, "Armide" in 1777, and "Iphigénie en Tauride" in 1779. M. Pougin has justly said that the rôle played by Gluck in the revolution of French dramatic music was so preponderant that he originated a school of music which abandoned and destroyed the former repertoire of the opera. Gluck's genius was so powerful and so innovative that he overturned all musical theories which had preceded him. The only opposition he encountered was from the partizans of an Italian composer named Piccinni, whose "Roland" was performed at the opera in 1778

and originated a famous divergence of opinions among composers known to the musical world as the war of the Gluckists and Piccinnists. The two most important composers of the Gluck school are Cherubini, born at Florence in 1760, and Spontini, whose "Vestale" and "Fernand Cortez" enjoyed great success at the opera. Among modern composers whose works have been performed at the French National Academy of Music the most popular are, Hérold, Auber, Halévy, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas, the present director of the Conservatoire, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet.

The Opera House is the property of the State, which appoints the manager for a renewable term of seven years, and pays him, after a vote in the Chamber of Deputies, an annual subvention of eight hundred thousand francs (one hundred and sixty thousand dollars). The director or manager is bound to give a fixed number of performances, to keep the opera open during the whole year, and to produce a certain number of new works, which are mentioned in his contract. The manager is amenable to the Minister of Fine Arts and Public Instruction in case of non-fulfilment of his contract. It is only reasonable that the Minister of Fine Arts, who has charge of the national museums and art galleries, the subventioned theaters, and other public buildings, should possess unlimited control over the financial management and the working of the department for which he is responsible to the nation, but in order to regulate the details of art he needs to be at one and the same time an artist, a sculptor, a musician, an author, and a tragedian, as well as a politician, which is practically impossible.

In the contract signed by the manager of the opera the Minister decides not only the number of performances and of new works, but also the number of sopranos, tenors, baritones, basses, choristers, musicians, ballet-dancers, etc. who shall be employed at the opera. In fact he regulates the entire management of the opera in every detail. But there are many artistic questions which arise in the working of a lyric stage that can only be solved by an enlightened and intelligent musical director, and not by a mere stage-manager, however competent he may be in his department.

Since the foundation of the opera there have been forty-eight managers and twenty-six leaders of the orchestra. Some of the latter have resigned the position at the end of a year; M. Lamoureux resigned it at the end of two years; I myself have occupied it for four years.

The musical rehearsals at the opera are conducted on a system unknown to any other theaters in the world, be they Italian, German, English, Russian, American, or Spanish. The chorus-singers are trained by a leader of the chorus, the singers are trained by accompanists known as singing-masters, who give their instructions to the leader of the orchestra. When the preparatory rehearsals are finished, the time-beater, who supports the whole responsibility in the eyes of the public, has only acted as a metronome, if he has the good fortune to score a success. It is evident that some reform is necessary in this division of authority for the good of musical art, and I heartily hope it may soon be accomplished.

The orchestra consists of ninety-four musicians, all of whom are performers of great merit and some of great celebrity, such as M. Taffanel, the flutist, who is often engaged to perform at Prague, Dresden, St. Petersburg, and Moscow by the Philharmonic societies of those cities; M. Turban, the clarinettist; Messrs. Berthelier, Loeb, and Laforge, the well-known violoncellists. All the musicians of the opera are members of the orchestras of the Conservatoire, Lamoureux, and Colonne concerts. Their salaries at the opera vary from $140 to $600 per annum. For this amount they have to play at 192 performances, and at all the rehearsals which may be necessary, and which are unlimited.

While speaking of the orchestra of the opera I am glad to have an opportunity of replying to certain attacks which have been made upon it by M. Robert de Bonnières in the Paris "Figaro" of April 19, 1891, and by a New York journal which accuses the orchestra of decay. The following letter, addressed to me by Franz Liszt, proves that, far from decaying, the orchestra is more powerful than ever.

> DEAR M. VIANESI: I wish to renew my thanks and praises to you personally. On the matter of your intelligent and firm conducting of my "Legend of St. Elizabeth" at the Trocadéro, the composers who were present agreed with the public that the results achieved by you and your executants were splendid, spite of the difficulties which the work presents from the frequent changes of rhythm and tone.
>
> FRANZ LISZT.

After the performance of "Ascanio" Camille Saint-Saëns wrote me as follows:

> The musicians of the orchestra have added to the instrumentation of "Ascanio" what a great singer adds to a melody — *i. e.*, color and life. If musicians play better anywhere else it can only be in the other world. As for yourself, whose burden in my absence was most heavy, you rose to the height of the situation. You possess the precious quality of not conducting like a metronome, and give to my music the suppleness which is essential to an artistic orchestra.
>
> CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

The real defect in the orchestra has been pointed out by M. Robert de Bonnières, who says:

> The leader of the orchestra, whose word should be law, like that of Hans Richter at Vienna, that of Hermann Levi at Munich, and that of Mottl at Carlsruhe, is ignored at Paris. It matters little therefore who conducts, whether it be M. Vianesi, M. Altès, or M. Lamoureux. Whoever he be, the conductor leads without being permitted to direct those he leads, and is completely powerless. I need not dwell on the fact that he has to be the humble slave of the scene-setters, of the singing-masters, of the chief scene-shifter, of the singers, and even of the dancers: the difficulty of his position will be clearly seen when it is understood that he is required to hold his tongue at the risk of causing a scandal.

Therein lies the real evil, and if the present pernicious system be not speedily and radically reformed the organization of the opera will merit the title given it by a witty Parisian composer, who calls it "Louis XIV.'s musical box."

A. Vianesi,
Musical Director of the French National Academy of Music.

George H. Boughton.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON was born in England in 1834, but was only three years old when his parents removed to Albany, New York. Here his earliest edu-

cation in art was gained, and though he went to London for a brief period in 1853, he returned here to live for six years, first in Albany and then in New York City. In 1859 he went to Paris, and in 1861 he established himself in London, which has remained his permanent home. Since the year 1858 he has frequently exhibited at the Academy of Design, and he was elected an Academician in 1871. But Mr. Boughton has also been honored by the British Royal Academy with the title of Associate, and despite the fact that he has often painted American themes, as in the very popular "Return of the *Mayflower*," his long residence abroad, his general choice of subject-matter, and especially the character of his painting, rank him rather as an English than as an American artist. Many of his pictures are, however, owned in this country, and while Mr. Boughton was for a time in New York during the autumn of 1890 some twenty-five of them were exhibited at the Union League Club. They included a few landscapes with small figures, some scenes from early life in New England and New Amsterdam, and a larger number of those thoroughly English pictures of pretty maids and children in old-time dress and with outdoor surroundings upon which, even more than upon his Puritan pictures, Mr. Boughton's popularity is based. It is a little difficult now to realize how greatly the English public was charmed by these last-named works when they first began to appear. They have been widely imitated since, in their semi-modern, semi-idyllic character, in their rather pale schemes of color and their flattish effect, imitated on other canvases, on Christmas cards, and in children's books, until Mr. Boughton may well have been reminded of Tennyson's rare flower which so scattered its seed abroad that it came to be called a weed.

Quite different from these in spirit, and, I think, much more vital and interesting, are Mr. Boughton's pictures of the class which is represented by the "Izaak Walton and the Milkmaids" engraved on another page of this magazine. Here we find more naturalness and vigor in the conception of the figures, and an attractive expression of that delicate sense of humor which, to me, seems Mr. Boughton's most enviable gift. Nor in any other of his works has he given us a more charming bit of English landscape than in the background of the "Izaak Walton." It is one of his comparatively recent works, was included in the Union League Club collection, and is owned by Mr. Charles Stewart Smith of New York.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

A Roman Catholic's View of "Sister Dolorosa."

A REPLY TO MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S LETTER IN THE CENTURY FOR MAY.

"SISTER DOLOROSA" is a good example of what may result from superficial writing on the part of an author. Mr. Allen seems to be under a misapprehension in regard to the "religious life" and in ignorance of the rules and regulations which prevail in convents, but in his story there is no evidence anywhere of a want of respect for nuns, or of a wilful intention to misrepresent them, and for that reason he is entitled to courtesy from Catholics even while they criticize relentlessly.

The plot of Mr. Allen's story is built on an impossible foundation. In no recognized religious order is a nun allowed to go out alone. This is one of the strictest of conventual rules, and is never broken under any circumstances; therefore in the charitable visitations to the cottage "Sister Dolorosa" would most certainly have been accompanied by another nun, and in consequence her trysts with Gordon would have been rendered impossible. She is described as going to the church at night and meeting her admirer by accident on the steps. Nuns usually sleep in dormitories divided off into cells by means of thin muslin curtains only, and it is hardly probable, although of course possible, that one of the number could steal out without attracting the attention of some of her companions, or that she herself would take the risk of going to the church and getting back to bed again, knowing that detection of her act, as an infringement of the vow of obedience, would subject her to a severe reprimand. It is said that weeks passed by and she did not confess. All nuns are required to go to confession once a week, so her failure to confess her trouble is also improbable. In a convent all letters pass through the hands of the Mother Superior. As "Sister Dolorosa looked at the envelope with indifference" she could not have recognized her lover's chirography, and would therefore have had no motive in breaking the rules of her order by reading her letter without first submitting it to the superior, or obtaining permission to read it.

Again, Mr. Allen may not know that in America, with the exception of one or two orders, nuns are not allowed to make perpetual vows, and if "Sister Dolorosa" found her affections irrevocably given to an earthly love, her way was clear to preserve her conscience and her heart too by an appeal to Rome for a dispensation, or by calmly waiting until the term of her vows expired and left her free. Also, in every convent there takes place at certain intervals what is called "the manifestation of conscience," during which any sister who desires to do so may tell the bishop under the veil of secrecy, and without even making known her name, of the anxieties either spiritual or temporal she may have, or if there be anything objectionable about the convent or its management; and if "Sister Dolorosa" had "manifested her conscience" her troubles would probably have been speedily untangled.

The whole plot would have to be reconstructed in order to make it probable or even possible. Fiction, when it transcends the sensational variety, is expected to be true to life, and judged according to that standard "Sister Dolorosa" is a failure. A nun who falls in love after she enters the convent is an anomaly. One may concede without any disrespect to the "religious" in general that in some cases it may be for the want of an opportunity, for it belongs to fallible human nature to make mistakes, and a woman whose vocation it was to live in the world and to get married may have entered the convent in a moment of misapplied zeal; but a fire, even the immaterial fire of love, cannot burn very brightly or very long without some kind of fuel. Mr. Howells in his criticism of "The Senator" says, apropos of Mrs. Armstrong, that "the pursuit of wives by villains is so very uncommon in our society as to be scarcely representative or typical." And with greater truth it may be said in regard to nuns that affairs of the heart are so uncommon as not to be typical.

Catholics must regret that Mr. Allen went to Balzac, Daudet, and Valera for his types of the nun in fiction,

and they must decidedly object to his assertion that those famous gentlemen are "devoted Catholics." They are hereditary Catholics, but their devotion is entirely of a negative description. Had he gone to Madame Craven, whose works are deservedly popular among the most cultivated readers in France, his ideas might have been different and more correct. There are a number of writers in Spain whose types of the religious character have been most beautifully and faithfully portrayed. Mr. Allen has also been unfortunate in his models of Catholic types in general. An examination of the stringent rules and severe discipline of any theological seminary would convince him that "Pepita Ximenez" is an impossible character. "Father Gaucher" is another, as a peep into a child's catechism would inform him, for a Catholic is taught that he is bound to flee the occasion of sin, and the prior of the monastery would have incurred the ban of mortal sin had he even permitted the weak father to continue his wine-making after learning his temptation, let alone compelling him to do so.

Foreign novelists who are not practical Catholics are hardly satisfactory authorities in regard to Catholic teaching and Catholic life. All religious denominations are conceded the privilege of themselves saying what they believe, and this privilege Catholics also claim. The Methodists, Quakers, and Shakers, whom Mr. Allen brings forward as having been freely used in fiction without making any outcry, were not portrayed in types antagonistic to their teachings and history. Had a Methodist deacon in good standing been represented as dancing the York at a public ball, a minister playing poker, a Baptist on a spree, a Presbyterian cheating at cards, a Quaker running a gambling-den, and their acts upheld or covered up by their church authorities, there would probably have been objections — from the church-members on the score of inaccuracy, and from the critics on that of "bad art."

And now to answer Mr. Allen's questions. Certainly the American writer may avail himself of the conventual and monastic life as material for his art, but it does not follow by any manner of means that the tales located need give offense; on the contrary, if the portrayal be true to the type of monk and nun best known both to Protestants and Catholics, a great deal of pleasure may be afforded. He is also at perfect liberty to make use of unworthy monks and nuns, of unhappy ones, provided always that they are drawn true to life, and that the teachings of the Church and her discipline are not misrepresented. Most assuredly it is his privilege to "attack the Catholic idea," if he really knows what is the "Catholic idea," and that he is not attacking the creation of his own fancy set up as the Catholic idea. To concede yet more, he is at liberty to make use of any event in the history of the Church, any of her doctrines, practices, ceremonials, and institutions, either in praise or blame, if he make his delineations correct. Catholics insist only that the Church be not held responsible for the acts of individual members, nor for teachings imputed to her which her own creed does not confirm. Surely any Protestant denomination would put the same limitations.

As Mr. Allen's article on Gethsemane was both interesting and truthful, and as he gives no hint of malice in his story, Catholics are hopeful that his next venture in fiction will be free from the offenses and inaccuracies of his latest.

L. H.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Kitty, my Colleen.

KITTY, my colleen, 't is you that look winsome
Spinnin' the wool, with your beautiful smile.
L'ave off and let your ould grandmother spin some,
I 've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile.
Troth! with your locks, love, so daintily curlin',
Your lips, that keep hummin' a fortunate tune,
And your weeshy white hands, that are twistin' and twirlin',
You 're windin' my heart on the spindle, aroon!
Arrah thin, Kitty,
It 's you that look pretty,
S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;
Winsome and winnin',
The while you keep spinnin'
My fate with your nate little ankle and heel!

You need n't mind tossin' your tresses so flaxen,—
Begorra, they 're fair as a fortune o' gold,—
And your hand, Kitty dear, is so weeshy and waxen,
The soggarth should give it to some one to hold.
And lips must be kissed if they 're redder than cherries,
And an arm sure was made to encircle a waist;
Faix! your lips are so like a bunch o' ripe berries,
I 'm thinkin', alanna, of thryin' a tashte.
Arrah thin, Kitty,
It 's you that look pretty,
S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;
Winsome and winnin',
The while you keep spinnin'
My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

Tundher and turf! it 's a shame beyond sinnin'
To sit so provokingly silent, asthore;
It 's high time for colleens to l'ave off their spinnin'
Whin the moon and their bouchals peep in at the door;
So come to your Barney, my darlin' so winsome,—
Ah! Kitty, you 're breakin' my heart with your smile,—
Whisht! aisy, aroon, let your grandmother spin some,
I 've somethin' to whisper you out at the stile.
Arrah thin, Kitty,
It 's you that look pretty,
S'ated so sweet at your ould spinnin'-wheel;
Winsome and winnin',
The while you keep spinnin'
My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

Patrick J. Coleman.

The Prophets.

TIME was we stoned the prophets. Age on age,
When men were strong to save, the world hath slain them.
People are wiser now — they waste no rage —
The prophets entertain them!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

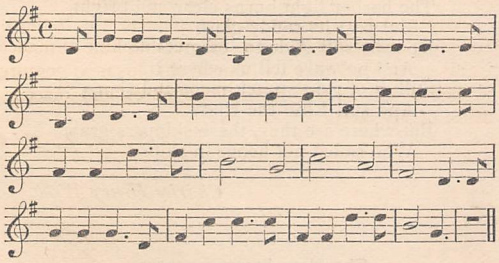
Brer Fox en de Ole Black Duck.

In the concoction of new tales about impossible heroes among the animal tribes, and in the improvisation of new tunes and lullabies, the old colored "mammy," before the war, displayed a creative talent that is simply a marvel, as it is, in certainty, a mystery. The nightly demands of the younger generation for "a new story" whetted her wits, and stimulated her imaginative faculties to such an extent that the process of going to bed was joyfully contemplated by the children, because it meant for them a feast of fancy and an ever-varied entertainment.

I recall the face and form of one who displayed extraordinary tact and talent in the stories she wove and the tunes she devised for my entertainment when "the children's hour" drew nigh. I see her as I write—a broad, generous countenance, the color of burnt sienna, and shining like polished mahogany; a benignant smile playing about the large mouth; a motherly expression gleaming from eyes that sparkled with unmistakable intelligence; and a voice surcharged with kindliness and full of genuine pathos.

At the mention of Mammy 'Riah's name a flood of "half-forgotten lore" rushes to me, and I catch the air and recall the words of one of her songs through whose soporific influence I have more than once forgotten the little cares of my childhood world. The music is just as she sang it; the words have been altered only where the meter and the rhyme seemed to suggest a change.

This is the song that Mammy 'Riah called "Brer Fox en de Ole Black Duck":



Brer Fox jumped up one moonshine night,
En axed de moon to gi' him light;
'Ca'se he mus' run wid all his might,
Ergin he reach de town-o.
Town-o! Town-o!
'Ca'se he mus' run wid all his might,
Ergin he reach de town-o.

So w'en he reach de farmer's yard
De ducks and geese dey raced en r'ared.
"De best ob you shall die," he 'clared,
"Befo' I leab dis town-o."
Town-o! Town-o!
"De best ob you shall die," he 'clared,
"Befo' I leab dis town-o."

He grabbed de black duck by her neck,
En swung her up ercrosst his back.
De ole duck she go "Quack! quack! quack!"
Wid foots er-danglin' down-o.
Down-o! Down-o!
De ole duck she go "Quack! quack! quack!"
Wid foots er-danglin' down-o.

Ole Aunt Widdle Woddle jumped out er bed,
Out ob de winder poked her head.
"O John, John, John, de black duck 's dead!
Brer Fox am in de town-o!"
Town-o! Town-o!
"O John, John, John, de black duck 's dead!
Brer Fox am in de town-o!"

Den John went out on top de hill,
En blowed his horn dat 's loud en shrill;
But Brer Fox he laugh fit ter kill,
"I done got frough de town-o!"
Town-o! Town-o!
But Brer Fox he laugh fit ter kill,
"I done got frough de town-o!"

He drug de black duck to his den,
Whar he hab young uns, nine er ten;
He to' her up en eat her, w'en
De young uns picked de bones-o!
Bones-o! Bones-o!
He to' her up en eat her, w'en
De young uns picked de bones-o!

Edward A. Oldham.

Grace After Meat.

I will not tell you where she lived; too much
Already has been said; it would be spiteful.
Many unkind remarks are made by such
As live in places far, far less delightful.
Be this enough; it may be plainly stated
Her mind was very highly cultivated.

He was a stranger from a western wild,
And he knew naught of clubs that study Browning.
At first he thought her charming when she smiled,
And then he thought her so when she was frowning.
She studied him with care, as representative,
And his advances, for a while, were tentative.

He misinterpreted the pretty blush
Which dyed her cheek sometimes when he was speaking;
And so it was that after a small hush,
One day, he told her he her love was seeking.
The blush was caused, not by her heart's wild clamor,
But by some obvious lapses in his grammar.

She looked distressed, perplexed, uncertain; then
She gently said, "You honor me too greatly;
It might have been"—she sighed, and sighed again—
"But for the sorrow you have caused me lately
By showing,"—here a natural hesitation
Ensued,—"excuse me, lack of cultivation.

"Should I accept the offer of your heart
'T would be my painful duty, without shrinking,
To take your commonest remarks apart;
To make you see that even in your thinking—
Although I do believe you mathematical—
You are not, and have never been, grammatical.

"I could not do this thing to one I loved,
And, should I do it, you would cease to love me.
Forget me, then; you can; it has been proved;
No argument, my friend, can change or move me.
Farewell. I say it in its widest senses.
Distract your mind by studying moods and tenses."

"Bless you!" he said with fervor as he rose,
And shook her hand with honest cordiality,
Seeing quite plainly that she meant to close
The interview, and its extreme finality.
"For what we 've *not* received!" she heard him mutter,
As he went down the steps, and she peeped through the shutter.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Ho for the Desert!

Oh, ho for the wild, woolly West!
Ye tender, come forth and invest;
Come fly up the flume
In the real-estate boom
Among the financially blest!

Oh, ho for this woolly, wild land
Of the lava-beds, desert, and sand,
Where the ox lies stark,
And the coyotes bark,
And the horse is too small for his brand!

The brakeman rules over the train,
The sage-bush is lord of the plain,
The prairie-dog kneels
On the back of his heels,
Still patiently praying for rain.

So balmy and mild is the air
That the redskin needs only to wear
A cool tomahawk,
And a handy scalp-lock,
With a feather or two in his hair.

Then ho for the desert so blest,
In the heart of the woolly, wild West,
Where all things consume
With perennial boom—
Ye tender, come forth and invest!

George E. de Steigver.

My Old Skippers.

Dear are Nantucket's sands to me,
Its wrinkled sands, and brown;
Dear are the open sea-sprayed moors
That skirt the dear old town.
But dearer far its skippers are,
The skippers whom I sing;
And to me more than moor or shore
The moorings where they cling.

When rounding Brant Point on the right,
You come upon the town,
My skippers, too, loom into view,
Sun-dried, and seamed, and brown.
You see them sitting on the wharf,
Where they last summer sat—
The good old wharf that berths alike
The sea-dog and his cat.

Oft in that cat, with sheet hauled flat,
'Adzooks! I 've sailed the rips,
While Obed rolled his quid and told
What he had seen in ships:
Of flying fish that came at night
And roosted in the tops;
Of chariot wheels that foul the flukes
When down an anchor drops.

Though Red the sea where this should be,
The Black he oft would name;
And if you doubted but the wheel,
Up Pharaoh's chariot came!
He told us, too, how cannibals
Would waver and retreat,
If he but showed his pictured arm—
And their tattoo was beat!

The wind the while was dead ahead,
But right into its eye
Good Obed talked—I mean he steered—
As straight as he could lie.

All vain to praise the paths of truth
And point the happy goal
To him whose heaven 'Sconset was,
And Sheol but a shoal.

Becalmed, with reminiscent breath
They filled their threadbare sails,
And on the wharf of afternoons
Would speak of gales and whales—
How on some ground just off Japan
They grappled with typhoons,
Or in the life of great sperm-whales
Drove deep their red harpoons.

Ah, me! the loitering winters come,
The swift-winged summers go;
One season came with joy and guests—
But found not Captain Joe!
And now with apprehensive glance
I question wharf and wave;
A boat swings idly to its chain—
But where is Captain Dave?

Is it that in yon blue above
These missing seamen sail?
And manning Argo in the skies,
Strike they the starry Whale?
For me it were no sorry fate,
Free from all moil below,
To cruise in some celestial craft
With Captain Dave or Joe!

The harbor light burns clear and bright,
But past its ruddy glare
Do sails still glide to seas outside
And no wave tell us where?
Still as of yore stretch moor and shore,
And still I sail the rips;
But where are they, these skippers gray,
Who sailed not hence in ships?

Charles Henry Webb.

The New Street-sweeper.

It is not the starving girl, with fingers bony and blue,
Who sees the gleam of gold in a penny's coppery hue.
It is not the wrinkled crone, hardened to misery's doom,
Who could ride on a witch's jaunt by mounting her worn-out broom.

It is not the huge machine, with clank of its iron rhyme,
That murders your sleep serene, and strangles the steeple's chime.
'T is a queen, of form so fair that a colder heart might deign
To kiss in a rapture sweet the hem of her regal train.

But I pause in wonder mute to see that queenly train
Sweep through the dust that clings, and drag through mires that stain,
Careless of costly lace, reckless of sheen that shines
From the rich brocade that weaves suggestive sinuous lines.

I think of the fable traced by poets in myths of old,
A sorceress fair to the waist, and below, a snake unrolled;
And I fear the legend is true, as I look on her forehead pale,
For the woman I dreamed I knew leaves behind her a serpent's trail.

George Towner.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE HOLY FAMILY. BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. DECEMBER, 1891. No. 2.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

I.

ONE is the day of care.
Into the shadowy room
Flows the pure evening light,
To stem the gathering gloom,
The lily's flame illume,
And the bowed heads make bright—
The heads bowed low in prayer.

II.

See how the level rays
Through the white garments pour
Of the holy child, who stands,
With bending brow, to implore
Grace on the toilers' store;
Oh, see those sinless hands!
Behold, the Christ-child prays!

III.

Wait, wait, ye lingering rays,
Stand still, O Earth and Sun,
Draw near, thou Soul of God—
This is the suffering one!
Already the way is begun
The piercéd Saviour trod;
And now the Christ-child prays—
The holy Christ-child prays.

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

RAPHAEL.—1483–1520.

(RAFAELLO DI GIOVANNI SANTI.)

NDISPUTED prince of painters for more than three centuries, not another of the magnates in art of the Italian Renaissance has been in the last two generations so belittled and belauded, by turns and by sects, as Raphael. And not another shows so luminously the advantages and the dangers of the system of art education which made the Renaissance what it was. When he began to paint we do not know, nor is it certain under whom, but probably his father, Giovanni Santi, was his first master. Vasari's love of the marvelous always led him to an overcoloring of what he most admired or disliked, so that none of his statements can be accepted implicitly when his sympathies or antipathies are enlisted; and his admiration of Raphael was unbounded. It was in part the reflection of the tone of his time, in which the personal charm of the brilliant painter, who died when all the world of Rome considered him at the threshold of a greater destiny, still prejudiced all criticism. Late and scientific investigation has furnished some confirmation and some contradiction of Vasari, and for the last half-century Raphael has become the subject of antagonistic appreciations—the logical consequence of unintelligent laudation.

He was born at Urbino,—so much seems certain,—and in the year 1483; Vasari says on the 28th of March, a Good Friday, though Grimm and later researches make it April 6; but there is no record of the event by contemporary authority, nor do those who make pilgrimages to the house where he is supposed to have been born have any assurance of its being his birthplace. His name appears for the first time in his father's will, and all the details of Vasari concerning his infancy are questionable, or even disproved by positive evidence. Raphael's mother, Magia, died in 1491, and his father married again in the following year, and died in 1494, when the boy was eleven. Of what had been done before that by his father to educate him in the practice of art, or what was done immediately after, we know nothing; all the marvels of Vasari, Passavant, and Grimm are of the very lightest authority. What we can, with some chance of probability, conclude under the circumstances which we know is that, as Raphael's father had taken up painting with a reverential feeling for the art which is betrayed in his poetry, he would hail the first signs of a devotion to it in his only son, and would give him full play for his early efforts, which, from the general evidence we possess of the precocity of the youth, we may conclude to have been of high promise. It would be quite beyond all human probability that under those circumstances the father should not have imparted such education as was in his power; and as the artistic training of that time was in its early stages a purely technical one, full of conventional rules and methods mainly calculated to develop facility of execution and produce a stereotyped result in which, with all the acumen of modern investigation of styles and methods of execution, it is often impossible to determine the authorship of a work, the requisite education must have been quite within the father's competence. Colors were combined according to formula for all objects; the shadows of flesh had certain pigments, and the lights certain others; the conception of an imitation of nature in the modern sense had not entered into art; and the early training of the apprentice was in grinding colors, preparing grounds, tracing the designs of the master on the panel, and, as power increased, in doing by rule more or less of the actual painting. These processes Giovanni Santi must have learned before he could be considered a painter, and these he must have been competent to teach his son; and as we know that in the case of some of the masters of the epoch the studio-training began at the age of eight, when the boys were sent away from home to the master's house, we need strain no probabilities in supposing that the young Raphael might have been indulging his precocity at seven, or even at six, in his home and under his father's eye, and that at the time of his reception in the studio of Perugino (which we have no data to place earlier than 1500, though it may have taken place in 1495 immediately after his father's death) he knew already the elements of the painter's art well enough to become a valuable assistant. The question where Raphael spent the years

THE MADONNA OF THE GOLDFINCH, BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

ÆNEAS GROUP FROM THE "INCENDIO DEL BORGO," BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO IN THE VATICAN.

between his father's death and the recognized date (1500) of his being at work with Perugino has been discussed with a superabundance of hypothesis. He has been assigned to Timoteo della Vite and to Signorelli, but on no evidence whatever. We have no trace of the influence of any other painter than Perugino in his work, for as we know nothing of the style or attainments of Giovanni Santi we cannot pretend to find his manner in it. But it is not difficult to account for the probability of the earliest influence of Perugino, because we know from the poem of Giovanni that he regarded that master as the peer of Leonardo, who at that time was the highest of all the painters of the day in the general estimation; and if Giovanni's own induction into the technic of the art was not due to Perugino, there can be no question that he absorbed what was possible from that master's work and carried it into his own. What he taught Raphael then was certain to be, as far as he could make it, what he had learned from Perugino; and there is another consideration which adds strength to this hypothesis — the fact that Perugino was the master of the day who taught most successfully those technical attainments which were the elements by which a painter was judged and his rank assigned. Originality of conception or treatment stood for little in comparison with good workmanship, the possession of a correct method of using the colors, and the ability to design harmoniously. Perugino was generally recognized as the strongest painter of the time in fresco; he knew how to do better what he set before himself to do than any other painter, and this was the standard by which the artist of that time was assigned his rank. Nor is there any foundation for the assumption that Giovanni, considering his knowledge of art insufficient, himself sent the boy to Perugino. Supposing him to have been a bad artist, which we have no right to assume, he was less likely to hold this opinion of himself than if he had been a good one, and all that we really know of the matter tends to indicate that he was the only master Raphael had before going to work with the greater one.

The "Sposalizio," as it is called, the "Marriage of the Virgin," a picture which shows the extent of his obligation to Perugino, is the first of Raphael's works to which we can fix a date. It was painted in 1504, and in the main is a refinement on, and a more complete carrying out of, the same subject as painted by Perugino, and must be considered as a tribute to the master. About this time Raphael went to Florence, and returning to Perugia he painted the "Entombment" for Baglioni, the head of the ruling family in that city. This picture was painted in 1507, and the progress, or modification, of his ideas during the interval between it and the "Sposalizio" indicates the effect that Florentine art had had on him. He returned to Florence, and after what must have been a very short stay there was called to Rome by Julius II. We do not know the date, but it was between 1508 and 1510. Julius summoned to Rome all young artists who gave promise of great abilities, to assist in carrying out the grand schemes of decoration which he had conceived for the Vatican.

To Raphael was first assigned for decoration the room of the Signature. Here he showed that his intercourse with men of letters and the more liberal artists of Florence had opened another world of thought and art interest to him, and the series of what may be called his philosophical allegories has nothing to do with the world of Perugino, or with the purely religious art of the preceding generation. The mystic meanings and the lofty speculation which some of the German critics find in the frescos of the Vatican have nothing to do with art. If I accepted them I should lay to their charge the decay in the art itself which the latest work of Raphael shows; but I believe that the hidden philosophy was not put there by the painter, that he simply tried to arrange his subjects so as to make the most harmonious arrangement, and that the philosophy, theology, and mythology were borrowed from his society and surroundings.[1] He had seen the great compositions of Masaccio at Florence, and in them learned a lesson Perugino never knew; he carried the motive of this lesson further, and in some respects worked it out more completely. But to admit that he meant what Grimm finds in the compositions is to me impossible — so much speculation would have killed the art. The fact is that Raphael had an extraordinary and, so far as we can judge by the history of painting, unique power of absorbing the ideas and feelings of other men. He caught the color of every great artist he approached, and the marvelous facility of design he had acquired by his early training, seconded by a phenomenal power of invention, enabled him sometimes to surpass in their own way the work of the men he emulated.

The second room of the Vatican — that of the Heliodorus, etc. — is designed more in accordance with the artist's individual feeling, and furnishes some passages of composition which must remain as the highest attainment of Raphael's invention in this vein. Before it was finished Julius died, and was succeeded by Leo X., under whose pontificate Raphael became the arbiter of art in Rome. Michelangelo was driven by neglect from the pontifical court, and

[1] It is well determined that his inspirer in philosophy and archæology was Cardinal Bembo.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL FRESCO IN THE VATICAN.

RAPHAEL'S FRESCO "PARNASSUS."

retired to Florence, leaving Raphael alone and supreme.

The room of the Stanze was begun in 1515, and was followed by the hall of Constantine and the Loggie in a sequence of design and execution which for its extent, even with allowance for the aid of his pupils, is incomprehensible to the modern painter. During this period he was introduced by stealth into the Sistine Chapel, as the legend goes, and saw the ceiling of Michelangelo, which once more modified his art in a manner which is more remarkable than all the previous developments. The effect of this is seen in the frescos in the church of Sta. Maria della Pace in Rome. The Cartoons give us what on the whole seems to me the most triumphant achievement of Raphael in this vein of design, and I should rank them as the highest examples of what is generally understood as academic composition, that art which being still pure art approaches the region of artifice so closely as to be, to certain minds, indefensible. I shall not discuss the matter here, but simply say that, in my opinion, to exclude this phase of Raphael's art from the classics of art would be as absurd as to exclude the "Paradise Lost" from classical English literature. What shows the real decadence of the painter is the purely mythological work of his later years, the Galatea, and the Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina. The Cartoons were finished in 1516. Raphael had now grown rich and famous as no artist of his epoch had dreamed of becoming; he had made art itself a more noble profession than it had ever been admitted to be, raising what had been held only as a craft and mechanical occupation, paid by the month, like those of masons and builders, to the consideration of a liberal profession. Titian and Michelangelo had contributed to this education of society, but in a less degree than Raphael, who could by marriage have allied himself with one of the princes of the Church, a dignity of which nowadays we can hardly estimate the importance. Rome was the capital of the civilized world, the cardinals took precedence of princes of the blood, and the Pope deposed sovereigns.

Whatever one may feel in regard to any particular phase of Raphael's art, there is a wide range of choice. My personal feeling is a preference for the earlier stage of his evolution, marked most graciously by the "Madonna del Granduca." The "Madonna di San Sisto" at Munich palls somewhat on me; the "Sediola" has less of the artist's peculiar, spiritual refinement; and most of the other madonnas have something in the composition which was imposed or forced. But the Virgin of the "Granduca" has the simplicity of a Greek statue and the sweetness of a Christian saint. I cannot follow or understand the maybe subtle, and maybe purely fantastic, analyses of Grimm in his "Life of Raphael," which seems less a biography than a metaphysical discussion of the sixteenth century, its art and its artists, in which discussion the conclusions are often based on premises in the air. Thus the conclusions he draws on the "Coronation of the Virgin" are founded on certain silver-point drawings which he considers to have been Raphael's studies for it; but a more competent technical critic than he declares these drawings to have been the work of some subsequent student of Raphael, and drawn from the picture. Yet on this premise Grimm constructs the history of the evolution of Raphael's early art! Whatever these drawings may be, or by whom, there is no evidence to connect them with Raphael himself; and the mysterious and sudden change of style in the manner of the artist on which Grimm bases such surprising conclusions, and of which he offers no satisfactory explanation, ceases to offer any difficulty if we understand that the silver-point drawings are simply studies of Raphael by one of his later admirers.

There is much that is surprising, but nothing mysterious, in the career of Raphael. His was one of those extraordinary and precocious natures which ripen quickly and decay as rapidly, condensing life and work into a fraction of the time a slower and more massive intellect would have taken to complete its evolution. He must have begun at an abnormally early age, and he finished at thirty-seven, with his best work done and his highest inspiration exhausted. He had an organization of extreme sensibility, which responded, with a docility quite unique in the history of art, to the influence of any strong mind that approached him, with a facility of invention which adapted all to his own purposes; but in his personal right he had a refinement of perception which enabled him to add to what he borrowed a subtlety and grace which made it his own. To realize fully his power of design we must study the drawings he made for his pictures. In the academical qualities of drawing he has never had an equal, and the fertility and rapidity of his invention are shown by the enormous number of works he has left. These gifts make him the great master for serious students of painting in its larger field,— that of expression of the artist's thought,— and I have heard the greatest of modern idealists, Jean François Millet, talk by the hour with the highest enthusiasm on a portfolio of the Raphael drawings as the *ne plus ultra* of design in its best sense. For the modern type of painter, the man who regards his function to be that of a mirror to nature, or who considers nature his mistress rather than his purveyor, and his brush-work

PORTRAIT OF MADDALENA DONI, BY RAPHAEL.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

more important than his conception, Raphael is no model, and for such he has no lesson. The tendency of all modern painting is more and more to these characteristics, so that he who will understand the Urbinate in all his breadth must turn his back on all the modern schools (if there be anything now which deserves the name of school), and build his judgments on a standard found in the range of work from Masaccio to Michelangelo. By this standard Raphael must be given, if not the supreme rank which his contemporaries gave him, at least a place in the front rank among the half-dozen who have endowed art with a higher nobility; and among them all he stands first for the sense of beauty, and next to Michelangelo for refinement; first as academician and composer, and side by side with Giotto for fertility of invention. This is enough of honor.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE TO THE "MADONNA DEL CARDELLINO" (GOLDFINCH).

THE gem of Florence — the "Madonna of the Goldfinch" — hangs in the Tribune of the Uffizi. It is painted on wood, and measures three feet one inch high by two feet five inches wide. The Virgin is seated upon a rock, within a quiet landscape — a portion of the environs of Florence as seen from a point of view going toward Fiesole along the stream Mugnone. To the left, spanning it, is the bridge Badia. To the right is Florence, with the Tuscan hills beyond. The whole is bathed in a soft and mellow light, as in a dream.

The child Jesus, leaning against his mother's lap, has been reciting from the book she holds, when he is interrupted by his companion, the little St. John, who has caught a bird, and, panting, has come with it in glee to Jesus. He grasps it as a child might, with both hands, regardless of hurting it. Note the roundness of his form, his shock of curls, and his animal spirits, as contrasted with the lithe figure and pensive attitude of Jesus — the deep expression of love and tenderness in his face as he raises his hand and gently caresses the bird. This is the most wonderful Christ-child that I have yet seen painted. We see the usual nimbus encircling the heads of the Madonna and the Baptist, but in the case of Jesus I could discover nothing upon first glance, and I thought this worthy of note. My friend Mr. C. F. Murray, however, called my attention to certain fine and delicate rays of gold very close to the head — three or four at the top and the same number on each side, forming, as it were, three arms of a cross. They are barely to be seen even upon a close inspection, but doubtless they are there. They could not, however, be engraved in my coarse reduction without exaggerating their value, and this would be to the detriment of the expression of the child's face, which is of far more importance. It is plain that Raphael intends that the glory of the child shall be seen in the beauty of its figure and the expression of its face, heavy with love — as near to divinity as might be.

How placid and sweet is the Virgin! The very essence of all sweetness — classic in pose, reminding us of the antique Greek statues, and of a purity and beauty peculiar to the genius of its author. The picture was painted for Lorenzo Nasi, Raphael's friend, on the occasion of his marriage. In 1547, twenty-seven years after the death of Raphael, Nasi's palace, which stood on the hill of S. Giorgio, was ruined with many others by the sinking of the hill. This picture was then broken into twenty or thirty pieces, but was recovered and restored by the son of Lorenzo, a great lover of the arts.

Timothy Cole.

AT FIRST.

IF I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

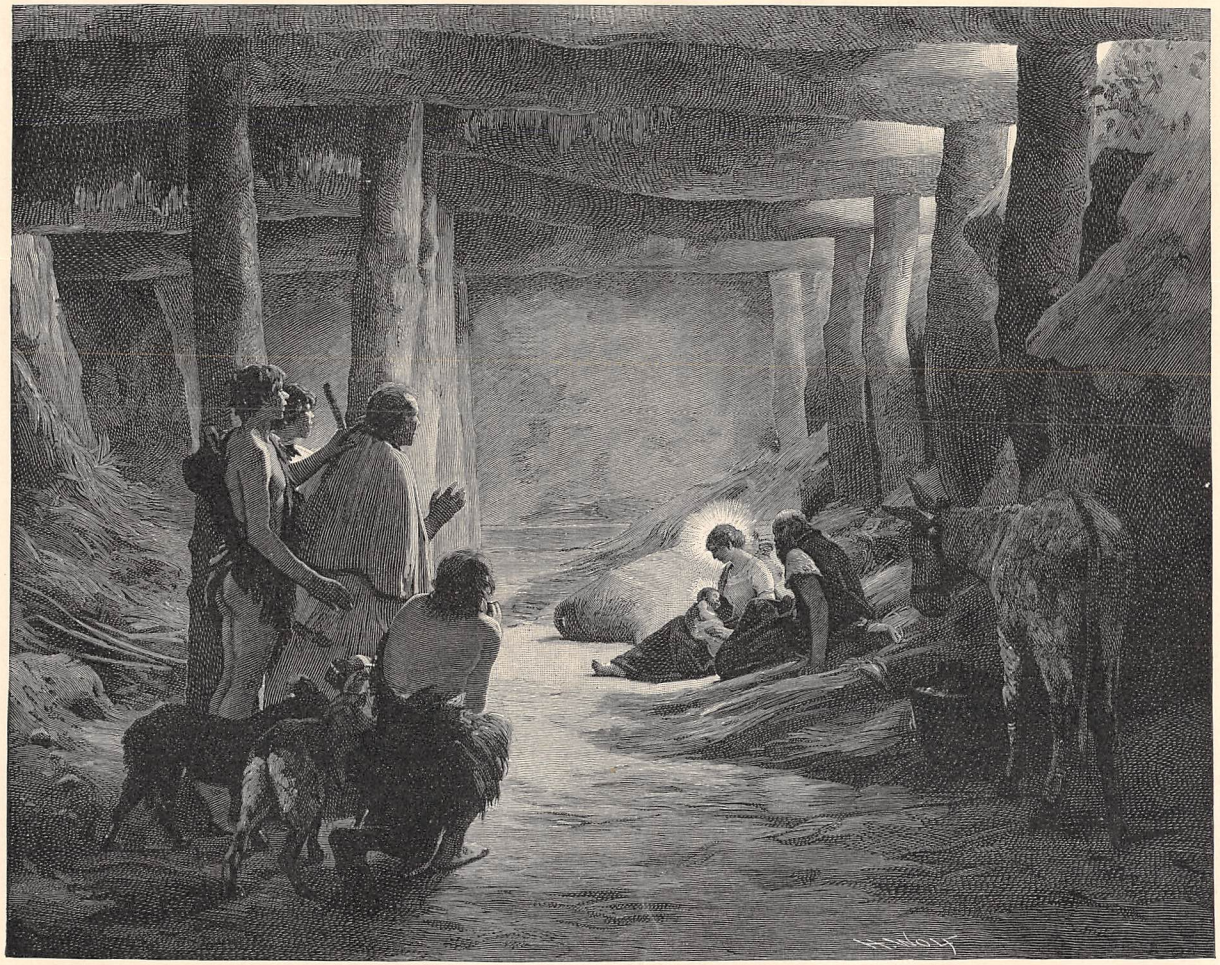
But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break:
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause — of me aware —
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.

Amanda T. Jones.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS. BY H. LEROLLE.

THE SHEPHERDS.

1 SENEX.

PERCHANCE the light we followed till it stayed,
Piercing the roof, now runs along the shade.

2 SENEX.

No, no; before we came the light was here.
It blinded me, but now mine eyes are clear,
Or else the dartling splendor grows more mild,
And I behold a mother with her child.

1 JUVENIS.

Upon her breast how peacefully it lies!

2 JUVENIS.

What love is shining in the mother's eyes!

1 JUVENIS.

It is a dream. Such dreams at break of day
Do often come, but never will they stay.

2 JUVENIS.

Hast dreamed this dream before? The powers above
Send gracious messengers to those they love;
They love thee well—and so have sent to thee.
And I have heard that over the great sea
Some bard or singing shepherd has foretold
A child should bring again the age of gold;
And when that age was come, the vine, the field,
Unfurrowed and unpruned, their fruit should yield,
While honey-drops should break from out the oak.
Nor longer should the ox endure the yoke,
Nor flock nor keeper from the lion flee.
Dost think this little one that child could be?

1 SENEX.

Hushed be those Roman tales; and mark thou well
That thou this blessed thing mayst rightly tell
To those who ask, when thou art sad and old,
And thy weak steps not far shall stray from fold.

2 JUVENIS.

Methinks I never shall be sad again,
Ev'n when I sit among the aged men.
For in that glooming time will I recall
This light that like the noon sun lights us all;
And its remembered glow shall warm and bless.

2 SENEX.

Kneel! kneel! This is the Sun of Righteousness!

Edith M. Thomas.

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL. "I SPOKE OF THE SHADRACH." (SEE PAGE 179.) ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

THE CHRISTMAS SHADRACH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WHENEVER I make a Christmas present I like it to mean something, not necessarily my sentiments toward the person to whom I give it, but sometimes an expression of what I should like that person to do or to be. In the early part of a certain winter not very long ago I found myself in a position of perplexity and anxious concern regarding a Christmas present which I wished to make.

The state of the case was this. There was a young lady, the daughter of a neighbor and old friend of my father, who had been gradually assuming relations toward me which were not only unsatisfactory to me, but were becoming more and more so. Her name was Mildred Bronce. She was between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and as fine a woman in every way as one would be likely to meet in a lifetime. She was handsome, of a tender and generous disposition, a fine intelligence, and a thoroughly well-stocked mind. We had known each other for a long time, and when fourteen or fifteen Mildred had been my favorite companion. She was a little younger than I, and I liked her better than any boy I knew. Our friendship had continued through the years, but of late there had been a change in it; Mildred had become very fond of me, and her fondness seemed to have in it certain elements which annoyed me.

As a girl to make love to no one could be better than Mildred Bronce; but I had never made love to her,—at least not earnestly,—and I did not wish that any permanent condition of loving should be established between us. Mildred did not seem to share this opinion, for every day it became plainer to me that she looked upon me as a lover, and that she was perfectly willing to return my affection.

But I had other ideas upon the subject. Into the rural town in which my family passed the greater part of the year there had recently come a young lady, Miss Janet Clinton, to whom my soul went out of my own option. In some respects, perhaps, she was not the equal of Mildred, but she was very pretty, she was small, she had a lovely mouth, was apparently of a clinging nature, and her dark eyes looked into mine with a tingling effect that no other eyes had ever produced. I was in love with her because I wished to be, and the consciousness of this fact caused me a proud satisfaction. This affair was not the result of circumstances, but of my own free will.

I wished to retain Mildred's friendship, I wished to make her happy; and with this latter intent in view I wished very much that she should not disappoint herself in her anticipations of the future.

Each year it had been my habit to make Mildred a Christmas present, and I was now looking for something to give her which would please her and suit my purpose.

When a man wishes to select a present for a lady which, while it assures her of his kind feeling toward her, will at the same time indicate that not only has he no matrimonial inclinations in her direction, but that it would be entirely unwise for her to have any such inclinations in his direction; that no matter with what degree of fondness her heart is disposed to turn toward him, his heart does not turn toward her, and that, in spite of all sentiments induced by long association and the natural fitness of things, she need never expect to be to him anything more than a sister, he has, indeed, a difficult task before him. But such was the task which I set for myself.

Day after day I wandered through the shops. I looked at odd pieces of jewelry and bric-à-brac, and at many a quaint relic or bit of art work which seemed to have a meaning, but nothing had the meaning I wanted. As to books, I found none which satisfied me; not one which was adapted to produce the exact impression that I desired.

One afternoon I was in a little basement shop kept by a fellow in a long overcoat, who, so far as I was able to judge, bought curiosities but never sold any. For some minutes I had been looking at a beautifully decorated saucer of rare workmanship for which there was no cup to match, and for which the proprietor informed me no cup could now be found or manufactured. There were some points in the significance of an article of this sort, given as a present to a lady, which fitted to my purpose, but it would signify too much: I did not wish to suggest to Mildred that she need never expect to find a cup. It would be better, in fact, if I gave her anything of this kind, to send her a cup and saucer entirely unsuited to each other,

and which could not, under any conditions, be used together.

I put down the saucer, and continued my search among the dusty shelves and cases.

"How would you like a paper-weight?" the shopkeeper asked. "Here is something a little odd," handing me a piece of dark-colored mineral nearly as big as my fist, flat on the under side and of a pleasing irregularity above. Around the bottom was a band of arabesque work in some dingy metal, probably German silver. I smiled as I took it.

"This is not good enough for a Christmas present," I said. "I want something odd, but it must have some value."

"Well," said the man, "that has no real value, but there is a peculiarity about it which interested me when I heard of it, and so I bought it. This mineral is a piece of what the iron-workers call shadrach. It is a portion of the iron or iron ore which passes through the smelting-furnaces without being affected by the great heat, and so they have given it the name of one of the Hebrew youths who was cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar, and who came out unhurt. Some people think there is a sort of magical quality about this shadrach, and that it can give out to human beings something of its power to keep their minds cool when they are in danger of being overheated. The old gentleman who had this made was subject to fits of anger, and he thought this piece of shadrach helped to keep him from giving way to them. Occasionally he used to leave it in the house of a hot-tempered neighbor, believing that the testy individual would be cooled down for a time, without knowing how the change had been brought about. I bought a lot of things of the old gentleman's widow, and this among them. I thought I might try it some time, but I never have."

I held the shadrach in my hand, ideas concerning it rapidly flitting through my mind. Why would not this be a capital thing to give to Mildred? If it should, indeed, possess the quality ascribed to it; if it should be able to cool her liking for me, what better present could I give her? I did not hesitate long.

"I will buy this," I said; "but the ornamentation must be of a better sort. It is now too cheap- and tawdry-looking."

"I can attend to that for you," said the shopkeeper. "I can have it set in a band of gold or silver filigree-work like this, if you choose."

I agreed to this proposition, but ordered the band to be made of silver, the cool tone of that metal being more appropriate to the characteristics of the gift than the warmer hues of gold.

When I gave my Christmas present to Mildred she was pleased with it; its oddity struck her fancy.

"I don't believe anybody ever had such a paper-weight as that," she said, as she thanked me. "What is it made of?"

I told her, and explained what shadrach was; but I did not speak of its presumed influence over human beings, which, after all, might be nothing but the wildest fancy. I did not feel altogether at my ease, as I added that it was merely a trifle, a thing of no value except as a reminder of the season.

"The fact that it is a present from you gives it value," she said, as she smilingly raised her eyes to mine.

I left her house — we were all living in the city then — with a troubled conscience. What a deception I was practising upon this noble girl, who, if she did not already love me, was plainly on the point of doing so. She had received my present as if it indicated a warmth of feeling on my part, when, in fact, it was the result of a desire for a cooler feeling on her part.

But I called my reason to my aid, and I showed myself that what I had given Mildred — if it should prove to possess any virtue at all — was, indeed, a most valuable boon. It was something which would prevent the waste of her affections, the wreck of her hopes. No kindness could be truer, no regard for her happiness more sincere, than the motives which prompted me to give her the shadrach.

I did not soon again see Mildred, but now as often as possible I visited Janet. She always received me with a charming cordiality, and if this should develop into warmer sentiments I was not the man to wish to cool them. In many ways Janet seemed much better suited to me than Mildred. One of the greatest charms of this beautiful girl was a tender trustfulness, as if I were a being on whom she could lean and to whom she could look up. I liked this; it was very different from Mildred's manner: with the latter I had always been well satisfied if I felt myself standing on the same plane.

The weeks and months passed on, and again we were all in the country; and here I saw Mildred often. Our homes were not far apart, and our families were very intimate. With my opportunities for frequent observation I could not doubt that a change had come over her. She was always friendly when we met, and seemed as glad to see me as she was to see any other member of my family, but she was not the Mildred I used to know. It was plain that my existence did not make the same impression on her that it once made. She did not seem to consider it important whether I came or went; whether I was in the room or not; whether I joined a party or stayed away. All this had been very different. I knew well that Mildred had been used to consider my pres-

ence as a matter of much importance, and I now felt sure that my Christmas shadrach was doing its work. Mildred was cooling toward me. Her affection, or, to put it more modestly, her tendency to affection, was gently congealing into friendship. This was highly gratifying to my moral nature, for every day I was doing my best to warm the soul of Janet. Whether or not I succeeded in this I could not be sure. Janet was as tender and trustful and charming as ever, but no more so than she had been months before.

Sometimes I thought she was waiting for an indication of an increased warmth of feeling on my part before she allowed the temperature of her own sentiments to rise. But for one reason and another I delayed the solution of this problem. Janet was very fond of company, and although we saw a great deal of each other, we were not often alone. If we two had more frequently walked, driven, or rowed together, as Mildred and I used to do, I think Miss Clinton would soon have had every opportunity of making up her mind about the fervor of my passion.

The summer weeks passed on, and there was no change in the things which now principally concerned me, except that Mildred seemed to be growing more and more indifferent to me. From having seemed to care no more for me than for her other friends, she now seemed to care less for me than for most people. I do not mean that she showed a dislike, but she treated me with a sort of indifference which I did not fancy at all. This sort of thing had gone too far, and there was no knowing how much further it would go. It was plain enough that the shadrach was overdoing the business.

I was now in a state of much mental disquietude. Greatly as I desired to win the love of Janet, it grieved me to think of losing the generous friendship of Mildred — that friendship to which I had been accustomed for the greater part of my life, and on which, as I now discovered, I had grown to depend.

In this state of mind I went to see Mildred. I found her in the library writing. She received me pleasantly, and was sorry her father was not at home, and begged that I would excuse her finishing the note on which she was engaged, because she wished to get it into the post-office before the mail closed. I sat down on the other side of the table, and she finished her note, after which she went out to give it to a servant.

Glancing about me, I saw the shadrach. It was partly under a litter of papers, instead of lying on them. I took it up, and was looking at it when Mildred returned. She sat down and asked me if I had heard of the changes that were to be made in the time-table of the railroad. We talked a little on the subject, and then I spoke of the shadrach, saying carelessly that it might be interesting to analyze the bit of metal; there was a little knob which might be filed off without injuring it in the least.

"You may take it," she said, "and make what experiments you please. I do not use it much; it is unnecessarily heavy for a paper-weight."

From her tone I might have supposed that she had forgotten that I had given it to her. I told her that I would be very glad to borrow the paper-weight for a time, and, putting it into my pocket, I went away, leaving her arranging her disordered papers on the table, and giving quite as much regard to this occupation as she had given to my little visit.

I could not feel sure that the absence of the shadrach would cause any diminution in the coolness of her feelings toward me, but there was reason to believe that it would prevent them from growing cooler. If she should keep that shadrach she might in time grow to hate me. I was very glad that I had taken it from her.

My mind easier on this subject, my heart turned more freely toward Janet, and, going to her house, the next day I was delighted to find her alone. She was as lovely as ever, and as cordial, but she was flushed and evidently annoyed.

"I am in a bad humor to-day" she said, "and I am glad you came to talk to me and quiet me. Dr. Gilbert promised to take me to drive this afternoon, and we were going over to the hills where they find the wild rhododendron. I am told that it is still in blossom up there, and I want some flowers ever so much —I am going to paint them. And besides, I am crazy to drive with his new horses; and now he sends me a note to say that he is engaged."

This communication shocked me, and I began to talk to her about Dr. Gilbert. I soon found that several times she had been driving with this handsome young physician, but never, she said, behind his new horses, nor to the rhododendron hills.

Dr. Hector Gilbert was a fine young fellow, beginning practice in town, and one of my favorite associates. I had never thought of him in connection with Janet, but I could now see that he might make a most dangerous rival. When a young and talented doctor, enthusiastic in his studies, and earnestly desirous of establishing a practice, and who, if his time were not fully occupied, would naturally wish that the neighbors would think that such were the case, deliberately devotes some hours on I know not how many days to driving a young lady into the surrounding country, it may be supposed that he is really in love with her. Moreover, judging from Janet's present mood,

this doctor's attentions were not without encouragement.

I went home; I considered the state of affairs; I ran my fingers through my hair; I gazed steadfastly upon the floor. Suddenly I rose. I had had an inspiration; I would give the shadrach to Dr. Gilbert.

I went immediately to the doctor's office, and found him there. He too was not in a very good humor.

"I have had two old ladies here nearly all the afternoon, and they have bored me to death," he said. "I could not get rid of them because I found they had made an appointment with each other to visit me to-day and talk over a hospital plan which I proposed some time ago and which is really very important to me, but I wish they had chosen some other time to come here. What is that thing?"

"That is a bit of shadrach," I said, "made into a paper-weight." And then I proceeded to explain what shadrach is, and what peculiar properties it must possess to resist the power of heat, which melts other metal apparently of the same class; and I added that I thought it might be interesting to analyze a bit of it and discover what fire-proof constituents it possessed.

"I should like to do that," said the doctor, attentively turning over the shadrach in his hand. "Can I take off a piece of it?"

"I will give it to you," said I, "and you can make what use of it you please. If you do analyze it I shall be very glad indeed to hear the results of your investigations."

The doctor demurred a little at taking the paper-weight with such a pretty silver ring around it, but I assured him that the cost of the whole affair was trifling, and I should be gratified if he would take it. He accepted the gift, and was thanking me, when a patient arrived, and I departed.

I really had no right to give away this paper-weight, which, in fact, belonged to Mildred, but there are times when a man must keep his eyes on the chief good, and not think too much about other things. Besides, it was evident that Mildred did not care in the least for the bit of metal, and she had virtually given it to me.

There was another point which I took into consideration. It might be that the shadrach might simply cool Dr. Gilbert's feelings toward me, and that would be neither pleasant nor advantageous. If I could have managed matters so that Janet could have given it to him, it would have been all right. But now all that I could do was to wait and see what would happen. If only the thing would cool the doctor in a general way, that would help. He might then give more thought to his practice and his hospital ladies, and let other people take Janet driving.

About a week after this I met the doctor; he seemed in a hurry, but I stopped him. I had a curiosity to know if he had analyzed the shadrach, and asked him about it.

"No," said he; "I haven't done it. I haven't had time. I knocked off a piece of it, and I will attend to it when I get a chance. Good day."

Of course if the man was busy he could not be expected to give his mind to a trifling matter of that sort, but I thought that he need not have been so curt about it. I stood gazing after him as he walked rapidly down the street. Before I resumed my walk I saw him enter the Clinton house. Things were not going on well. The shadrach had not cooled Dr. Gilbert's feelings toward Janet.

But because the doctor was still warm in his attentions to the girl I loved, I would not in the least relax my attentions to her. I visited her as often as I could find an excuse to do so. There was generally some one else there, but Janet's disposition was of such gracious expansiveness that each one felt obliged to be satisfied with what he got, much as he may have wished for something different.

But one morning Janet surprised me. I met her at Mildred's house, where I had gone to borrow a book of reference. Although I had urged her not to put herself to so much trouble, Mildred was standing on a little ladder looking for the book, because, she said, she knew exactly what I wanted, and she was sure she could find the proper volume better than I could. Janet had been sitting in a window-seat reading, but when I came in she put down her book and devoted herself to conversation with me. I was a little sorry for this, because Mildred was very kindly engaged in doing me a service, and I really wanted to talk to her about the book she was looking for. Mildred showed so much of her old manner this morning that I would have been very sorry to have her think that I did not appreciate her returning interest in me. Therefore, while under other circumstances I would have been delighted to talk to Janet, I did not wish to give her so much of my attention then. But Janet Clinton was a girl who insisted on people attending to her when she wished them to do so, and, having stepped through an open door into the garden, she presently called me to her. Of course I had to go.

"I will not keep you a minute from your fellow student," she said, "but I want to ask a favor of you." And into her dark, uplifted eyes there came a look of tender trustfulness clearer than any I had yet seen there. "Don't *you* want to drive me to the rhododendron hills?" she said. "I suppose the flowers are all gone by

this time, but I have never been there, and I should like ever so much to go."

I could not help remarking that I thought Dr. Gilbert was going to take her there.

"Dr. Gilbert, indeed!" she said with a little laugh. "He promised once, and did n't come, and the next day he planned for it it rained. I don't think doctors make very good escorts, anyway, for you can't tell who is going to be sick just as you are about to start on a trip. Besides there is no knowing how much botany I should have to hear, and when I go on a pleasure-drive I don't care very much about studying things. But of course I don't want to trouble you."

"Trouble!" I exclaimed. "It will give me the greatest delight to take you that drive or any other, and at whatever time you please."

"You are always so good and kind," she said, with her dark eyes again upraised. "And now let us go in and see if Mildred has found the book."

I spoke the truth when I said that Janet's proposition delighted me. To take a long drive with that charming girl, and at the same time to feel that she had chosen me as her companion, was a greater joy than I had yet had reason to expect; but it would have been a more satisfying joy if she had asked me in her own house and not in Mildred's; if she had not allowed the love which I hoped was growing up between her and me to interfere with the revival of the old friendship between Mildred and me.

But when we returned to the library Mildred was sitting at a table with a book before her, opened at the passage I wanted.

"I have just found it," she said with a smile. "Draw up a chair, and we will look over these maps together. I want you to show me how he traveled when he left his ship."

"Well, if you two are going to the pole," said Janet, with her prettiest smile, "I will go back to my novel."

She did not seem in the least to object to my geographical researches with Mildred, and if the latter had even noticed my willingness to desert her at the call of Janet, she did not show it. Apparently she was as much a good comrade as she had ever been. This state of things was gratifying in the highest degree. If I could be loved by Janet and still keep Mildred as my friend, what greater earthly joys could I ask?

The drive with Janet was postponed by wet weather. Day after day it rained, or the skies were heavy, and we both agreed that it must be in the bright sunshine that we would make this excursion. When we should make it, and should be alone together on the rhododendron hill, I intended to open my soul to Janet.

It may seem strange to others, and at the time it also seemed strange to me, but there was another reason besides the rainy weather which prevented my declaration of love to Janet. This was a certain nervous anxiety in regard to my friendship for Mildred. I did not in the least waver in my intention to use the best endeavors to make the one my wife, but at the same time I was oppressed by a certain alarm that in carrying out this project I might act in such a way as to wound the feelings of the other.

This disposition to consider the feelings of Mildred became so strong that I began to think that my own sentiments were in need of control. It was not right that while making love to one woman I should give so much consideration to my relations with another. The idea struck me that in a measure I had shared the fate of those who had thrown the Hebrew youths into the fiery furnace. My heart had not been consumed by the flames, but in throwing the shadrach into what I supposed were Mildred's affections it was quite possible that I had been singed by them. At any rate my conscience told me that under the circumstances my sentiments toward Mildred were too warm; in honestly making love to Janet I ought to forget them entirely.

It might have been a good thing, I told myself, if I had not given away the shadrach, but kept it as a gift from Mildred. Very soon after I reached this conclusion it became evident to me that Mildred was again cooling in my direction as rapidly as the mercury falls after sunset on a September day. This discovery did not make my mercury fall; in fact, it brought it for a time nearly to the boiling-point. I could not imagine what had happened. I almost neglected Janet, so anxious was I to know what had made this change in Mildred.

Weeks passed on, and I discovered nothing, except that Mildred had now become more than indifferent to me. She allowed me to see that my companionship did not give her pleasure.

Janet had her drive to the rhododendron hills, but she took it with Dr. Gilbert and not with me. When I heard of this it pained me, though I could not help admitting that I deserved the punishment; but my surprise was almost as great as my pain, for Janet had recently given me reason to believe that she had a very small opinion of the young doctor. In fact, she had criticized him so severely that I had been obliged to speak in his defense. I now found myself in a most doleful quandary, and there was only one thing of which I could be certain — I needed cooling toward Mildred if I still allowed myself to hope to marry Janet.

One afternoon I was talking to Mr. Bronce in his library, when, glancing toward the table used by his daughter for writing purposes, I was

astounded to see, lying on a little pile of letters, the Christmas shadrach. As soon as I could get an opportunity I took it in my hand and eagerly examined it. I had not been mistaken. It was the paper-weight I had given Mildred. There was the silver band around it, and there was the place where a little piece had been knocked off by the doctor. Mildred was not at home, but I determined that I would wait and see her. I would dine with the Bronces; I would spend the evening; I would stay all night; I would not leave the house until I had had this mystery explained. She returned in about half an hour and greeted me in the somewhat stiff manner she had adopted of late; but when she noticed my perturbed expression and saw that I held the shadrach in my hand, she took a seat by the table, where for some time I had been waiting for her, alone.

"I suppose you want to ask me about that paper-weight," she remarked.

"Indeed I do," I replied. "How in the world did you happen to get it again?"

"Again?" she repeated satirically. "You may well say that. I will explain it to you. Some little time ago I called on Janet Clinton, and on her writing-desk I saw that paper-weight. I remembered it perfectly. It was the one you gave me last Christmas and afterward borrowed of me, saying that you wanted to analyze it, or something of the sort. I had never used it very much, and of course was willing that you should take it, and make experiments with it if you wanted to, but I must say that the sight of it on Janet Clinton's desk both shocked and angered me. I asked her where she got it, and she told me a gentleman had given it to her. I did not need to waste any words in inquiring who this gentleman was, but I determined that she should not rest under a mistake in regard to its proper ownership, and told her plainly that the person who had given it to her had previously given it to me; that it was mine, and he had no right to give it to any one else. 'Oh, if that is the case,' she exclaimed, 'take it, I beg of you. I don't care for it, and, what is more, I don't care any more for the man who gave it to me than I do for the thing itself.' So I took it and brought it home with me. Now you know how I happened to have it again."

For a moment I made no answer. Then I asked her how long it had been since she had received the shadrach from Janet Clinton.

"Oh, I don't remember exactly," she said; "it was several weeks ago."

Now I knew everything; all the mysteries of the past were revealed to me. The young doctor, fervid in his desire to please the woman he loved, had given Janet this novel paper-weight. From that moment she had begun to regard his attentions with apathy, and finally—her nature was one which was apt to go to extremes—to dislike him. Mildred repossessed herself of the shadrach, which she took, not as a gift from Janet, but as her rightful property, presented to her by me. And this horrid little object, probably with renewed power, had cooled, almost frozen indeed, the sentiments of that dear girl toward me. Then, too, had the spell been taken from Janet's inclinations, and she had gone to the rhododendron hills with Dr. Gilbert.

One thing was certain. *I* must have that shadrach.

"Mildred," I exclaimed, "will you not give me this paper-weight? Give it to me for my own?"

"What do you want to do with it?" she asked sarcastically. "Analyze it again?"

"Mildred," said I, "I did not give it to Janet. I gave it to Dr. Gilbert, and he must have given it to her. I know I had no right to give it away at all, but I did not believe that you would care; but now I beg that you will let me have it. Let me have it for my own. I assure you solemnly I will never give it away. It has caused trouble enough already."

"I don't exactly understand what you mean by trouble," she said, "but take it if you want it. You are perfectly welcome." And picking up her gloves and hat from the table she left me.

As I walked home my hatred of the wretched piece of metal in my hand increased with every step. I looked at it with disgust when I went to bed that night, and when my glance lighted upon it the next morning I involuntarily shrank from it, as if it had been an evil thing. Over and over again that day I asked myself why I should keep in my possession something which would make my regard for Mildred grow less and less; which would eventually make me care for her not at all? The very thought of not caring for Mildred sent a pang through my heart.

My feelings all prompted me to rid myself of what I looked upon as a calamitous talisman, but my reason interfered. If I still wished to marry Janet it was my duty to welcome indifference to Mildred.

In this mood I went out, to stroll, to think, to decide; and that I might be ready to act on my decision I put the shadrach into my pocket. Without exactly intending it I walked toward the Bronce place, and soon found myself on the edge of a pretty pond which lay at the foot of the garden. Here, in the shade of a tree, there stood a bench, and on this lay a book, an ivory paper-cutter in its leaves as marker.

I knew that Mildred had left that book on the bench; it was her habit to come to this

place to read. As she had not taken the volume with her, it was probable that she intended soon to return. But then the sad thought came to me that if she saw me there she would not return. I picked up the book; I read the pages she had been reading. As I read I felt that I could think the very thoughts that she thought as she read. I was seized with a yearning to be with her, to read with her, to think with her. Never had my soul gone out to Mildred as at that moment, and yet, heavily dangling in my pocket, I carried—I could not bear to think of it. Seized by a sudden impulse, I put down the book; I drew out the shadrach, and, tearing off the silver band, I tossed the vile bit of metal into the pond.

"There!" I cried. "Go out of my possession, out of my sight! You shall work no charm on me. Let nature take its course, and let things happen as they may." Then, relieved from the weight on my heart and the weight in my pocket, I went home.

Nature did take its course, and in less than a fortnight from that day the engagement of Janet and Dr. Gilbert was announced. I had done nothing to prevent this, and the news did not disturb my peace of mind; but my relations with Mildred very much disturbed it. I had hoped that, released from the baleful influence of the shadrach, her friendly feelings toward me would return, and my passion for her had now grown so strong that I waited and watched, as a wrecked mariner waits and watches for the sight of a sail, for a sign that she had so far softened toward me that I might dare to speak to her of my love. But no such sign appeared.

I now seldom visited the Bronce house; no one of that family, once my best friends, seemed to care to see me. Evidently Mildred's feelings toward me had extended themselves to the rest of the household. This was not surprising, for her family had long been accustomed to think as Mildred thought.

One day I met Mr. Bronce at the post-office, and, some other gentlemen coming up, we began to talk of a proposed plan to introduce a system of water-works into the village, an improvement much desired by many of us.

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Bronce, "I am not now in need of anything of the sort. Since I set up my steam-pump I have supplied my house from the pond at the end of my garden with all the water we can possibly want for every purpose."

"Do you mean," asked one of the gentlemen, "that you get your drinking-water in that way?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bronce. "The basin of the pond is kept as clean and in as good order as any reservoir can be, and the water comes from an excellent, rapid-flowing spring. I want nothing better."

A chill ran through me as I listened. The shadrach was in that pond. Every drop of water which Mildred drank, which touched her, was influenced by that demoniacal paper-weight, which, without knowing what I was doing, I had thus bestowed upon the whole Bronce family.

When I went home I made diligent search for a stone which might be about the size and weight of the shadrach, and having repaired to a retired spot I practised tossing it as I had tossed the bit of metal into the pond. In each instance I measured the distance which I had thrown the stone, and was at last enabled to make a very fair estimate of the distance to which I had thrown the shadrach when I had buried it under the waters of the pond.

That night there was a half-moon, and between eleven and twelve o'clock, when everybody in our village might be supposed to be in bed and asleep, I made my way over the fields to the back of the Bronce place, taking with me a long fish-cord with a knot in it, showing the average distance to which I had thrown the practice stone. When I reached the pond I stood as nearly as possible in the place by the bench from which I had hurled the shadrach, and to this spot I pegged one end of the cord. I was attired in an old tennis suit, and, having removed my shoes and stockings, I entered the water, holding the roll of cord in my hand. This I slowly unwound as I advanced toward the middle of the pond, and when I reached the knot I stopped, with the water above my waist.

I had found the bottom of the pond very smooth, and free from weeds and mud, and I now began feeling about with my bare feet, as I moved from side to side, describing a small arc; but I discovered nothing more than an occasional pebble no larger than a walnut.

Letting out some more of the cord, I advanced a little farther into the center of the pond, and slowly described another arc. The water was now nearly up to my armpits, but it was not cold, though if it had been I do not think I should have minded it in the ardor of my search. Suddenly I put my foot on something hard and as big as my fist, but in an instant it moved away from under my foot; it must have been a turtle. This occurrence made me shiver a little, but I did not swerve from my purpose, and, loosing the string a little more, I went farther into the pond. The water was now nearly up to my chin, and there was something weird, mystical, and awe-inspiring in standing thus in the depths of this silent water, my eyes so near its gently rippling surface, fantastically lighted by the setting moon, and

tenanted by nobody knew what cold and slippery creatures. But from side to side I slowly moved, reaching out with my feet in every direction, hoping to touch the thing for which I sought.

Suddenly I set my right foot upon something hard and irregular. Nervously I felt it with my toes. I patted it with my bare sole. It was as big as the shadrach! It felt like the shadrach. In a few moments I was almost convinced that the direful paper-weight was beneath my foot.

Closing my eyes, and holding my breath, I stooped down into the water, and groped on the bottom with my hands. In some way I had moved while stooping, and at first I could find nothing. A sensation of dread came over me as I felt myself in the midst of the dark solemn water,— around me, above me, everywhere,— almost suffocated, and apparently deserted even by the shadrach. But just as I felt that I could hold my breath no longer my fingers touched the thing that had been under my foot, and, clutching it, I rose and thrust my head out of the water. I could do nothing until I had taken two or three long breaths; then, holding up the object in my hand to the light of the expiring moon, I saw that it was like the shadrach; so like, indeed, that I felt that it must be it.

Turning, I made my way out of the water as rapidly as possible, and, dropping on my knees on the ground, I tremblingly lighted the lantern which I had left on the bench, and turned its light on the thing I had found. There must be no mistake; if this was not the shadrach I would go in again. But there was no necessity for reëntering the pond; it *was* the shadrach.

With the extinguished lantern in one hand and the lump of mineral evil in the other, I hurried home. My wet clothes were sticky and chilly in the night air. Several times in my haste I stumbled over clods and briers, and my shoes, which I had not taken time to tie, flopped up and down as I ran. But I cared for none of these discomforts; the shadrach was in my power.

Crossing a wide field I heard, not far away, the tramping of hoofs, as of a horseman approaching at full speed. I stopped and looked in the direction of the sound. My eyes had now become so accustomed to the dim light that I could distinguish objects somewhat plainly, and I quickly perceived that the animal that was galloping toward me was a bull. I well knew what bull it was; this was Squire Starling's pasture-field, and that was his great Alderney bull, Ramping Sir John of Ramapo II.

I was well acquainted with that bull, renowned throughout the neighborhood for his savage temper and his noble pedigree — son of Ramping Sir John of Ramapo I., whose sire was the Great Rodolphin, son of Prince Maximus of Granby, one of whose daughters averaged eighteen pounds of butter a week, and who, himself, had killed two men.

The bull, who had not perceived me when I crossed the field before, for I had then made my way with as little noise as possible, was now bent on punishing my intrusion upon his domains, and bellowed as he came on. I was in a position of great danger. With my flopping shoes it was impossible to escape by flight; I must stand and defend myself. I turned and faced the furious creature, who was not twenty feet distant, and then, with all my strength, I hurled the shadrach, which I held in my right hand, directly at his shaggy forehead. My ability to project a missile was considerable, for I had held, with credit, the position of pitcher in a base-ball nine, and as the shadrach struck the bull's head with a great thud he stopped as if he had suddenly run against a wall.

I do not know that actual and violent contact with the physical organism of a recipient accelerates the influence of a shadrach upon the mental organism of said recipient, but I do know that the contact of my projectile with that bull's skull instantly cooled the animal's fury. For a few moments he stood and looked at me, and then his interest in me as a man and trespasser appeared to fade away, and, moving slowly from me, Ramping Sir John of Ramapo II. began to crop the grass.

I did not stop to look for the shadrach; I considered it safely disposed of. So long as Squire Starling used that field for a pasture connoisseurs in mineral fragments would not be apt to wander through it, and when it should be plowed, the shadrach, to ordinary eyes no more than a common stone, would be buried beneath the sod. I awoke the next morning refreshed and happy, and none the worse for my wet walk.

"Now," I said to myself, "nature shall truly have her own way. If the uncanny comes into my life and that of those I love, it shall not be brought in by me."

About a week after this I dined with the Bronce family. They were very cordial, and it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to be sitting at their table. After dinner Mildred and I walked together in the garden. It was a charming evening, and we sat down on the bench by the edge of the pond. I spoke to her of some passages in the book I had once seen there.

"Oh, have you read that?" she asked with interest.

"I have seen only two pages of it," I said, "and those I read in the volume you left on this bench, with a paper-cutter in it for a

marker. I long to read more and talk with you of what I have read."

"Why, then, did n't you wait? You might have known that I would come back."

I did not tell her that I knew that because I was there she would not have come. But before I left the bench I discovered that hereafter, wherever I might be, she was willing to come and to stay.

EARLY in the next spring Mildred and I were married, and on our wedding-trip we passed through a mining district in the mountains. Here we visited one of the great iron-works, and were both much interested in witnessing the wonderful power of man, air, and fire over the stubborn king of metals.

"What is this substance?" asked Mildred of one of the officials who was conducting us through the works.

"That," said the man, "is what we call shad—"

"My dear," I cried, "we must hurry away this instant or we shall lose the train. Come; quick; there is not a moment for delay." And with a word of thanks to the guide I seized her hand and led her, almost running, into the open air.

Mildred was amazed.

"Never before," she exclaimed, "have I seen you in such a hurry. I thought the train we decided to take did not leave for at least an hour."

"I have changed my mind," I said, "and think it will be a great deal better for us to take the one which leaves in ten minutes."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

THE night had settled down
On the roofs of the little town
In its mountain-hollow asleep.
There was neither color nor sound
Between the sky and the ground
Wrapped in that shadow deep.

The poplars stood up black,
With the sunless west at the back,
And the spectral river below;
And the staring hollyhock-heads
Had lost their blues and reds
In a straight and somber row.

Till over the hills remote,
With a splendor the dark that smote,
Suddenly rose the moon;
And a strange and ghostly light
In a moment filled the night,
Like the wraith of an autumn noon.

The scarlet leaves gleamed out
On the gray boughs all about,
Like a low and flickering flame:
Out of their trance of death
Color and sound, in a breath,
To valley and hillside came.

For the clamor of fife and drum
Startled the echoes dumb
To the march of a wandering band
That down through the shadows went,
Crying, "Repent! Repent!
The day of the Lord is at hand!"

In time to the moving feet,
Through the quiet village street
The strains rang on before,
Till the ever-waxing din
Wakened the sleepers within
To gaze from window and door.

There was hurrying up and down,
And a stir through all the town,
A stir of doubt and fear,
As they heard, at the dead of night,
In the mystical, cold moonlight,
The day of the Lord is near.

But the pastor, bent and gray
With the burden of many a day,
Through the growing tumult broke
With solemn voice and word,
"Each day is the day of the Lord!"
To the startled throng he spoke.

"Harken, my people," said he.
"Why fear ye this band to see
That goeth with shout and song?
All days of our mortal breath,
Whether for life or for death,
To the God who gave belong.

Let a life of praise and prayer
For that awful hour prepare
Which cometh unknown to each!
Who knoweth that hour, O men?
Each day is the Lord's!" again
He cried, with reverent speech.

Slowly they bowed the head
To the words their pastor said,
While the sobbing and tumult died.
Out of the shadows black
Women and men went back,
Silently, side by side.

And the shouts and the trumpet-blast
Of the dim procession passed
Through the valley and over the hill;
Till again, in the quiet night,
'Neath the mystical, cold moonlight,
The sleeping town lay still.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

IV.

THE president engaged rooms at the hotel beside the railroad track at Topaz, and stayed over the next day. Tarvin and Sheriff took possession of him, and showed him the town and what they called its "natural resources." Tarvin caused the president to hold rein when he had ridden with him to a point outside the town, and discoursed, in the midst of the open plain and in the face of the snow-capped mountains, on the reasonableness and necessity of making Topaz the end of a division for the new railroad, and putting the division superintendent, the workshops, and the roundhouse here.

In his heart he knew the president to be absolutely opposed to bringing the railroad to Topaz at all; but he preferred to assume the minor point. It was much easier, as a matter of fact, to show that Topaz ought to be made a junction, and the end of a division, than it was to show that it ought to be a station on the Three C.'s. If it was anything, it would have to be a junction; the difficulty was to prove that it ought to be anything.

Tarvin knew the whole Topaz situation forward and back, as he might have known the multiplication table. He was not president of the board of trade and the head of a land and improvement company, organized with a capital of a million on a cash basis of $2000, for nothing. Tarvin's company included all the solid men of the town; it owned the open plain from Topaz to the foothills, and had laid it out in streets, avenues, and public parks. One could see the whole thing on a map hung in the company's office on Connecticut Avenue, which was furnished in oak, floored with mosaic, carpeted with Turkish rugs, and draped with silk. There one could buy town lots at any point within two miles of the town; there, in fact, Tarvin had some town lots to sell. The habit of having them to sell had taught him the worst and the best that could be said about the place; and he knew to an exactitude all that he could make a given man believe about it.

He was aware, for example, that Rustler not only had richer mines in its near neighborhood than Topaz, but that it tapped a mining country behind it of unexplored and fabulous wealth; and he knew that the president knew it. He was equally familiar with other facts — as, for example, that the mines about Topaz were fairly good, though nothing remarkable in a region of great mineral wealth; and that, although the town lay in a wide and well-irrigated valley, and in the midst of an excellent cattle country, these were limited advantages, and easily matched elsewhere. In other words, the natural resources of Topaz constituted no such claim for it as a "great railroad center" as he would have liked any one to suppose who heard him talk.

But he was not talking to himself. His private word to himself was that Topaz was created to be a railroad town, and the way to create it was to *make* it a railroad town. This proposition, which could not have been squared to any system of logic, proceeded on the soundest system of reasoning — as thus: Topaz was not an existence at all; Topaz was a hope. Very well. And when one wished to make such hopes realities in the West, what did one do? Why, get some one else to believe in them, of course. Topaz was valueless without the Three C.'s. Then what was its value to the Three C.'s? Obviously the value that the Three C.'s would give it.

Tarvin's pledge to the president amounted to this, that if he would give them the chance, they would be worthy of it; and he contended that, in essence, that was all that any town could say. The point for the president to judge was, which place would be most likely to be worthy of such an opportunity, Topaz or Rustler; and he claimed there could be no question about that. When you came to size it up, he said, it was the character of the inhabitants that counted. They were dead at Rustler — dead and buried. Everybody knew that; there was no trade, no industry, no life, no energy, no money there. And look at Topaz! The president could see the character of her citizens at a glance as he walked the streets. They were wide awake down here. They meant business. They believed in their town, and they were ready to put their money on her. The presi-

1 Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

dent had only to say what he expected of them. And then he broached to him his plan for getting one of the Denver smelters to establish a huge branch at Topaz; he said that he had an agreement with one of them in his pocket, conditioned solely on the Three C.'s coming their way. The company could n't make any such arrangement with Rustler; he knew that. Rustler had n't the flux, for one thing. The smelter people had come up from Denver at the expense of Topaz, and had proved Topaz's allegation that Rustler could n't find a proper flux for smelting its ore nearer to her own borders than fifteen miles — in other words, she could n't find it this side of Topaz.

Tarvin went on to say that what Topaz wanted was an outlet for her products to the Gulf of Mexico, and the Three C.'s was the road to furnish it. The president had, perhaps, listened to such statements before, for the entire and crystalline impudence of this drew no retort from his stolidity. He seemed to consider it as he considered the other representations made to him, without hearing it. A railroad president, weighing the advantages of rival towns, could not find it within his conception of dignity to ask which of the natural products of Topaz sought relief through the Gulf. But if Mutrie could have asked such a question, Tarvin would have answered unblushingly, "Rustler's." He implied this freely in the suggestion which he made immediately in the form of a concession. Of course, he said, if the road wanted to tap the mineral wealth of the country behind Rustler it would be a simple matter to run a branch road up there, and bring down the ore to be smelted at Topaz. Rustler had a value to the road as a mining center; he did n't pretend to dispute that. But a mineral road would bring down all the ore as well as a main line, make the same traffic for the road, and satisfy all proper claims of Rustler to consideration, while leaving the junction where it belonged by virtue of natural position.

He boldly asked the president how he expected to get up steam and speed for the climb over the Pass if he made Rustler the end of the division, and changed engines there. The place was already in the mountains; as a practical railroad-man the president must know that his engines could get no start from Rustler. The heavy grade by which the railroad would have to get out of the place, beginning in the town itself, prohibited the idea of making it the end of a division. If his engines, by good luck, were n't stalled on the grade, what did he think of the annual expense involved in driving heavy trains daily at a high mountain from the vantage-ground of a steep slope? What the Three C.'s wanted for the end of their division and their last stop before the climb over the Pass was a place like Topaz, designed for them by nature, built in the center of a plain, which the railroad could traverse at a level for five miles before attacking the hills.

This point Tarvin made with the fervor and relief born of dealing with one solid and irrefragable fact. It was really his best argument, and he saw that it had reached the president as the latter took up his reins silently and led the way back to town. But another glance at Mutrie's face told him that he had failed hopelessly in his main contention. The certainty of this would have been heart-breaking if he had not expected to fail. Success lay elsewhere; but before trying that he had determined to use every other means.

Tarvin's eye rested lovingly on his town as they turned their horses again toward the cluster of dwellings scattered irregularly in the midst of the wide valley. She might be sure that he would see her through.

Of course the Topaz of his affections melted in and out of the Topaz of fact by shadings and subtleties which no measurement could record. The relation of the real Topaz to Tarvin's Topaz, or to the Topaz of any good citizen of the place, was a matter which no friendly observer could wish to press. In Tarvin's own case it was impossible to say where actual belief stopped and willingness to believe went on. What he knew was that he did believe; and with him the best possible reason for faith in Topaz would have been that it needed to be believed in hard. The need would have been only another reason for liking it.

To the ordered Eastern eye the city would have seemed a raw, untidy, lonely collection of ragged wooden buildings sprawling over a level plain. But this was only another proof that one can see only what one brings to the seeing. It was not so that Tarvin saw it; and he would not have thanked the Easterner who should have taken refuge in praise of his snow-whitened hills, walling the valley in a monstrous circle. The Easterner might keep his idea that Topaz merely blotted a beautiful picture; to Tarvin the picture was Topaz's scenery, and the scenery only an incident of Topaz. It was one of her natural advantages — her own, like her climate, her altitude, and her board of trade.

He named the big mountains to the president as they rode; he showed him where their big irrigating-ditch led the water down out of the heights, and where it was brought along under the shadow of the foothills before it started across the plain toward Topaz; he told him the number of patients in their hospital, decently subduing his sense of their numerousness, as a testimony to the prosperity of the town; and as they rode into the streets he pointed

out the opera-house, the post-office, the public school, and the court-house, with the modesty a mother summons who shows her first-born.

It was at least as much to avoid thinking as to exploit the merits of Topaz that he spared the president nothing. Through all his advocacy another voice had made itself heard, and now, in the sense of momentary failure, the bitterness of another failure caught him with a fresh twinge; for since his return he had seen Kate, and knew that nothing short of a miracle would prevent her from starting for India within three days. In contempt of the man who was making this possible, and in anger and desperation, he had spoken at last directly to Sheriff, appealing to him by all he held most dear to stop this wickedness. But there are limp rags which no buckram can stiffen; and Sheriff, willing as he was to oblige, could not take strength into his fibre from the outside, though Tarvin offered him all of his. His talk with Kate, supplemented by this barren interview with her father, had given him a sickening sense of powerlessness from which nothing but a large success in another direction could rescue him. He thirsted for success, and it had done him good to attack the president, even with the foreknowledge that he must fail with him.

He could forget Kate's existence while he fought for Topaz, but he remembered it with a pang as he parted from Mutrie. He had her promise to make one of the party he was taking to the Hot Springs that afternoon; if it had not been for that he could almost have found it in his heart to let Topaz take care of herself for the remainder of the president's stay. As it was, he looked forward to the visit to the Springs as a last opening to hope. He meant to make a final appeal; he meant to have it out with Kate, for he could not believe in defeat, and he could not think that she would go.

The excursion to the Hot Springs was designed to show the president and Mrs. Mutrie what a future Topaz must have as a winter resort, if all other advantages failed her; and they had agreed to go with the party which Tarvin had hastily got together. With a view to a little quiet talk with Kate, he had invited three men besides Sheriff—Maxim, the postmaster; Heckler, the editor of the "Topaz Telegram" (both his colleagues on the board of trade); and a pleasant young Englishman named Carmathan. He expected them to do some of the talking to the president, and to give him half an hour with Kate, without detriment to Mutrie's impressions of Topaz. It had occurred to him that the president might be ready by this time for a fresh view of the town, and Heckler was the man to give it to him.

Carmathan had come to Topaz two years before in his capacity of colonizing younger son, to engage in the cattle business, equipped with a riding-crop, top-boots, and $2000 in money. He had lost the money; but he knew now that riding-crops were not used in punching cattle, and he was at the moment using this knowledge, together with other information gathered on the same subject, in the calling of cowboy on a neighboring range. He was getting $30 a month, and was accepting his luck with the philosophy which comes to the adoptive as well as to the native-born citizens of the West. Kate liked him for the pride and pluck which did not allow him the easy remedy of writing home, and for other things; and for the first half of their ride to the Hot Springs they rode side by side, while Tarvin made Mr. and Mrs. Mutrie look up at the rocky heights between which they began to pass. He showed them the mines burrowing into the face of the rock far aloft, and explained the geological formation with the purely practical learning of a man who buys and sells mines. The road, which ran alongside the track of the railroad already going through Topaz, wandered back and forth over it from time to time, as Tarvin said, at the exact angle which the Three C.'s would be choosing later. Once a train labored past them, tugging up the heavy grade that led to the town. The narrowing gorge was the first closing in of the hills, which, after widening again, gathered in the great cliffs of the cañon twenty miles below, to face each other across the chasm. The sweep of pictured rock above their heads lifted itself into strange, gnarled crags, or dipped suddenly and swam on high in straining peaks; but for the most part it was sheer wall—blue and brown and purplish-red umber, ocher, and the soft hues between.

Tarvin dropped back, and ranged his horse beside Kate's. Carmathan, with whom he was in friendly relation, gave place to him instantly, and rode forward to join the others in advance.

She lifted her speaking eyes as he drew rein beside her, and begged him silently to save them both the continuance of a hopeless contest; but Tarvin's jaw was set, and he would not have listened to an angel's voice.

"I tire you by talking of this thing, Kate. I know it. But I 've got to talk of it. I 've got to save you."

"Don't try any more, Nick," she answered gently. "Please don't. It 's my salvation to go. It is the one thing I want to do. It seems to me sometimes, when I think of it, that it was perhaps the thing I was sent into the world to do. We are all sent into the world to do something, don't you think so, Nick, even if it 's ever so tiny and humble and no account? I 've got to do it, Nick. Make it easy for me."

"I 'll be—hammered if I will! I 'll make it hard. That 's what I 'm here for. Every

one else yields to that vicious little will of yours. Your father and mother let you do what you like. They don't begin to know what you are running your precious head into. I can't replace it. Can you? That makes me positive. It also makes me ugly."

Kate laughed.

"It does make you ugly, Nick. But I don't mind. I think I like it that you should care. If I could stay at home for any one, I 'd do it for you. Believe that, won't you?"

"Oh, I 'll believe, and thank you into the bargain. But what good will it do me? I don't want belief. I want you."

"I know, Nick. I know. But India wants me more — or not me, but what I can do, and what women like me can do. There 's a cry from Macedonia, 'Come over and help us!' While I hear that cry I can find no pleasure in any other good. I could be your wife, Nick. That 's easy. But with that in my ears I should be in torture every moment."

"That 's rough on me," suggested Tarvin, glancing ruefully at the cliffs above them.

"Oh, no. It has nothing to do with you."

"Yes," returned he, shutting his lips; "that 's just it."

She could not help smiling a little again at his face.

"I will never marry any one else, if it helps you any to know that, Nick," she said, with a sudden tenderness in her voice.

"But you won't marry me?"

"No," she said quietly, firmly, simply.

He meditated this answer a moment in bitterness. They were riding at a walk, and he let the reins drop on his pony's neck as he said, "Oh, well. Don't matter about me.. It is n't all selfishness, dear. I *do* want you to stay for my own sake, I want you for my very own, I want you always beside me, I want you — want you; but it is n't for that I ask you to stay. It 's because I can't think of you throwing yourself into the dangers and horrors of that life alone, unprotected, a girl. I can't think of it and sleep nights. I dare n't think of it. The thing 's monstrous. It 's hideous. It 's absurd. You won't do it!"

"I must not think of myself," she answered in a shaken voice. "I must think of *them*."

"But *I* must think of *you*. And you sha'n't bribe me, you sha'n't tempt me, to think of any one else. You take it all too hard. Dearest girl," he entreated, lowering his voice, "are you in charge of the misery of the earth? There is misery elsewhere, too, and pain. Can you stop it? You 've got to live with the sound of the suffering of millions in your ears all your life, whatever you do. We 're all in for that. We can't get away from it. We pay that price for daring to be happy for one little second."

"I know, I know. I 'm not trying to save myself. I 'm not trying to stifle the sound."

"No; but you are trying to stop it, and you can't. It 's like trying to scoop up the ocean with a dipper. You can't do it. But you can spoil your life in trying; and if you 've got a scheme by which you can come back and have a spoiled life over again, I know some one who has n't. O Kate, I don't ask anything for myself,— or, at least, I only ask everything,— but do think of that a moment sometimes when you are putting your arms around the earth, and trying to lift it up in your soft little hands— you are spoiling more lives than your own. Great Scott, Kate, if you are looking for some misery to set right, you need n't go off this road. Begin on me."

She shook her head sadly. "I must begin where I see my duty, Nick. I don't say that I shall make much impression on the dreadful sum of human trouble, and I don't say it is for everybody to do what I 'm going to try to do; but it 's right for me. I know that, and that 's all any of us can know. Oh, to be sure that people are a little better — if *only* a little better — because you have lived," she exclaimed, the look of exaltation coming into her eyes; "to know that you have lessened by the slightest bit the sorrow and suffering that must go on all the same, would be good. Even you must feel that, Nick," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm as they rode.

Tarvin compressed his lips. "Oh, yes; I feel it," he said desperately.

"But you feel something else. So do I."

"Then feel it more. Feel it enough to trust yourself to me. I 'll find a future for you. You shall bless everybody with your goodness. Do you think I should like you without it? And you shall begin by blessing me."

"I can't! I can't!" she cried in distress.

"You can't do anything else. You must come to me at last. Do you think I could live if I did n't think that? But I want to save you all that lies between. I don't want you to be driven into my arms, little girl. I want you to come — and come now."

For answer to this she only bowed her head on the sleeve of her riding-habit, and began to cry softly. Nick's fingers closed on the hand with which she nervously clutched the pommel of her saddle.

"You can't, dear?"

The brown head was shaken vehemently. Tarvin ground his teeth.

"All right; don't mind."

He took her yielding hand into his, speaking gently, as he would have spoken to a child in distress. In the silent moment that lengthened between them Tarvin gave it up — not Kate, not his love, not his changeless resolve

to have her for his own, but just the question of her going to India. She could go if she liked. There would be two of them.

When they reached the Hot Springs he took an immediate opportunity to engage the willing Mrs. Mutrie in talk, and to lead her aside, while Sheriff showed the president the water steaming out of the ground, the baths, and the proposed site of a giant hotel. Kate, willing to hide her red eyes from Mrs. Mutrie's sharp gaze, remained with her father.

When Tarvin had led the president's wife to the side of the stream that went plunging down past the Springs to find a tomb at last in the cañon below, he stopped short in the shelter of a clump of cottonwoods.

"Do you really want that necklace?" he asked her abruptly.

She laughed again, gurglingly, amusedly, this time, with the little air of spectacle which she could not help lending to all she did.

"Want it?" she repeated. "Of course I want it. I want the moon, too."

Tarvin laid a silencing hand upon her arm.

"You shall have this," he said positively.

She ceased laughing, and grew almost pale at his earnestness.

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

"It would please you? You would be glad of it?" he asked. "What would you do to get it?"

"Go back to Omaha on my hands and knees," she answered with equal earnestness. "Crawl to India."

"All right," returned Tarvin, vigorously. "That settles it. Listen! I want the three C.'s to come to Topaz. You want this. Can we trade?"

"But you can never —"

"No matter; I 'll attend to my part. Can you do yours?"

"You mean —" she began.

"Yes," nodded her companion, decisively; "I do. Can you fix it?"

Tarvin, fiercely repressed and controlled, stood before her with clenched teeth, and hands that drove the nails into his palms, awaiting her answer.

She tilted her fair head on one side with deprecation, and regarded him out of the vanishing angle of one eye provocatively, with a lingering, tantalizing look of adequacy.

"I guess what I say to Jim goes," she said at last with a dreamy smile.

"Then it 's a bargain?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Shake hands on it."

They joined hands. For a moment they stood confronted, penetrating each other's eyes.

"You 'll really get it for me?"

"Yes."

"You won't go back on me?"

"No."

He pressed her hand so that she gave a little scream.

"Ouch! You hurt."

"All right," he said hoarsely, as he dropped her hand. "It 's a trade. I start for India tomorrow."

V.

TARVIN stood on the platform of the station at Rawut Junction watching the dust cloud that followed the retreating Bombay mail. When it had disappeared the heated air above the stone ballast began its dance again, and he turned blinking to India.

It was amazingly simple to come fourteen thousand miles. He had lain still in a ship for a certain time, and then had transferred himself to stretch at full length, in his shirt-sleeves, on the leather-padded bunk of the train which had brought him from Calcutta to Rawut Junction. The journey was long only as it kept him from sight of Kate, and kept him filled with thought of her. But was this what he had come for — the yellow desolation of a Rajputana desert, and the pinched-off perspective of the track? Topaz was cosier when they had got the church, the saloon, the school, and three houses up; the loneliness made him shiver. He saw that they did not mean to do any more of it. It was a desolation which doubled desolateness, because it was left for done. It was final, intended, absolute. The grim solidity of the cut-stone station-house, the solid masonry of the empty platform, the mathematical exactitude of the station name-board looked for no future. No new railroad could help Rawut Junction. It had no ambition. It belonged to the Government. There was no green thing, no curved line, no promise of life that produces, within eyeshot of Rawut Junction. The mauve railroad-creeper on the station had been allowed to die from lack of attention.

Tarvin was saved from the more positive pangs of homesickness by a little healthy human rage. A single man, fat, brown, clothed in white gauze, and wearing a black velvet cap on his head, stepped out from the building. This station-master and permanent population of Rawut Junction accepted Tarvin as a feature of the landscape: he did not look at him. Tarvin began to sympathize with the South in the war of the rebellion.

"When does the next train leave for Rhatore?" he asked.

"There is no train," returned the man, pausing with precise deliberation between the words. He sent his speech abroad with an air of detachment, irresponsibly, like the phonograph.

"No train? Where 's your time-table?

Where 's your railroad guide? Where 's your Pathfinder?"

"No train at all of any kind whatever."

"Then what the devil are you here for?"

"Sir, I am the station-master of this station, and it is prohibited using profane language to employees of this company."

"Oh, are you? Is it? Well, see here, my friend—you station-master of the steep-edge of the jumping-off-place, if you want to save your life you will tell me how I get to Rhatore—quick!"

The man was silent.

"Well, what do I do, anyway?" shouted the West.

"What do I know?" answered the East.

Tarvin stared at the brown being in white, beginning at his patent-leather shoes, surmounted by openwork socks, out of which the calf of his leg bulged, and ending with the velvet smoking-cap on his head. The passionless regard of the Oriental, borrowed from the purple hills behind his station, made him wonder for one profane, faithless, and spiritless moment whether Topaz and Kate were worth all they were costing.

"Ticket, please," said the baboo.

The gloom darkened. This thing was here to take tickets, and would do it though men loved, and fought, and despaired and died at his feet.

"See here," cried Tarvin, "you shiny-toed fraud; you agate-eyed pillar of alabaster—" But he did not go on; speech failed in a shout of rage and despair. The desert swallowed all impartially; and the baboo, turning with awful quiet, drifted through the door of the station-house, and locked it behind him.

Tarvin whistled persuasively at the door with uplifted eyebrows, jingling an American quarter against a rupee in his pocket. The window of the ticket-office opened a little way, and the baboo showed an inch of impassive face.

"Speaking now in offeshal capacity, your honor can getting to Rhatore via country bullock-cart."

"Find me the bullock-cart," said Tarvin.

"Your honor granting commission on transaction?"

"Cert." It was the tone that conveyed the idea to the head under the smoking-cap.

The window was dropped. Afterward, but not too immediately afterward, a long-drawn howl made itself heard—the howl of a weary warlock invoking a dilatory ghost.

"O Moti! Moti! O-o-h!"

"Ah there, Moti!" murmured Tarvin, as he vaulted over the low stone wall, gripsack in hand, and stepped out through the ticket wicket into Rajputana. His habitual gaiety and confidence had returned with the prospect of motion.

Between himself and a purple circle of hills lay fifteen miles of profitless, rolling ground, jagged with laterite rocks, and studded with unthrifty trees—all given up to drought and dust, and all colorless as the sun-bleached locks of a child of the prairies. Very far away to the right the silver gleam of a salt lake showed, and a formless blue haze of heavier forest. Sombre, desolate, oppressive, withering under a brazen sun, it smote him with its likeness to his own prairies, and with its homesick unlikeness.

Apparently out of a crack in the earth—in fact, as he presently perceived, out of a spot where two waves of plain folded in upon each other and contained a village—came a pillar of dust, the heart of which was a bullock-cart. The distant whine of the wheels sharpened, as it drew near, to the full-bodied shriek that Tarvin knew when they put the brakes suddenly on a freight coming into Topaz on the down grade. But this was in no sense a freight. The wheels were sections of tree butts—square for the most part. Four unbarked poles bounded the corners of a flat body; the sides were made of netted rope of cocoanut fiber. Two bullocks, a little larger than Newfoundlands, smaller than Alderneys, drew a vehicle which might have contained the half of a horse's load.

The cart drew up at the station, and the bullocks, after contemplating Tarvin for a moment, lay down. Tarvin seated himself on his gripsack, rested his shaggy head in his hands, and expended himself in mirth.

"Sail in," he instructed the baboo; "make your bargain. I 'm in no hurry."

Then began a scene of declamation and riot to which a quarrel in a Leadville gambling saloon was a poor matter. The impassiveness of the station-master deserted him like a wind-blown garment. He harangued, gesticulated, and cursed; and the driver, naked except for a blue loin-cloth, was nothing behind him. They pointed at Tarvin; they seemed to be arguing over his birth and ancestry; for all he knew they were appraising his weight. When they seemed to be on the brink of an amicable solution, the question re-opened itself, and they went back to the beginning, and reclassified him and the journey.

Tarvin applauded both parties, sicking one on the other impartially for the first ten minutes. Then he besought them to stop, and when they would not he discovered that it was hot, and swore at them.

The driver had for the moment exhausted himself when the baboo turned suddenly on Tarvin, and, clutching him by the arm, cried, almost shouting, "All arrange, sir! all arrange! This man *most* uneducated man, sir. You giving me the money, I arrange everything."

Swift as thought, the driver had caught his

other arm, and was imploring him in a strange tongue not to listen to his opponent. As Tarvin stepped back they followed him with uplifted hands of entreaty and representation, the station-master forgetting his English, and the driver his respect for the white man. Tarvin, eluding them both, pitched his gripsack into the bullock-cart, bounded in himself, and shouted the one Indian word he knew. It happened, fortunately, to be the word that moves all India — "*Challo!*" which, being interpreted, is "Go on!"

So, leaving strife and desolation behind him, rode out into the desert of Rajputana Nicholas Tarvin of Topaz, Colorado.

VI.

UNDER certain conditions four days can dwarf eternity. Tarvin had found these circumstances in the bullock-cart from which he crawled ninety-six hours after the bullocks had got up from the dust at Rawut Junction. They stretched behind him — those hours — in a maddening, creaking, dusty, deliberate procession. In an hour the bullock-cart went two and a half miles. Fortunes had been made and lost in Topaz — happy Topaz! — while the cart plowed its way across a red-hot river-bed shut in between two walls of belted sand. New cities might have risen in the West and fallen to ruins older than Thebes while, after any of their meals by the wayside, the driver droned over a water-pipe something less wieldy than a Gatling-gun. In these waits and in others — it seemed to him that the journey was chiefly made up of waits — Tarvin saw himself distanced in the race of life by every male citizen of the United States, and groaned with the consciousness that he could never overtake them, or make up this lost time.

Great gray cranes with scarlet heads stalked through the high grass of the swamps in the pockets of the hills. The snipe and the quail hardly troubled themselves to move from beneath the noses of the bullocks, and once in the dawn, lying upon a glistening rock, he saw two young panthers playing together like kittens.

A few miles from Rawut Junction his driver had taken from underneath the cart a sword, which he hung around his neck, and sometimes used on the bullocks as a goad. Tarvin saw that every man went armed in this country, as in his own. But three feet of clumsy steel struck him as a poor substitute for the delicate and nimble revolver.

Once he stood up in the cart and hallooed, for he thought he saw the white top of a prairie schooner. But it was only a gigantic cotton-wain, drawn by sixteen bullocks, dipping and plunging across the ridges. Through all, the scorching Indian sun blazed down on him, making him wonder how he had ever dared praise the perpetual sunshine of Colorado. At dawn the rocks glittered like diamonds, and at noonday the sands of the rivers troubled his eyes with a million flashing sparks. At eventide a cold, dry wind would spring up, and the hills lying along the horizon took a hundred colors under the light of the sunset. Then Tarvin realized the meaning of "the glorious East," for the hills were turned to heaps of ruby and amethyst, while between them the mists in the valleys were opal. He lay in the bullock-cart on his back and stared at the sky, dreaming of the Naulahka, and wondering whether it would match the scenery.

"The clouds know what I 'm up to. It 's a good omen," he said to himself.

He cherished the definite and simple plan of buying the Naulahka and paying for it in good money to be raised at Topaz by bonding the town — not, of course, ostensibly for any such purpose. Topaz was good for it, he believed, and if the Maharajah wanted too steep a price when they came to talk business he would form a syndicate.

As the cart swayed from side to side, bumping his head, he wondered where Kate was. She might, under favorable conditions, be in Bombay by this time. That much he knew from careful consideration of her route; but a girl alone could not pass from hemisphere to hemisphere as swiftly as an unfettered man spurred by love of herself and of Topaz. Perhaps she was resting for a little time with the Zenana Mission at Bombay. He refused absolutely to admit to himself that she had fallen ill by the way. She was resting, receiving her orders, absorbing a few of the wonders of the strange lands he had contemptuously thrust behind him in his eastward flight; but in a few days at most she ought to be at Rhatore, whither the bullock-cart was taking him.

He smiled and smacked his lips with pure enjoyment as he thought of their meeting, and amused himself with fancies about her fancies touching his present whereabouts.

He had left Topaz for San Francisco by the night train over the Pass a little more than twenty-four hours after his conference with Mrs. Mutrie, saying good-by to no one, and telling nobody where he was going. Kate perhaps wondered at the fervor of his "Good evening" when he left her at her father's house on their return from their ride to the Hot Springs. But she said nothing, and Tarvin contrived by an effort to take himself off without giving himself away. He had made a quiet sale of a block of town lots the next day at a sacrifice, to furnish himself with money for the

voyage; but this was too much in the way of his ordinary business to excite comment, and he was finally able to gaze down at the winking lights of Topaz in the valley from the rear platform of his train, as it climbed up over the Continental Divide, with the certainty that the town he was going to India to bless and boom was not "on to" his beneficent scheme. To make sure that the right story went back to the town, he told the conductor of the train, in strict confidence, while he smoked his usual cigar with him, about a little placer-mining scheme in Alaska which he was going there to nurse for a while.

The conductor embarrassed him for a moment by asking what he was going to do about his election meanwhile; but Tarvin was ready for him here too. He said that he had that fixed. He had to let him into another scheme to show him how it was fixed, but as he bound him to secrecy again, this did n't matter.

He wondered now, however, whether that scheme had worked, and whether Mrs. Mutrie would keep her promise to cable the result of the election to him at Rhatore. It was amusing to have to trust a woman to let him know whether he was a member of the Colorado legislature or not; but she was the only living person who knew his address, and as the idea had seemed to please her, in common with their whole "charming conspiracy" (this was what she called it), Tarvin had been content.

When he had become convinced that his eyes would never again be blessed with the sight of a white man, or his ears with the sound of intelligible speech, the cart rolled through a gorge between two hills, and stopped before the counterpart of the station at Rawut Junction. It was a double cube of red sandstone, but — for this Tarvin could have taken it in his arms — it was full of white men. They were undressed excessively; they were lying in the veranda in long chairs, and between each chair was a well-worn bullock trunk.

Tarvin got himself out of the cart, unfolding his long stiffened legs with difficulty, and unkinking his muscles one by one. He was a mask of dust — dust beyond sand-storms or cyclones. It had obliterated the creases of his clothing and turned his black American four-button cutaway to a pearly white. It had done away with the distinction between the hem of his trousers and the top of his shoes. It dropped off him and rolled up from him as he moved. His fervent "Thank God!" was extinguished in a dusty cough. He stepped into the veranda, rubbing his smarting eyes.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Got anything to drink?"

No one rose, but somebody shouted for the servant. A man dressed in thin Tussur silk, yellow and ill-fitting as the shuck on a dried cob, and absolutely colorless as to his face, nodded to him and asked languidly:

"Who are you for?"

"No? Have they got them here too?" said Tarvin to himself, recognizing in that brief question the universal shibboleth of the commercial traveler.

He went down the long line and twisted each hand in pure joy and thankfulness before he began to draw comparisons between the East and the West, and to ask himself if these idle, silent lotus-eaters could belong to the profession with which he had swapped stories, commodities, and political opinions this many a year in smoking-cars and hotel offices. Certainly they were debased and spiritless parodies of the alert, aggressive, joyous, brazen animals whom he knew as the drummers of the West. But perhaps — a twinge in his back reminded him — they had all reached this sink of desolation via country bullock-cart.

He thrust his nose into twelve inches of whisky and soda, and remained there till there was no more; then dropped into a vacant chair and surveyed the group again.

"Did some one ask who I was for? I 'm for myself, I suppose, as much as any one — traveling for pleasure."

He had not time to enjoy the absurdity of this, for all five men burst into a shout of laughter, like the laughter of men who have long been estranged from mirth.

"Pleasure!" cried one. "O Lord!" "Pleasure! You 've come to the wrong place."

"It 's just as well you 've come for pleasure. You 'd be dead before you did business," said another.

"You might as well try to get blood out of a stone. I 've been here over a fortnight."

"Great Scott! What for?" asked Tarvin.

"We 've all been here over a week," growled a fourth.

"But what 's your lay? What 's your racket?"

"Guess you 're an American, ain't you?"

"Yes; Topaz, Colorado." The statement had no effect upon them. He might as well have spoken in Greek. "But what 's the trouble?"

"Why, the King married two wives yesterday. You can hear the gongs going in the city now. He 's trying to equip a new regiment of cavalry for the service of the Indian Government, and he 's quarreled with his Political Resident. I 've been living at Colonel Nolan's door for three days. He says he can't do anything without authority from the supreme Government. I 've tried to catch the King when he goes out pig-shooting. I write every day to the Prime Minister, when I 'm not riding around the city

on a camel; and here 's a bunch of letters from the firm asking why I don't collect."

At the end of ten minutes Tarvin began to understand that these washed-out representatives of half a dozen firms in Calcutta and Bombay were hopelessly besieging this place on their regular spring campaign to collect a little on account from a king who ordered by the ton and paid by the scruple. He had purchased guns, dressing-cases, mirrors, mantelpiece ornaments, crochet-work, the iridescent Christmas-tree glass balls, saddlery, mail-phaëtons, four-in-hands, scent-bottles, surgical instruments, chandeliers, and chinaware by the dozen, gross, or score as his royal fancy prompted. When he lost interest in his purchases he lost interest in paying for them; and as few things amused his jaded fancy more than twenty minutes, it sometimes came to pass that the mere purchase was sufficient, and the costly packing-cases from Calcutta were never opened. The ordered peace of the Indian Empire forbade him to take up arms against his fellow sovereigns, the only lasting delight that he or his ancestors had known for thousands of years; but there remained a certain modified interest of war in battling with bill-collectors. On one side stood the Political Resident of the State, planted there to teach him good government, and, above all, economy; on the other side — that is to say, at the palace gates — might generally be found a commercial traveler, divided between his contempt of an evasive debtor and his English reverence for a king. Between these two his Majesty went forth to take his pleasure in pig-sticking, in racing, in the drilling of his army, in the ordering of more unnecessaries, and in the fitful government of his womankind, who knew considerably more of each commercial traveler's claims than even the Prime Minister. Behind these was the Government of India, explicitly refusing to guarantee payment of the King's debts, and from time to time sending him, on a blue velvet cushion, the jeweled insignia of an imperial order to sweeten the remonstrances of the Political Resident.

"Well, I hope you make the King pay for it," said Tarvin.

"How 's that?"

"Why, in my country, when a customer sillies about like that, promising to meet a man one day at the hotel and not showing up and then promising to meet him the next day at the store and not paying, a drummer says to himself: 'Oh, all right. If you want to pay my board, and my wine, liquor, and cigar bill, while I wait, don't mind me. I 'll mosey along somehow.' And after the second day he charges up his poker losings to him."

"Ah, that 's interesting. But how does he get those items into his account?"

"They go into the next bill of goods he sells him, of course. He makes the prices right for that."

"Oh, we can make prices right enough. The difficulty is to get your money."

"But I don't see how you fellows have the time to monkey around here at this rate," urged Tarvin, mystified. "Where I come from a man makes his trip on schedule time, and when he 's a day behind he 'll wire to his customer in the town ahead to come down to the station and meet him, and he 'll sell him a bill of goods while the train waits. He could sell him the earth while one of your bullock-carts went a mile. And as to getting your money, why don't you get out an attachment on the old sinner? In your places I 'd attach the whole country on him. I 'd attach the palace, I 'd attach his crown. I 'd get a judgment against him, and I 'd execute it too — personally, if necessary. I 'd lock the old fellow up and rule Rajputana for him, if I had to; but I 'd have his money."

A compassionate smile ran around the group. "That 's because you don't know," said several at once. Then they began to explain voluminously. There was no languor about them now; they all spoke together.

The men in the veranda, though they seemed idle, were no fools, Tarvin perceived after a time. Lying still as beggars at the gate of greatness was their method of doing business. It wasted time, but in the end some sort of payment was sure to be made, especially, explained the man in the yellow coat, if you could interest the Prime Minister in your needs, and through him wake the interests of the King's women.

A flicker of memory made Tarvin smile faintly as he thought of Mrs. Mutrie.

The man in the yellow coat went on, and Tarvin learned that the head queen was a murderess, convicted of poisoning her former husband. She had lain crouching in an iron cage awaiting execution when the King first saw her, and the King had demanded whether she would poison him if he married her, so the tale ran. Assuredly, she replied, if he treated her as her late husband had treated her. Thereupon the King had married her, partly to please his fancy, mainly through sheer delight in her brutal answer.

This gipsy without lineage held in less than a year King and state under her feet — feet which women of the household sang spitefully were roughened with travel of shameful roads. She had borne the King one son, in whom all her pride and ambition centered, and, after his birth, she had applied herself with renewed energy to the maintenance of mastery in the state. The supreme Government, a thousand

miles away, knew that she was a force to be reckoned with, and had no love for her. The white-haired, soft-spoken Political Resident, Colonel Nolan, who lived in the pink house a bow-shot from the city gates, was often thwarted by her. Her latest victory was peculiarly humiliating to him, for she had discovered that a rock-hewn canal designed to supply the city with water in summer would pass through an orange-garden under her window, and had used her influence with the Maharajah against it. The Maharajah had thereupon caused it to be taken around by another way at an expense of a quarter of his year's revenue, and in the teeth of the almost tearful remonstrance of the Resident.

Sitabhai, the gipsy, behind her silken curtains, had both heard and seen this interview between the rajah and his Political, and had laughed.

Tarvin devoured all this eagerly. It fed his purpose; it was grist to his mill, even if it tumbled his whole plan of attack topsyturvy. It opened up a new world for which he had no measures and standards, and in which he must be frankly and constantly dependent on the inspiration of the next moment. He could n't know too much of this world before taking his first step toward the Naulahka, and he was willing to hear all that these lazy fellows would tell him. He began to feel as if he should have to go back and learn his A B C's over again. What pleased this strange being they called King? what appealed to him? what tickled him? above all, what did he fear?

He was thinking much and rapidly.

But he said, "No wonder your King is bankrupt if he has such a court to look after."

"He 's one of the richest princes in India," returned the man in the yellow coat. "He does n't know himself what he has."

"Why does n't he pay his debts, then, instead of keeping you mooning about here?"

"Because he 's a native. He 'd spend a hundred thousand pounds on a marriage-feast, and delay payment of a bill for two hundred rupees four years."

"You ought to cure him of that," insisted Tarvin. "Send a sheriff after the crown jewels."

"You don't know Indian princes. They would pay a bill before they would let the crown jewels go. They are sacred. They are part of the government."

"Ah, I 'd give something to see the Luck of the State!" exclaimed a voice from one of the chairs, which Tarvin afterward learned belonged to the agent of a Calcutta firm of jewelers.

"What 's that?" he asked as casually as he knew how, sipping his whisky and soda.

"The Naulahka. Don't you know?"

Tarvin was saved the need of an answer by the man in yellow. "Pshaw! All that talk about the Naulahka is invented by the priests."

"I don't think so," returned the jeweler's agent, judicially. "The King told me when I was last here that he had once shown it to a viceroy. But he is the only foreigner who has ever seen it. The King assured me he did n't know where it was himself."

"Pooh! Do you believe in carved emeralds two inches square?" asked the other, turning to Tarvin.

"That 's only the centerpiece," said the jeweler; "and I would n't mind wagering that it 's a tallow-drop emerald. It is n't that that staggers me. My wonder is how these chaps, who don't care anything for water in a stone, could have taken the trouble to get together half a dozen perfect gems, much less fifty. They say that the necklace was begun when William the Conqueror came over."

"That gives them a year or two," said Tarvin. "I would undertake to get a little jewelry together myself if you gave me eight centuries."

His face was turned a little away from them as he lay back in his chair. His heart was going quickly. He had been through mining-trades, land-speculations, and cattle-deals in his time. He had known moments when the turn of a hair, the wrinkle of an eyelid, meant ruin to him. But they were not moments into which eight centuries were gathered.

They looked at him with a remote pity in their eyes.

"Five absolutely perfect specimens of the nine precious stones," began the jeweler; "the ruby, emerald, sapphire, diamond, opal, cat's-eye, turquoise, amethyst, and—"

"Topaz?" asked Tarvin, with the air of a proprietor.

"No; black diamond—black as night."

"But how do you know all these things; how do you get on to them?" asked Tarvin, curiously.

"Like everything else in a native state—common talk, but difficult to prove. Nobody can as much as guess where that necklace is."

"Probably under the foundations of some temple in the city," said the yellow-coated man.

Tarvin, in spite of the careful guard he was keeping over himself, could not help kindling at this. He saw himself digging the city up.

"Where *is* this city?" inquired he.

They pointed across the sun-glare, and showed him a rock girt by a triple line of wall. It was exactly like one of the many ruined cities that Tarvin had passed in the bullock-cart. A rock of a dull and angry red surmounted that

rock. Up to the foot of the rock ran the yellow sands of the actual desert — the desert that supports neither tree nor shrub, only the wild ass, and somewhere in its heart, men say, the wild camel.

Tarvin stared through the palpitating haze of heat, and saw that there was neither life nor motion about the city. It was a little after noonday, and his Majesty's subjects were asleep. This solid block of loneliness, then, was the visible end of his journey — the Jericho he had come from Topaz to attack.

And he reflected, "Now, if a man should come from New York in a bullock-cart to whistle around the Sauguache Range, I wonder what sort of fool I 'd call him!"

He rose and stretched his dusty limbs. "What time does it get cool enough to take in the town?" he asked.

"Do *what* to the town? Better be careful. You might find yourself in difficulties with the Resident," warned his friendly adviser.

Tarvin could not understand why a stroll through the deadest town he had ever seen should be forbidden. But he held his peace, inasmuch as he was in a strange country where nothing, save a certain desire for command on the part of the women, was as he had known it. He would take in the town thoroughly. Otherwise he began to fear that its monumental sloth — there was still no sign of life upon the walled rock — would swallow him up, or turn him into a languid Calcutta drummer.

Something must be done at once before his wits were numbed. He inquired the way to the telegraph-office, half-doubting, even though he saw the wires, the existence of a telegraph in Rhatore.

"By the way," one of the men called after him, "it 's worth remembering that any telegram you send here is handed all round the court and shown to the King."

Tarvin thanked him, and thought this *was* worth remembering, as he trudged on through the sand toward a desecrated Mohammedan mosque near the road to the city which was doing duty as a telegraph-office.

A trooper of the state was lying fast asleep on the threshold, his horse picketed to a long bamboo lance driven into the ground. Other sign of life there was none, save a few doves cooing sleepily in the darkness under the arch.

Tarvin gazed about him dispiritedly for the blue and white sign of the Western Union, or its analogue in this queer land. He saw that the telegraph-wires disappeared through a hole in the dome of the mosque. There were two or three low wooden doors under the archway. He opened one at random, and stepped upon a warm, hairy body, which sprang up with a grunt. Tarvin had hardly time to draw back before a young buffalo calf rushed out. Undisturbed, he opened another door, disclosing a flight of steps eighteen inches wide. Up these he traveled with difficulty, hoping to catch the sound of the ticker. But the building was as silent as the tomb it had once been. He opened another door, and stumbled into a room, the domed ceiling of which was inlaid with fretted tracery in barbaric colors, picked out with myriads of tiny fragments of mirrors. The flood of color and the glare of the snow-white floor made him blink after the pitchy darkness of the staircase. Still, the place was undoubtedly a telegraph-office, for an antiquated instrument was clamped upon a cheap dressing-table. The sunlight streamed through the gash in the dome which had been made to admit the telegraph-wires, and which had not been repaired.

Tarvin stood in the sunlight and stared about him. He took off the soft, wide-brimmed Western hat, which he was finding too warm for this climate, and mopped his forehead. As he stood in the sunlight, straight, clean-limbed, and strong, one who lurked in this mysterious spot with designs upon him would have decided that he did not look a wholesome person to attack. He pulled at the long thin mustache which drooped at the corners of his mouth in a curve shaped by the habit of tugging at it in thought, and muttered picturesque remarks in a tongue to which these walls had never echoed. What chance was there of communicating with the United States of America from this abyss of oblivion? Even the "damn" that came back to him from the depths of the dome sounded foreign and inexpressive.

A sheeted figure lay on the floor. "It *takes* a dead man to run this place," exclaimed Tarvin, discovering the body. "Hallo, you! Get up there!"

The figure rose to its feet with grunts, cast away its covering, and disclosed a very sleepy native in a complete suit of dove-colored satin.

"Ho!" cried he.

"Yes," returned Tarvin, imperturbably.

"You want to see me?"

"No; I want to send a telegram, if there 's any electric fluid in this old tomb."

"Sir," said the native, affably, "you have come to right shop. I am telegraph-operator and postmaster-general of this state."

He seated himself in the decayed chair, opened a drawer of the table, and began to search for something.

"What you looking for, young man? Lost your connection with Calcutta?"

"Most gentlemen bring their own forms," he said with a distant note of reproach in his bland manner. "But here is form. Have you got pencil?"

"Oh, see here, don't let me strain this office.

Had n't you better go and lie down again? I 'll tap the message off myself. What 's your signal for Calcutta?"

"You, sir, not understanding this instrument."

"*Don't* I? You ought to see me milk the wires at election-time."

"This instrument require most judeecious handling, sir. You write message. I send. That is proper division of labor. Ha, ha!"

Tarvin wrote his message, which ran thus:

"*Getting there. Remember Three C.'s.*
TARVIN."

It was addressed to Mrs. Mutrie at the address she had given him in Denver.

"Rush it," he said, as he handed it back over the table to the smiling image.

"All right; no fear. I am here for that," returned the native, understanding in general terms from the cabalistic word that his customer was in haste.

"Will the thing ever get there?" drawled Tarvin, as he leaned over the table and met the gaze of the satin-clothed being with an air of good comradeship, which invited him to let him into the fraud, if there was one.

"Oh, yes; to-morrow. Denver is in the United States America," said the native, looking up at Tarvin with childish glee in the sense of knowledge.

"Shake!" exclaimed Tarvin, offering him a hairy fist. "You 've been well brought up."

He stayed half an hour fraternizing with the man on the foundation of this common ground of knowledge, and saw him work the message off on his instrument, his heart going out on that first click all the way home. In the midst of the conversation the native suddenly dived into the cluttered drawer of the dressing-table, and drew forth a telegram covered with dust, which he offered to Tarvin's scrutiny.

"You knowing any new Englishman coming to Rhatore name Turpin?" he asked.

Tarvin stared at the address a moment, and then tore open the envelop to find, as he expected, that it was for him. It was from Mrs. Mutrie, congratulating him on his election to the Colorado legislature by a majority of 1518 over Sheriff.

Tarvin uttered an abandoned howl of joy, executed a war-dance on the white floor of the mosque, snatched the astounded operator from behind his table, and whirled him away into a mad waltz. Then, making a low salaam to the now wholly bewildered native, he rushed from the building, waving his cable in the air, and went capering up the road.

When he was back at the rest-house again he retired to a bath to grapple seriously with the dust of the desert, while the commercial travelers without discussed his comings and goings. He plunged about luxuriously in a gigantic bowl of earthenware, while a brown-skinned water-carrier sluiced the contents of a goat-skin over his head.

A voice in the veranda, a little louder than the others, said, "He 's probably come prospecting for gold or boring for oil, and won't tell."

Tarvin winked a wet left eye.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DO you know Queen Elizabeth?
"Elizabeth! Why, she is dust.
Her evil eyes and haughty brow
Have perished, as we mortals must,
Long years ago. Why ask me now
With such a tender, bated breath
If I know Queen Elizabeth?"

No, no! But Saint Elizabeth,
That sacred Queen of Hungary,
She for whose saving it befell
When man would work her misery
The good God worked a miracle,
And into roses turned her bread.
"Vain questioner, she too is dead."

You call her dead? Elizabeth!
Perhaps; but yet she is alive.
I know her, noble, sweet, serene.
Ah, yes; for such as she survive.
They wear another garb and mien,
But when the years come round and round
Again and yet again they 're crowned.

I know her well—Elizabeth.
Still are her hands heaped full of bread,
Still is her heart a mighty sea
Of lavish love, and still are sped
Her thoughts to endless charity.
No king forbids her. No priest saith,
"Love not!" to my Elizabeth.

She liveth silent in her shrine,
Her royal robe becomes her well,
And royally her dark eyes shine
The regal soul within to tell.
But good! What saint of ancient lore
Hath done what she does o'er and o'er?

She carries in her gracious hands
Cheer to the lonely and the sad;
She breaks away those heavy bands
That bind the wretched; she is glad,
As God is glad, to bend and show
New hope and help to them below.

I know who hath anointed her
Above her fellows, who hath sent
This regent to administer
His gifts and goodness, who hath lent
To earth's forlorn surcease of faith
This living ray, Elizabeth.

I lay beside the edge of death,
My soul and body racked with pain,
Crying for God to take my breath
Into his wordless will again;
All other hope was lost and vain,
When suddenly the Master saith,
"I send to thee Elizabeth."

She came, she lifted up my chains,
She smiled and lit my dark despair;
With words as kind as summer rains
She took me in her queenly care,
She filled my bitten lips with prayer.
Were my tongue dry with dusts of death
I 'd gasp, "God bless Elizabeth!"

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE RAPTURE OF HETTY.

THE dance was set for Christmas night at Walling's, a horse-ranch where there were women, situated in a high, watered valley, shut in by foothills, sixteen miles from the nearest town. The cabin with its roof of "shakes," the sheds and corrals, can be seen from any divide between Packer's ferry and the Payette.

The "boys" had been generally invited, with one exception to the usual company. The youngest of the sons of Basset, a pastoral and nomadic house, was socially under a cloud, on the charge of having been "too handy with the frying-pan brand."

The charge could not be substantiated, but the boy's name had been roughly handled in those wide, loosely defined circles of the range, where the force of private judgment makes up for the weakness of the law in dealing with crimes that are difficult of detection and uncertain of punishment. He that has obliterated his neighbor's brand, or misapplied his own, is held as in the age of tribal government and ownership was held the remover of his neighbor's landmarks. A word goes forth against

him potent as the Levitical curse, and all the people say amen.

As society's first public and pointed rejection of him, the slight had rankled with the son of Basset; and grievously it wore on him that Hetty Rhodes was going with the man who had been his earliest and most persistent accuser — Hetty, prettiest of all the bunch-grass belles, who never reproached nor quarreled, but judged people with her smile and let them go. He had not complained, though he had her promise,— one of her promises,— nor asked a hearing in his own defense. The sons of Basset were many and poor; their stock had dwindled upon the range; her men-folk condemned him, and Hetty believed, or seemed to believe, as the others.

Had she forgotten the night when two men's horses stood at her father's fence — the Basset boy's and his that was afterward his accuser, and the other's horse was unhitched when the evening was but half spent, and furiously ridden away, while the Basset boy's stood at the rails till close upon midnight? Had the coincidence escaped her that from this night, of one man's rage and another's bliss, the ugly charge had dated? Of these things a girl may not testify.

They met in town on the Saturday before the dance, Hetty buying her dancing-shoes at the back of the store, where the shoe-cases framed in a snug little alcove for the exhibition of a "fit," the boy, in his belled spurs and "chaps" of goat-hide, lounging disconsolate and sulky against one of the front counters. She wore a striped ulster — an enchanted garment his arm had pressed — and a pink crocheted Tam-o'-Shanter cocked bewitchingly over her dark eyes. Her hair was ruffled, her cheeks were red with the wind she had faced two hours on the spring-seat of her father's "dead ax" wagon. Critical feminine eyes might have found her a trifle blowzy; the sick-hearted Basset boy looked once — he dared not look again.

Hetty coquetted with her partner in the shoe-bargain, a curly-headed young Hebrew, who flattered her familiarly and talked as if he had known her from a child, but always with an eye to business. She stood, holding back her skirts and rocking her instep from right to left while she considered the effect of the new style — patent-leather foxings and tan-cloth tops, and heels that came under the middle of her foot, and narrow toes with tips of stamped leather; but what a price! More than a third of her chicken-money gone for that one fancy's satisfaction. But who can know the joy of a really distinguished choice in shoe-leather as one that in her childhood has trotted barefoot through the sage-brush and associated shoes only with cold weather or going to town? The Basset boy tried to fix his strained attention upon anything rather than upon that tone of high jocosity between Hetty and the shiny-haired clerk. He tried to summon his own self-respect and leave the place.

What was the tax, he inquired, on those neck-handkerchiefs, and he pointed with the loaded butt of his braided leather "quirt" to a row of dainty silk mufflers signaling custom from a cord stretched above the gentlemen's furnishing-counter.

The clerk explained that the goods in question were first class, all silk, brocaded, and of an extra size. Plainly he expected that a casual mention of the price would cool the inexperienced customer's curiosity, especially as the colors displayed in the handkerchiefs were not those commonly affected by the cowboy cult. The Basset boy threw down his last half-eagle and carelessly called for the one with a blue border. The delicate "baby blue" attracted him by its perishability, its suggestion of impossible refinements beyond the soilure and dust of his grimy circumstances. Yet he pocketed his purchase as though it were any common thing, not to show his pride in it before the patronizing salesman.

He waited foolishly for Hetty, not knowing if she would even speak to him. When she came at last loitering down the shop, with her eyes on the gay Christmas counters, her arms filled with bundles, he silently fell in behind her and followed her to her father's wagon, where he helped her unload her purchases.

"Been buying out the store?" he opened the conversation.

"Buying more than father 'll want to pay for," she drawled, glancing at him sweetly. Those entoiling looks of Hetty's dark-lashed eyes had grown to a habit with her; even now the little Jewish salesman was smiling over his brief portion in them. Her own coolness made her careless, as children are, in playing with fire.

"Here 's some Christmas the old man won't have to pay for." A soft paper parcel was crushed into her hand.

"Who is going to pay for it I 'd like to know? If it 's some of your doings, Jim Basset, I can't take it — so there!"

She thrust the package back upon him. He tore off the wrapper and let the wind carry his rejected token into the trampled mud and slush of the street.

Hetty screamed, and pounced to the rescue. "What a shame! It 's a beauty of a handkerchief. It must have cost a lot of money. I sha'n't let you use it so."

She shook it, and wiped away the spots from its delicate sheen, and folded it into its folds again.

"*I* don't want the thing." He spurned it fiercely.

"Then give it to some one else." She endeavored coquettishly to force it into his hands or into the pockets of his coat. He could not withstand her thrilling little liberties in the face of all the street.

"I 'll wear it Monday night," said he. "Maybe you think I won't be there?" he added hoarsely, for he had noted her look of surprise mingled with an infuriating touch of pity. "You kin bank on it I 'll be there."

Hetty toyed with the thought that after all it might be better that she should not go to the dance. There might be trouble, for certainly Jim Basset had looked as if he meant it when he had said he would be there; and Hetty knew the temper of the company, the male portion of it, too well to doubt what their attitude would be toward an inhibited guest who disputed the popular verdict and claimed social privileges which, it had been agreed, he had forfeited. But it was never really in her mind to deny herself—at least the excitement. She and her escort were among the first couples to cross the snowy pastures stretching between her father's claim and the lights of the lonely horse-ranch.

It was a cloudy night, the air soft, chill, and springlike. Snow had fallen early and frozen upon the ground; the stockmen welcomed the "chinook wind" as the promise of a break in the hard weather. Shadows came out and played on the pale slopes as the riders rose and dropped past one long swell and another of dim country, falling away like a ghostly land seeking a ghostly sea. And often Hetty looked back, fearing yet half hoping that the interdicted one might be on his way, among the dusky, straggling shapes behind.

The company was not large, nor up to nine o'clock particularly merry. The women were engaged in cooking supper, or up in the roof-room brushing out their crimps by the light of an unshaded kerosene-lamp placed on the pine washstand which did duty as a dressing-table. The men's voices came jarringly through the loose boards of the floor from below.

About that hour came the unbidden guest, and like the others he had brought his "gun." He was stopped at the door and told that he could not come in among the girls to make trouble. He denied that he had come with any such intention. There were persons present — he mentioned no names — who were no more eligible, socially speaking, than himself, and he ranked himself low in saying so; where such as these could be admitted, he proposed to show that he could. He offered, in evidence of his good faith and peaceable intentions, to give up his gun; but on condition that he be allowed one dance with the partner of his choosing, regardless of her previous engagements.

This unprecedented proposal was referred to the girls, who were charmed with its audacity. But none of them spoke up for the outcast till Hetty said she could not think what they were all afraid of. A dozen to one, and that one without his weapon! Then the other girls chimed in, and added their timid suffrages. There may have been some twinges of disappointment, there could hardly have been surprise, when the black sheep directed his choice without a look elsewhere to Hetty. She stood up, smiling but rather pale, and he rushed her to the head of the room, securing the most conspicuous place before his rival, who with his partner took the place of second couple opposite.

"Keep right on!" the fiddler chanted, in sonorous cadence to the music, as the last figure of the set ended with "Promenade all!" He swung into the air of the first figure again, smiling, with his cheek upon his instrument and his eyes upon the floor. Hetty fancied that his smile meant more than merely the artist's pleasure in the joy he evokes.

"Keep your places!" he shouted again, after the "Promenade all!" a second time had raised the dust and made the lamps flare, and lighted with smiles of sympathy the rugged faces of the elders ranged against the walls. The side couples dropped off exhausted, but the tops held the floor, and neither of the men was smiling.

The whimsical fiddler invented new figures, which he "called off" in time to his music, to vary the monotony of a quadrille with two couples missing.

The opposite girl was laughing hysterically; she could no longer dance or stand. The rival gentleman looked about him for another partner. One girl jumped up, then, hesitating, sat down again. The music passed smoothly into a galop, and Hetty and her bad boy kept the floor, regardless of shouts and protests warning the trespasser that his time was up and the game in other hands.

Thrice they circled the room. They looked neither to right nor left; their eyes were upon each other. The men were all on their feet, the music playing madly. A group of half-scared girls were huddled, giggling and whispering, near the door of the dimly lighted shed-room. Into the midst of them Hetty's partner plunged with his breathless, smiling dancer in his arms, passed into the dim outer place to the door where his horse stood saddled, and they were gone.

They crossed the little valley known as Seven Pines, they crashed through the thin ice of the creek, they rode double sixteen miles before midnight — Hetty wrapped in her lover's "slicker," with the blue-bordered handkerchief, her only wedding-gift, tied over her blowing hair.

Mary Hallock Foote.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

ON THE WAY TO THE DANCE.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ANGEL TO THE SHEPHERDS. BY P. LAGARDE.

MOZART — AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS."

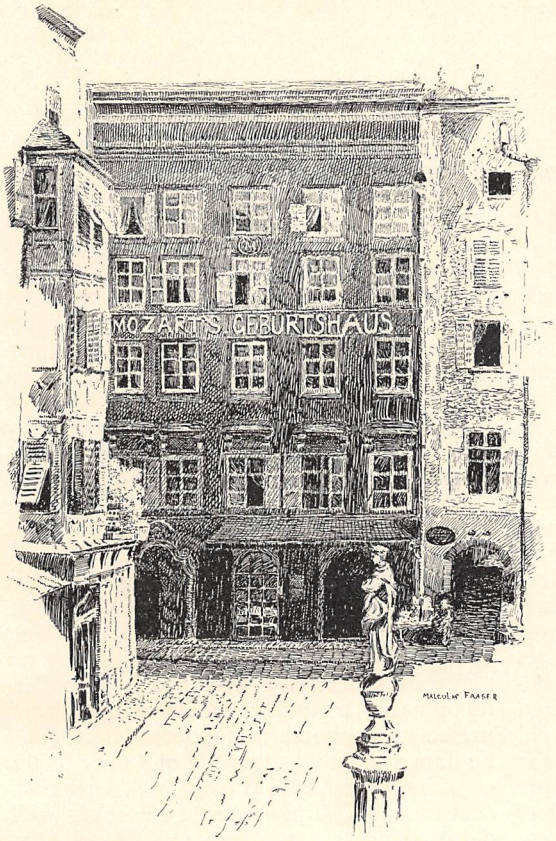
THE changes of fashion are not limited to the cut of our clothes, the style of our houses, our manners, and our modes of living. We must have also new forms for our thoughts, new expressions for our emotions. The idols of one generation make way for the idols of the next — fortunate if a name carved in a stone or some faded memorial tells the world they have lived. It is only here and there that a commanding genius stands on a pinnacle so high that its divine light shines upon remote ages which point to it as a distinct landmark in its own sphere. And even these are not quite free from the inevitable caprices of taste. While we still burn incense at time-honored altars, we turn to new gods, and, fired with some fresh sensation, pronounce the old ones a little antiquated after all. It is the youngest of the arts that feels, perhaps, the most perceptibly these fluctuations. In this late nineteenth century we like our viands very much spiced, and music is the last expression of the complexity, the turmoil, the fever, the intensity of modern life. We no longer seek in it the repose that belonged to simpler conditions, a less artificial existence, but strain the nerves, the mind, the senses to scale some unknown heaven of thought and feeling; then falling back from this emotional delirium, we find nature tame, the old creations insipid, the masters of the past colorless. It is refreshing sometimes to step aside into a more serene atmosphere, to kneel once more before half-deserted shrines, to take refuge from the spirit of unrest, in the everlasting beauty, the inexhaustible charm of the poet-singers of a past generation.

It may seem like repeating an oft-told tale to retrace the incidents of a career so well known as that of Mozart, nor is it possible that any written or spoken words can ever add to the luster of his fame. The world has long since made up its mind about him, compiled its records, reared its monuments, and assigned him a place among its great ones. But it is well from time to time to rub off the dust that gathers upon old monuments and old records, and to scatter fresh flowers upon honored graves. It brings more vividly before us the men who have toiled and suffered, the men who have claims upon our love and sympathy as well as upon our admiration — a love and sympathy doubly due to those whose lives were marred and broken. The genius that delights the world seldom brings happiness to its possessor, and it is idle to speak of it as its own compensation. It has doubtless its hours of supreme joy, but no mortal dwells permanently in the sunlit heights of thought or imagination, and those who best interpret the subtle secrets of the soul are those who are born the most responsive to the variations of the world about them.

Among all the sad tales of struggling and disappointed genius, I know of none so pathetic as that of Mozart. In the place of recalling cold historic facts, one is tempted to chant a perpetual miserere. A childhood of wonderful precocity, a youth of rare triumphs, a brief, neglected manhood, an unhonored death, and an immortal fame — it is the old story of the coral-insect that toils to build itself a magnificent tomb to charm the world it has shut itself out of.

The tragedy of Mozart's fate does not lie in the simple combat with adverse circumstances, which falls more or less to the average lot of humanity, but in the strange disproportion between the promise of life and its fulfilment. No one ever hoped so much and realized so little. Nature, which was so lavish of its gifts, forgot to add the worldly talent to reap their fruits. We do not know to what height he might have reached had he lived to the allotted age of man. Cut off in his prime, his genius seems to have touched the highest altitude, to have been singularly rounded and complete. Variations in power there may have been, but we discover no backward step, no symptom of decline. That he should have had so small a return is among the inscrutable mysteries of a world whose caprices no one can follow.

An artist of transcendent gifts, a composer without a peer in his day, and in natural spontaneity without a superior in any day, a man of sunny temper and pure aspirations, genial, confiding, generous, and tender, he stumbled over the hardest places and broke down midway in his career, partly because he was in advance of his age and the untrodden path was too rough for him, and partly be-



HOUSE IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN, SALZBURG.
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LUDWIG HARDTMUTH.)

cause he did not know how to deal with the simple, every-day facts of existence. The little boy whom queens petted and savants praised, who saw life open before him so brilliantly, and "loving all the world, fancied all the world loved him," toiled through dreary days of poverty and neglect, saddened and discouraged, but hoping still because it was his nature to hope, and centering in a few short years the work and the suffering of threescore and ten.

If one were to choose a birthplace for its natural beauty, no lovelier spot could be found than Salzburg. Set in the midst of a smiling plain, with the green and wooded heights of the Capuzinerberg rising from a rocky and precipitous base on one side, the dark and somber Mönchsberg bounding it like a granite wall on the other, and an amphitheater of mountains towering behind them in solemn and picturesque grandeur, it is an ideal home for a poet and an artist. The old fortress still frowns from the rock-bound summit of the Hohen-Salzburg, guarding the narrow defiles through which the Salzach rushes swiftly down from the snowy peaks, that sweep away into the heart of the Tyrolese Alps. Beyond these lie the sunny slopes of Italy. In this valley, which takes a half-melancholy tone from its mysterious legends and its capricious skies, was born in 1756 the fourth of the illustrious quintet of German masters which marked the golden age of music, and was completed by Beethoven. Bach had been dead six years. Handel died three years later, and Haydn was just struggling into fame. The place and the period were favorable for the peculiar gifts of Mozart. He was no less fortunate in his early surroundings.

It has been rarely accorded to the children of song to be so happy in their childhood. There is a pathetic tale of Handel at seven years of age, practising upon a dumb spinet in a cold attic to be out of the hearing of a violent father. Haydn made his way through poverty by the force of his own will. The young Beethoven was lonely and neglected. But Mozart had a pleasant home; limited in fortune it always was, and the family was compelled to practice the strictest economy; but love was there, and hope, with which no household can be quite desolate.

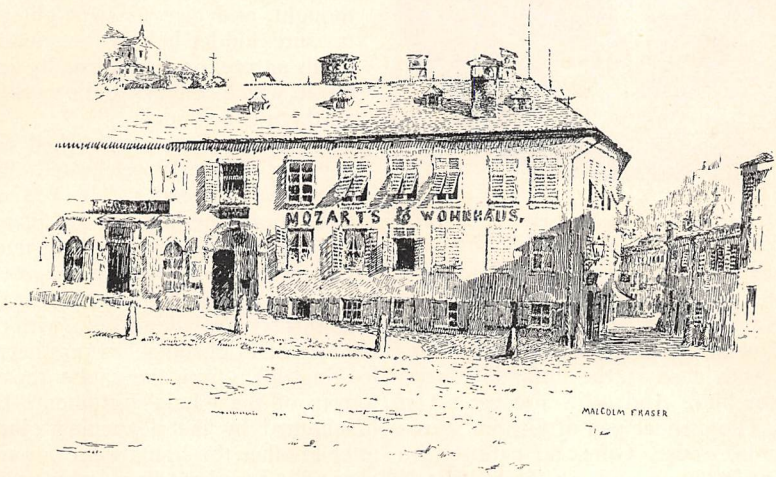
The father, who had been educated for the law, but afterward devoted himself to music and became violinist, then kapellmeister at the court of Salzburg, was a shrewd, prudent, judicious man, of fine literary tastes and much refinement. Wise and tender, as well as profoundly versed in his art, he seemed eminently fitted to mold the rich, pliant, spontaneous nature of his precocious son. His wife was a woman of great beauty and simple domestic tastes. In youth they were considered the handsomest couple in Salzburg. Only Wolfgang and the Nannerl, to whom he refers so often, survived out of a large family. To the training of these two gifted children the life of Leopold Mozart was devoted. "Next to God comes papa" was one of the son's childish sayings, and he never went to bed without kissing him on the tip of the nose after singing a little evening hymn of his own composition. He used to say that when his father was old he would put him in a glass case, that he might keep him always near and out of the dust. How touchingly the father refers to these happy days in the letters of after years! One can fancy a tear in his eye as he wrote them.

Every one is familiar with the marvelous stories of Mozart's childhood. We have been often told how the little boy of three years stood by the piano while his sister took her lesson, and astonished his father at its close by searching among the keys for a few moments with his baby fingers, then playing the exercise neatly

and correctly; how a year later he amused himself with writing minuets, and attempted a concerto which was free from errors, but so difficult that no one could play it; how he always insisted on carrying about his toys to the sound of music; how he covered the floor, the chairs, and the walls with figures in a fit of absorbing passion for mathematics—a talent which showed itself later in the remarkable precision with which musical ideas arranged themselves in his head, to be written down at a moment's notice. The exquisite delicacy of organization that made him shudder and turn pale at the sound of a trumpet, the fine ear that could detect the variation of an eighth of a tone in a violin from one day to another, the extreme susceptibility that could not bear a cold word from those he loved without tears—these were more or less essential parts of the outfit which nature bestows upon a musical artist. To a child so sensitive, so loving, so tremulously alive to the changing moods of those around him, an atmosphere of fostering warmth was a necessity. It left him free from the wear and tear of the emotions, and saved him from the morbid introspection that has darkened the lives of so many men of genius upon whom the world has pressed too heavily in their first years.

It was perhaps Mozart's misfortune to come before the world as an infant prodigy. Though his genius never suffered the deterioration which is the too frequent fate of precocity, the undue tension and excitement of his childhood inevitably consumed much of the physical vigor needed for prolonged and continuous effort. The wine of life was exhausted in the beginning. He received, too, the best the world had to give in praise and adulation. As the novelty wore off and he ceased to be a wonder he was measured at less than his value, and the sad experience of his maturity was doubly hard when the wonted stimulus was withdrawn.

At six years of age the small, fair-haired child, with a delicate face and large expressive eyes, simple and gifted, loving and lovable, is the pet and delight of the greatest courts in Europe. But he is not at all dazzled by royal grandeur. Maria Theresa is only a kind and tender woman to him. He climbs into her lap and kisses her with an impulsive affection that touches her heart, while she smiles at his boldness and caresses him as any other woman would have done. He slips on the waxed floor, and the little Marie Antoinette helps him to rise, upon which he promptly says, "You are good and I will marry you." Had she forgotten this childish incident when he was working and waiting so hopelessly for a ray of encouragement during those dark days in Paris? He tells the young prince that he plays out of tune, the same one who, as the Emperor Joseph II., might have assured him a fortune but did not. Fine words and cheering promises were about all the unfortunate composer ever received from the sovereign he loved and trusted to the end. Mozart had a vein of irrepressible humor, and we have an amusing picture of the boy in the gold-bordered lilac suit and moiré vest which the empress sent him, resplendent with his powdered curls, his bright knee-buckles, and his little sword, marching pompously about the room, in imitation of the dignified courtiers who had frowned upon his free sallies of wit. But the swift intuitions of the child go straight to the heart of things, and the approval of a simple man of science is worth more to him than the wondering applause of courts. As he sat down at the piano, he asked for Wagenseil and said to him, "I am going to play one of



MOZART'S DWELLING IN SALZBURG.

your concertos; will you turn the leaves for me?"

He is petted also in the salons of Paris, at Versailles, and at the English court. He plays at sight the most difficult works of Handel, is equally master of the organ and piano, impro-

MOZART AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, OWNED BY THE MOZART MUSEUM, SALZBURG, OF THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF H. F. BAMBERG.)

vises with exquisite taste and the science of a kapellmeister, writes the base to given melodies without an instrument, and composes six sonatas for Queen Charlotte, whom he also accompanies with ease in the unfamiliar arias she sings for him. And he is not yet seven years old! The critical pen of Grimm grows eloquent in his praise. Gifts and caresses are showered upon him, and he finds himself altogether in a very rose-colored, happy world. This tour of more than three years, in which his sister, also a brilliant pianist, shared his successes, was a series of triumphs which might have turned an older head, but the little Wolfgang seems to have lost none of his childlike simplicity.

After a few more years of study his vision was still further deepened and broadened by a visit to Italy. He was then fourteen and was received with distinguished honors, being elected a member of the Academy of Bologna after a severe examination, and decorated by the Pope with the order of the Golden Spur. In spite of the excitement of seeing new places and new things, he writes motets and symphonies, composes the opera of "Mithridates," which he conducts with success at Milan, dashes off minuets and bits of dance-music for his friends, dallies with mathematics and the French classics, and studies with care the exquisite art of the Italian singers, as well as the theories and methods of the masters. He dines with Jomelli, whose operas he thinks too intricate and too antiquated for the stage, makes a lifelong friend of the learned Padre Martini, is pleasantly received by the famous Farinelli, and praised by the "divine Hasse," who says, "This child will make us all forgotten." His letters to his mother and sister give us rapid sketches of his life at this time. They are an odd mélange in several languages, lively and dramatic, full of sparkling conceits and quaint comments upon men and things, mingled with affectionate inquiries after those he left at home; here a word of consolation to a sick friend for whom he has offered prayers in the cathedral, and there a message to the canary that sings in G sharp, or a kiss for "Miss Bimberl," his favorite dog. He is always running over with love and humor, but occasional light touches of mature criticism reveal a vein of serious thought, and give us swift glimpses of the treasures hidden in his young head. This side of his nature, however, usually finds vent in music, which conveys to the world so little of all there is behind it.

At Rome he accomplished the feat of copying Allegri's celebrated "Miserere" after a *single hearing*. This "Miserere" was a traditional heritage of the Sistine Chapel, and it was forbidden to copy it, under pain of excommunication. One can imagine the exaltation of the fine-souled boy hearing for the first time this sorrow-laden music, with the far-seeing eyes of Michelangelo's prophets and sibyls looking down from the vaults above, and the terrors of the "Last Judgment" before him, heightened by the deepening gloom as one after another the lights went out and the low chant filled the brooding darkness like a voice from the invisible world. "How I felt then! How I felt then!" he exclaimed long afterward in relating this memorable experience. A lesser genius would have been lost in the rush of overpowering emotions; and it is a striking proof of the remarkable balance between his sympathetic and artistic nature that he could carry away every note of the complicated music, to be put down on paper in his room, subject to a few trifling corrections on a second hearing.

One is always tempted to linger upon the childhood of Mozart. It was by far the happiest period of his life, the one in which his greatest personal triumphs were centered, the one in which his genius met the most cordial recognition. The severity of his studies was tempered by perpetual contact with the most distinguished artists of his time, while his observation of the great world, his intercourse with critical minds, and his familiarity with a wide range of musical tastes naturally counteracted all tendency toward a provincial accent.

But there was a reverse side to his early successes, which began to assume alarming prominence on his return to Salzburg. Musicians

there were little better than upper servants. Strictly speaking, their position was worse. The servants were fitted to their surroundings, and moved naturally among them, while artists of delicacy and education were cramped and humiliated. It must be said, too, that the Salzburg musicians were not as a rule of a character to please the Mozarts. It may be readily imagined that the young Wolfgang, fresh from a larger and more refined world, did not take kindly to these associations. "I detest everything that belongs to Salzburg," he said, "at least everything that is native here. The tone and manners of the people are insupportable to me." The new archbishop was a hard, tyrannical man, who made life still less tolerable to him. But places were the gift of courts, and independence of spirit was a quality few could afford. The elder Mozart had worn the fetters of practically forced servitude all his life, and felt that it was better to buy advancement at the cost of a few twinges of wounded pride than to starve in helpless freedom. His advice is always marked by worldly prudence, and there is, perhaps, a trace of servility in it. But this little weakness can be readily forgiven when we remember how much he did for the world by his untiring devotion to his son, and how poorly it repaid him in a lonely, disappointed age, doomed to a dire struggle with poverty even to the end, which brought him rest about four years earlier than it did his illustrious son.

It is to escape these humiliations and the irksome duties of a narrow sphere, in which, according to one of his biographers, he had worked five years for a trifle over a pound a year, that Mozart starts at twenty-one on the tour which is to leave such marked traces upon his genius as well as his destiny. His mother goes with him, while his father and sister are left alone by the desolate fireside.

HAD Mozart found the life of a court musician in a small German principality a little less hard, the world might have had another Palestrina, or perhaps another Bach, but it is not likely it would ever have known the Mozart it loves and reveres to-day. To understand the incalculable importance of his final visit to Paris from an artistic point of view, one must recall the musical conditions when he entered upon the scene. Nearly a century and a half had elapsed since a few Florentine dilettanti and composers, catching the echo of the Renaissance, had tried to revive the musical declamation of the Greeks, by introducing into the opera, recitatives which faithfully expressed the sentiment of the words. Their influence upon Italian music was slight and their names are mostly forgotten, except by the student who seeks them upon some remote page of history. The opera was ruled by the singers, and these cared mainly to display the range and quality of their voices, while the indolent and pleasure-loving people of the south, wishing to be amused with the least effort, found the traditional arias strung upon a light dramatic thread most in accord with their taste and temperament. But, transferred to French and German soil, this germ of theory has developed by a series of evolutions into the magnificent musical drama of to-day. The two names which stand out most prominently in this dramatic reaction are Gluck and Mozart. The foundation of the richness of orchestration, which forms one of its chief features, was laid in the dim organ-lofts of Germany, where for

MOZART AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.
(FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF A. SANLLICH.)

more than a hundred years threadbare organists had been delving in the mysteries of counterpart and harmony — men who lived mostly in their own "palace of sounds," and died unknown, until one day Bach and Handel came before the world with their grand results. Bach was content to work all his life in his modest place for love of his art and a scant pittance, to go on weaving his incomparable harmonies until they were merged in the eternal harmony. But the web so "simple and subtle" was a web of gold on whose priceless treasures successive generations of artists have been nurtured. Handel wrote for thirty years according to the Ital-

MOZART, HIS FATHER AND SISTER — ALSO PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER. (FROM A PAINTING BY JOHANN NEPOMUK DE LA CROCE, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.)

ian traditions, because he wrote for a world whose tastes had been molded upon them and because he must do so to live. When his colossal genius at last broke its fetters and he refused longer to subject his art to the vanity of singers or the caprice of fashion, the conflict began which has been waging ever since under slightly altered names and conditions. Handel and Buononcini divided London into parties as hostile as were the partizans of Gluck and Piccini in Paris a few years later. The classic and romantic schools which are merged in the Wagnerian and anti-Wagnerian factions of to-day have lost none of the old antagonism, though the point of divergence has moved along the changes of a century, and the iconoclasts of the past have become the conservative rallying-points of the present. The luminous point of perfection in all art that is reached but once and beyond which the divine ideal is lost in its mortal draperies — where does it lie? To-day asks this of yesterday, but to-morrow only can answer.

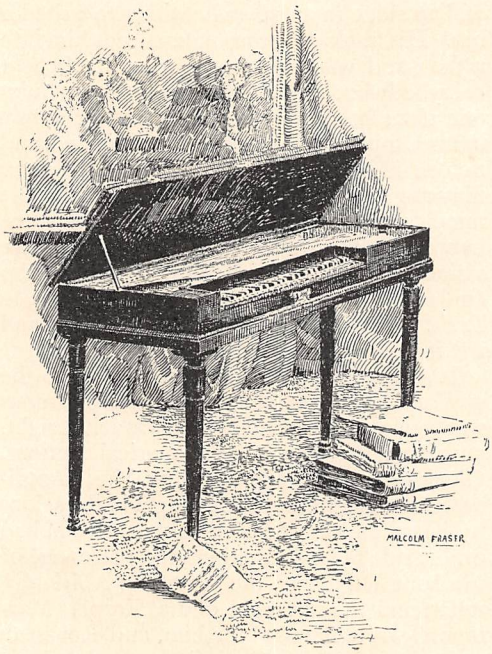
It was through the influence of Handel that Gluck, at fifty, changed his methods and worked out the theory that placed him at the head of the musical dramatists of his time, and made him the chief of a new school. It was Mozart's mission to give permanent vitality to this school, and practically to found the national opera of Germany. That which Gluck had reached by long experience and carefully studied formulas Mozart grasped at once by the pure force of his native genius, and applied in his own way. What Gluck did for his generation Mozart transformed, expanded, and vitalized for all time. With the warmth and intensity of the south, tempered by the dreamy imagination of the north, he carried within himself the elements of dramatic power; but it was the circumstances of his life that led to their full development. The influence of Italy was still supreme in music, and he had been reared with Italian models always before him, though he had been familiar from infancy with Handel and other German masters. To a consummate gift of melody he added all the resources of science. He had perfectly mastered the language of his art, which was indeed his native language, and before reaching maturity had already tried his hand with more or less brilliant success upon every form of music. But thus far he had followed the old paths. Two things were yet needed to give his genius its final, distinctive, and original stamp — a deeper experience of life and a practical insight into the

possibilities of the lyric drama. The first was gained rapidly in the dark paths of adversity, and a fate that often shapes our ends more wisely than we know opened to him the last.

There is something inexpressibly pathetic in this tour of the young artist, of whom it had been said that monarchs would one day dispute the possession. He had always lived in a world of dreams and harmonies, free from care for the morrow. Now, for the first time, he finds himself adrift with no sage adviser to direct his steps. The education which had ripened his genius so rapidly began to cast its shadows over his life. His exemption from self-dependence to the years of manhood, the habit of being guided and protected that he might devote himself exclusively to the one end upon which the family counted so largely, were doubtless the source of irretrievable errors. Sheltered and petted as he had been, he naturally colored the world with the illusions of his own heart. At this point we begin to see that fatal defect of will, the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which gradually overspread the heavens until it blotted out the sun of his earthly existence. "My son," writes his anxious father, "in all your affairs you are hasty and headlong. Your whole character has changed. As a child you were rather serious than childish. Now, it seems to me, you are too quick to answer every one in a jesting way on the slightest provocation, and this is the first step toward familiarity which one must avoid in this world if he cares to be respected. It is your good heart's fault that you can see no defect in the person who pays you a clever compliment, that you take him into your confidence and give him your love."

True to these characteristics, we find Mozart perpetually turned aside from the end in view by the caprice of the moment. He lingers at Munich with a great deal of hope but very little encouragement, until his father, less trustful, bids him go on. At Augsburg he talks merry nonsense with his pretty cousin, lavishes gifts upon his friends, sends home sharp caricatures of the people he meets, asserts his independence with rather more spirit than discretion, but finds no prospect of a position. He fares little better at Mannheim. "They think because I am little and young that there can be nothing great and old in me," he writes. But he receives many pleasant words; meets the poet Wieland, of whom he makes a rapid but not altogether flattering pen-portrait; takes a violent prejudice against the learned Abbé Vogler, which he expresses rather too freely; gives a few lessons; and, finally, falling in love with Aloysia Weber, gravely proposes to his father to take her whole family to Italy for the sake of introducing this charming singer on the Italian stage in an opera he wishes to write for her. His frank, generous nature leads him into a thousand wild schemes that are to benefit everybody but himself. He has no end of quixotic plans for his friends, and all must be happy in his Utopia. Genius is to be appreciated, and no one is to be poor or neglected. Blessed illusions of youth that keep always before the mind's eye the illuminated shadow of some happiness that is forever receding! But these visions are rudely dispelled by his father, who chides his long delay and sends him on to Paris. He leaves his heart behind him, and not in safe keeping, as the sequel proves.

It so happened that Mozart was led to the gay capital at the moment when the famous war between Gluck and Piccini was at its height, and Paris was divided into musical factions. Gluck was warmly supported by Marie Antoinette, and his battles were fought in the salons by Suard and the Abbé Arnauld. Piccini had on his side the old traditions, the patronage of Madame Du Barry, the wit of the Abbé Morellet, and the influence of La Harpe. Marmontel wrote librettos for him, and Rousseau ardently defended him, until, charmed and fascinated, he went over to his rival. Society ranged itself under these opposite banners. "Iphigenia" and "Armida" were the topics of the hour, and, in spite of a powerful opposition, Gluck was the fashion. In the midst of this excitement the public had little time to bestow upon a new aspirant for honors, and the artist who, in the judgment of posterity, was destined to eclipse Gluck upon his own ground had great difficulty in finding a hearing. Grimm introduced him in a few salons, but the young man of twenty-one had a very different reception from the boy of seven. French society and French manners had no charms for him; French morality repelled him. He disliked Paris as thoroughly as Mendelssohn did half a century later. Both were too serious and too earnest in their art, too delicate and poetic in their genius to please the light-hearted Parisians. If the tone of the great world was distasteful to him, he liked the musicians no better. His good nature is imposed upon, he is deceived with false promises, refuses the position of organist at Versailles as too obscure, gives a few lessons, hopes, and is disappointed. But he is not idle. His eager mind quickly divined the value of the new methods, as well as the superiority of the French drama. He studied with care the works of Grétry and of Gluck, omitting no opportunity to make himself familiar with French masterpieces. To some one who asked him if the study of the Italians would not be more profitable, he replied, "In all that regards melody, yes, but for truth of diction and dramatic expression, no." Mozart was be-



MOZART'S SPINET, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

fore all things a musician, and believed that "poetry in the opera ought to be absolutely the obedient daughter of music." He never accepted the theory of Gluck that the true function of music was to "add to poetry what vivacity of color, the happy accord of light and shade, add to a correct and well-composed design." But with his dramatic genius, his fine artistic sense, and his perfect mastery of the art of musical expression, he reaches simply and naturally a point which Gluck had touched from an opposite direction—a point where "the poem seems not less made for the music than the music for the poem." In the midst of this life, so unsatisfactory in its immediate results but so fruitful for his genius, the plans of Mozart were suddenly changed by the death of his mother. Alone in a foreign city, without experience and without consolation, he meets his first great sorrow. One is struck with the delicacy, the tender consideration for his family, the profound religious faith, and the unlooked-for worldly wisdom called out by the grave responsibility so suddenly forced upon him. In these dark days he turns to the only friend he has, and is for a time domesticated in the household of Grimm and the kind-hearted Madame d'Epinay. But the great critic is an ardent supporter of Italian music, and the innovating theories of the young composer do not please him. His interest, which from the first has lacked the enthusiasm he gave to the wonderful child, begins decidedly to cool. "Your son is too confident," he writes to Leopold Mozart, "not sufficiently active, too easily imposed upon, too little occupied with the means that might lead to fortune. In order to make one's way here it is necessary to be shrewd, enterprising, bold. For his success I should wish him half his talent and double his tact; then I should not be embarrassed."

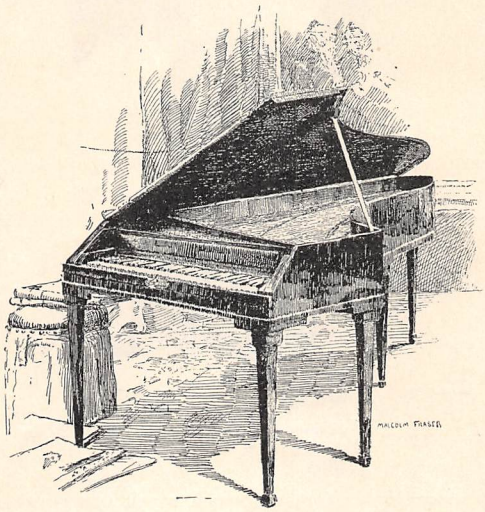
An offer of the position of court organist at Salzburg with a salary of five hundred florins, accompanied by a peremptory command from his father, at last turned Mozart's reluctant steps homeward. But a fresh grief awaits him. A change of fortune has come to the Webers, and the young girl whose image he has cherished so tenderly during those sad and dreary months is singing with brilliant success at Munich. She has tasted the intoxicating sweets of flattery, and, with her broadening horizon, she looks with different eyes upon the youthful lover from whom she had parted a short time before with so many tears. The picture we have of Mozart at this time was not one to strike the ardent fancy of a romantic girl. Success had not yet thrown about him its illusive aureole, and there was nothing in his personal appearance to indicate his superiority. It suggested delicacy rather than strength. He was small and slender, with a pale, thin face, fair hair, a nose that in later life became too prominent, and large, full eyes, which were dreamy and abstracted unless he was animated by music, when his whole countenance, so remarkable for mobility, lighted with inspiration. His head was too large for his fragile body, and he was vain of his small hands and feet. The beauty of his childhood was gone, and he had not the dignity of a well-poised maturity. A few months had sufficed to wear off the glamour of first love, and the boyish artist, in the red coat with black buttons he wore in mourning for his mother, stood divested of all illusions before the critical eyes of the capricious singer of scarcely more than sixteen. "I knew nothing of the greatness of his genius, I saw in him only a little man," she said long afterward. Mozart was at no time greatly given to brooding; his temperament was too elastic to be long weighed down. He had the heart of a child, that sheds a few bitter tears over its griefs and lets them pass. This disappointment was wept over and apparently forgotten, though it doubtless left its shadow. His fickle charmer married the actor Lange, but was not happy, and finally left him; her relations with the composer, however, were always friendly, and he seems to have cherished no resentment—indeed he congratulated himself in Vienna that her husband's jealousy saved him from the danger of seeing too much of her. His affections were transferred to her younger, less brilliant, and more domestic sister, Constance.

Mozart returns from his first mature venture

no richer in money or prospects and far poorer in heart and faith. He has won his little meed of applause from those who might have helped him, and been dismissed with a paltry gift, a watch, perhaps, of which he had already a superfluity, a snuff-box, or money enough to pay for a dinner. The extravagant hopes, the ardent expectations with which he left his home have had no realization, and he finds himself once more in the narrow cage against the iron bars of which he is beating out his life. He is constantly called upon for musical trifles to amuse the court, as well as for religious compositions, but the little leisure he can snatch from his daily duties is devoted to the dramatic studies which always had such an absorbing fascination for him. The first fruit of his Paris experience was given to the world in "Idomeneo," which was brought out at Munich early in 1781. The subject was taken from Grecian history, a field in which Gluck had won his fame. It is regarded by critics as a compromise between Italian and French methods. Mozart's gift of melody did not blind him to the larger possibilities of musical expression, and there is no more striking proof of the grasp of a genius so marvelously fitted to catch the inspiration of passing events and to portray life on its familiar and purely human side than the facility with which he could give natural and perfect voice to the conceptions of a heroic age.

In the midst of his triumphs he is summoned to take his place in the suite of the archbishop, who has gone to Vienna for the festivities that followed the accession of Joseph II. to the throne. This is the final turning-point in his career. The long series of humiliations that made life so intolerable to him in Salzburg reach their climax. He is forced to dine with cooks and valets, refused permission to add to his scanty income by playing at private concerts, and expected to wait in the antechamber, to be always ready for his tyrannical master's bidding. "At half-past eleven we take our places at the table," he writes,—"the two *valets de chambre*, the *controleur*, the pastry-cook, the two under-cooks of his Greatness—and my Littleness. The *valets de chambre* have the places of honor; I have the privilege of coming before the under-cooks." At last he can bear it no longer, and in a fit of anger and despair at some fresh outrage he resigns his position.

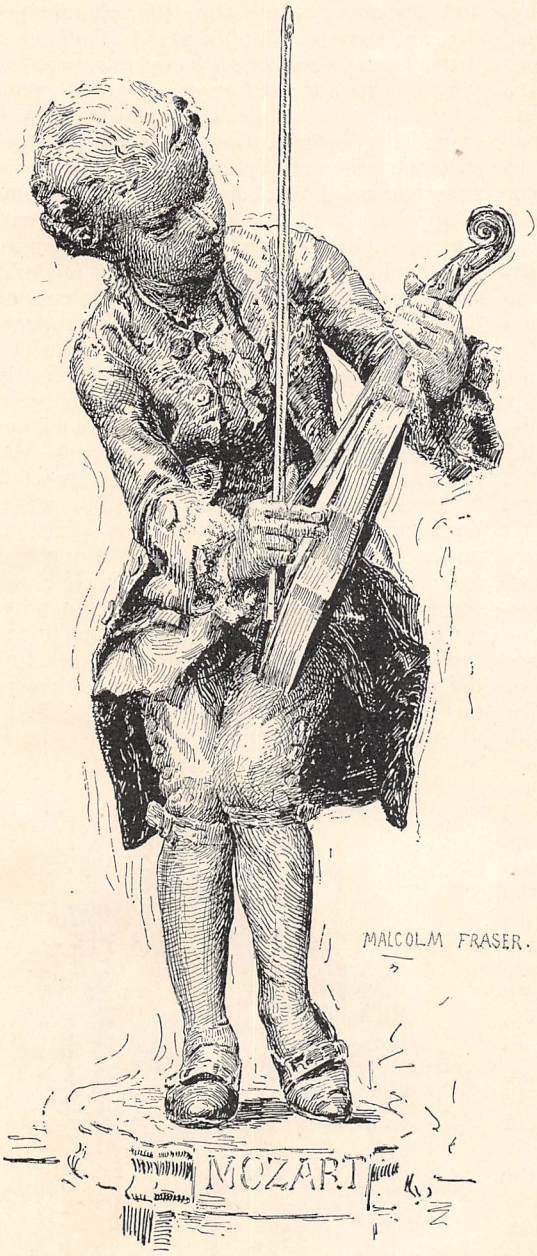
"A most self-sufficient young man," the archbishop thinks him. The world gossips about him. His father chides him and loses faith in him; but neither advice nor entreaties avail in the least to change his resolution. "It is the heart that ennobles the man," he writes in a burst of rage at being treated like a menial. This is an echo of the sentiment that breaks from the lips of the peasant poet who is toiling and despairing at the same time among the bare and somber hills of Scotland. These children of song were both doomed to a hopeless struggle with adverse fortune, haunted by poverty, stung by the insults of patronage, and wounded by neglect. Both asserted themselves with the pride of genius and the dignity of conscious manhood, but the spirit of the coming age had found its voice too soon. Burns had a more combative temper, a stronger and more intelligible weapon to turn against the world that frowned upon him, though the shafts of his satire glanced from an impenetrable surface, and only crushed him in the rebound. The tragedy of Mozart's life has not been so clearly outlined in his work. It has found expression only in music that speaks from soul to soul, but tells no definite tale of wrong or suffering. The genius of these men was unlike, and they differed widely in character as well as education, but there is a certain kinship in the spirit that underlies the pathetic ballads of the one and the great tone-poems of the other. It is the spirit of love and humor, the intense humanity, the irrepressible sympathy with all living things that has brought them so near to the heart of the world. Both were poet-singers, both were clear, simple, tender, natural, and true. Both, toil-worn and unfortunate, died early, and it



MOZART'S GRAND PIANO, IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.

was left for another generation to shed its tears and cast its laurels over their graves. Nowhere is the bitter irony of fate more striking than in the stately mausoleums and magnificent statues reared over the dust or built in memory of these immortal singers. "I asked for bread and ye gave me a stone."

ALONE in a strange city, with necessity staring him in the face, a nature unfitted for the



STATUE OF MOZART BY BARRIAS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

practical details of life, and without any resource but his genius, which had already made him the target for jealousy and malice, Mozart started at twenty-five on the brief, sad career of his maturity. The Vienna of 1781 was the musical center of Germany. Gluck was enjoying there the prestige of his Parisian fame and his seventy years of toil and success. Haydn was quietly living in luxurious ease in the pleasant service of Prince Esterhazy. Salieri, the great Italian master, whose history is so closely interwoven with the misfortunes of Mozart's later life, but whose glory has long since been lost in that of his rival and victim, was at the height of his popularity. Numerous lesser lights clustered around these stars, shining with a paler luster or illuminated with a few rays of borrowed glory. The Emperor Joseph was himself a musician, as well as connoisseur, and took pride in the aid and encouragement he gave to artists. In this atmosphere, through the aid of a few sympathetic friends, Mozart establishes himself with a small capital of everything but genius and hope. In these he is rich. A little praise, a few fair promises are ample foundations for the most glittering of air-castles. On the strength of an encouraging word he even proposes to his father and sister to come and live with him, as he is sure to have enough for all. How sad seem these happy delusions by the light of after events! His main dependence for a time was his skill as a virtuoso. His facility in arranging popular dance-music brought him a small revenue, to which he added by giving a few lessons; but to the latter he had an unconquerable aversion, and his pupils were never numerous. It may be that his marvelous flexibility and flow of melody were favored by the pressure that compelled him to throw off a great number of unconsidered trifles on the spur of the moment; but it is impossible to estimate how many rare and serious masterpieces the world has lost through this sad necessity. He was literally forced to a daily struggle for existence. The money he was to send home, alas! never goes. He has very little for himself.

It was at this juncture of affairs, and on the basis of the prospects opened to him by a command from the emperor to write an opera, that Mozart took, with characteristic inconsequence, the most serious step of his life. After leaving the archbishop's service, he had found a home with his old friends, the Webers, who were then living in Vienna; but gossip soon began to connect his name with that of the daughter Constance, and he changed his abode. He had already lost his heart, however, though he vainly tries to conceal the fact from his suspicious father. There is a peculiar naïveté in his manner of introducing the subject at last. He preludes his confession with a long catalogue of reasons why he ought to marry. One is that he has never been in the habit of taking care of his linen. He thinks a wife desirable also to save superfluous expenses, referring to Constance as a sort of martyr who has to bear all the burdens of the family, and

dwelling upon the advantage of having a wife who is not at all extravagant. He touches lightly upon her personal attractions, which seem to have consisted mainly in a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure. "She makes no pretension to talent," he writes, "but has all that is necessary for the duties of a wife and mother. Her habits are simple, and she does not seek a fine toilet. She knows how to fit and make all that she needs, dresses her own hair, understands the care of a household, and has the best heart in the world. In fine, I adore her, and she loves me with all her soul. Frankly, could I dream of a better wife?"

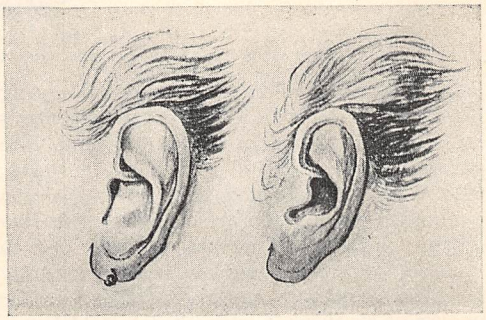
But his little romance did not run smoothly. Not only did his father positively refuse his consent to the marriage, but Constance met with great opposition from her own family. She finally took refuge with the Baroness Waldstetten, under whose protection they were married in the summer of 1782. This generous friend took it upon herself to pacify Mozart's father, and paid the expenses of the simple wedding, advancing also the fifteen hundred florins required for the contract.

In spite of their poverty this marriage seems to have been a happy one. There was a strong effort at economy on the part of the young couple who had started on so small a basis. Mozart kept a careful account of his expenses for a while, and in his list of modest outlays there were some flowers for his wife, and a starling. He was always fond of animals, and kept a variety of birds. When this one died he buried it in the garden with a simple ceremonial, giving it a small monument and an inscription. But he was too little used to detail to continue this system, and their affairs soon began to go wrong. If the wife of eighteen was not eminently wise or judicious, she had much of her husband's careless gaiety of heart, which, in the inevitable perplexities of their *ménage*, was the best possible substitute. One morning a friend found them at an early hour waltzing in a rather vigorous fashion. To his surprised look of inquiry Mozart replied, laughingly, "It is an economical method of heating. We have no wood, and I thought a waltz might serve in the place of fuel." Constance sympathized with her husband's musical work without fully appreciating his genius. She sang very well, and the quality of her taste is shown in her passion for Bach's fugues. Mozart writes to his sister that she gave him no peace until he had composed something in the same style. She had also a talent for narration, which was often called into exercise in her husband's forced vigils. The evening before the performance of "Don Giovanni" not a note of the overture was written. At a late hour he asked his wife to make him a glass of punch and to keep him awake. As the work went on she amused him with fairy tales, varied with original touches and interrupted with frequent bursts of laughter. At last the stories lagged and the master grew heavy. Throwing himself on a couch, he requested his watchful companion to call him in an hour. She let him sleep two. It was then five o'clock, and the copyists were to come at seven. It was only as the clock struck that the last note of this immortal masterpiece was written.

In all his family relations Mozart was the gentlest and tenderest of men. In his darkest moments he puts on a smile, for his adored wife. It is a sad smile, perhaps, with a trace of mockery in it, but if it saves her a care it has done its service. For years she was an invalid, and he used to write by her bedside while she slept, never permitting a sound to disturb her. When he went out in the morning for his early promenade he would steal softly into her room and leave a tender note to greet her waking. Here is one of them.

> I wish you good morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well and that nothing has disturbed your repose. Be careful not to take cold, not to rise too quickly, not to stoop, not to reach for anything, not to be angry with the servant. Take care also not to fall upon the threshold in passing from one room to another. Keep all the domestic troubles till I come, which will be soon.

Simple words, but they tell a story of unselfish devotion not too common. And this devotion endured as long as he lived. His last letters to his wife, written out of the depths of suffering and despair, glow with the warmth and tenderness of the most impassioned lover.



MOZART'S EAR. NORMAL EAR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WÜRTHLE & SPINNHIRN OF A DRAWING IN THE MOZART MUSEUM.)

His nature was eminently a social one. He was naturally jovial, humorous, *insouciant*, and inclined to take the world on its sunniest side. He entered with great zest into harmless amusements, dressed well, danced well, was extravagantly fond of billiards, which permitted

him to pursue the thread of his musical thought, and personated characters in masquerades with inimitable talent. In such diversions he recovered himself after days and nights of toil. But his generous sympathy led him into perpetual trouble. He was always in debt, because he would borrow from one to relieve another, in his abundant hope never doubting his ability to pay. In his most pressing needs he was never too poor to help a friend. He pawned his watch to aid a worthless musician, who failed to redeem it, and put in his own pocket the money Mozart carelessly sent him for that purpose. If he had nothing else to give he would sit down and coin something from his fertile and overtasked brain. In the depths of his distress, with a heavy debt hanging over him, an invalid wife, helpless children, and his own health rapidly failing, he wrote the "Magic Flute" for Schikaneder, a poor manager who betrayed his trust by disposing of the score which the generous composer had stipulated should remain in his own hands as sole payment for his work. When Mozart heard of this treachery he vented his indignation in a single word, "the wretch!" and his relations continued as amicable as before. Perhaps it was some late remorse that led the unscrupulous manager to say, after his friend's death, "I see the image of the dying man always before my eyes. His spirit follows me wherever I go and even haunts my sleep." So loyal

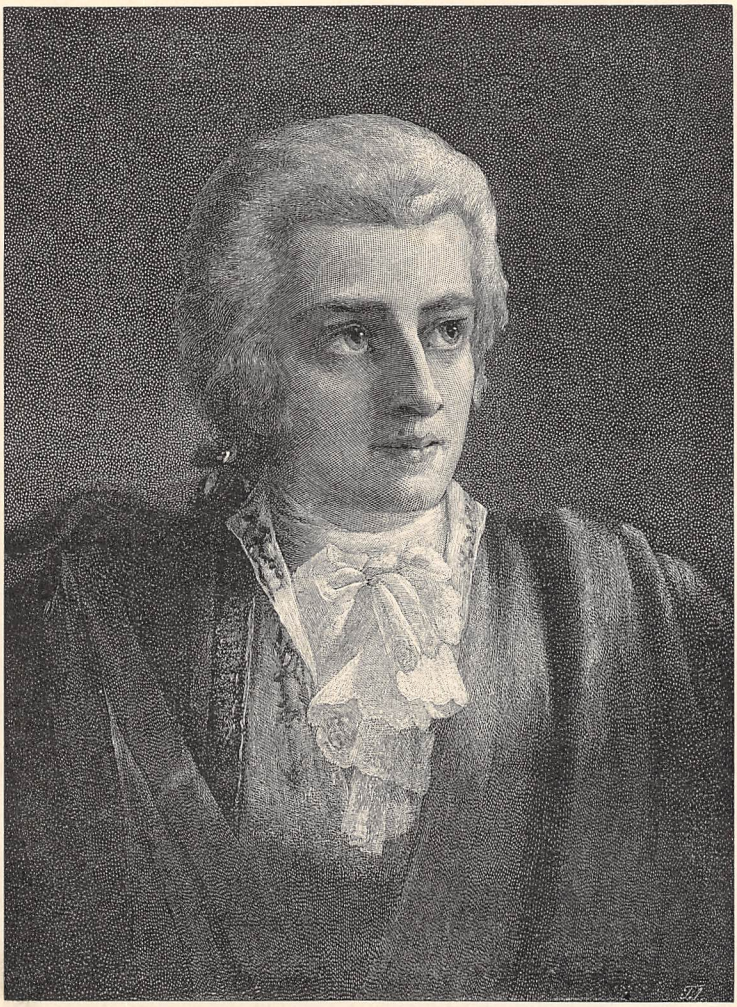
MOZART AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.
(FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE HEIRS OF C. A. ANDRÉ, BY PERMISSION OF HERMAN KERBER.)

was Mozart's nature that he clung to his friends, in spite of neglect and injury. Near the close of his life he was offered the position of kapellmeister to the King of Prussia and a salary of three thousand thalers. "How can I leave my good emperor?" was his immediate reply. He was given a year to think of it, but a few kind words from the Emperor Joseph made him give up all thought of change, without even stipulating an improvement in his condition. This spirit of delicacy and self-forgetfulness is best appreciated in the abstract. In romances or on the stage the world applauds and weeps over it, in real life it shrugs its shoulders, offers perhaps a word of half-contemptuous pity, and passes by on the other side. It has small consideration for those who are in it but not of it.

Whatever Mozart may have suffered from his careless generosity, he seems to have been free from vice or dissipation. In his last days he was forced sometimes to sustain his flagging strength with stimulants, but we have the testimony of his wife that she never saw him intoxicated. The idle gossip of his enemies tried to make of him a Don Juan, and invented a startling little romance in which he was said to have played an unworthy part. But later investigations have proved this to be a myth, without even a foundation in fact. The whole spirit of his life, the internal evidence of his letters, his transparent truthfulness, as well as his rare and unceasing devotion to his wife, are living contradictions of such calumnies, and show him to have been a man of refined instincts and pure character. At heart he was profoundly religious. "Let not my papa be troubled," he wrote on his last Paris tour; "I have God continually before my eyes. I acknowledge his power and I fear his anger, but I know also his love, his pity, and his compassion. He will never forsake his servants. If things go according to his will, they will go also according to mine; so I cannot fail to be happy and contented." In his later life he became an ardent Freemason, and relaxed a little in the severity of his beliefs, but the beautiful spirit of trust in the Divine wisdom he cherished always. It was a religion of love that he craved and believed in, indeed it may be said that love was the keynote of his character.

That he was full of inequalities cannot be denied. It is impossible to make of him a symmetrical figure according to worldly models, or to present him as a perfectly poised man. His frank, open nature does not lend itself readily to idealization. There was none of the romantic mystery about him that cast such an illusive aureole over the more exclusive and self-centered Chopin, nor had he the fascinating personality of Mendelssohn. He does not pose in classical drapery, and his character was not commensurate with his genius. His judgment was the toy of his feeling and, excepting where his art or his honor was concerned, his will was weak and vacillating. But his very faults sprang from an unthinking nobility of soul. Without guile himself, he believed every one else was so. If he spent his last penny upon a moment's impulse, it was more likely to be for another's sake than for his own. If he plunged recklessly into pleasure, it was after days of ceaseless toil, when the tension must be loosened or the delicate strings would break. Excess in one direction was the momentary reaction from excess in another. If he lacked the tact of the courtier, his face beamed with truth and sincerity. He had the common heritage of artists, an organization fine and overwrought. If it ever led him astray the world can well afford to drop a forgiving tear, remembering how freely he gave to others of the best he had, and how little he kept for himself; remembering, too, the tender sensibility, the sweet simplicity of faith, the abounding sympathy, and the singular unworldliness that made him to the end a child in practical matters.

It is in his music that we must look for a measure of Mozart's intellectual power, which is shown nowhere else in lines proportioned to his greatness. But it is not so easy to catch the mental lineaments of musicians as of those who express themselves through a more definite and tangible medium. We may judge of their genius and their science, we may feel their strength, we may divine their spiritual complexion, but of the thoughts that furnish a definite key to their inner life we usually know very little. And of all musicians Mozart was the least personal in things pertaining to his art. We may often suspect that some profound experience has added a touch of vividness to his marvelous musical coloring, but we find nothing to suggest his own individuality. He traverses the entire gamut of human emotions, moves easily from romantic opera to the grandest forms of religious music, displays equal skill in broad comedy and an arrangement of Handel, constructs intricate fugues and massive symphonies with as much facility as the popular dance-music which was his surest means of livelihood. But he deals very little with formulas, and not at all with the psychological side of his work. He is not a singer of his own joys or sorrows. He is ruled by no dominant mood, lives in no narrow dreamland, cherishes no gloomy introspection. His soul is like an Æolian harp, which every passing wind wakens into melody. There is no more trace of his nationality than of his personality in most of his creations. He seems to have risen into a broader world, and it was this very breadth and universality that left him so alone in the great center of musical art. In his idyllic simplicity and the free, careless, sensuous spirit of the south, that runs like a thread of sunlight through so much of his music, he resembles Haydn; but he has greater breadth and spontaneity. He is finer, too, more delicate, more penetrating, and more passionate. If he did not reach the lonely grandeur of Beethoven, if his sensitive spirit did not find its inspiration in the eternal solitudes of a Titanic imagination, he had a warmer human sympathy, and the sunny healthfulness, the plastic beauty, the divine charm of the Greek ideals. His compositions have the symmetry, the lightness, the grace, the perfection of the Hellenic temples. His southern impetuosity is never violent, his de-



PORTRAIT OF MOZART.
(PAINTED BY LORENZ VOGEL, 1887. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANZ HAUFSTAENGL.)

lineations of passion are never exaggerated. "Music," he says, "ought never to wound the ear. Even in situations the most heartrending it should always please; in a word, music should always remain music." But he adds to the light-hearted *insouciance* and the unerring taste of the Greek something born of modern life—a voice from the great heart of a humanity that has become conscious of itself. He touches here the vein that Beethoven carried to its supreme point.

It is impossible in a brief essay that does not claim to be critical to consider the numerous and varied forms of composition left by this most prolific and versatile of masters. A single glance at the catalogue in which the seven hundred and seventy-nine of his known works are registered fills one with amazement at the gigantic results of his short life. In instrumental music he created no new forms, but he breathed fresh spirit into the old ones. Preserving the symphonic frame of Haydn, he reveals new resources of harmony, opens wider perspectives, adds a warmer and more passionate coloring, and charms with his inexhaustible melody. In music for the church his deep religious nature finds its natural expression. How perfectly he enters into the mysteries of his faith is best shown in his own words. "Ah," he said one day to a Protestant friend, "you have your religion in the head and not in the heart; you do not feel the meaning of those words, *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.* When one has been, like myself, introduced from the tenderest infancy into the mystic sanctuary of our religion; when, with a soul agitated by vain aspirations, one has assisted at the Divine service where music translates these holy words, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*—oh, then it is very

different. Later, when one is wearied with the void of a vulgar existence, these first impressions, ineffaceable in the depth of the heart, revive and rise to the mind like a sigh that expands." The tremulous prayer of a tender mother, the impassioned longing of a world in tears, the serene and pitying voice of Divine consolation, the anthem of joy and the hymn of sorrow—all these find a fresh and more poetic color in his inspired strains.

But it is in the musical drama that Mozart has won his most permanent fame. Here his special gifts, his clearness, his flow of melody, his knowledge of stage effects, his command of orchestral coloring, his dramatic genius have their fullest scope. If he had met in the Emperor Joseph as sympathetic a friend as Wagner found in the Bavarian king a century later, what might not have been accomplished by his fertile pen? But the music-loving emperor never at all comprehended the treasure within his reach. He recognized Mozart's talent for instrumental music and his gifts as a virtuoso, but did not appreciate his compositions for the voice. "Much too fine for our ears and too many notes" was his comment after hearing "Il Seraglio." "Precisely as many as are needed," replied Mozart, with more frankness than tact. Yet this work is regarded to-day as the germ of the national opera which it was the ambition of both to found. Weber, who was the legitimate successor of Mozart in this field, said that it represented the full maturity of his genius. "I find in this work," he remarked, "the reflection of his youth, that flower of life which blossoms no more when once it is closed." The fame of the composer rests more assuredly upon his later works; but "Il Seraglio" was written just before his marriage, the heroine bearing the name of his wife, and he has left upon it the stamp of the poetry born of youth and love.

He returns to his early ideals in the "Magic Flute," which marked his last triumph. When he wrote it youth and hope were gone; his wife, through the kindness of a friend, had gone to Baden to recruit her shattered health; poverty, sickness, and debt were pursuing him; and he was already a prey to the saddest presentiments. The shrewd manager, knowing Mozart's disposition to put off finishing the works that shaped themselves with such facility in his head, installed him in a small pavilion in a garden near the theater—the pavilion which now stands on the Capuzinerberg overlooking Salzburg—a late legacy from the city that gave him a pauper's grave to the city that gave him birth and rudely sent him adrift to his death. In this quiet spot, enlivened by the convivial stories of his friends who sought thus to drive away his melancholy, Mozart finished the exquisite creation whose rich fruits he was destined never to reap, in the early days of the last summer of his life. "If I do not help you, my poor Schikaneder, and if the work does not succeed, you must not blame me, for I am not used to writing fairy tales." But what delicacy of imagination, what subtle delineations, what touches of humor, what wealth of fancy! Upon a weak and flimsy libretto he has constructed a fairy palace of harmony. Among Mozart's dramatic works, Beethoven preferred the "Magic Flute," because "here alone he has shown himself truly German."

But the dramatic gifts of Mozart reached their culminating-point in "Don Giovanni." This imperishable work, written in six weeks in a picturesque suburb of the quaint old city of Prague, where he had the inspiration of cordial sympathy and appreciation, illustrates better than any other the distinguishing traits of his many-sided genius. Its wide range of life, its artistic truth, its perfection of detail, its philosophical depth, its marvelous character-painting, combined with its richness of instrumentation and its inimitable musical coloring, give it a place apart in the history of the lyric drama. From the few weird and solemn modulations at the beginning of the overture, which foreshadow the tragical close, to the magnificent finale, which is in itself a masterpiece, it is a striking illustration of the power of music to paint the thousand varying shades of human emotion. Mozart was eminently the musician of humanity. His observation was of the keenest, and the rapidly changing phases of life mirrored themselves with wonderful distinctness in his clear intelligence. With a few notes, a few simple chords, he seizes an individuality. His characters do not speak in artificial formulas, which must be learned before they have a living significance. So perfectly is his language in unison with his thought that it seems but a more etherealized expression of it. Mocking humor, grief, outraged dignity, love, passion, fear, despair twine and intertwine in the texture of the music, like many-colored threads which may be traced with unerring clearness in the illuminated web of harmony. With what justness, what simplicity is each character defined against the ever-shifting background of a grand symphony! Nothing is exaggerated, nothing stilted, nothing artificial. It is the last touch of color given to a portrait that marks the mastery of the artist, the subtle insight of the poet. This touch adds the divine flame, the living soul. Here Mozart was supreme. He has portrayed the characters of the quaint old Spanish legend so naturally, so gracefully, so vividly, and so humorously that the world has laughed and wept over them for nearly a century, and, in spite of the inherent

vulgarity of the subject, the work is as fresh to-day as when it was written. It was said by Goethe that Mozart alone could worthily have interpreted his "Faust."

It is somewhat the fashion to contrast the work of Mozart with that of his great modern successor. In his own day he was subjected to much of the same criticism that Wagner suffers in ours, but the genius of the two men was essentially unlike. Wagner was first poet, then musician. With his fiery soul seething in revolt against the limitations of life as he found it, the wild legends of unrest, the savage freedom of a heroic age had a natural fascination for him. His colossal imagination reveled in the grand conceptions, the grand passions of a primeval world, and he called upon all the arts to serve him in the creation of a new art which should adequately represent them. This art is like a magnificent kaleidoscope which at every turn reveals a thousand fleeting forms, each more beautiful and more evanescent than the last. The genius of Wagner has something massive, virile, and superbly passionate, after the manner of the heroes of a twilight age. Mozart is the inspired singer in whose delicate imagination the sentiments and emotions of universal humanity are transfigured into forms of enduring beauty. Grace, melody, sweetness, healthfulness, simplicity are his dominant traits. Underlying all this are the subtle essence of poetry and the spirit of love. But his sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality, nor his delicacy into weakness. His lyre has many strings, and his song is clear and vigorous. It is the harmonious blending of all the colors that gives the pure white light. Wagner sought in music the supreme expression of his thought. In Mozart it was the simple and spontaneous incarnation of the thought. Both were creators, both poets, both artists unrivaled in their sphere. It is the Titanic force of a Michelangelo and the spiritual grace of a Raphael.

THE record of Mozart's life during its closing years is little more than a series of struggles for the bare necessities of existence, brightened by a few successes that brought him more fame than money. Grave responsibilities crowded upon him, and he had no means of meeting them. Night and day he toiled, but it was the hopeless effort to "climb the ever-climbing wave." These hours of unrewarded labor were claiming their penalty, and he was slowly dying, while fortune showered its favors upon inferior rivals. Some of his best works were killed by powerful cabals. "Figaro" was driven from the stage after a brief success by a work that is not heard of to-day. "Salieri and his set are moving heaven and earth to kill it," wrote Leopold Mozart, who was in Vienna on his first and last visit to his son. Even "Don Giovanni" had a cold reception, except in Prague. "It is celestial music," said the emperor, "but, unfortunately, it does not agree with my Viennese." "Ah, well!" replied Mozart on hearing of this remark, "let them take time to digest it." To some one he said, "'Don Giovanni' was written for the people of Prague, but, before all, for a few friends and myself."

He was heavily in debt; he could borrow no more; his wife was ill, and his strength was gone. It is pitiful to read of the dire straits to which he was reduced. A letter to the kindly Puchberg reveals the depth of his distress:

> You are right, my dear friend, to leave my notes without response. My importunity is truly very great; but consider my frightful position, and you will pardon my persistence. If you can still once more relieve me from a momentary embarrassment—oh, I pray you to do so for the love of the good God; I will accept with gratitude the least thing you can spare.

"Write in a more easy, popular style," said his publisher, "or I will not print a note nor give you a kreutzer." "Then, my good sir," replied Mozart, whose artistic conscience was incorruptible, "I have only to resign myself and die of hunger." After the death of Gluck he received the appointment of chamber-musician to the imperial court, with a salary reduced from two thousand to eight hundred florins. "Too much for what I do, too little for what I could do," was Mozart's comment upon an office that brought him few duties, small pay, and little honor. "I cannot contain my indignation," said Haydn, "when I think that this rare man is still in search of a position, and that neither prince nor sovereign has an idea of attaching him to his service." To Leopold Mozart he remarked, "I swear to you, upon my honor and before God, that in my opinion your son is the greatest composer in the world."

The last work of Mozart was a fitting close to the tragedy of his life. One cannot read the oft-told tale of the "Requiem" without a sympathetic tear. The light of subsequent facts has long since dissipated the atmosphere of mystery that hung over it for so long a time. We know now that it is to the vanity of a man willing to make his wife's death the occasion for posing before the world in borrowed plumes as a musical composer that we owe this immortal funeral-hymn. With Mozart's extreme susceptibility, heightened by his failing health and his dark outlook, it is not strange that the somber and unknown messenger who appeared before him to order a requiem for a nameless friend seemed to foreshadow his own doom. Haunted by this conviction, he rallied all his drooping energies for this final work. "I wish

to condense in it all my art, all my science," he writes to his wife, "and I hope that after my death my enemies, as well as my friends, may find in it instruction and a model." He was interrupted in the midst of it by an order to write an opera for the great festival at Prague. "La Clemenza di Tito" was written and put on the stage in eighteen days; then Mozart returned to his last task. He was pursued by the idea that he had been poisoned, and in order to divert his mind his wife took away his work. His spirits revived a little, and after a few days of repose he called for his music again. To a friend, probably Du Ponte, who tried to sustain his courage, he wrote a note in Italian, the last we have from his hand:

> I would willingly follow your counsel, but how can I do it? My mind is struck, and I cannot dispel the image of that unknown man. I see him continually before me; he presses me, pursues me without ceasing, and urges me to composition in spite of myself. When I wish to stop, the repose fatigues and harasses me more than the work. Must I say it? I regard the future without fear or terror. I feel that my hour is about to strike. I touch the limits of my life. I am going to die before having enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life is so beautiful! My career opened under such happy auspices! Alas! one cannot change his destiny. No one here is master of his fate, and I resign myself. It will be as it pleases God; as for myself, I must finish my funeral-hymn.

Into this exalted work he breathed the last flame of his divine genius. In the hymn of death the sorrows, the longings of his life found voice. Who can listen to the sublime and heart-rending strains of the "Lachrymosa" without feeling that beneath the prayer for pity is the cry of a suffering human soul? It is the prayer of the world translated into a form of everlasting beauty by one who adds to the divination of the poet a subtle something born of individual tears.

In the intervals of fever and delirium Mozart still works at the "Requiem," giving directions also to Sussmayer as to its completion. Just how much was left for this pupil to do can never be exactly determined; but it is well known that the master usually had every note of his compositions in his head before putting anything on paper, and it is not in the least probable that, conscious of the nearness of the end, he left the last touches of so important a work to be added by another without giving him the outlines and motives of the unfinished parts, together with his plan of instrumentation.

While the public of Vienna was wild with enthusiasm over the "Magic Flute" Mozart followed the nightly performance in his bare little room, with a watch beside him, counting the fast-fleeting moments as the play went on. "Ah! Sophie," he said to his sister-in-law, whom he had thoughtfully asked to stay with Constance the last night of his life, "did I not tell you that I was writing the 'Requiem' for my own funeral?" A few hours before the end he joined the friends at his bedside in singing the parts already finished. At the "Lachrymosa" he began to weep, and could sing no more. He died with the score beside him.

"As death, taken all in all, is the true end of life," he said in his last letter to his father four years before, "I have grown so familiar for a couple of years with this real and devoted friend, that its aspect, far from inspiring me with terror and fear, offers me only consoling thoughts and sweet hopes. I thank God for having accorded to me the favor of looking upon it as the key to our veritable beatitude."

These closing days brought him the certainty of a competence. After the brilliant success of the "Magic Flute" offers crowded upon him that opened a future of comparative ease. But it was too late.

His last act was one of love. Having received the appointment of kapellmeister at the cathedral, he requested that his death should be kept secret until Albrechtsberger had secured the succession to the place which was not yet vacant.

"It is indeed a pity for the great genius, but fortunate for us that he is dead," said Salieri. "If he had lived longer, no one would have given us a morsel of bread for our work." It is pleasant to recall in contrast the cordial appreciation of Haydn. "Oh, my friends!" he exclaimed with tears, when the tidings of Mozart's death reached him in London, "will the world ever find such an artist again?" Years afterward, when the conversation turned one day upon the unfortunate composer, he wept like a child. "Pardon me," said he, "but I can never hear the name of my gentle Mozart pronounced without breaking my heart."

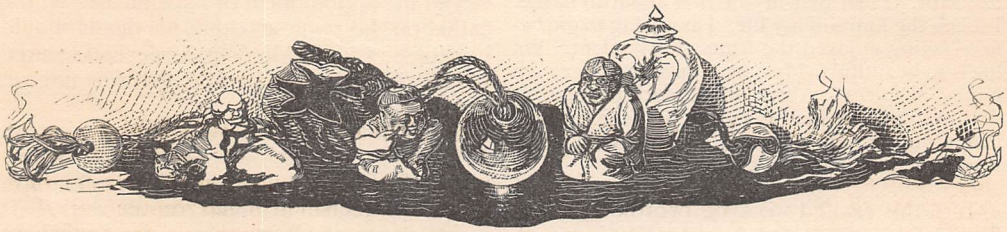
The hand of a pitiless fate pursued the master even to the tomb. There was no money to buy a grave, and Van Swieten, a rich amateur for whom Mozart had done a great deal of gratuitous work, and who attended to the details of the funeral, did not think it worth while to expend a few florins to give him a respectable burial. No solemn requiem for one who had written the funeral hymn of the world! No stately service to mark the public regard for the illustrious dead! A poor bier in one of the small side-chapels of the cathedral, a handful of friends, a simple prayer — that was all. The little cortége went out into a driving storm. As if Nature wept over the pathetic scene, the rain fell in torrents, mingled with scattered snowflakes tossed about by the violent wind. One by one the straggling friends dropped off, and

at the gate of the cemetery only one faithful servant was left. So the greatest musical artist of his time was laid in a common trench, side by side with the nameless poor, without a friend to drop a tear or mark the place where he rested. His wife was ill, prostrated with grief. When she was able to go out the grave-digger, too, was dead, and no trace of the spot where Mozart lies has ever been found.

In one corner of the cemetery at St. Marx stands to-day a solitary monument surrounded by the little white crosses that mark the graves of the nameless poor for a few years, until they are taken away to make room for the newly dead. A pedestal of gray granite is surmounted by the bronze figure of a Muse sitting upon a pile of books bearing the names of Mozart's principal works. In her left hand she holds a harp, which rests upon a wreath of laurel hung carelessly over the books, while the right hand grasps the score of "Dies Iræ." The head droops in pity, and the face is unutterably sad. The four corners of the base bear each a candelabrum twined with laurel. The front of the pedestal has a bronze relief of the composer, and the rear a wreathed harp. On one side is written "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born January 27, 1756; died December 5, 1791." Nearly seventy years after his death this tardy tribute was erected over his supposed burial-place.

But genius has left its own imperishable monument. The world still laughs and weeps over Mozart's divine creations, when he who would have been gladdened by its sympathy is no longer conscious of it. The inspired singer of Salzburg, who felt so keenly and voiced so perfectly the joys and the sufferings of humanity, sleeps in an unknown grave; but his sorrowful face looks back upon us to-day across the mists of a century crowned with a radiant immortality though veiled in eternal tears.

Amelia Gere Mason.



REMEMBRANCE.

(FROM A JAPANESE GARDEN.)

ONE year ago, a bleak November,
I walked along the chilly ways
Where through the gray, damp, misty haze
The Isis flows.

How well, how clearly, I remember
The drear homesickness for the sun,
There where the skies were always dun,
And life dull prose.

And now, this radiant November,
Where gold chrysanthemums upraise
A glory o'er my garden-ways,
And blooms the rose,

With some strange longing I remember
Gray Oxford, 'neath her skies of dun.
Alas, that I should be her son,
And love her prose!

William Sharp.

THE TWO LESSONS.

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.—*Æneas* to *Ascanius* ("Æneid," XII., 435).

LEARN, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,
Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway
Of patient toil, that glorifies the day.
What most ennobles life is all our own;
Yet not the whole of life; the fates atone
For what they give by what they keep away.
Learn thou from others all the triumphs gay
That dwell in sunnier realms, to me unknown.
Each life imparts one lesson; each supplies
One priceless secret that it holds within.
In your own heart — there only — stands the prize.
Foiled of all else, your own career you win.
We half command our fates; the rest but lies
In that last drop which unknown powers fling in.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY, WITH A MORAL.

HER name was Mildred Wentworth, and she lived on the slope of Beacon Hill, in one of those old-fashioned swell-front houses which have the inestimable privilege of looking upon Boston Common. It was Christmas afternoon, and she had gone up to the blue room, on the fourth floor, in order to make a careful inspection in solitude of the various gifts that had been left in her slender stocking and at her bedside the previous night.

Mildred was in some respects a very old child for her age, which she described as being "half-past seven," and had a habit of spending hours alone in the large front chamber occupied by herself and the governess. This day the governess had gone to keep Christmas with her own family in South Boston, and it so chanced that Mildred had been left to dispose of her time as she pleased during the entire afternoon. She was well content to have the opportunity, for fortune had treated her magnificently, and it was deep satisfaction, after the excitement of the morning, to sit in the middle of that spacious room, with its three windows overlooking the pearl-crusted trees in the Common, and examine her treasures without any chance of interruption.

The looms of Cashmere and the workshops of Germany, the patient Chinamen and the irresponsible polar bear, had alike contributed to those treasures. Among other articles was a small square box, covered with mottled paper and having an outlandish, mysterious aspect, as if it belonged to a magician. When you loosened the catch of this box, possibly supposing it to contain bonbons of a superior quality, there sprang forth a terrible little monster, with a drifting white beard like a snow-storm, round emerald-green eyes, and a pessimistic expression of countenance generally, as though he had been reading Tolstoi or Schopenhauer.

This abrupt personage, whose family name was Heliogabalus, was known for simplicity's sake as Jumping Jack; and though the explanation of the matter is beset with difficulties, it is to be said that he held a higher place in the esteem of Miss Wentworth than any of her other possessions, not excluding a tall wax doll, *fin de siècle*, with a pallid complexion and a profusion of blond hair. Titania was not more in love with Nick Bottom the weaver than Mildred with Jumping Jack. It was surely not his personal beauty that won her, for he had none; it was not his intellect, for intellect

does not take up its abode in a forehead of such singular construction as that of Jumping Jack. But whatever the secret charm was, it worked. On a more realistic stage than this we see analogous cases every day. Perhaps Oberon still exercises his fairy craft in our material world, and scatters at will upon the eyelids of mortals the magic distillation of that "little western flower" which

> Will make or man or woman madly dote
> Upon the next live creature that it sees.

For an hour or so Mildred amused herself sufficiently by shutting Heliogabalus up in the chest and letting him spring out again; then she grew weary of the diversion, and finally began to lose patience with her elastic companion because he was unable to crowd himself into the box and undo the latch with his own fingers. This was extremely unreasonable; but so was Mildred made.

"How tedious you are!" she cried, at last. "You dull little old man, I don't see how I ever came to like you. I don't like you any more, with your glass eyes, and your silly pink mouth always open and never saying the least thing. What do you mean, sir, by standing and staring at me in that tiresome way? You look enough like Dobbs the butcher to be his brother, or to be Dobbs himself. I wonder you don't up and say, 'Steaks or chops, mum?' Dear me! I wish you really had some life in you, and could move about, and talk with me, and make yourself agreeable. Do be alive!"

Mildred gave a little laugh at her own absurdity, and then, being an imaginative creature, came presently to regard the idea as not altogether absurd. If a bough that has been frozen to death all winter can put forth blossoms in the spring, why might not an inanimate object, which already possessed many of the surface attributes of humanity, and possibly some of the internal mechanism, add to itself the crowning gift of speech? In view of the daily phenomena of existence, would that be so very astonishing? Of course the problem took a simpler shape than this in Mildred's unsophisticated thought.

She folded her hands in her lap, and, rocking to and fro, reflected how pleasant it would be if Jumping Jack, or her doll, could come to life, like the marble lady in the play, and do some of the talking. What wonderful stories Jumping Jack would have to tell, for example. He must have had no end of remarkable adventures before he lost his mind. Probably the very latest intelligence from Lilliput was in his possession, and perhaps he was even now vainly trying to deliver himself of it. His fixed, open mouth hinted as much. The Land of the Pygmies, in the heart of Darkest Africa—just then widely discussed in the newspapers—was of course familiar ground to him. How interesting it would be to learn, at first hand, of the manners and customs of those little folk. Doubtless he had been a great traveler in foreign parts; the label, in German text, on the bottom of his trunk showed that he had recently come from Munich. Munich! What magic there was in the very word! As Mildred rocked to and fro, her active little brain weaving the most grotesque fancies, a drowsiness stole over her. She was crooning to herself fainter and fainter, and every instant drifting nearer to the shadowy reefs on the western coast of Nowhere, when she heard a soft, inexplicable rustling sound close at her side. Mildred lifted her head quickly, just in time to behold Heliogabalus describe a graceful curve in the air and land lightly in the midst of her best Dresden china tea-set.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, in a voice preternaturally gruff for an individual not above five inches in height. "Ho, ho!" And he immediately began to throw Mildred's cups and saucers and plates all about the apartment.

"Oh, you horrid, wicked little man!" cried Mildred, starting to her feet. "Stop it!"

"Oh, you cross little girl!" returned the dwarf, with his family leer. "You surprise me!" And another plate crashed against the blue-flowered wall-paper.

"Stop it!" she repeated; and then to herself, "It 's a mercy I waked up just when I did!"

"Patience, my child; I 'm coming there shortly, to smooth your hair and kiss you."

"Do!" screamed Mildred, stooping to pick up a large Japanese crystal which lay absorbing the wintry sunlight at her feet.

When Heliogabalus saw that, he retired to the further side of his tenement, peeping cautiously over the top and around the corner, and disappearing altogether whenever Mildred threatened to throw the crystal at him. Now Miss Wentworth was naturally a courageous girl, and when she perceived that the pygmy was afraid of her she resolved to make an example of him. He was such a small affair that it really did not seem worth while to treat him with much ceremony. He had startled her at first, his manners had been so very violent; but now that her pulse had gone down she regarded him with calm curiosity, and wondered what he would do next.

"Listen," he said presently, in a queer, deferential way, as he partly emerged from his hiding-place; "I came to request the hand of mademoiselle yonder," and, nodding his head in the direction of Blondella, the doll, he retreated bashfully.

"Her!" cried Mildred, aghast.

"*You* are very nice, but I can't marry out of my own set, you know," observed Heliogabalus, invisible behind his breastwork. This shyness was mere dissimulation, as his subsequent attitude proved.

"Who would have thought it!" murmured Mildred to herself; and as she glanced furtively at Blondella, sitting bolt upright between the windows, with her back against the mopboard, Mildred fancied that she could almost detect a faint roseate hue stealing into the waxen cheek. "Who would have thought it!" And then, addressing Jumping Jack, she cried, "Come here directly, you audacious person!" and she stamped her foot in a manner that would have discouraged most suitors.

But Heliogabalus, who had now seated himself on the lid of his trunk and showed no trace of his late diffidence, smiled superciliously as he twisted off a bit of wire that protruded from the heel of one his boots.

This effrontery increased Miss Wentworth's indignation, and likewise rather embarrassed her. Perhaps he was not afraid of her after all. In which case he was worth nothing as an example.

"I will brush you off, and tread on you," she observed tentatively, as if she were addressing an insect.

"Oh, indeed," he rejoined derisively, crossing his legs.

"I will!" cried Mildred, making an impulsive dash at him.

Though taken at a disadvantage, the manikin eluded her with surprising ease. His agility was such as to render it impossible to determine whether he was an old young man or a very young old man. Mildred eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then gave chase. Away went the quaint little figure, now darting under the brass bedstead, now dodging around the legs of the table, and now slipping between the feet of his pursuer at the instant she was on the point of laying hand on him. Owing doubtless to some peculiarity of his articulation, each movement of his limbs was accompanied by a rustling wiry sound, like the faint reverberation of a banjo-string somewhere in the distance.

Heliogabalus may have been a person with no great conversational gift, but his gymnastic acquirements were of the first order. Mildred not only could not catch him, but she could not restrain the manikin from meanwhile doing all kinds of desultory mischief; for in the midst of his course he would pause to overturn her tin kitchen, or shy a plate across the room, or give a vicious twitch to the lovely golden hair of Blondella, in spite of — perhaps in consequence of — his recent tender advances. It was plain that in eluding Mildred he was prompted by caprice rather than by fear.

"If things go on in this way," she reflected, "I sha'n't have anything left. If I could only get the dreadful little creature into a corner! There goes my tureen! What *shall* I do?"

To quit the room, even for a moment, in order to call for assistance at the head of the staircase, where, moreover, her voice was not likely to reach any one, was to leave everything at the mercy of that small demon. Mildred was out of breath with running, and ready to burst into tears with exasperation, when a different mode of procedure suggested itself to her. She would make believe that she was no longer angry, and perhaps she could accomplish by cunning what she had failed to compass by violence. She would consent — at least seem to consent — to let him marry Blondella, though he had lately given no signs of a very fervid attachment. Beyond this Mildred had no definite scheme, when the story of the Fisherman and the Evil Afrite flashed upon her memory from the pages of "The Arabian Nights." Her dilemma was exactly that of the unlucky fisherman, and her line of action should be the same, with such modification as the exigencies might demand. As in his case, too, there was no time to be lost. An expression of ineffable benevolence and serenity instantly overspread the features of Miss Wentworth. She leaned against the wardrobe, and regarded Jumping Jack with a look of gentle reproach.

"I thought you were going to be interesting," she remarked softly.

"Ain't I interesting?" asked the goblin, with a touch of pardonable sensitiveness.

"No," said Mildred, candidly; "you are not. Perhaps you try to be. That 's something, to be sure, though it 's not everything. Oh, *I* don't want to touch you," she went on, with an indifferent toss of her curls. "How old are you?"

"Ever so old and ever so young."

"Truly? How very odd to be both at once! Can you read?"

"Never tried."

"I 'm afraid your parents did n't bring you up very well," reflected Mildred.

"I speak all languages. The little people of every age and every country understand me."

"You 're a great traveler, then."

"I should say so!"

"You don't seem to carry much baggage about with you. I suppose you belong somewhere, and keep your clothes there. I really should like to know where you came from, if it 's all the same to you."

"Out of that box, my dove," replied Jumping Jack, having become affable in his turn.

"Never!" exclaimed Mildred, with a delightful air of incredulity.

"I hope I may die," declared Heliogabalus, laying one hand on the left breast of his mainspring.

"I don't believe it," said Mildred, confidently.

"Ho, ho!"

"You are too tall, and too wide, and too—fluffy. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you *are* fluffy. And I just want you to stop that ho-hoing. No; I don't believe it."

"You don't, don't you? Behold!" And placing both hands on the floor, Heliogabalus described a sudden circle in the air, and neatly landed himself in the box.

He was no sooner in than Mildred clapped down the lid, and seated herself upon it victoriously. In the suddenness of her movement she had necessarily neglected to fasten the catch; but that was a detail that could be attended to later. Meanwhile she was mistress of the situation and could dictate terms. One thing was resolved: Jumping Jack was never to jump again. To-morrow he should be thrown into the Charles at the foot of Mount Vernon street, in order that the tide might carry him out to sea. What would she not have given if she could have sealed him up with that talismanic Seal of Solomon which held the cruel marid so securely in his brazen casket? Of course it was not in Mildred's blood to resist the temptation to tease her captive a little.

"Now, Mr. Jack, I guess I 've got you where you belong. If you are not an old man this very minute, you will be when you get out. You wanted to carry off my Blondella, did you? I hope you 're quite comfortable."

"Let me out!" growled Heliogabalus in his deepest bass.

"I could n't think of it, dear. You are one of those little boys that should n't be *either* heard or seen; and I don't want you to speak again, for I 'm sitting on your head, and your voice goes right through me. So you will please remember not to speak unless you are spoken to." And Mildred broke into the merriest laugh imaginable, recollecting how many times she herself had been extinguished by the same instructions.

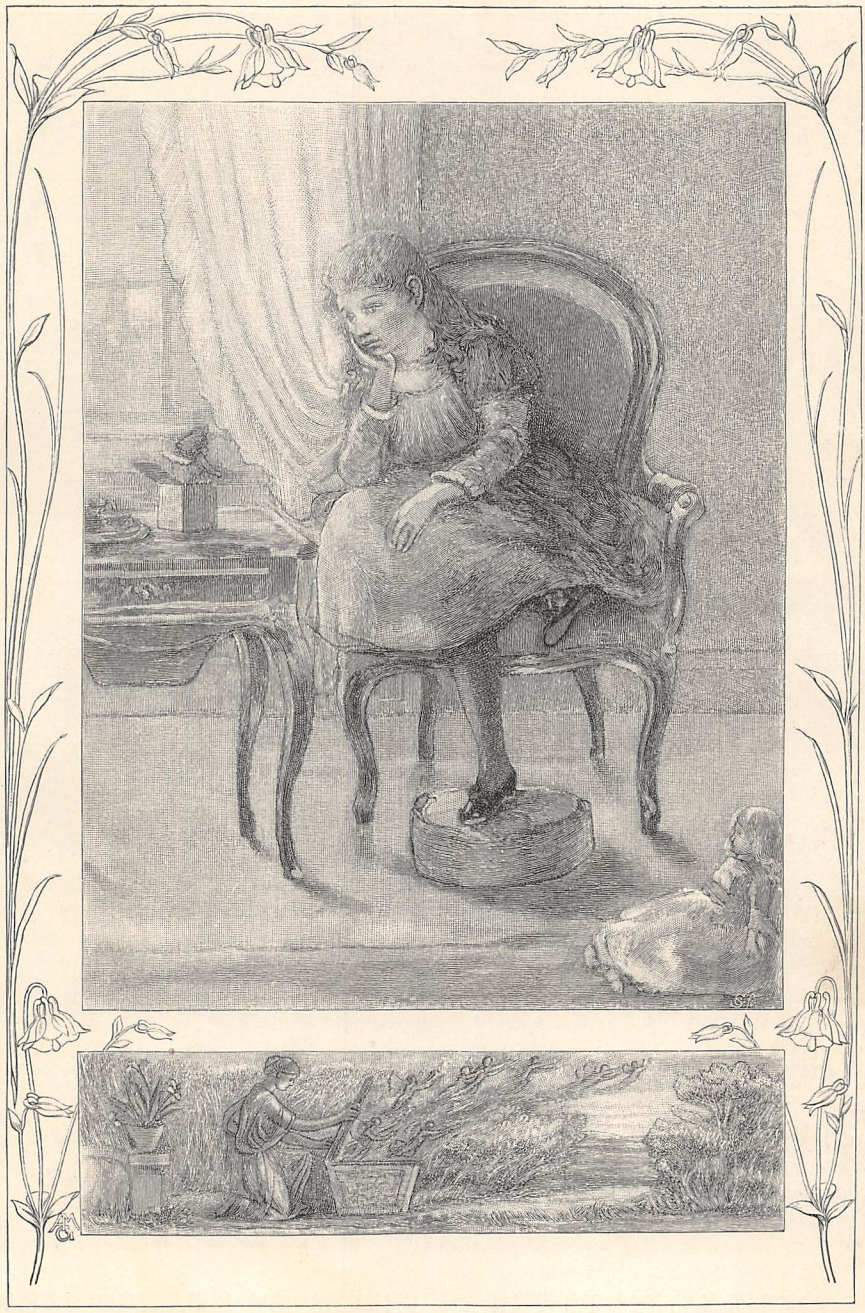
But Mildred's triumph was premature, for the little man in the box was as strong as a giant in a dime museum; and now that he had fully recovered his breath, he began pushing in a most systematic manner with his head and shoulders, and Mildred, to her great consternation, found herself being slowly lifted up on the lid of the chest, do what she might. In a minute or two more she must inevitably fall off, and Jumping Jack would have her! And what mercy could she expect at his hands, after her treatment of him! She was lost! Mildred stretched out her arms in despair, gave a shriek, and opened her eyes, which had been as tightly shut as a couple of morning-glories at sundown.

She was sitting on a rug in the middle of the room. Though the window-panes were still flushed with the memory of the winter sunset, the iridescent lights had faded out in the Japanese crystal at her feet. She was not anywhere near the little imp. There he was over by the fireplace, staring at nothing in his usual senseless fashion. Not a piece of crockery had been broken, not a chair upset, and Blondella, the too-fascinating Blondella, had not had a single tress disarranged.

Mildred drew a long breath of relief. What had happened? Had she been dreaming? She was unable to answer the question; but as she abstractedly shook out the creases in the folds of her skirt, she remarked to herself that she did not care, on the whole, to have any of her things come to life, especially Jumping Jack. Just then the splintering of an icicle on the window-ledge outside sent a faint whiteness into her cheek, and caused her to throw a quick, apprehensive glance toward the fireplace. After an instant's hesitation, Mildred, with Blondella under her arm, stole softly from the room, where the specters of the twilight were beginning to gather rather menacingly, and went downstairs to join the family and relate her strange adventure.

THE analysis of Miss Wentworth's dream — if it were a dream, for later on she declared it was not, and hurriedly gave Heliogabalus to an unpleasant small boy who lived next door — the analysis of her dream, I repeat, shows strong traces of a moral. Indeed the residuum is purely of that stringent quality. Heliogabalus must be accepted as the symbol of an ill-considered desire realized. The earnestness with which Miss Wentworth invoked the phantasm, and the misery that came of it, are a common experience. Painfully to attain possession of what we don't want, and then painfully to waste our days in attempting to rid ourselves of it, seems to be one of the tasks set us here below. I know a great many excellent persons who spend the best part of life in endeavoring to get their particular Jumping Jack snugly back into its box again.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

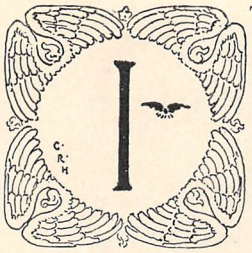


DRAWN BY ANNE G. MORSE. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS, BY J. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

THE BOWERY.



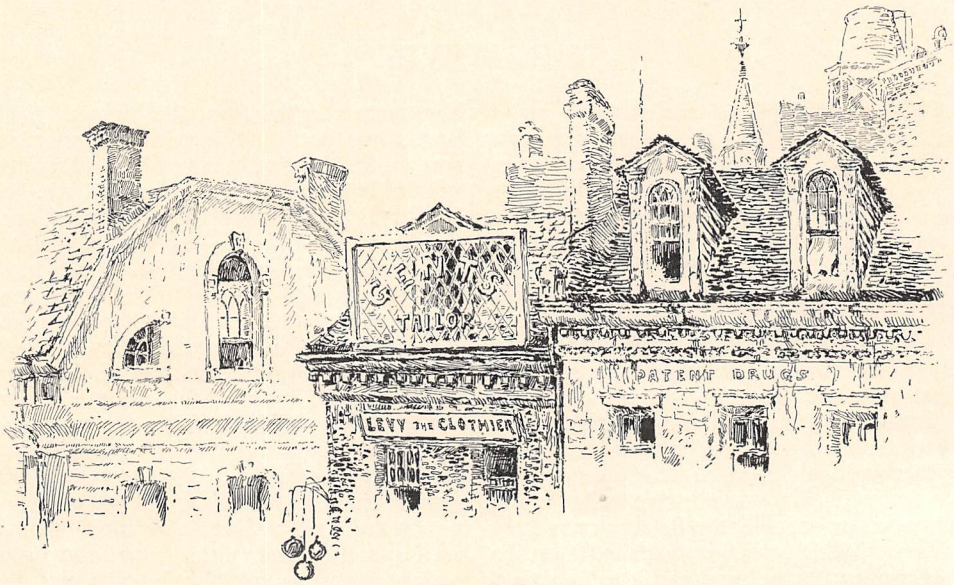
IT was the opinion of the most observant traveler I ever knew that no city in Christendom possesses a street comparable with the Bowery in New York city. His comment on the Bowery was that it is the only noble and important thoroughfare which is foreign to the city and country that possess it. I think it is the belief of nearly all traveled Americans that the Bowery is the most interesting thoroughfare in America. If there are any who are inclined to dispute the belief, it will repay them to consider the Bowery even more closely than did my friend who called it foreign to its country, for he supposed it to be a German street in America. It is largely German, but it is much else besides, and the more it is studied the more cosmopolitan it will seem, and the more peculiarities it will reveal.

In endeavoring to compare it with some other crowded, humming, Babylonish artery of petty commerce and jostling human surplusage, the mind turns to the Strand in London. But it does not rest there, for though the Strand is about as long as the Bowery, it is a lane by comparison, and though the Strand lives one life by day and another by night, as the Bowery does, it is as English as the rest of London, and it is mainly dignified, respectable, and well-to-do. It is comprehensible to any one who walks the length of it once; but the oftener you walk the Bowery the more heterogeneous and contradictory you will find it. It is good to the pure in heart, criminal to the wicked, abandoned and disreputable to the outcast. It is the main boulevard of a population of nearly 300,000 East-Siders — their Strand for practical, matter-of-fact shopping by day, and for the pleasures of the theater and the concert-garden by night. But they maintain only two sides of it. Its half-dozen other characters rely for maintenance on strangers from every corner of the world — because to the immigrant and the poor new-comer it is the great show street of the town.

The Bowery is very old. It got its name from the first settlers of Manhattan, and dates with them. The word *bouwerij* is Dutch for farm, or country-seat, and our street derives its name from the fact that it ran through the bowery, or farm, of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor-in-chief of Amsterdam in the New Netherlands, and of the Dutch West India Islands. His estate reached from the highway to the East River, and the Stuyvesant mansion, just north of St. Mark's Church on Second Avenue, remains in a modern and enlarged form. His dust is hidden from us by a great stone that incloses a vault under the east wall of the present church, which is called "St. Mark's in the Bowery," though it was built in 1795, more than a century after the Dutch governor died.

In English colonial days the Bowery was the beginning, or the end, of the Boston Road, and during the Revolution, the present Atlantic Garden was the Bull's Head Tavern, or sojourning-place and exchange of the New York drovers and butchers of that day. Next door, on the site now occupied by the famous old Bowery Theater, was the cattle-market, an inclosed lot for the herding and sale of cattle. There the British made it a custom to enjoy bear-baiting, that sport to which it was afterward so wittily said that the Puritans objected, not because it hurt the bears but because it amused the people.

Then came a period when the Bowery had grown to be not only a long and important street, but a respectable one. Tom Hamblin was the manager of the old Bowery Theater at that time, and the first players of the country and of England performed there to notable audiences. They cannot have escaped severer criticism than their sons, the Booths and Wallacks of our day, have been accustomed to, for a preacher of that time made a solemn sensation by saying that when he passed that theater he saw the people jostling one another down the steps into a great black, yawning hole under the ground, and over their heads he read the awful, the ominous words, "The Pit." In those days many rich and aristocratic families lived over on the East Side beyond the Bowery. The Quakers, now few and seldom heard of, were numerous and notable among them, and East Broadway — the heart of the Polish Hebrew quarter — was a splendid street. But the city grew, and with its growth came the development of the Volunteer Fire Department, and with that the Bowery changed again. Many of the finest young men of the town belonged to the fire-companies at first; sons of rich men and young mechanics pulled shoulder to shoulder at the ropes. But an era of ruffianism was at hand — an era that produced in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore such scenes and conditions as we can scarcely comprehend to-day. Gangs of fighting men infested various localities and terrorized the community. The rivalry and strife of the fire-companies in part attracted them and in part



OLD ROOFS AND DORMERS.

developed them. From striving to see which company could reach a fire earliest they came to striving to prevent each from getting to the fires at all. In some degree they were the cause of fires—when fate was kind, and conflagrations were too infrequent to please them. In this era was developed "the Bowery boy," the queerest product of America in his day.

The Bowery boy began with more good than evil in his composition. In the daytime he worked for his living; at night he aimed only to be a dandy and a fireman. He sang negro melodies very prettily, danced well, was a devoted patron of the theater, and worshiped good women. But with the growth of the city he came to have his own way to a greater extent than was good for him, and his type grew worse and worse, until the Bowery often became a bloody battle-ground between the police and the ruffians that the Bowery boys had become. In time he became a drinking, fighting, and gambling character, with a modicum of the high principles and stern morality in heroic directions that we afterward found in some of Bret Harte's Pacific Coast characters. Desirous of punching somebody at all times, he especially liked to punch persons who were rude or cruel to the female sex. He was intensely patriotic if he happened to be American, and it was in his time that Americanism, or Know-nothingism, was very rampant and bellicose. There are men alive to-day—old men, to be found at Washington Market or behind fast horses on "the Road"—who are given to wailing over the degeneracy of the times, and to boasting that they knew the day when the greatest prize-fighters and thugs and punchers were all true Americans!

The Bowery boy was very proud and full of an affectation of rough airs that he considered exquisite. He dyed his mustache jet-black, oiled his hair profusely, and was much given to loud perfume. He wore a lustrous silk hat, a flannel shirt with a huge black-silk scarf under its collar, trousers that were very tight and needed no suspenders, a coat that he usually carried on his arm, well-polished boots (not shoes), and carried a cigar tilted heavenward above his nose, and spread his elbows apart so that nobody could pass him on a narrow pavement without jostling him. Of course if any one jostled him he was insulted, and when he was insulted he fought. In the days of his glory he scorned to use any weapon but his fists. His voice was modeled after that of the fire-trumpet, and he had a language all his own. He called to his sweetheart, "Here, gal," "Come, gal," and when he wanted any one to hold the nozle of a hose he said, "You, dere, take der butt."

It is said that Thackeray much enjoyed meeting a Bowery boy. The great novelist desired to go to Houston street. He was not certain whether he was right in pursuing the direction he had taken, so he stepped up to one of these East-Side Adonises and said: "Sir, can I go to Houston street this way?"

"Yes, I guess yer kin, sonny," said the boy—"if yer behave yerself."

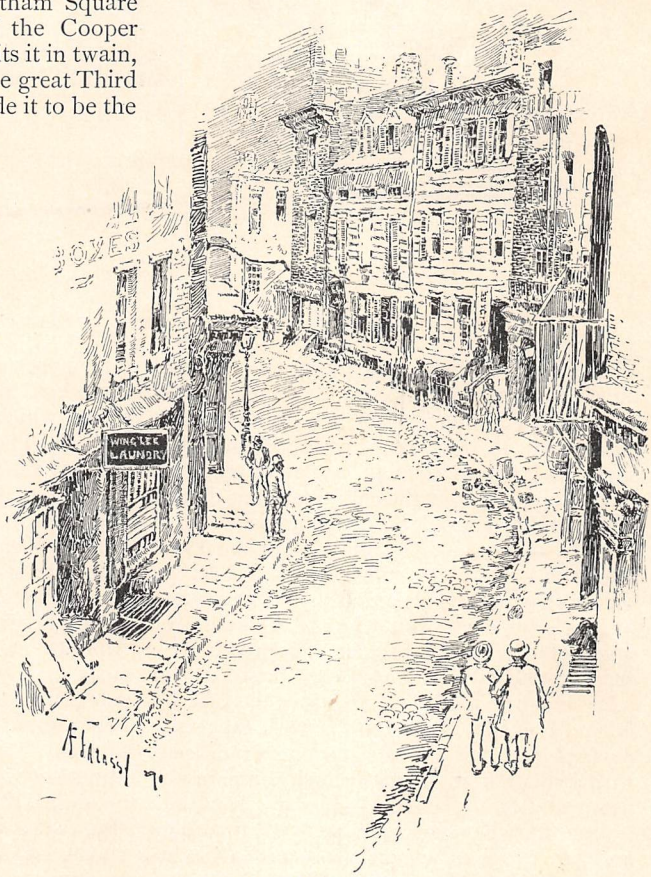
If you walk down the Bowery to-day you will see traces of all these eras except the Dutch, and that remains in the queer title of the street, as I have said. Though no other street shows such a blending of discordant qualities, it is yet true that no artery in the

town has yielded so slowly to the modernization that the rest of the city has undergone. It is true the elevated railway, of the original single-legged pattern, skirts each pavement, but it passes many and many an old-time New York dwelling the third story of which still consists of the old dormer windows piercing a tilted roof, which, with the slanting wooden cellar doors, were the characteristics of the best houses of the city fifty or sixty years ago. Farther down the street the railway passes two or three wooden houses of that earlier era when it was permitted to build with wood in down-town New York. It even passes over a mile-post bearing the legend, "1 mile from the City Hall." It rattles the windows in the old Bull's Head Tavern of Revolutionary times, and it keeps a-trembling more than one queer, crooked relic of the English days, like little Doyers street, which is also mainly wooden, and which, though only a couple of blocks long, turns and dodges in several directions like a thief eluding a policeman. It is not a nice street, and it looks as if it were doubling upon its own unsavory reputation.

The Bowery is something less than a mile in length. It reaches from Chatham Square to the little wedge in front of the Cooper Union at Eighth street which splits it in twain, sending one half up-town to be the great Third Avenue, and one half close beside it to be the Fourth Avenue. It has the width of both these wide avenues together. Its width varies, as becomes an ancient thoroughfare, but I think it averages more than one hundred feet from house-line to house-line, sixty-five feet being the roadway. If you are a stranger, and walk down the Bowery in the daytime without a guide, you will be apt to notice nothing more particular about it than that it is an enormous, crowded, noisy street of retail shops, lodging-houses, and museums. Any old New Yorker will show you some very old and respectable shops — notably a grocer's, a baker's, and a shop for the supply of firemen's goods — which were established there in the days of other generations. But these are not so interesting to a stranger as the many little stores that give a distinct character to the street. Except in the main street of Havre, I never saw so many shops for the sale of jewelry as there are on the Bowery. Most of them display new, cheap, and flashy ornaments; half a dozen are what are called pawnbrokers' sales shops, or shops for the sale of unredeemed pledges; one is a mart for duplicated presents received by persons on their wedding-days, on anniversary occasions, or at Christmas.

The pawnbrokers' sales shops have held me before their windows many and many an hour since childhood, and to-day when I pause before one I feel a keener touch of the impulses of youth than anything else can bring back to me. There is much humbug in the Bowery, but there is no humbug in what these stores display. Pathos and tragedy are constantly exhibited and enacted on every block of that throbbing avenue, but it all seems to me as nothing beside the tragic and pathetic tales that are told by the goods in these store-fronts. The vanity of man is felt by every poor stranger who is knocked about and jostled by the crowds that throng the pavement; but for a sermon upon vanity I know no text in all New York like the contents of one of these windows.

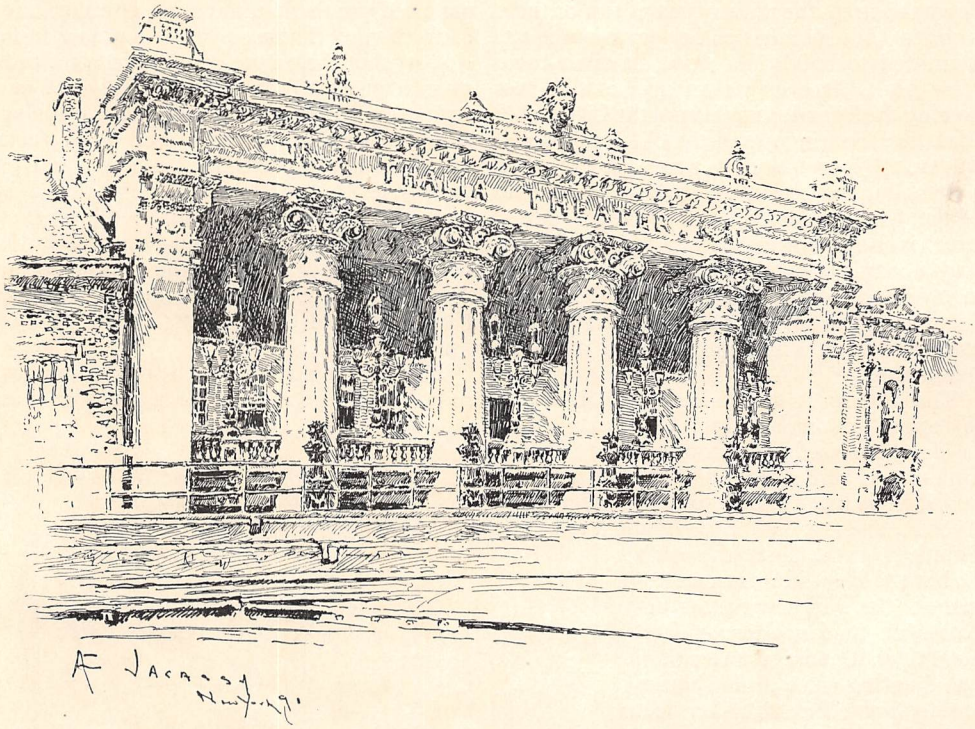
The very manner in which the dealers have shoveled the goods out for exhibition is im-



DOYERS STREET.

pressive. It is usually their rule to heap the bottoms of the windows a foot or two deep with the less showy and bulkier relics of misfortune, and then to display the more peculiar and tempting goods on swinging shelves hung close to the panes. Here you see medals presented for heroism in saving life or for bravery in battle, swords given to men for taking part in actions that are household words, badges of bejeweled gold bearing the arms of petted militia regiments, all showing that their owners were once confident of fortune and yet must have come to desperate passes. A medal of silver to the best scholar in a great sectarian school, one of gold to the champion clog-dancer of Australia, a golden-headed malacca cane won by —— ——, the most popular police officer in ——, these call to the mind happy scenes that no one dreamed would have such forlorn sequences. But what of the scores of opera-glasses and bracelets engraved with such mottos as "To Laura on Christmas," or "Isabel," or "With J. M. F.'s love to Sadie"? Rings, bracelets, breastpins, jewels especially devised, and curios which no one would part with except from stern necessity, are in the heaps and on the shelves—literally in burden by the ton when you take them all together; and yet every article in the mass carries its sermon of happiness despoiled, of security that was only fancied, of vanity that toppled, or of applause that beckoned anguish.

Whether the taste for cheap jewelry is stronger with our adopted fellow-citizens than with ourselves I am not sure, but one sees the force of foreign inclination unmistakably in other features of the street. The frequency of signs painted with Hebrew characters in German words, even in the windows of the banks, is no more mistakable than the occasional "delicatessen" shops, as the Germans call those places which are nearly like our "fancy groceries." The number of places for the sale of musical instruments is so great as to indicate that the majority of their customers are from continental Europe, and in the still larger number of cheap photograph-galleries the same influence is apparent. To stop and examine the tintypes and *cartes-de-visite* displayed by the photographers is to carry yourself out of America at once. Not only are the types of faces mainly Teutonic and Slavonic, but the sitters have shown a very foreign fondness for being pictured in fancy costumes and maskers' dresses. They pose as kings and queens, as huntsmen, as Swiss and Polish and Magyar peasants, the matrons and maidens in very short skirts and the men in feathered caps and velvet knee-breeches. Those other men and women who are plainly dressed have kept their



UPPER STORY OF THE THALIA THEATER. (FORMERLY THE OLD BOWERY.)

hats and bonnets on more often than is customary elsewhere, and the babies appear to be victims of a strange rule which requires them to be photographed in nudity or the state closest to it. The source of the fancy costumes is seen in the many places for the hire of masquerade dresses that are in the Bowery and close beside it in the cross-streets, these places being always up one flight of stairs. The costumes are hired for use at masquerade-balls, and it is on the morning after such a ball, before the dresses are returned, that the dancers wear them once again in the photograph-galleries.

Dancing is almost as popular a form of dissipation with the people of the Bowery region as with the idlers of fashionable society, but the high rentals and the great space required for the amusement have limited the number of assembly-rooms to one on the main avenue, the dancers finding cheaper quarters in a score of halls near at hand in the side streets. The excuses that these adopted Americans make for associating together are so numerous that it is not at all an uncommon thing for a mechanic to belong to four or five associations of his countrymen, while the shopkeepers, wine-dealers, and politicians who have money to spare and popularity to win often belong to twenty, thirty, and in one case with which I am acquainted to eighty such organizations. The first society such a man must join is that of the people who hail from the same European village, or province, or principality. To such a club the women of each family belong by right and without charge. Next in order is either the singing society, or the sharpshooting club, both of which are almost certain to spring out of the first organization. Then come the branches or chapters of whatever secret societies or mutual-benefit leagues happen to have most attracted the men of that particular body or nationality. There may be half a dozen of these. After these there are neighborhood turn-vereins, or gymnastic clubs, the general associations for bringing men of each nationality together, in a few cases charity or church societies, and so on, until if a man who can afford it has no more clubs of his own to conquer, he is forced to join those that grow out of the union of men from some other city or province whence a friend has emigrated.

Fraternity and fun are at the bottom of all these organizations — a kind of fun we Anglo-Saxons are too stiff to enjoy, and a sort of vigorous and ostentatious fraternity that we do not see the necessity for as clearly as we should if we were, like these persons, beginning life anew among strangers in a foreign land. No matter what the aim or title of the organization, dancing and the drinking of wine or beer seem to us the main purposes of the members. The so-called home clubs — of people of one district — exhibit the purest democracy that is possible, for they meet upon equal terms, although among the immigrants are well-to-do shopkeepers, educated professional men, poor mechanics, clerks, and a very human mixture of the shrewd, the shiftless, the industrious, the stupid, and the ambitious. I have known a wage-earner to be president or "king" over many men of considerable means and pretensions, and in that case the "queen" who sat beside the mechanic on the coronation day was the wife of an educated and prosperous man, the first or second in his profession in this country. The king was elected, but the queen got her crown by her marksmanship with an air-gun before a paper target. The only object of this society was to bring together the people from a Rhenish village for a grand dance and feast of new sausage and new wine once a year. Thus united, the men established a so-called sharpshooter's club to make an excuse for another annual ball and as many days as possible of drinking in suburban picnic-grounds. They also established a singing club designed to furnish music at all gatherings, solemn, sad, or merry, and for another dance once a year.

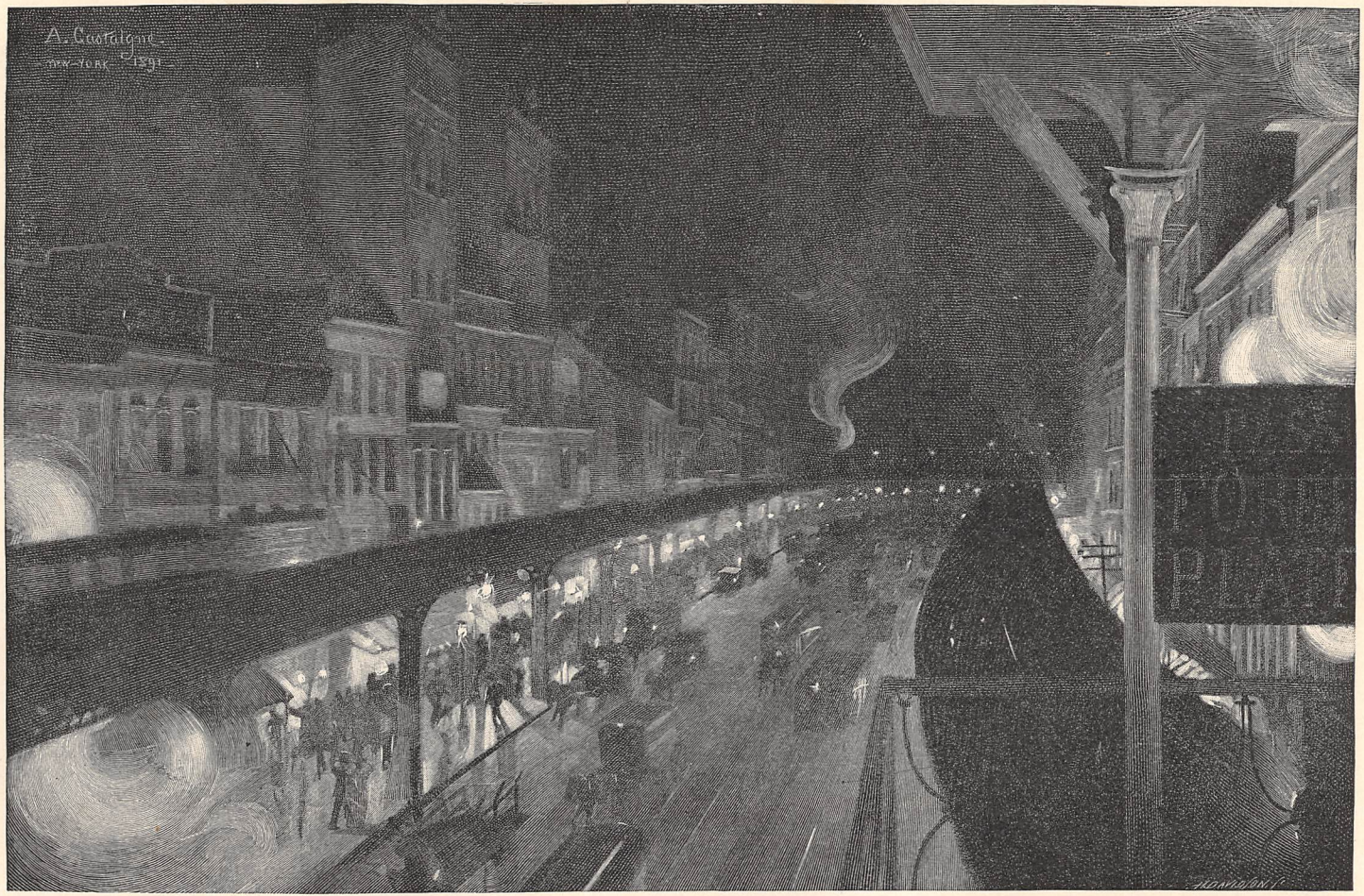
I have accidentally run across many queer clubs among these foreigners, and have learned that there must be five hundred quite as peculiar of which I have never heard. Any excuse is employed for bringing their fellow-countrymen together. In one case a band called itself "The Pfaelzer Humoristical Club," and met around a table whenever a fine was to be paid. The fines were levied in this order: A keg of beer upon the birth of a son, the club tankard of beer (a splendid carved cup holding two quarts) on the birth of a girl, a glass all around for talking politics. If my readers were all New Yorkers I should not need, in parting with this phase of the life I am describing, to say that these clubs and people are nearly all respectable, orderly, industrious, and valuable citizens.

Merely in passing I spoke of the "lodging-houses" as notable features of the Bowery. They are almost peculiar to it. There must be a score of them. Invariably they occupy the upper stories of the larger and newer buildings along the huge and swarming thoroughfare, and therefore passengers in the elevated cars get the clearest idea of their interiors. From the pavement all that is seen of them are their signs, which read about like this:

EAST SIDE HOUSE.
FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.
Rooms, 15 cents.

or

AMERICA HOTEL.
LODGINGS FOR MEN ONLY.
Nice Rooms, 25 cents.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE BOWERY FROM THE GRAND STREET STATION OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

Within recent years these have multiplied to such an extent as to bring about a keen competition, and he who runs may read the force of this in single lines that have been added to many of the signs. These addenda all indicate a general desire to do more than supply mere rooms as of old. "Baths free of charge," is the announcement of one landlord; "Reductions by the week," another offers; "A Cup of Good Coffee served Mornings to Each Lodger," says a third. As you look into each house from the Elevated Railway you invariably see a large assembly-room, bare-walled but clean, and set with tables and chairs. There is no hour of the day when there are not many men in each room, some merely lounging in the chairs, some reading papers, some playing dominoes, and nearly all smoking. In passing some of these lodgings a glimpse is had of bedrooms which rent for a quarter of a dollar a night with a cup of coffee gratis. They are mere closets made by running partitions up five feet apart from the floor to the ceiling. Each contains a cot, and sometimes a chair. There is no appurtenance for anything except sleeping, a common wash-room being elsewhere provided. The men one sees in these places are nearly all young, mainly at the threshold of manhood. It is a general impression that they are either criminals or hardened characters, and though I am certain this does them injustice, I have never been able to satisfy myself to what extent they are injured by the suspicion. That there are among them many petty thieves and parasites who live upon outcast women is certainly true, and I suspect it requires great strength of character for a poor, stranded victim of circumstances who drifts into one of these places to resist the overtures that come to him from such wretches. Yet I know that many a poor huckster and sober wage-earner who has only a bare foothold in the town is obliged to put up at these lodging-houses, and it stands to reason that in the course of every year thousands of decent, ambitious strangers who come to the great city to make a living or a fortune must perforce begin their new career in these honeycombs. Now and then such a man shoots himself in one of these places or throws himself out of the window upon the pavement below.

By the way, it would not be easy to make most readers believe how trifling a thing a suicide is in the Bowery. It is not because there are so very many, since death's harvest by that means does not exceed two hundred and forty a year throughout the whole city, but it is rather on account of the preoccupation of the people and the summary action of the authorities. The shot is heard by very few. Neighbors of long standing do not know one another, so that the persons in the house where the death occurs deal only with the authorities, and no one spreads the news along the block. An ambulance calls for the body, and then there is the greatest stir, for a knot of idlers always gathers to find out what called the ambulance. The little crowd collects, and hides what is brought out of the house. The average busy New Yorker feels no interest at all in the matter, for it is his life habit to avoid crowds. The ambulance drives away, and it is not until they read the papers next day that the people on the very block on which the tragedy occurred become aware that it took place.

Three notable Bowery institutions that attract attention in the daytime have not been mentioned. They are the drinking-places, the dime museums, and the eating-houses. It will seem like an exaggeration, but I carefully counted them before I put down the number of places in which liquor is sold on the ground floors, alone, of the buildings along the Bowery. There are eighty-two such places, or nearly six to every block. The street is fourteen blocks long, and there are sixty-five places where drink is sold on its east side and seventeen on its west side. As there are five blocks on the west side of the street on which no such places occur, the reader can imagine how thick the bars must be on other blocks. This total number includes four music-halls, as many restaurants and oyster-houses where bottled beverages are sold, two or three wine-houses, one wholesale liquor-store, and the bars connected with several theaters and variety-halls. Some of the saloons have glittering exteriors and costly fittings, but not one is of the so-called first class. In the main they are cheap places of a low class, the number of them being so great as to reduce the profits to a minimum. A few staid and respectable German places are in the number, and one orderly resort — the Atlantic Garden — boasts one of the most profitable bars in a city where there are single counters over which $500 is passed every day in exchange for drinks. Lager beer is of course the standard tipple of the Bowery, and it flows there in such torrents that I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration in saying that early on Sunday morning, after a busy Saturday night, the very air that is breathed in the great avenue is weighted with the odor of soured beer.

The eating-houses are not nearly so numerous, though their comparison with the drinking-saloons is greater than the proportion of bread to sack which Falstaff deemed sufficient. The lodging-houses support many restaurants, and as the Bowery is a principal artery, the transient trade in food is sufficient to maintain as many more. Again competition shows its paring hand, for in front of some of the eating-houses

one sees announcements that "large portions" of roast beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are offered at eight cents, with bread and potatoes thrown in. Ten cents is the standard price for such provision, and, since milk, coffee, and tea are usually sold at five cents, it is possible to purchase a solid and nutritious meal for a dime and a half. A moment's calculation shows, therefore, that a man may eat and lodge in the Bowery with a good bed and three meals a day for $4.90 a week, and with a fifteen-cent bed and eight-cent dishes for $2.73 a week.

It sometimes seems to me that there is no avenue of profit or of commerce that is so illuminated by genius as the Bowery museum business. If ingenuity be a form of genius, there cannot be any doubt that I am right. A few visits to these resorts will satisfy the more intelligent citizens, and the visits will naturally be paid in early youth. But the populace as a whole is not characterized by the greater degrees of intelligence, and it is surprising to note how skilfully the managers of these places keep astir the ready curiosity of the mob. As much color and oil as have distinguished the galleries of the Louvre have been spent upon the huge canvases that all but cover the museum buildings. Sometimes the garish signs and pictures completely conceal the façades of the building and block up the windows, it having been found that many of the wonders on exhibition suffer less by gaslight than by the blaze of day. A museum is fairly started when it has a mass of gorgeous paintings, a tout, or crier, at the door, a ticket-taker in the lobby, and a band of three musicians limping, squeaking, and pounding just within the inclosure. I have known little of the interiors within recent years, but I see the signs frequently, and I have observed the progress that has been accomplished in the science of museum management since my boyhood days. The "fattest woman on earth" was sufficient in that era, but now she is represented twice as fat as of old, and yet dancing like a fay. There is most ingenious "faking" (the museum term for humbug) as of old, but there is also much reality—real "heroes" of trips over Niagara in barrels, of the bridge-jumping mania, of criminal life, and of distorted natural history. The more pretentious of these museums are so conducted that the only advantage that is ever taken of a stranger lies in the presumption that he will believe what he hears and credit what he sees. Yet in at least two of the six museums which illuminate the Bowery a fool or a too trustful stranger will be certain to be robbed. The tricks by which such persons are despoiled of their money are as old as sin itself, yet age does not wither nor custom stale a single one. An example of the dark ways of the robbers who lurk in these dens is this: Within one of the lower class of museums the visitor will notice a door through which he is invited to pass in order to have his cranium examined by a phrenologist, and to receive a present of a chart setting forth his proclivities and possibilities. Within is a room, a chair, and the alleged phrenologist. The visitor notices that the walls are bare; at least he perceives nothing to interest him as he glances around him. But just as the phrenological inspection is finished, a click is heard, a piece of a partition falls down upon a set of hinges, and the victim reads, "Professor Blinkum's charge is $2." If the victim is wise he will pay the fee; it will be cheaper than the drubbing and perhaps the actual robbery by violence to which he must otherwise submit.

The museums are brilliant at night, and it is then that the Bowery becomes newly and doubly interesting. It is probably the most brilliantly lighted thoroughfare on this planet. The money spent in lighting it is prodigious; the illumination is prodigal; the effect is dazzling. But the method adopted for this lighting is cheap and vulgar, and emphasizes the popular meaning which the word "Bowery" has taken on. The English word "brummagem" fails to convey half the definition of the term "Bowery." The words lean in the same direction, but to be Bowery is to be twice what is meant when we say a thing is brummagem. Whatever has the Bowery stamp is not merely an imitation, but it is a loud and offensive falsity. In New York, when the people see a great glass stud, cut to look like a diamond worth $10,000, and worn on the shirt of a store clerk, they call it a Bowery jewel, and they say of the man that he looks very Bowery. The extremes of fashion are caricatured and intensified in the Bowery, where the cut of men's trousers, the size of plaid patterns, the shape and style of the shoes, the gorgeousness of the waistcoats worn by the mock dandies—not to speak of the swagger and swing of the East Side belles—often surpass endurance if not belief. A Bowery dude is constitutionally unable to put on his hat unless he may balance it on one ear. It suits the street, therefore, to boast the most brilliant illumination of the coarsest and most dazzling sort.

I counted its surplus lights the other night,—the mere electric arc-lights which dangle before the stores and resorts,—and I found that they numbered 263. On the west side there were 189, and on the east side 74, or, altogether, about 19 to each block. The arc-light is that variety of electric lamp which is produced between two thick carbon-pencils inclosed in a great cocoanut-shaped shell of

glass. Let the reader who is familiar with this added burden upon human existence, this ingenious instrument of torture, fancy, if he can, the hissing and sputtering, the lightning-like starts and jumps, the alternating flashes and depressions that the glare of the Bowery undergoes. A tour of this street by night is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, but in the main the street is like a great electric lantern. It is the most brilliant eye in the Argus head of New York, and it is the eye that never sleeps; for when the rest of the town is dim, and its bustle is all but hushed, the eye of the Bowery looks out into the night with a gleaming stare that only the rising of the sun is able to intimidate.

The great wholesale houses have closed, but the people of a vast network of streets walled with high tenements have come home from work, have supped, and are out on the Bowery for the night's shopping, amusement, or exercise. The sidewalks are almost packed with people bathed in the brilliant light of such a number and variety of shops as are not to be found in any other equal area in the city. But the outcasts of society are in the throng; the tenth of the town that lives by night is astir. Poor creatures, indeed, are these Bowery miscreants — the product of that same tenement region where, a careful missionary says, one hundred thousand persons have moved in and fourteen churches have moved out within the past ten years. The criminals found in the Bowery are of the stunted, half-starved type of which the tenement house is the matrix. Undersized, wizen-faced, aged while yet of tender years, little-eyed, cunning, shabbily dressed and constantly hunted, they are rather like human rats than men and women. Their haunts are in the cellars, the rum-shops, and in the disorderly places on upper floors — for it is a peculiar fact that not only does the Bowery contain liquor-stores side by side in places, but it contains rows of buildings in which every floor is given over to disreputable uses. I shall not dwell upon that phase of the Bowery life except to answer the question that is asked of every citizen by every stranger who is curious to visit that quarter — "Is it safe?" It is. Better than that, it is worth while. It is not well for a lady to walk out alone in any part of the city at night. Yet a woman without an escort, walking briskly along, is less likely to be affronted on the Bowery than on Fifth Avenue, by day or by night. There is one rule for escaping annoyance in New York city. It is the same for women as for men. That is to walk straight along without stopping or staring. It is the gawk, the gaby, the idler, and the over-curious meddler who invites insult and annoyance.

By half-past nine o'clock the shopping-places have closed, and the fourfold procession of shoppers has come to an end. The last family group, headed by the husband, with the wife a step behind him, and her babies trailing after her, each clutching the other's clothing, has been swallowed up by the darkness of the side streets. The Bowery now belongs to the seekers of recreation and of vice. They are moving in and out of the museums, the gin-shops, the concert-halls, and the theaters. They have the choice of ninety-nine such places. Seven of these are theaters, six are museums, and four are music-halls.

The English theaters (or American theaters in which English is spoken) are what are called "gallery-houses"; that is to say, the gallery forms the most important if not the largest part of each. To enter certain ones costs only ten cents, and fifty cents secures an orchestra chair. In two, which are handsome theaters, the best plays and nearly the best companies are seen. They are operated as the theaters of small cities are, being considered as part of the provincial circuits to which New York successes are sent after their runs in first-class up-town houses. But the other English theaters are for the exhibition of variety-shows, or music-hall performances. What has always interested me most about them is the fact that they attract the newsboys and street Arabs with irresistible magnetism. The average New York newsboy, when he counts the cost of a day's living, includes ten cents for "de tee-a-ter" as regularly as he figures upon the amount for lodgings and for his three meals of "beef and beans." As there are thousands of these boys, the number that have earned the price of a gallery-seat is very great each night, and in consequence the strife for an early choice of seats is vigorous. The result is that the ragged little shavers form a line long before the theater doors are opened, and this line grows, and lengthens, and tails along the sidewalk until it makes what would be a notable picture for a Mrs. Stanley to fix upon her canvas. There are fights now and then in the line, and a babel of cries and whistles and shouts goes out from it. When the doors are opened the rush up the theater stairs is like a mountain freshet reversed. Like stampeding cattle the boys fling themselves down the aisles and over the seats until there is not a vacant place left. Then they take their coats off and fold them in their laps, and the air fills with the aroma and crackle of peanuts. Monitors, with long ratans and uncommonly bad tempers, endeavor to keep the little savages in some sort of order, and it is to these guardians that reference is made in the frequently repeated cry of "Cheese it! de post!" There is no time here for a study of that queer sentence. "Cheese it" is the warning cry of the New York street-boy, and

though many have guessed at it, I have never known any one who was able to give its derivation. "The post" is the monitor, but why he is called a post in a Bowery theater, and nowhere else, some one else must explain.

The most peculiar of all the theaters in the country are two that are on the Bowery. They are the Polish Hebrew playhouses. The old Bowery Theater was recently given over to that use. There are 37,000 persons who call themselves, or are called, Poles, and who live clannishly in a little strip consisting of a few blocks to the east of the Bowery. It is one of the most densely populated parts of New York, for they crowd together, and, being poor, live meanly. Eight tenths of them are Hebrews, and they constitute not much less than half the Hebrew population in New York. As a matter of fact, they hail from Russia, Austria, and Germany, and are of the type and class that aroused our sympathies some years ago when a very large number came here, leading a great exodus caused by outrageous persecution. They contradict many ideas about the Hebrews that have been strongly held among us. They are not rich. They by no means eschew manual labor, nor do they show remarkable genius in trading, for they work at the making of clothing and in other lines that are laborious and poorly paid. Furthermore,—and this is merely my own judgment,—they are not especially prudent or thrifty. They crowd their two theaters, where the plays—at least all that I have read the names of—are based upon biblical or historical subjects, or upon scenes local to New York. They have a drama of their own, and it embraces a great number of plays, but in the Bowery these are altered and lengthened by the introduction of scenes not always strictly connected with the pieces in which they are inserted, and never of the high standard of the original works. Their local plays, usually picturing the adventures of a Polish Hebrew who reaches New York, and starts out upon the streets as a peddler, are of the lightest possible character. In one theater one of the actors is the playwright. The talents of the players vary, some being very clever, born actors, and some being very wooden. The language used on the stage is a strange jargon of bad Russian, Polish, old Hebrew, and one or more other tongues. The programs are printed in Hebrew characters.

It is an interesting sight to see one of their theaters when an attractive play is offered. Almost all the men are tall and spare, with their long black locks unbarbered, and their long black beards uncut. Those who are near middle life are apt to be bent and pallid, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, as if they lacked the comforts of life, needed nutritious food, and had worked and suffered prodigiously. Their faces are distinctly Slavonic. The women are all heavier and stouter than the men, some being fat, and many plump. Very often the matrons wear well-used, coarse, and undeceptive black wigs. Red shawls are a peculiarity of their attire. The young girls have the rare complexion of the Hebrew girl everywhere, and many of them are beautiful. Never were more orderly congregations than these theater audiences. Talking, or interruptions of noise, or disorder are always hissed down. It is evident that these people enjoy music, and their music is most peculiar. It is pretty, very simple, and extremely pathetic, even funereal at times. It always reminds me of the weird and sympathetic tones of the typical Hungarian melodies; but the triumphant, strenuous, heroic element which completes the Hungarian music is not heard in these Hebrew tunes.

More numerous than all others on this great East-Side parade are the people of German origin. There is little about them that is peculiar to us, but they maintain one notable resort, which is known and almost familiar wherever German is spoken: It is the largest of the beer-saloons—the Atlantic Garden. It is not only the resort of the Bowery Germans, but it is the rendezvous for the officers and crews of all the German vessels that come to the port, and for a great many German tourists and travelers who are passing through the country. It is thoroughly German, from the dishes served on the counter near the door to the music played by the orchestra within, or the well-salted pretzels that are consumed with the beer. It is simply a large hall a block in depth, partly surrounded by a gallery, and set with chairs and tables. Its decorations are neither good, bad, nor costly. Its purpose is to afford a place in which an hour can be passed in talking, drinking beer, and listening to the music of a band by night, and of a huge orchestrion by day. The band is usually composed of a dozen well-trained young women, dressed neatly, all alike, and as women would appear at a high-class musical entertainment. Breaking the music of this band a balladist or serio-comic singer appears at intervals during the evening. Disorder is almost unknown. Women and children accompany husbands and fathers, and the drinking is performed with a dispassionate, thoroughly European regard for temperance and economy. A glass of beer is made to last a very long time there, and consequently to yield as much refreshment as half a dozen glasses taken as New Yorkers are apt to drink it.

A large body of Hungarians also claim the Bowery as their parade, and as this is written

they are holding a fair there. Two blocks away is "Chinatown," with its swinging lanterns and picturesque bannerets, and with its slippered figures tripping noiselessly about. Quite as near in another direction is the seat of the Italian colony — a street of towering tenements, apparently so crowded that the tenants can find room in them only while lying down, for in the daytime, when all are awake, the houses are swarming, and the sidewalks are all but choked with men, women, and children. However, though these people are in its region, they own no haunt or foothold in the Bowery, and therefore are not eligible to notice in this article.

In parting with the subject, let me add that the survival of the ancient "true American" spirit (always suspicious of danger to the Republic and always belligerent) still leads some good citizens to harbor deep suspicions of all that the Bowery typifies. They tremble lest foreigners, in numbers sufficiently great to maintain Old World customs, should endanger the existence of our own institutions. I do not read any danger in any feature that makes up the Bowery except in its vices, and they are human rather than peculiar to any nationality. The "true Americans" of the first half of the century were themselves the offspring of foreigners, and so, by no greater removes, are many of those who now carry forward the old patriotism. That is, in some degree, true of all of us except the red men, but it is especially true of New Yorkers. This city has always been an open door to foreign immigrants, and lately it has been their principal gateway. A few always linger here at the threshold of the New World, and, being thrown together again, establish so-called colonies or foreign quarters. Therefore we have the Bowery as it is. It does not offer any new problem or confront us with an unfamiliar condition. For more than two centuries the city's population has contained a very considerable admixture of persons foreign to those who have ruled it, and at times some of the new blood has been far less desirable than any considerable element which we are now taking into the national system.

Julian Ralph.

THE LONG AGO.

WHAT was it made the Long Ago?
Not summer sunshine, nor autumn rain;
Not sweet spring budding, nor winter snow,
Nor still blithe pleasure, nor yet keen pain.

For sure as the years roll round they bring
Their seasons, fair as the ones of yore.
But only robbed of that nameless thing
That Long Ago in its bosom bore.

I know not why I should mourn it so;
My love of to-day is more strong and true,
And the love of the distant Long Ago
Had died ere ever it fullness knew.

But still I yearn as one yearns who lost
A new-born babe in an earlier time,
Before these lads, with their locks uptost,
Were strong to clamber, and brave to climb.

It comes to me oft when I sit apart,
This tender want for — I do not know;
It has no place in the Present's heart;
It only lives in the Long Ago.

Julie M. Lippmann.

CHILDHOOD.

R. STEVENSON thinks that dogs suffer in reputation from intemperate and undeserving eulogy, and in one of his refreshing essays he comes, Carlyle fashion, "as one solitary individual," to their defense, and sets forth their winning weaknesses, their vanities, resentments, jealousies, and caprices.

I wish to imitate his chivalry by defending children from their self-announced friends, and the blessed Christmas-time is certainly a season stimulating to such an effort, so royally is it their festival the world over, and so persistently does the sentimentalist do what he can to deprave it — and them, and to put an end to our fondness for both; and though, to be sure, his success must always be slight enough, it is a pleasure to combat him. Sentimentality has falsified children even more odiously than dogs. Theatrical heroics are more interesting than a dead level of featureless sweetness, and do not misinterpret doghood by such a gulf as is fixed between life and the tradition in this other case.

Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is also vastly more pleasing and entertaining than the essentially fictitious. The race finally concludes that the comparatively dim Corot is a more gratifying work of art than the landscape of the dime-museum sign-painter in all the splendor of unalloyed blue, green, and orange; and in the metaphysical world as well, it is a moment dangerous to beauty, to health, to sanity, when we set up ideals that are quite divorced from reality. Children are not so white as they are painted, but they give the normal color-loving eye much more delight than if they were.

Not only their moral but their mental qualities are perverted by hearsay and magnified into the monstrous. Who would not feel a terror akin to hate of the infant human being, if he were, for instance, any such infallible judge of character as the sentimentalists continually declare him? Thank God, the facts show that he is no such thing. Perhaps it is perversity that inclines me to put gullibility first among the charms of childhood, but surely its place is not far down the list.

The ability to read people is rare and slight in any class. Shakspere seems to have failed in so crucial a test as the choice of a wife, and after that the rest of us should be content to let any happy conjunctions in our intercourse with our kind be accredited to fate, and not pretend to be judges of human nature — what it seems, indeed, no one is or can be, so unaccountable is the compound.

As to children, they are exactly what the scientific thinker would expect from *a priori* reasoning, their perceptions are undeveloped by experience, their vanity is unchecked by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and our usual standard of judgment, personal gratification, is with them unusually unqualified by any shadow of other considerations. All our lives long we pay so heavily for this universal short-sightedness that it is surely only fair that we should get some innocent pleasure from the exaggerated form of it we find in children. And indeed we may, if we find it pleasant to be loved; it is always open to every person, without the least regard to morals, to gather from their ranks an ardent company of worshipers. Moreover, so far have the sentimentalists worked to the advantage of the vain, that the man or woman who is the object of children's love is assured a special, half-superstitious regard from their elders — not only from their parents, whose softness goes without saying, but from entire communities, from passing car-drivers, and cynical old gentlemen at club windows.

To love children is certainly an amiable human trait, as is a desire to look pretty, or a fondness for using a nice voice; all these things show degrees of good taste, and a kindliness to others, not divorced from a pleasing readiness to be flattered; for of course the wish to be loved by them is one with the love of children. The high qualities of moral heroism and lofty idealism are not necessarily much more involved in the one case than in the other.

Yet so deep and general is the conviction that the love of children is an angelic trait, that I myself have had the bitter-sweet experience of receiving an extra meed of regard from my own family, who have had of course a long experience of my many stern virtues, simply because one summer I made myself the idol of all the four-year-olds in the village. My motive was very simple: overworked eyes and an absence of society threw my time on my hands, and in no other way, under the circumstances, could I get so much entertainment — nothing surely, for one thing, being so entertaining as adoration; and putting adorations with adorations, none other (I speak, it is true,

from a highly limited experience) is so flattering as a child's.

I may reason here in a cold-blooded way as to the moral non-significance of children's favor, but "saying aught we leave a world unsaid," and if in the beginning their preference indicates no special moral superiority, it certainly encourages desirable emotions of benevolence and tenderness, and these are so agreeable to their possessor that he feels that he is indeed angelically touched — a state of things not only pleasant but undoubtedly often salutary. Undeniably, too, these conquests have the solid charm of unmistakable success. In other things one waits long for even a degree of triumph, as in attempting an art, or one is perhaps never confident of the exact quality of his good fortune, as when a rich old gentleman marries a poor girl; but with children you are unquestionably assured of your own pleasantness when they are pleased.

Do not infer from this that I go with the sentimentalists as to the sincerity of childhood. Not a bit of it. Children are sincere enough when it is for their comfort, just as you would be if you dared, and in their regal indifference to incomes derived from the retail-grocery trade or the practice of medicine, have no mind to allow themselves to be bored; but for shameless play-acting, who can surpass your ten-months-old daughter, when, sitting on her mother's lap, her piteous wails ascending to heaven, she expresses, seemingly with flowing fountains of tears, her desire to possess your watch or to be tossed in your arms, but who, having gained her purpose, removes her knuckles from her eyes and opens them upon you in tearless luster? Practice does not yet enable her to command tears after the manner of Cleopatra and other ladies, but she does the best she can, and imitates the sounds and movements of weeping very creditably. She may look a little conscious of the perfunctory nature of the performance when it is over, and give you the benefit of her eyelashes as she scans you askance to see what you think of it, but there is more pride than humility in that part of the performance, and she evidently has no real doubt of the fact that it is all very charming — and neither have you.

The duplicity of children becomes more complex than this. I hesitate to lay an exceptionally sincere woman (of her qualities I speak with authority) open to the doubts certain to assail her candor, were I to tell her friends the story of the little red book; but here, with a nameless heroine, let it illustrate my point. She does not know how old she was when she endeavored to make the little red book an instrument of vengeance, but at least her legs did not bend over the edge of the chair; she has a vivid recollection of them sticking straight out in front of her, as she sat, book in hand, shedding bitter tears over some maternal chastisement. What chastisement, for what offense, is all forgotten, but there she was, and a sense of cruelty and injustice was burning in her soul. As she pondered her wrongs she thought she saw a way to transfer some of the smart of that hour to the far future of her oppressor. She adjusted that little red book, bent her designing noddle over it, and dropped upon it several big tears — how big you can see by the startling size of the white blotches on the faded cover to-day. Her clearly defined idea was that her mother would surely feel remorse strike home to her when in after years she should see that tear-stained volume. The stern parent was quite unsoftened by its pathos at the time, but, happening to see property thus endangered, took it summarily away, and left her daughter to stare, at very close quarters, at her own toes, without the relief of literature. But indeed I think the scheme was well considered, and that, despite all subsequent exposure of its methods, the mother cannot now see those white blotches without a slight pang — the tears fell from such a very little weeper!

Ah, there is the great point, the first and the last, in considering the charms of children — they are such little things! We ascribe to them the virtues we feel we ought to admire because in any case our hearts are so tender to such helplessness.

There is something suggestive and consoling in the gentleness of our judgments of children. They do not have it for one another. It comes with the sense of overwhelmingly dominating power, and if we permit ourselves that degree of anthropomorphism necessary to any coherent reflection upon God, we may please ourselves with the thought of how blessedly minute and touchingly good-for-nothing we must be to the infinite vision. It perhaps approximates some truth, and what more could be said for dogmas that have cost rivers of blood!

The Christian religion certainly teaches us to think those happy who have only to be forgiven for faults akin to those we minimize in children as "childish." "Except ye . . . become as little children?" To my mind it is not at all as if the text said, "Except ye become perfect," or "Except ye become as the angels."

Children are not often angelic, though there is a divine light about them, of which I have not yet taken sufficient account, which, often against the most patent evidence of their earthliness, makes us feel them so. They are earthly, but they are not normally worldly. That is a word of deep significance; it is the true antithesis of childlike; and all the moral superiority

that we can truly claim for children is that they are not world-stained. In which reflections lie some queer comments on the structure of our customary moral codes. It is the faults of hardness, of diseased vanity, of calculated self-seeking, of self-righteousness and of bitter judgments, and not smaller matters, such as lying and stealing and undisciplined appetites, that keep us from being as little children. Far be it from me, who am a citizen with business interests, to call these latter offenses small, nor can I suppose such childish offenders ready for the kingdom of heaven; but according to the standards of the New Testament we must admit that they are in a more hopeful state than the typical Scribe and Pharisee. There is no reason for supposing that becoming as a little child completes the work of grace, but it is stated as an essential preliminary. Whatever your standards, you assuredly must often feel how much more troublesome is pharisaical virtue than publican vice, how much more insidious and difficult to deal with. But this is a groan from an overcharged heart, and has nothing to do with the subject.

As there is nothing in our judgments of children to differentiate them from our decisions upon one another, except the clear-sightedness that comes from overlooking them, and the fairness and generosity resulting from a comfortable assurance that we are beyond their competition, it is instructive to observe that we apply to them something like Christian standards, finding offensive in them meannesses and coldnesses which are hardly reckoned in when we are deliberately estimating the moral worth of our peers; and correspondingly we are complacent toward such deflections as we are taught to condemn most severely in one another. No one hates a child for stealing sugar, but who could forgive him, even though he obtained his sweets in the most regular manner, if he habitually devoted them to knowing commercial speculations made at the expense of more eager and trusting infants?

And indeed, as to our condemnations and approvals of the grown-up world, if we are of the happy and right-minded majority who keep a proper distance between theory and practice, despite our consciences we continue to choose the society of many a kindly reprobate in preference to that of some highly respectable vestryman who demands continual tribute to his self-love, and has about as much sympathy as a chess-automaton. We are content to give him our verbal approval, and, against our opinion, we go in practice with Jesus of Nazareth, and seek the more childlike companionship. Happy is the generation that has had the beauty of childlikeness painted for it by Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and it is reassuring to remember that the preachers and the pious in general have approved that work of art; yet, still, many a young reasoner, arguing from accepted standards, must often wonder why, and, as with tears and laughter he sees the ever-recurring failure of dear Rip's good resolutions, must bless what seems to him a puzzling lack of logic. But the application of these Christian standards to moral codes is too delicate a business for the workaday world. It is hopeless at present to devise a penal code for the unchildlike (the groan for which I apologized a moment since as not germane to the subject has, after all, its place here), but it is a step toward that distant reform to study from life, not merely from hearsay, what children really are.

I find in them a mental superiority perhaps more marked than their moral distinction, if you will permit, for the sake of convenience, this arbitrary and superficial separation of the inseparable. The most telling fact for pessimism that I see is the demoralizing effect of life upon — must I say most people? At any rate, it is a question whether the majority benefit by their experience of this world; if they do, why should the word worldly have such dire significance?

The decline in nobility between twenty and forty is a standing subject of sorrow to the judicious, but surely it often begins long before, and from the first it is a mental as well as a moral degradation.

The little children of the race are intellectually more respectable than the majority of its adults. To be sure, it is their attitude and not their achievements that makes them so; but in estimating the human being as a mind rather than as "a screw in the social machine," who can help thinking the attitude more important than the achievement? The abounding intellectual curiosity of children, and their continual return to the biggest and deepest questions,— the origin of things, the sources and ends of being,— these are what make them superior. What if the questions can never be absolutely answered? Is it not infinitely more respectable to have them earnestly in mind than, accepting some mumbo-jumbo reply, to dismiss them altogether and to devote existence wholly to the frivolities we call business, or pleasure, or learning? What else was Carlyle's fundamental *raison d' être* but his power to recall us to a degree of the serious reasonable wonder with which we start in life?

Upon my word, I sometimes think that if the world were started now on a new plan, and peopled altogether with the middle-aged, religions, after going on a short time through the impetus of custom, would die out all over the world from this simple lack of interest in the questions they primarily undertake to an-

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON. OWNED BY ARTHUR ASTOR CAREY.

MOTHER AND CHILD. BY ABBOTT H. THAYER.

swer. As it is, the children force us to keep some sort of theory of existence furbished up.

Perhaps it is the seriousness of its interests that invests childhood with the mysterious, evanescent, exquisite beauty Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

The haunting charm of these lines is not the result of their doctrine, but results from a statement of it that subtly suggests this nameless other-world loveliness. Neither does my rashly ventured explanation explain — or, at most, it goes a very little way. We simply do not know what gives childhood such divine aspects. The fact is one of those grateful, poetical phenomena, of which the world happily contains several, that turn the edge of scientific explanations as the ambient air of some enchanted chamber in a fairy story resists Damascus blades.

Of course, in this case, it is left to the skeptical simply to deny this supreme grace to the miniature human being, and the candid observer must admit that children are touched with it in widely varying degrees. Nevertheless, if you wish, you will probably not need to go far to find a little child to sit in the midst of these scoffers, the sight of whom will simply shut their mouths with shame. With all the immortal pictures of the Christ-child in the world, I have never seen one that so echoed the special ineffable loveliness of soul peculiar to ideal childhood as does a baby, sitting on the mother's lap, painted by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, and first exhibited several years ago by the Society of American Artists. There was at that time among painters a good deal of discussion — a fact in itself flattering — of Mr. Thayer's technical methods and achievements; any one who sympathizes with the painter's point of view in this picture must find that its technic achieves the one great success — that it pictorially, happily, and subtly expresses his feeling for his subject. The sight of it brings over one afresh the sense of the unfathomable miracles of the painter's art — that mortal man can so infuse matter with spirit, and bend materials so stubborn to ends so exquisite. This child has the light of heaven in its face, the light of heaven just fading before growing wonder at this strange world, and faintly shadowed by a timid shrinking from its unknown ways that melts the heart with its pathos and its beauty.

Rare as this perfect flowering of the human being must always be, I have seen the same look on one little face after another throughout my life, and its significance passes beyond the range of our reason's conscious grasp. It is a portent and a wonder, and sings songs to the soul no words will ever say.

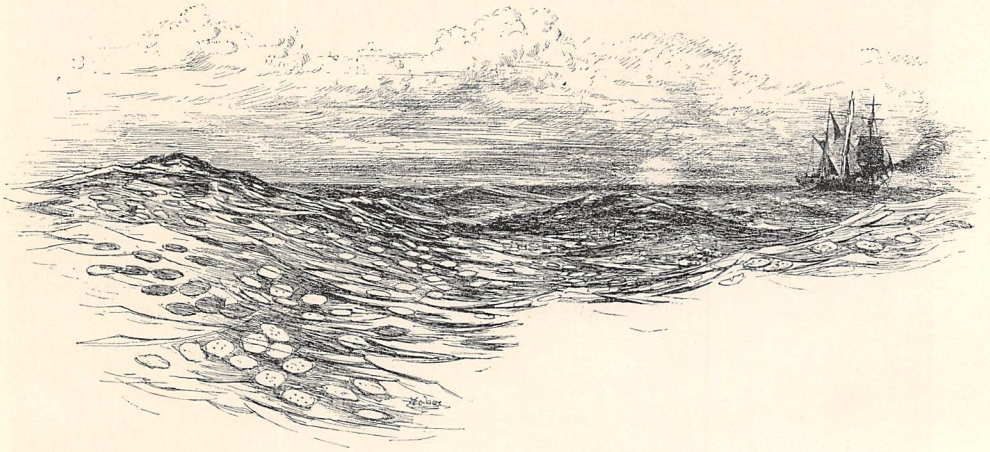
The fact that so many of us, like Mr. Wegg, decline and fall pretty steadily through life, tells for pessimism, but it is still overbalanced by the optimistic sign given us in the spiritual height from which some of us start; and this sign is none the less impressive for being so mysterious. I do not allow myself to be cast down because these angel faces are often borne by babies who need spanking much oftener than they are likely to get it, for there is a great deal in the richest ore besides gold; but, I admit, it is sadly depressing to see so many children who give little sign of a birthright of grace. How can any one declare he adores them in the lump, after the sentimental manner, when the very infant in arms so often shows a soul-sickening, self-evident likeness to an aggressive, stupid father, or a sharp, vulgar little fool of a mother? Still I believe the case is not then so bad as it looks to the casual but sensitive observer. A wise woman tells me that it is not the sheer fatuity of folly that enchants people with the most unprepossessing young one when it happens to be their own, but that truly it is only its own family who can ever really know a baby's charms, and it is her belief that if we could have all the evidence before us in even the most unaccountable case, we should see that the worshipers were wiser than the scoffing world.

We all know that the tiresomest brat can present wonderfully appealing aspects — say when only the little back is seen, and its sleepy wee head has fallen trustfully on a grown-up shoulder. Science may account for the pull the sight makes on your heart-strings, but in some way, after you have duly informed yourself as to the evolution of the emotions, it is still apt in experience, like childhood's own gaze, to carry tidings to your deeper, perhaps all but unconscious, self of precious undiscovered possessions and kinships in the universal sources.

Viola Roseboro'.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

HOLY NIGHT. BY FRITZ VON UHDE.



THE OCEAN FROM REAL LIFE.

I AM now gray with age, and looking back over the eventful career of my life, am impressed with the adage, "An old man for counsel, but a young man for action."

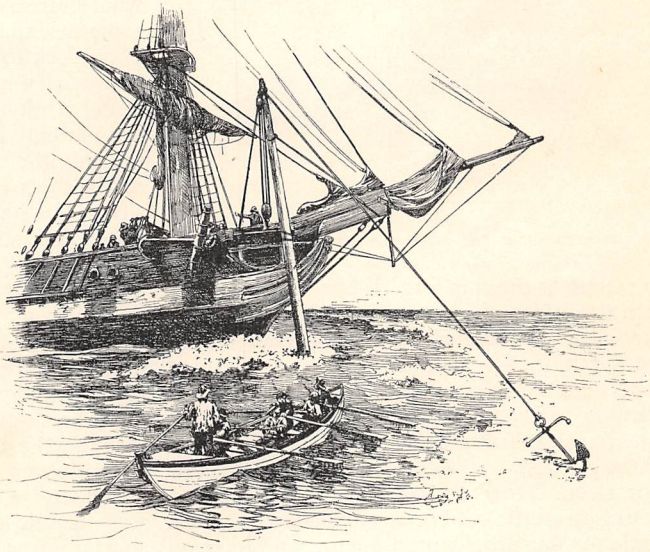
The scene of my story lies in real life,—my own experience on a homeward voyage, from the coast of New Guinea in the Western Pacific Ocean to New Bedford, where my ship, the bark *Brewster*, belonged, and whence we had sailed now twenty-one months before. The usual incidents and vicissitudes of so long a voyage in the whaling business had been mine to meet. With a difficult set of officers to govern, the factor of good fortune in my enterprise had helped me out. Meeting whales off the north coast of New Guinea, we had been obliged to discharge all our surplus provisions and fresh water into the ocean, to make room for the sperm oil, which was then worth in the American markets $2.65 per gallon. I well remember the seeming wasteful sight, as we turned the forty-six-inch casks of hand-packed biscuit, one after the other, into the smooth sea. The biscuits will not float one on top of another, and the contents of each cask would cover nearly an acre in area. It was a novel sight to look upon. The molasses went down to sweeten the home of the squid and the octopus, while the salt beef and pork, flour, etc., became food for sharks. Eagerly we battled with the whales. They stove our boats; we rebuilt them, and continued the fight till at last we had a full cargo of oil.

So near had we measured our need for water that we had barely enough to last us to an anchorage, where we obtained a supply. I must not stop to speak of the pure character of the German missionaries we found located in New Guinea, or the strange habits and simplicity of the primitive man. It would make a long story in itself, and I must take a departure on our eventful homeward voyage. Passing the Yowl Islands, then through the Gilolo Passage (which is a public highway for sailing ships *en route* for China and Japan), we entered the Dammer Strait, and the following day came out into the Molucca Passage, where we saw two New Bedford whalers, from one of which we received our first letters from home, written five months before. The next morning we saw whales, and captured a small one while in sight of the ships, which was vexatious no doubt to them with the ill luck they were having. Signaling a good-by to them as soon as the whale was cut in, we made sail to the west toward home, passing the Xulla Islands, and through the Bouro Sea. In ten days we arrived at the mouth of the Bouton Passage, which leads into the Java Sea. We were at dusk about two miles from the Islet Cadoopy. The sea was smooth, the wind was strong; we felt a sailor's satisfaction in knowing exactly where we were, which is always a happy factor in navigation. The rising moon gave added confidence, and the beautiful scenic picture of a ship, with all the royals and studding-sails set, bowling along with wind abaft the beam, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, homeward bound, every heart overflowing with happy anticipation, can be fully appreciated only by the sailor. Mark here the illustrative lesson of the changing fortunes of life, alluded to by the biblical story. "Take thine ease and be merry." Why should I not be merry, indeed? Below in the cabin sat my wife, who had been

a passenger with me during the voyage, who as a companion could not be excelled the world over. The cargo of oil we had obtained would be worth, if we could get it safely to market, more than three hundred per cent. profit on the outlay of the voyage. We therefore had much goods laid up in store, and as I went below and sat down with my wife, it was in my heart to take mine ease and be merry, as we neared the renewal of all the pleasant relations of home. Hitherto I had been taxed only with the vexatious incidents ordinary to a long whaling voyage. Thereafter all was changed. Instead of taking my ease and being merry, I was brought in conflict with disaster and difficulties that tried my soul and tested the strain that nature may endure. Directly in our chosen path lay a demon, low beneath the water, with needles rising above, that terror of the sea, the coral reef. It was not laid down in my chart, which was the English survey and not so correct as the Dutch.

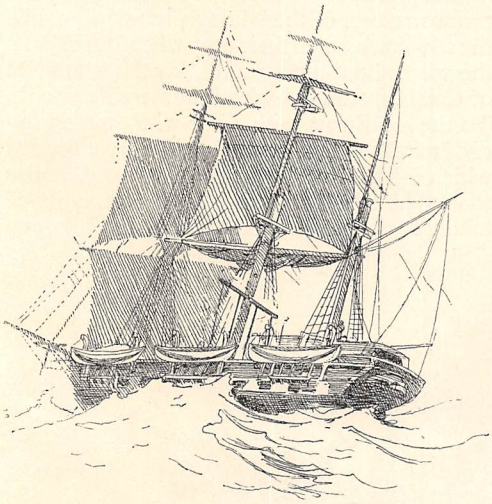
There was a crash. Two planets might equal it, coming in contact in their flight through the air,—or two railroad-trains; nothing else could. I was thrown senseless against the partition, and thought some one had struck me with a heavy stave. Then came a yell at the gangway, "The ship 's ashore!" I gathered myself together and sprang to the deck. All was wild confusion in place of the order that had reigned. The sails were slamming in the wind's eye with such force that the masts were vibrating like saplings in a typhoon. Men quailed, as well they might. Rising to the emergency, however, I cried at the top of my voice, "All hands take in sail!" Instantly every man sprang to his place. They were well drilled; it was the usual practice order, calling the starboard watch aft, the port watch forward, and each strove to outrival the other in execution of orders. Thirty-two men all told composed the crew, and before the sails were all furled we had discovered, first, that we were hard and fast on a wall-sided coral reef, into which we had driven about eight feet. A boat was sounding with lead and line, but no bottom could be found abaft the foremast. It was apparent at once that no purchase could be rigged to draw the ship off, and if at all it must be such a one as would push and lift. With care a boat could float in places over the reef. A spare topmast was soon pointed over the bow, with a kedge on the reef; the spar was raised, its square end planted close to the bow, the small end guyed to the foreyards and jib-boom. To it was attached our cutting-tackle. Lashing the lower block to the heel of the bowsprit and Sampson bitts, we had a perpendicular strain, and hove all we dared by the windlass. Just then it was discovered that the tide had fallen some. We had now been at work about three hours, and a rest was ordered. Distressed in mind and filled with foreboding, I was constantly measuring the danger and our chances of escape.

To the east of us, some thirty miles away, lay a chain of low islands, one of the most notorious resorts of the Malay pirates, who, like the sea-shark, smell their prey when afar off. To the west, about ninety miles, lay the south end of Celebes, studded with innumerable shoals. To the southwest, with a fair wind, three hundred miles away, lay the island of Java, toward which I had decided it was the wisest course to flee should we be driven to the extremity of taking to our boats. Much would depend upon at what point of the ebb-tide we had struck the reef. With tackles over the forehatch we began hoisting out the cargo furthest forward and filling the deck as far aft as we could stow the heavy casks, in order to bring the ship by the stern, and so ease the bow on the reef. About midnight, to our great joy, the tide had ceased to ebb and a little flow was perceptible, which at 3 A. M. was full up to the measure when we struck. Manning the windlass to heave on our purchase, the ship suddenly launched from



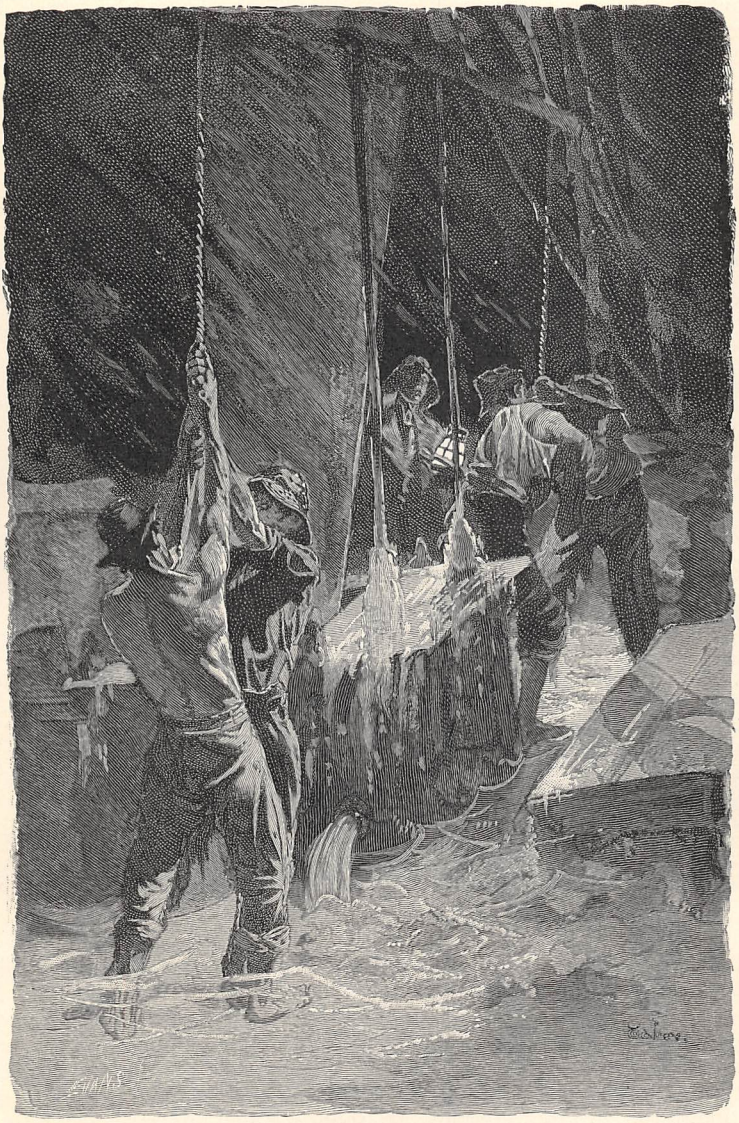
LIFTING THE SHIP OFF THE REEF.

the coral maw which had held her, and swung round side by side, anchored to the reef by the paraphernalia we had used. The sharp points were grinding against the bilge of the ship with ominous sound, as she now lay head to the wind, pressing on the reef. The danger of the moment was imminent; no time must be lost if we would win. Holding a stern strain on our kedge hawser, we got another spar in position against the reef, reaching over across the bow, and with a good sixfold purchase hove the ship's head off so that the jibs and then the foretop-sail filled, and we were safe. By letting go and cutting, our gear came down with



THE PUMPING-SWEEP ATTACHED TO THE MAINMAST.

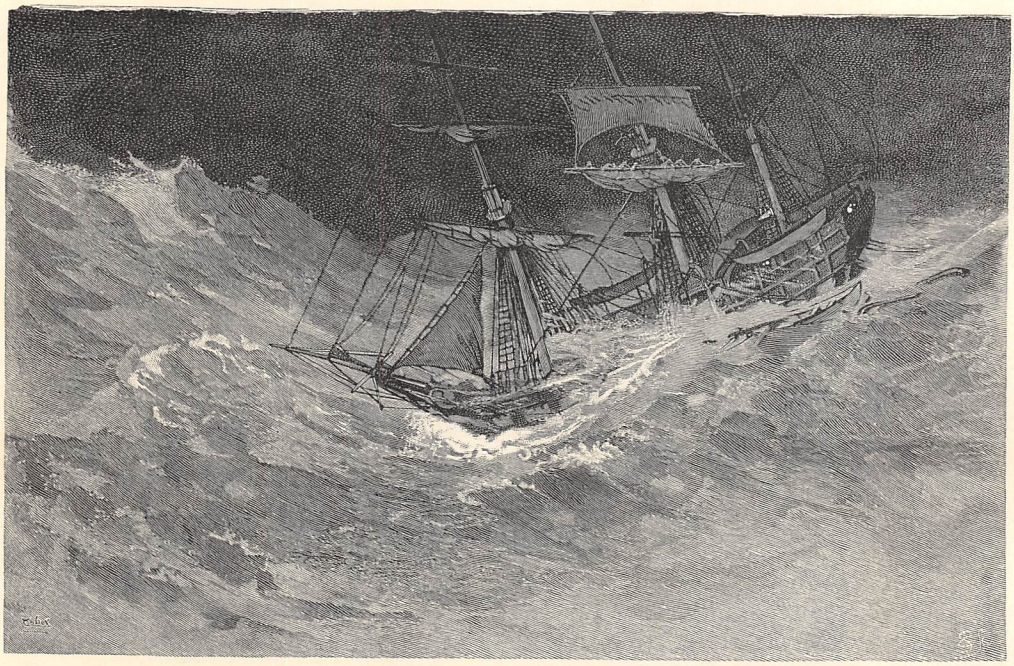
a whang as the ship forged ahead, passing only ten yards from the outer point of the reef. We had left a couple of tons of material on the reef, but in less than two hours everything had been transported on board, anchor, spars, hawser, and all. We resumed our course, steering south-southwest through the Bouton passage, and the watch was ordered below for sleep. How we had worked! The strain had been terrible. We were filled with gratitude for our providential escape, and later on finished stowing off the hold and got everything snug again. We struck a porpoise from the bow. He dived, and unable to haul him forward, I said, "Put a tackle on the line and haul till you part it," which was done. We afterward saw the fellow towing by the line, which was foul in the fore-foot where it had been chawed up by the reef. There was some leaking, but nothing alarming, and two days later we anchored at Soerabaya on the east end of Java, for the purpose of procuring fresh supplies, water, wood, etc. Notwithstanding my warnings to the men as they went on shore for the usual liberty allowed, they were imprudent, as improvident sailors are apt to be, and my troubles now began in earnest. All hands were on duty the morning we left port, but scarcely had the pilot got out of sight when one of the men came to me complaining of being sick. He died eight hours afterward from Asiatic cholera. Alas! it was the first death on shipboard I had witnessed in a long service. Several others were now prostrated, and, filled with alarm and apprehension, I spent the night studying the medical books and administering to their wants. The next day our situation became truly appalling, with thirteen men prostrate with the most alarming symptoms of the disease. We were now sailing west through the Java Sea toward the Straits of Sunda. The sea was smooth, the wind light; the sun was hot and fiery. We had been so long in those eastern seas that our ship was filled with vermin, the most troublesome of which were the roach and the red ant. The heat was intense below the deck. The well were growing dispirited, for the second man had died while the burial service of the first was being performed. Through the influence of the service we were all somewhat braced up to our duty, and getting out some new spare sails a tent was made over the poop-deck to protect the sick from the night air, and all were moved and comfortably bedded there at night. Eleven now demanded constant attention, and besides these my wife and several others had shown the first symptoms of the disease through the day. I could not sleep; if I had a spare moment I could only think and study. Burdened with care and anxiety, filled with awe at the threatening aspect of our situation, I had no desire for sleep. The following morning the third man died. Another was taken with alarming symptoms requiring prompt assistance, and for the first time strong men quailed with fear and drew back. Only harsh authority kept them to their duty through the day. Toward night we hove to and disposed of the dead after an impressive burial service, conducted by my wife. A prayer was offered, and when all was over I made a short address to the crew, and we braced forward and made sail. We were now approaching a cluster of small islands called Thousand Islands. There was no practicable recourse but to sail in among them and find our way through. Common prudence dictated that we should heave to and take daylight next morning for the passage, but I felt a desperate desire to reach the open ocean and obtain a change of air, and thought my situation warranted the risk. Till long past midnight I was watching and directing from aloft, with short visits to the deck to see the sick, and we had then passed safely through. Morning came — a bright beautiful



"WHICK, WHACK," DAY AND NIGHT.

day. It was Sunday. With one exception there were positive symptoms of improvement among the sick. We were now entering the Straits of Sunda. The open Indian Ocean lay beyond where I felt sure the change of air would prove beneficial. I was worn and exhausted, not having been conscious of sleeping for five days and nights. Alas! there was no sleep that day, for we soon had some six or eight barges alongside. Traders they were who ply to and fro in that highway of commerce with their wares, such as yams, bananas, dates, monkeys, birds, bric-à-brac, etc., trading with the passing ships. They were natives of Java, noisy in the extreme, and most unwelcome visitors they were to us. Toward night we were free from them, the way was clear, and with the setting sun my hope was rising. For the first time since leaving port I lay down and slept. Next morning with one sad exception the convalescence of the sick was more marked. This one lay very low through the day, and at four the following morning he expired. That day at sunset we hove to with maintopsail aback. Sad and mournful it was, the burial of this the fourth of our ship's company in the deep sea. Three were Americans, one a native of the Azores. All were noble, right-minded men, who had done their whole duty in every emergency. Alas, the seeming recompense!

Drawing out into the broad ocean, the strong southeast trade-winds now embraced us, and we were driving along into the long swelling sea, with the gale abeam. That night the sick were all up and about, though some were yet too feeble to go on duty. The influence of reaction from danger to security was upon me. The pumps had proved no leak of consequence, and I took to my berth and slept as only a sailor can. Suddenly a shrill, piercing cry came to my ears: "All hands on deck! the ship 's sinking!" Rushing up, and grasping the situation at a glance, it was too apparent that the text of the alarm was true; the heavy, lethargic motion of the ship told the tale. At once the order was given, "All hands shorten sail!" A new fight was before us, and every man had a chance to prove himself for all there was in him. The ship hove to under easy sail. We found four feet of water in the hold; the strain of pressing into the billowy sea had opened the wound made by the biting reef. We pumped, yes, we pumped; we pumped, and gained, and in twenty hours we had her free. But human endurance has a limit, and the necessity for additional power was at once apparent. A labor-saving whiz-jig was now devised; it was a cross-bar of oak, high above the pumps, with standard and a center pin-bolt, driven through into the mainmast; the pump-spears were lengthened by white oak slips to the cross-bar, and with a soft tow-line pulley from each end it seemed like fun, comparatively, for two on each side to pull down, first one side, then the other, and so work both pumps in alternation with every stroke—whick, whack, up and down. Our pumps were large-chambered, and with the power now acquired would throw two continuous streams of four and one half inches diameter, and swell the water over the top of the pumps. The deck was so flooded that raised platforms were spiked down, so that the men might keep as dry as possible while pumping in ordinary weather.



THE SHIP ENCOUNTERS A "GRAYBACK."

Off we went again, pumping ten thousand strokes per day, which steadily increased and soon reached upward of twenty thousand. Gloom and depression reigned in every heart. The pumps were being worked more than four fifths of the time, and the labor bore hard upon us all. The situation needed but one more factor to make our burden as great as we could endure, and it soon appeared. We had taken from home about twelve tons of stove-coal, but had no occasion to use it. This I had stowed in one of the chain-pens, beside the mainmast, to make room, as one pen had proved large enough to hold both chain cables. The third mate went down before it was put in, to examine the ceiling and see to it that none of the coal could get through to the skin of the ship, and so get to the pumps. His carelessness was proven by the coal, which now began to appear; the pump-boxes clogged

with it so frequently, we were obliged to shorten sail, hoist out the pumps, and send a boy down the pump-wells in a bowline to gather the coal as far as he could reach, and send it up in pails.

To unrig the pumps, hoist them out, and get them in position again was a masterly job, as any sailor knows, especially in a gale of wind or a rugged sea, but we must do it or sink, and if we did it once we did it forty times on the passage home. As we approached the vicinity of Mauritius, murmurs came to my ears. I heeded them not, and talked of Port Elizabeth and Algoa Bay, in the Cape Colony, as good resorts if the leak should increase upon us. I had visited Mauritius on a previous voyage, and knew it to be the home of the land-shark, whose bite was to be dreaded in a wounded enterprise. Whick, whack, went the pumps, and when I went to my bed for sleep, I lay counting the strokes until the pumps sucked or choked with coal. If the latter, and they must be hoisted out, I was up at once, as I would not trust the oversight of that operation to any one but myself, since a slight accident might prove fatal.

On the 21st of September we were close up with the Cape of Good Hope. It was the season of year when the most treacherous weather prevails, and many a good ship had here come to grief. It was worth about one hundred per cent. to insure our safe passage, but I had no recourse, I could only go forward. As we passed Algoa Bay the murmurs of the men were more pronounced; they were ready to abandon the enterprise, and their spirits were only matched by the weird appearance of nature, for the sky that day grew black as ink. So dark was it at noon that we were obliged to light the binnacle, in order that the helmsman might see the points of the compass. The barometer, a sure indicator in that region, had warned me of impending storm. A heavy southeaster was suddenly upon us; it grew strong and boisterous with the approach of night. We sped along in the roaring sea, with whole topsails, foresail, and maintopgallant-sail set — egads, what a night it was! The furious sea boiled over the rails, and filled the decks. Every crack that led below had been battened tight. The inky darkness, the roaring of the wind, the sea filled with phosphorescent light filled one with awe at the insignificance of man, and with wonder that he should dare to brave his fate and boldly trust his genius for guidance in such a scene. The wind increasing to the force of a hurricane brought us down to a close-reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail, as we boiled along on our mad career. A constant fear of the possibility of mistake in my calculation of our position was dissipated at 11 P. M., when to my great relief we saw the Cape Agulhas light, which we passed within a distance of two miles.

Whick, whack, went the pumps all the long night, and only next day did we succeed in freeing them for a short rest, when we were well around the dreaded cape, having made six degrees to westward in the twenty-four hours, with the help of a strong current which always runs over the Agulhas bank. Old Ocean had held high carnival, and at Port Elizabeth, which we passed about noon, thirteen ships dragged, or parted from their anchors, and were piled upon the shore that night with great loss of life. This we learned at St. Helena by advices from Cape Town.

Good weather now prevailed, and our sun of hope seemed again on the rise; but the demon of evil, in such constant pursuit of us on this eventful voyage, here dealt another cruel blow.

The first officer was prostrated with inflammatory rheumatism. He took to his bed, and did not leave it again during the remainder of the voyage. It was a loss we could ill afford in our crippled condition. Two weeks after passing the Cape of Good Hope we anchored in the roadstead, at the island of St. Helena. This had been in line with my plans for some time back. The ship was hove by the stern as much as possible; and clearing the forepeak, we calked and battened and repaired, so that I flattered myself the leak would be at least considerably reduced.

My wife and I abandoned for a day the gnawing care which had preyed upon us, and, taking a coach, we made an excursion to Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon. The road up the mountain-side runs at an angle of forty-five degrees with a sharp turn every two miles, thus making the same track that a ship would sail in beating to windward. It was cut in the solid rock by convicts, under the government of the old East India Company. Arriving near the top, the ships, as we looked down to the harbor, had the appearance of miniature boats. After visiting the renowned localities, where we were waited upon by French officers, we attended the Sunday-afternoon service, in an English church, as we rode through the rural district, and came down the valley road from an elevation of seven hundred feet above the sea.

Procuring water and supplies, my business on shore was in a few days completed. I had obtained the ship's papers and a clearance, and was about leaving the American consul's office, when some one called and delivered a paper, which, after looking over, he handed to me. It was a communication signed by eighteen of my crew, setting forth the condition of the ship in such terms as they chose to represent, calling upon the consul to cause a survey, and inform-

ing him that meanwhile they had determined to do no further duty on board. I had feared some demonstration of opposition, and when it appeared in this form was startled at what might be the possible result. I quietly related to the consul what had happened, the personal risk I had at stake, my duty as I conceived it to be, and told him, if he would leave the matter with me, I had no doubt but their grievance could be straightened out. He politely informed me that he had no desire to interfere unless I needed his assistance. I thanked him for his appreciation of my position, took leave, and I repaired on board. There was a disagreeable stillness in the air; the officers looked gloomy, and the forward hands were all below. I made no inquiries, and felt that I had none in whom I could for the moment wholly confide. I was soon prepared for the conflict, and ordering the second mate to call all hands aft, walked the deck until the insurgents were all assembled in the waist, on the port side. I then faced them, and inquired, "What's the matter?" There was no answer until I put the question to the "lawyer" of the forecastle.

I listened to all they had to say, and then addressed them dispassionately, measuring the situation from my own standpoint. Acknowledging the hardship that had overtaken us, I spoke of the duty of all to bear up under it and obey; of my own to maintain good order and obedience; and finally, promising to forget their indiscretion, I ordered them to the windlass to take the anchor; but not a man was willing to obey. First one, then another, ventured remarks, each a little more impudent than his predecessor. The routine order and respect for authority which had governed our daily lives so long was a condition of the past, to restore which now became the first necessity. I had quietly directed to have the handcuffs near at hand, and, selecting the weakest man in the crowd, I ordered him aft to the second officer, and directed him to be put in irons. Before they awoke to opposition, we had secured three in that way. Having exhausted the weakest element, I now took the other extreme, and ordered the ringleader to follow. He sneered at me, and with an oath swore that no man should put him in irons alive.

Instantly drawing from my breast a revolver that had before been hidden, with a step toward him, the weapon leveled for his sight, I ordered him in a thundering voice to move or I would blow his brains out. A graveyard full of ghosts could not have frightened him more. He made haste to obey, begging me not to shoot as I followed him. The scene now assumed a more serious aspect to them.

I was at once master of the situation, and when all were ironed I inquired when they would be ready to go to their duty again. A reaction had occurred in Mr. Spokesman's courage. He replied, "Never, while God gives us breath." With this declaration they were confined below, grouped so that they would be of as little social value to each other as possible. We then got the ship under way, and drifted under easy sail, with the southeast trade-wind, out of English jurisdiction. The novelty of the situation wore away with the eighteen confined below. I finally listened to their importunities, and with one exception had them relieved and brought to the position where I had last met them. They had found they were no match for the desperate determination of one man in authority, who would maintain his command at all hazards. Satisfied with their change of heart, and feeling that I still had a great undertaking before me, I finally took them each by the hand in token of my forgiveness, and ordered them to their duty. The ship was now on her course with all sail set; all hands were on duty with the exception of two, the mate who was sick in his berth and the "sea-lawyer." The latter had given me a great deal of trouble on the voyage, and was the leader of this insubordination. He was brought up from confinement, and by my order seized to the rigging and prepared for punishment, all hands being called to witness it. When all were gathered aft he felt that his hour of settlement had come. He had learned at last with what manner of man he had been trifling. Begging piteously to be forgiven, and promising the most faithful attention to his duty for the future, I finally claimed that only our misfortunes warranted my decision, and after a severe warning forgave him, and remitted a punishment I had not intended. By this episode the devil was driven overboard, and the men went cheerfully to their duty, satisfied that they had been in the wrong, and willing to make amends.

Whick, whack, went the pumps. We had a little more rest than before, but not much, when the wind was strong; and so we worked along, as fast as possible, across the equator, then through the northeast trades, and finally neared the American shores with dread and apprehension; for it was late in the month of November, when the passage in a good ship is sometimes all that a sailor wants to encounter. There was no escaping the fact that the leak was gradually gaining upon us, so that in boisterous weather we had all we could do to keep her free and carry much sail. Entering the Gulf Stream with a southeast gale, we were running in a high sea, reducing sail gradually that night, as the wind increased, with a half-watch below for sleep. We had not been able to make the pumps suck, though they had been going constantly. At 2 A. M. I became

suddenly convinced that we were in danger from the accumulation of water in the hold, and the furious sea now raging, and determined that we must come under storm-sail and heave to. I would not call all hands,— they were overworked and must sleep. *I* could be up all the night and all day myself, and catch a few minutes' standing sleep as I could, but I must nurse the strength of the men if we would endure the strain. The pumps were abandoned and sail reduced with all possible despatch; the foresail was hauled up snug, the maintopsail clewed down; then came the tug of war. When it seemed a favorable moment the wheel was ordered hard aport, and the ship came boldly up to the wind, striking a sea that delivered a blow with ten thousand tons of water. An ominous crash, and two of the six boats we had were torn from the cranes, and with davits and all were swallowed by the angry sea. Not a man could have stood upon the deck and lived. Like so many monkeys we were running aloft as the sea struck, and if the masts stood the strain we were all right. Fearful now that the men could not handle the sails in the terrible gale, I asked the second mate to go up and oversee the work, while I would relieve the man at the wheel, and send him up to help. While I stood watching the regular seas, each a counterpart of the other, suddenly there arose, a few seas off, what sailors term a "grayback," a sea towering high above its fellows. It came rolling on. I was the only man on deck; the loneliness of my situation, the menacing force of the sea — well, I am willing to acknowledge that for the first time since adverse fate had followed us I was frightened. A peculiar fright seized me that went to the marrow of my bones. I thought of those below; the mate was very sick now, so that he required watchers constantly. A retrospect of past events flashed through my mind that would take me a month to put upon paper. I thought of the struggle and the bold fight we had made against adversity, and felt a sense of injustice, if at last we must sink in the sea and lose our lives so near the goal. The sea, a towering wall, rolled high above the the ship. Like the falls of Niagara, with terrible force it broke; a crash overhead, as the two spare boats were stoven to splinters and the hurricane-deck demolished. Clutching the wheel with determined grip, I was buried deep in the sea, and thought my last hour had come. That blow seemed like the forlorn hope of the enemy, for soon the decks were free, the bulwarks and everything loose were gone. The sails were furled and reefed; we lay to under a close-reefed maintopsail and foretopmast-staysail. Whick, whack, went the pumps now, for thirteen successive hours. When at last she was again free, continuous gales enabled us to get on but slowly, and on the fourth night from this we saw Montauk light, and the following night, November 28, 1865, our remarkable voyage was ended, as we anchored at New Bedford, one hundred and three days from Soerabaya. The next day it happened that I was weighed, and on the seventh day after I was again weighed and turned the scale with a gain of eight pounds avoirdupois; so great had been the strain of care and anxiety coupled with physical exertion.

A fateful destiny had ever seemed following in the wake of the *Brewster*, in which I had now made two successive voyages, covering a period of four years and nine months. She was repaired and fitted again. Four of our men took service on the new voyage, and when the wind was fair and the sky was clear, she sailed away over the treacherous sea — the sea, the sea! No tidings came or ever returned to the friends who were left behind, and we know not how, or where, the merciless sea finally subdued its prey and swallowed the feast.

John A. Beebe.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

INTRODUCTION.

IF a man die shall he live again? This is a question which every one of us must seriously face, and answer to ourselves, sooner or later, and upon this answer will largely depend our conduct and our views of life itself. As age draws near, and youthful ardor gives way to retrospect; as one by one friends pass from sight, and the common fate confronts ourselves; are we to face our coming doom with the despair of the condemned criminal, or

> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams?

The Christian meets the issue with a hope that reaches beyond the grave. But even to the Christian must come times when the hope grows dim and doubts press in, and he is forced to realize that hope alone does not necessarily imply conviction. Even such hope has been comparatively a late comer into the world, and multitudes of the human race have lived and still live and die without it. Thus the answer of human testimony is conflicting. Unlike the belief in freedom of the will, the belief in immortality is not an immediate deliverance of our consciousness, but rather an attainment, more or less difficult to all, and not to be accomplished without effort. To this belief the Christian attains through acceptance of revelation and faith in the assurances of a divine messenger to man. This must ever be the most satisfying, readiest, and most common method of attainment — a method which appeals to all, and which requires no philosophic study for its apprehension. But we think it will be the uniform testimony even of the Christian believer that faith is not always triumphant. As we stand by the bed of death and watch the unconscious struggles of departing vitality, nothing manifest but the automatic action of the physical machinery; as we survey the lifeless form, and stand by the open grave; or as we mark the sudden extinction of life,— at one moment view a self-conscious, self-determining personality, the next behold but an inert, lifeless form,—who is there who has not felt the rise of questionings which can never be answered, and, face to face with this mystery of daily experience, felt the risings of doubt, and realized with sinking heart that faith is not always the companion of conviction? The heart would fain believe, but the intellect falters and hangs back. It becomes therefore of supreme importance to all earnest minds and loving hearts to inquire whether this faith can be securely linked to intellectual conviction. Must it ever and always rest upon revelation alone, and can we never expect to find, outside of such revelation, at least such a reinforcement of its claims as shall insure unassailable belief?

From this point of view the question, What has the science of to-day to say about the problem of immortality? appeals to all. Viewing the universe from the standpoint of science alone, does immortality, or a future life for man, appear as the only reasonable conclusion?

If any large number of representative men of science were thus interrogated, a small number would undoubtedly be found to hold that there is scientific evidence both for and against such a belief. A somewhat larger number, possibly, might reply that such scientific evidence as existed at all was dead against any belief in immortality. But undoubtedly by far the larger number would insist that such belief must ever rest upon grounds which science does not touch at all, and that all such questions are entirely beyond its scope. For this latter class Professor Huxley has well put the case for all.

"With respect to immortality," he says, "as physical science states this problem, it seems to stand thus: Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness which has been casually associated for threescore years and ten with the arrangement and movement of innumerable millions of successively different material molecules can be continued, in like association, with some substance which has not the properties of 'matter and force'? As Kant said, on a like occasion, if anybody can answer that question, he is just the man I want to see. If he says that consciousness cannot exist except in relation of cause and effect with certain organic molecules, I must ask how he knows that; and if he says it can, I must put the same question. And I am afraid that, like jesting Pilate, I shall not think it worth while (having but little time before me) to wait for an answer."

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

THESE three positions would, I think, include all men of science. I wish to discuss here the

first position, viz., that there *is* scientific evidence for the belief in a future life.

Professor Huxley's statement of the problem, just quoted, does not put the issue exactly, as we apprehend it. The belief that consciousness can be continued hereafter "in association with some substance which has not the properties of matter and force" is one the very statement of which removes it at once from the pale of scientific discussion. With regard to such a belief Professor Huxley's remarks seem quite pertinent. But a belief that the same consciousness which has in the past associated itself with myriads of successive molecules, by that very fact proving that it depends in no wise upon specific molecular arrangement, can continue in the future so to associate itself with other successive molecules, is a very different belief from that which Professor Huxley attacks. Belief in a substance which has not the properties of "matter and force" does not appear essential to belief in a future life. The future life we believe in is based directly upon the manifestations of matter and force as interpreted by science, not upon their negation, and if any one asks how we know anything about such a belief, that is just the question we purpose to answer.

Upon this question science appears to me to have much more to say than has been commonly supposed, and what it has to say seems quite as conclusive as many beliefs which are unquestionably held upon scientific grounds. It is always within the province of science to employ legitimate inferences from observed facts. Its proudest claim has been its ability from a study of the past to foretell the future, and if this process is to continue to be considered as sound, then it seems to me that science, as it exists to-day, furnishes material for an argument of the greatest strength in favor of immortality.

Perhaps the most brilliant and striking illustration of this power of scientific method is furnished by the discovery of the planet Neptune. By rational inference from observed facts the conclusion was reached independently by two astronomers, Leverrier and Adams, that far beyond the orbit of Uranus another planet must exist. By further rational study of the known facts the place of this new planet was fixed. Finally, when Dr. Galle turned his telescope to the indicated place, the planet was found.

Suppose, now, that when Dr. Galle thus turned his telescope to the place indicated no planet had been observed. Suppose that, from that time till now, we had never been able to verify the result of the astronomical calculations. What, under the circumstances, would have been the scientific value of the conclusions of Leverrier and Adams? Would the conclusion have been any less scientific because not verified? Would such verification by actual sight have been considered essential to establish the validity of the conclusion that such a planet must exist? By no means. Astronomers undoubtedly would have been forced to conclude that, whether visible or not, the planet existed. This conclusion would have been necessitated by the consideration of the observed facts; and even though the test of experimental verification were forever withheld, the existence of such a planet would have been regarded by them as an undoubted fact, and not as a visionary speculation.

Now the scientific argument for a future life is similar in its character to this supposed case. Irresistibly indicated by the facts, the character of the argument and the validity of the conclusion are not less scientific in every sense, and should be no whit less conclusive even though the test of experimental verification is withheld.

But in every case of satisfactory inference the argument is based upon certain accepted principles. In the scientific analysis which led directly from the observed facts of certain irregularities of motion in the orbit of Uranus to the conclusion of the existence of Neptune, the fundamental principle was the law of gravitation. Observe that such irregularities were, considered in themselves, facts which were apparently in direct contradiction to the accepted principle; but instead of regarding such facts as evidences against this principle, the discovery itself consisted in bringing them into harmony with it. That supposition, which was necessary and sufficient to produce such harmony, was thereby constituted a sound conclusion. Without this fundamental principle no conclusion could have been reached. Indeed, without this principle astronomy itself would be only a mass of empiricism, and could have no philosophy nor ever rise to the dignity of a science. Men might observe the heavens and multiply observed facts, but the key to their interpretation would be wanting. Under such a state of things we might conceivably find astronomers themselves regarding the probable existence of a planet beyond the orbit of Uranus as a very problematical hypothesis. They might, in such cases, divide into three parties upon such a question, just as scientific men now do with respect to the question of a future life. Some might hold that there was evidence for and against the hypothesis, for it would at best be only an hypothesis. Others might hold that the facts were dead against the existence of any such planet. Others, again, might claim that such a question was entirely beyond the scope of astronomical science, and remark that "if

any one knows of the existence of such a planet, as Kant said upon a like occasion, he is just the man I want to see; and if he says there is no such planet, again I must ask how he knows that." This would evidently be the position.

But now introduce the fundamental principle of gravitation, with all its logical consequences, and see what a change. At once order comes out of chaos. Observed facts take on mutual relations, and lead to irresistible conclusions. The statement of the existence of a planet beyond the orbit of Uranus is now seen to be a necessary result of the constitution of the heavens. The facts before supposed to be dead against such a supposition are now the very ones which lead to its acceptance, and there is one attitude of universal consent. Whether the planet can be seen with the naked eye, or with the telescope only, or not at all, still its existence must be accepted because it alone can bring the observed facts into harmony with the demands of the fundamental principle.

To give to our discussion of the question of immortality scientific value, therefore, we must be guided by some similar principle upon which scientific men will agree upon purely scientific grounds. Without such a principle we cannot expect observed facts to reveal mutual relation, or to lead to convincing conclusions. Without it, the belief in immortality must, from the point of view of science, be regarded as but an hypothesis. But if such a principle can be established on scientific grounds, we may then expect general assent. Whether the conclusion can be verified by experience, it is at once taken out of the region of debatable hypothesis, and takes rank as a scientific inference which must be accepted, if found to be in harmony with accepted truth.

Can we establish such a principle as a guide for our discussion, which shall thus bring order and relation into the observed facts, and in the light of which we can hope to read the future of the race? And can we firmly establish this principle upon purely scientific grounds?

I think we can, and this principle I would state as follows:

The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should therefore be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose.

This principle I hold to be the direct outcome of what we know of nature, as necessary for harmonizing our knowledge as the assumption of the existence of Neptune, and I therefore claim it as a strictly scientific deduction from known facts. Let me briefly give the process by which it is, to my mind, completely established as a scientific conclusion.

It is admitted as an undoubted fact of science that the universe is so constructed that any change in any of its parts is a change which affects the whole. This is but a restatement of the law of gravitation itself. If the motion of so much as a single atom of matter is changed, the motion of every atom in the universe must be thereby affected. Every man of science will admit this as a certain conclusion of science.

It is also admitted as an undoubted fact that physical contact between any two atoms or ultimate particles of matter never takes place. The nearer they approach, the greater the force of repulsion between them. Whatever theory of the constitution of matter we accept, whether we adopt the hypothesis of a discontinuous ether or the vortex theory of Sir William Thomson, it is accepted as conclusively demonstrated by experimental test that atoms can never come in contact.

But if this be so, how is it that a change of motion of one atom can affect not only the neighboring atoms, separated as they are by spaces which relatively to the size of the atoms themselves are immensely great, but can also affect all other atoms in the universe? No mechanical answer to this question has ever been found. It is and has always been an inscrutable mystery. From the physical point of view this mysterious fact has no counterpart in what we observe, no analogy in our experience, and cannot therefore be explained in terms of the rest of our knowledge.

But now, when we come to a study of our own organism, we find this mysterious fact to have a very striking connection with our daily experience. We find the evidence incontrovertible, that within our organism certain portions of matter are governed by mind, and move in accordance with the dictates of will. Thus every voluntary motion which we control is a manifestation of underlying mind. As we follow the sequence of cause and effect, we finally arrive at some molecular brain-disturbance, and there, as with the physicist, mechanical explanation can go no further. Here again we meet the same inscrutable mystery. The underlying will sets in motion at some point in the brain molecular disturbances, the outcome of which is the voluntary act. Given this disturbance, we can trace, more or less clearly, a continuous mechanical sequence of cause and effect. But the bottom fact of motion itself, which to the physicist admits of no interpretation in terms of the rest of his knowledge, now appears as a fact of experience in connection with mind. We are thus obliged to recognize mind as an essential condition of motion, so far as voluntary action affects ourselves.

But these brain disturbances, which thus reveal to us the action of mind, must affect the motions of every particle of matter in the uni-

verse. This is admitted. The conclusion is therefore irresistible, and in solid accord with experience, that mind, even as manifested in ourselves, affects the entire universe. We are thus forced to conclude that the universe is so constructed that in every part and throughout its whole extent mind not only can but does affect it. The very assumption of uniformity, the basis of all science, is a direct corollary of this view. We observe everywhere an invariable sequence of cause and effect, so that, having observed any action in the past, we infer that if the same conditions were to recur the same action would take place. In terms of mind this can mean only unvarying purpose, which, because it is unvarying, must always act the same when the conditions or antecedents are the same. Thus uniform action takes on meaning and significance, and instead of being an ultimate fact is seen to be a necessary consequence.

If now all our experience were confined to observation of ourselves alone, and no other facts or phenomena were observable by us than those which we ourselves furnish, we could not imagine even a possible exception to this conclusion of a universe governed by mind. In such case every action we could observe would be seen to end ultimately in what we could prove beyond doubt to be mind action, and we should consider it as demonstrated that in mind, and mind alone, all motion had its origin. The chasm between mind and its material manifestation would be still as impassable as ever. But this chasm would not be that which confronts the physicist. The origin of motion, which for him has no analogue in his experience, would be explained fully in terms of the rest of our knowledge by referring it to mind.

Our observation, however, is not confined exclusively to ourselves. Everywhere in nature we observe motions which are not due to the action of human volition. What shall we say of such? What can we legitimately conclude, in harmony with what we already know, unless we admit that since some of the phenomena we observe are beyond doubt due to mind, and such mind action undoubtedly affects the entire universe, thereby proving that the universe is of such a nature that throughout its entire extent mind affects it, therefore all the action and motion we observe, whether due to our human volition or not, must likewise be referred to the action of mind?

Does this seem "mere analogy"? Well, it is none the less scientific on that account, and none the less convincing. There seems to be a prevalent belief that scientific truth is based upon what is called "rigid demonstration." Outside of geometry I cannot name a single instance of what can be properly so called, and even in geometry and mathematics, pure and applied, the conclusions arrived at are always contained in the premises themselves. The complete statement of any problem involves its solution. In no branch of science can demonstration ever yield what the premises do not contain. So-called "rigid demonstration" is only that which does not go outside of the premises, and which produces conviction. It stands simply for a high degree of certainty, and in every case rests upon analogy and cumulative evidence. Every great scientific generalization is an illustration of the use of analogy. The discovery of the law of gravitation itself is a case in point, and it is worthy of note that of this very force—"the very muscle of Omnipotence"—Sir John Herschel has said, "It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness or will existing somewhere."

This is precisely the conclusion at which we have just arrived, and it seems so absolutely demanded by the facts, so directly in accord with the rest of our knowledge, that it must carry conviction.

We assert then, as a demonstrated scientific conclusion, that back of all phenomena in nature we are forced to recognize controlling mind. No philosophy of science can safely cut loose from this conclusion. The verification of this conclusion must be found in its power of harmonizing all our knowledge into one consistent whole, of detecting relations otherwise hidden, of unifying our views of nature. Such verification is the highest that any scientific conclusion can claim. Let us point out briefly how satisfactory in this case such verification is found to be.

It seems to me that very much of the scientific philosophy of our day goes astray simply because it endeavors to cut loose from this principle of mind as the basis of all phenomena. We might conceivably, for example, trace clearly every stage in the progress and evolution of the earth and its inhabitants, from the primitive nebulous state to the present time. We might recognize every successive step as the necessary consequent of the antecedent conditions. We might thus, conceivably, exhaust the entire physical content. But yet the real relation of each step to the antecedent conditions would not be even touched. We would have a multitude of facts more or less coherent in groups, it might be, but no unity throughout. No guiding principle upon which to base such unity would be discerned. We should observe a process, but no plan; orderly change, but no purpose; mind and intelligence emerging from matter and force, but no antecedent mind and intelligence. This, indeed,

seems the bias which to-day warps much of our scientific philosophy and builds upon sound facts a top-heavy structure. The assumption seems to be that if we can trace the mechanism, and exhaust the entire physical content, we shall explain everything, and the intellectual and moral content will be necessarily included. The physicist, dealing exclusively with matter and energy, may be quite right in confining his study to the purely physical aspect; but when he proceeds to construct a philosophy of the universe, such a position is an insufficient basis. To deal with phenomena and ignore that which lies back of all phenomena, to attempt to unify all knowledge by disregarding that which gives significance to unity, is to fail at the very start.

THE GAPS IN SPENCER'S SYSTEM.

THE most striking illustration of this bias is furnished by that system of philosophy which to-day has put its stamp upon all scientific thought. Herbert Spencer, in an outline of something like 4500 pages, has made the serious attempt to unify all human knowledge, to comprehend in one principle every event that has ever occurred in the entire universe, to reduce all science and all human knowledge to a single principle—that of the "persistence of force." The bare statement of the attempt is stupendous, and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophic achievement of this or any age. It is an attempt, moreover, in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such unity is the dream of science. Its progress is marked by such striving, from Kepler and Newton to Darwin and Spencer. The attempt has been carried out by the hand of a master, and stamps its author as among the first philosophers of the age.

Now this philosophy of Spencer assumes to be a logical whole. Upon this unity its value as a system depends. Without such unity parts may cohere closely and remain of great value, but it is then only a system in ruins — no longer a monolith, but a series of detached blocks, each perhaps complete, but without bond of union. This, it seems to me, is exactly the case, and it accounts, perhaps, for the poor success of those antagonists who, realizing more or less clearly this weakness, have tried to assault the system in detail. In such a logical whole any lack of unity must be due to the premises. Now it seems to me that the best verification of the principle we have enunciated, viz., that all force is the manifestation of mind, would be obtained by pointing out that unavoidable gaps occur in this system, and that these gaps are completely closed by the admission of our principle. Once admit this principle into the premises, and, with little change, the system becomes a logical unity, and at the same time the most comprehensive and conclusive argument for theism that science has yet framed.

The system starts with matter and force, and that is all. Mr. Spencer explicitly states that between mind and matter there is a chasm which logic cannot cross. Yet it is precisely this chasm which he is obliged to cross. For, starting with the persistence of force alone, he is obliged somewhere to obtain mind as the outcome.

Here then is the first gap, and it seems to illustrate clearly the bias I have referred to. Only the physical content of "force" is recognized. Of anything back of force there is no mention. Starting, therefore, from a premise which does not include mind, no mind can be logically deduced.

But in the light of our principle, we see at once that "persistence of force" resolves itself into existence of mind, and uniform action is the manifestation of purpose where action is invariable so long as conditions are unchanged. We start thus with mind in our premises, with purpose back of force. The word "force" has thus a deeper content than the physicist recognizes, and the gap is at once closed.

The same holds true as to the introduction of life and consciousness. No life without antecedent life, no consciousness without antecedent consciousness, becomes now a conclusion for which we do not need to imagine some possible exception at some indefinitely remote period of time. With life, mind, intelligence, we start. They are in the premises. They belong there by scientific right, and thus from a purely scientific standpoint the gaps close up in perfect accord with theism.

Again, Mr. Spencer lays it down as a fundamental axiom that the deliverance of our consciousness must ever have for us a validity transcending all else in certainty. This is the highest sanction truth can have, the strongest ground of conviction. Yet the demands of his system force him to a conclusion which this very consciousness denies. For in not recognizing mind as the basis of all natural phenomena, and conceiving of force as divorced from intelligence, he is obliged not only to evolve life, consciousness, and mind from matter, in spite of the chasm between them which he himself admits to be impassable, but he is also forced to deny the freedom of the will. In a universe of matter and unintelligent force only, mind, even if evolved, must be wholly circumscribed by material conditions. But this directly contradicts the deliverance of that consciousness which he himself concedes as supreme. This consciousness of freedom is the common possession of all mankind. No man requires it to be proved, though untold volumes

have been unsuccessfully written to disprove it. When all is said, and argument has been exhausted, we still remain as sure as ever of our freedom, simply upon the irreversible deliverance of our consciousness. This is as it should be in a world based upon mind. The supreme validity of consciousness ought not to rest in such a world upon formal logic, or be a late and difficult attainment of intellectual conviction. It is with us, born in us, part of us; and a system of philosophy which recognizes its supremacy, and is yet logically forced to deny its validity, stands self-condemned.

Moreover, such freedom is the basis not only of our laws and the adjustment of justice between men, but the basis of moral obligation itself, which stands or falls with it. This is the outcome of Mr. Spencer's philosophy that has chiefly and properly aroused opposition, and gives to it its antitheistic character. Upon this point the theologic fire is especially turned. Unfortunately it has been considered necessary in order to capture this issue to batter down the solid ramparts behind which it finds shelter. This is not necessary. Admit our principle into the premises, and the denial of free will, with all its consequences, ceases to be a logical necessity. It then appears as an unnecessary addition, not an essential part of the structure. The pages devoted to the task of denial can be stricken out without injury to the coherence of the whole. In the light of our principle, we need not go outside of our premises to admit freedom. As the end of creation, we share to some extent the attributes of the will which guides creation; to a certain extent we exercise the same power of causality; within certain limits matter obeys our behest, even as all matter is subject to mind, and we possess conscious personality, free will, and causality as partakers and co-workers with mind, through the possession of mind.

Here, then, we have a system which embraces the moral and spiritual as necessarily as the material and physical; and not the "persistence of force," but the invariableness of that which underlies all force, is the solid basis of it all. Without this guiding principle the facts lose coherence and significance,— they mean nothing,— and the entire system falls into fragments. With it meaning and purpose light up every step, and fragments are organically related, and the stupendous work of Spencer, which has been so violently attacked in the interests of theism, becomes the most convincing and comprehensive theistic argument science has ever framed. That it will one day be so regarded, I firmly believe. It will not be the first time in history that such a result has been attained.

I have devoted this much of space to the establishment of our principle because it is the corner-stone of our argument. It is a principle which to-day hardly needs to be dwelt upon, and I might well have felt justified in assuming it as a conceded fact. The scientific basis of theism is recognized practically by all scientific men, whatever their religious beliefs or their views of a future existence. None occur to mind, and Spencer least of all, who do not recognize in nature the workings of a power back of nature, to which all must be referred. The testimony on this point is united and overwhelming. I have thought it well, however, to give what seems to me the most direct and convincing of the many converging lines of thought which center in this conclusion. We see it to be a fact of science that mind affects matter; that this action of mind is felt through the entire universe; that the universe is thus capable of responding to mind. The only conceivable view in harmony with these facts is that all phenomena are due to mind.

Once recognize mind and purpose back of all material manifestations, and the question of man's future state becomes one upon which science may have much to say. As, without the unifying power of the principle of gravitation, the existence of Neptune would have been but an hypothesis, and could make no claim upon general consent, and since in the light of gravitation observed facts and even apparent contradictions take on mutual relation and lead to conclusions which all must admit; so, in the present case, without our guiding principle facts appear devoid of significance, and immortality becomes but an hypothesis which science cannot definitely settle,— while with it, order, mutual relations, everywhere spring into view, and the hypothesis gives way to certain conviction.

Looking back now over the whole vast scheme of orderly evolution, each step the revelation of purpose directed toward some end, what are we forced to conclude as to man's relation to this purpose and end? We see a vast interplay of force and matter, on a scale far surpassing human comprehension, leading up to consciousness and life. This consciousness and this life appear in strict accord with antecedent conditions. If we could reproduce those conditions, we should expect again the same action. The result we must regard, therefore, as the action of mind guided by unchanging purpose. Then, still in accord with progressive conditions, we observe an orderly evolution of mind, emerging in conscious identity and the conviction of freedom. Then come to the front moral responsibility, spiritual progress, conscience, self-denial, and character, all pointing in the light of purpose to some yet far-distant goal, and thus at last we are forced to re-

gard man as the result of all this mighty process, as designed for some end commensurable with the vast agencies which have called him forth. And now, if all this wondrous development, based upon mind at every step and with purpose attested by uniform action at every stage, which has led steadily up to the final result of self-conscious mind and spirit embodied in material existence, is to end in collapse and utter extinction of the very result attained, what a ridiculous mouse the mighty mountain has brought forth! What a gigantic failure! A process seen clearly to rest upon everlasting purpose, a plan conceived in intelligence and discerned by reason, is found to be but aimless and purposeless activity, which ends by destroying the very object attained. Can such a conclusion stand for one moment the test of reason?

JOHN FISKE'S POSITION.

As Professor Fiske has put the case:

> From the first dawning of life we see all things working together toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize humanity. Has all this work been for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? On such a view the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that any one has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for accepting so dire an alternative. For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.

From our point of view we can go further than Professor Fiske. We can hold immortality also a demonstrable truth of science itself, because, as we have seen, such faith is at bottom the soundest basis of demonstration which science can claim. Demonstration, even in science, can go no further than to show the high probability of certain observed relations, and the very existence of any relations at all can be accounted for only on the basis of underlying reason and purpose. Uniformity itself, the very foundation of science and scientific demonstration, is the necessary result of the action of unchanging purpose. To our mind, therefore, Professor Fiske's statement is itself a demonstration, for its rejection implies the contradiction of that principle of divine causation which we have seen to be a sound scientific induction, in accord with all we know and verified by the whole structure of scientific knowledge.

OBJECTIONS TO A BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

THERE are scientific facts and analogies which are generally regarded as subversive of a belief in a future life. The changes upon these have been rung so often and so persistently that the impression is common that the weight of science is dead against any such belief. Let us examine the most weighty of these objections, and see how in the light of our principle they fade away.

The first and perhaps most obvious is that, as we see both the beginning and the end of the action of man's will power, analogy suggests an end to the will power itself, *i. e.*, to man's soul. To begin implies to end. In other words, the end of an orderly process governed by purpose toward the attainment of that end ceases to exist as soon as the process itself is completed. If a man manufactures an article by an orderly process, as soon as the process is completed the manufactured article, which is the result of the process, disappears! We see the beginning and end of the process; hence the end attained ceases with the process. The objection needs only to be stated in terms of our principle, to disappear. In any process the end only becomes manifest when the process itself ceases. To the will power back of all natural action we can discern neither beginning nor end, and when we observe in the unfolding of that action through a long series of changes, guided at every step by purpose and culminating at last in man, a cessation of the process, the only sound inference is that the end in view has only just been attained.

Again, it is objected that if man is only the last in a series of organic existences, starting from the lowest, and if consciousness has itself been a gradual development, then it seems difficult to suppose any such break in the series as is implied in the passage from mortality to immortality. The point of this objection lies in the assumption that continued existence is a break in the series. If consciousness has already associated itself with matter for some threescore years, is it hard to admit that it may continue so to associate itself in the future? How about the "breaks" involved in the evolution of life and consciousness itself from inorganic matter? Is it more difficult to suppose the continuance of consciousness when once evolved than to conceive of its evolution?

Again, it is urged that consciousness as a condition of every living organism is observed to cease with the dissolution of that organism. The inference is that it cannot exist without

that special organism in which it has once been manifested. It is hard to see the validity of such an inference. We observe consciousness as a condition of many diverse organisms, from microscopic forms to man, not restricted to any one special form. We find it surviving constant changes in the material of each organism, amounting to a periodical complete change of the material constituents. In the light of these facts and of our principle, we see that since conscious mind is at the bottom of all material manifestations, it is manifestly inadmissible to make its existence depend upon the dissolution of any special and constantly changing form.

Again, it has been alleged that there is no sentiment or emotion manifested by man that is not traceable in some degree, however slight, in animals below man, and immortality of the personal consciousness for one would imply immortality for all. "There would seem to be no reason," says a well-known naturalist, "why certain early protoplasm should have been left out in the cold, and hence there should be some chance for every toadstool and thistle."

Immortality, it may be replied, is not claimed for consciousness or mere power of sensation, but for self-consciousness, for self-determination, for personality, for conscious identity. Consciousness such as this is not the property of all, and is not possessed by every toadstool and thistle. Not the survival of consciousness but the continuance of personality and conscious identity is the point at issue. Still, it may be urged that such conscious identity may be claimed for many animals besides man, and the objection, though modified to exclude toadstools and thistles, may still apply far down the scale of life. Even this claim might be disputed. Conscious identity is an abstract conception, and animals below man have not yet been proved capable of abstract thought. Still, waiving this point also, our principle easily refutes the objection. Once admit meaning and purpose in the universe, and the objection is answered. From this point of view the statement of Lotze is unassailable, "that every created being will continue whose continuance belongs to the meaning of the world, and so long as it does so belong; whilst every one will pass away whose reality is justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course."

From this point of view there is much in nature very significant in its bearing on the point at issue. Admitting an orderly development from inorganic to organic, through plants and animals to man; admitting that the sentiments and emotions of man are traceable and foreshadowed in lower forms of life, let us turn our faces toward the future instead of the past, and, in the light of reason and purpose running through the whole process, ask, not whence and how these things have come, but whither do they point?

When we do this we observe at once one very significant fact which marks man off from all the lower animals, and stamps him unmistakably as the end of the physical process. This fact, which has been dwelt upon by both Dr. Martineau and Professor Fiske, is the vast disproportion which exists in him alone between his faculties and his physical needs. Everywhere else in nature we find perfect adjustment between organ and function, of means to ends, of faculties and physical requirements. Indeed, the theory of evolution itself demands that such shall be the case. The animal produces new organs, by modifications of those already existing, only in accordance with his needs and the pressure of environment, and thus keeps in perfect adjustment with that environment, but in the very nature of the case can never rise beyond it. Development follows need, and never outruns it. This is another proof of the action of mind in molding matter. Mind lies back of change. To eat, avoid enemies, live and multiply, sums up the whole of animal life. Not an instinct, propensity, habit, appetite, or passion is observed which does not exist solely for these ends. Should such appear, they must at once be lost, for the animal has no need for it. He cannot accumulate a store of useless mentality. We see that the dissolution of such an organism means that it has served its purpose. The statement of Lotze applies at once.

THE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR.

How different is the case with man! Where is this exact adjustment, and what is the meaning of its loss? Appetite, passions, instincts he shares with the animals, gets them from the animals if you will, but satisfy them all, leave him not a physical need unsatisfied, nor a bodily want unsupplied, and only then does he really *begin* to live. The energy for such needs and wants is a handicap on his true development. He strives incessantly to get them out of his way with the least effort possible that he may gain room for spiritual ends. These are his pressing, impelling powers. His environment is spiritual as well as physical. What is this spiritual environment for? For what is it fitting him? He must needs know the secrets of nature, pry into the formation of far-distant worlds, and tell their courses and periods. The worlds of large and small, of time and space, open before him. He interprets by reason the workings of reason everywhere about him, allies himself with his fellows in social bonds so strong that the very animal instincts, desires,

appetites, and passions which are the means of development for the lower animals are by him opposed, subjugated, ignored even, for higher ends. He is impatient of them, feels them as restraints, and beats against them as the imprisoned bird against his barriers. He alone can treat this physical life as dross, and lightly toss it away for the sake of spiritual truths. He alone has it in his power to bring will into accord with right reason, to coöperate as an active agency with the supreme will, and he alone can build up character by voluntary action, in the light of reason and in defiance of his animal inheritance. He claims immortality as his by the divine heritage of hope. He is the hoping animal.

Toadstool and thistle indeed! What does this enormous endowment in excess of physical needs imply? It must *mean* something. This cannot be without import. If in a world of purpose and intelligent design science, from a consideration of man's physical similarity with the lower animals, can unfold his past, can she not with equal certainty, from a consideration of his dissimilarity, prophesy his future? Does the revelation of design in nature hold good only in the backward view? Shall science tell us of man's descent and have nothing to say of his ascent? Man is not fitted to this world. He is hugely over-fitted. He has broken loose from physical environment, and has passed up, through, and beyond it. "From the moment," says Wallace, "when the first skin was used as a covering, . . . the first seed sown, or root planted, a grand revolution was begun in nature,—a revolution which in all the previous ages of the world had no parallel; for a being had arisen who was no longer necessarily subject to change with the changing universe, a being who was in some degree superior to nature, inasmuch as he knew how to control and regulate his action, and could keep himself in harmony with her, not by a change of body but by an advance of mind." And what an advance! His environment is no longer physical, it is spiritual. The physical environment has served its purpose and produced him. Has this new environment no purpose, and is it fitting him for no ulterior end? Reason, intellect, awe, wonder, the sense of beauty—do these things in man merely feed the body? Conscience—what does it mean, this scourge of disobedience, which we find to be sharpest and most imperative on the first offense, but which becomes blunted and dies out through repeated action? This is no mere punishment. As a punishment it is a failure—precisely the reverse of what it should be. As a punishment it should be light at first, but heaviest under repeated disobedience. All physical suffering and penalty act thus. Why should the reverse hold true for the soul? This is not penalty, not *post*-, but *pre*-monition, not a punishment for the past, but a warning of the future, and it acts most vigorously precisely when most effective for this purpose, ceases when this purpose is useless, and flings man back to the stern tutelage of outraged law.

Justice demands immortality. The unequal distribution of happiness, disasters mingled with pleasures, misery side by side with happiness, the hard, unequal lot of many, bearing the heavy burden not only of their own but of others' transgression—the sins of the father visited upon the children, ignorant transgression punished with merciless severity, lifelong pain, and suffering, and misery of soul and body incurred through no conscious fault—is all this for some ephemeral and far-off benefit to a short-lived race, drifting onward to final extinction on a cooling planet? And shall there be no compensation to the individual? No hereafter where the patient sufferers of earth's injustice and nature's pitiless reprisals may look back through the vista of years and see unfolded before their glad eyes a vast plan of wisdom infinite, of righteous justice, of goodness and mercy; may rejoice in sufferings past, as they trace the influence of their suffering lives, and begin to understand at last their share in the wondrous plan, and look forward with glowing anticipation to continued coöperation and loving service!

Or take love. Is there no difference in this as manifested in man and the lower animals? Does it count now for the individual alone, or even chiefly? An impelling power which puts self in the background and brings to the front self-sacrifice, self-denial, duty; smoothes the rugged path, and makes desirable action which would otherwise be intolerable; which attaches man by every fiber of his heart to others as though in very assurance of unbroken fellowship hereafter; which implants in the deepest depths of his being the unquenchable hope of immortality—is there no meaning in this? "It is," says Dr. Munger, "related of an Arab chief, whose laws forbade the rearing of his female offspring, that the only tears he ever shed were when his daughter brushed the dust from his beard as he buried her in a living grave. But where are the tears of God, as he thrusts back into eternal stillness the hands stretched out to him in dying faith? If death ends life, what is this world but an ever-yawning grave into which the loving God buries his children with hopeless sorrow?" Shall men have the "soul of a seraph and the fate of an ephemera"? Shall love and adoration rise for countless ages to a God who has no reply? Cannot man demand immortality by the "inexorable logic of love"?

Or take man's intellectual advance. Why should he read the work of design everywhere about him; why this insatiable thirst to *know;* why the revelation of power and wisdom and design and love in and about him, till, offspring of earth, he lifts to heaven adoring hands and names "Our Father"; why should he only just begin to learn the capacities of his being, the nobleness of his intellect, the infinitude of the universe, and just begin to appreciate what he must reluctantly relinquish, as his longing eyes close in everlasting death? Is not the reluctance itself a premonition, the very longing a promise? And what a waste is here! "It takes all mankind to make a man, and each man when he dies takes a whole earth away with him." "It is to the honor of human nature, and what can be said of no other creature, that the best fruits of all together suffice for no more than to make each one what he may be." Or take the great fact of death itself. Everywhere in nature we find death to be the first step of further progress, the invariable antecedent of higher life, the prelude to entrance to another state. Each stage is the heir of all the past. Can it be that man is the sole exception, and that for him alone of all created beings these facts have no significance? Everywhere in nature we see the workings of a process keeping every step gained and steadily rising to the next, always taking over into the next stage all that has accrued in the past, transforming inorganic into organic, tending then upward to higher development of life, then passing into mind, ever subordinating material to mind, passing on into the spiritual realm, and culminating in a self-conscious individuality. With the birth of this individuality man enters upon the scene as a new creation. And now shall the next stage for that being prove like all the preceding, the inheritor of all the past; shall we take over into the next stage all that has accrued in this, or shall man prove the sole exception, and in the next stage of his life-history leave behind him the culmination of it all? Looking backward we can see each gain foreshadowed in a previous gain.

Does self-conscious mind, the last gain of all, foretell no future?

These are facts of nature and science. Scientific thought cannot ignore them. Their interpretation is as legitimate, as necessary, as conclusive as that of the rocks and stars. In the light of purpose they are as decisive of man's future as the structure of his physical organism is of his past. If the record of the past is recorded in his skeleton, his present endowment of soul, mind, and body is prophetic of his future.

Here, then, man stands as the terminal bud of the tree of life, the end of a mighty process, with a meaning which interprets the process, but which cannot be identified with it. "In the beginning psychical life was but an appendage of the body, in the end the body is the vehicle of the soul." In the light of purpose, this means something. "If we can imagine," says Professor Fiske, "a future time when warfare and crime shall have been done away with forever, when disease shall have been for the most part curbed, and when every human being by moderate labor can procure ample food and shelter, we can also see that in such a state of things the work of civilization would be by no means completed. In ministering to human happiness in countless ways, through the pursuit of purely spiritual ends, in enriching and diversifying life to the utmost, there would still be almost limitless work to be done. I believe that such a time will come for weary and suffering mankind. Such a faith is inspiring. It sustains in the work of life, when one would otherwise lose heart."

It is indeed a noble hope and faith, and the process means this in truth, must mean this at least. But does it mean no more than this? Such an outcome is grand, but ephemeral. Earthly civilization, no matter how complete, must one day pass away. The earth, science tells us, is but a cooling cinder, and the time must come when it will be no longer fit for human habitation. The tribes of men on its surface are but as fleeting shadows. Such an outcome is less durable in the scale of the vast process than the fabric of a dream, and its very grandeur only emphasizes its failure. Even fully developed humanity is only the prelude to extinction. Some end other than this, some faith higher than this, must justify our belief in the "reasonableness of God's work."

CONCLUSION.

THERE can be but one conclusion in terms of the rest of our knowledge. Happiness, enjoyment, the enrichment of life, these are pleasant things, but this earth, as science reads its future, cannot be their lasting abode. They are a means but not an end. They have their purpose in the scheme, and work toward the final aim. Misery, want, warfare, disease, crime, sin, sorrow — these we call evil things. We even question why such things should be, and call their existence a mystery. But these, too, are means to the same end, a part of the same process, neither more nor less mysterious than all the rest, and must play their part also in the attainment of the final aim. This aim may well be happiness in the end, but that end is not here. Here the road is *designedly* thorny, and passed with suffering. Such happiness as we

find here is ever and always the outcome of intelligent voluntary action in obedience to the guiding will. It is well and right to strive for happiness here, because its attainment is linked to righteousness. It is thus an incentive to impel us on, at once a motive power and a promise of the future. It has no meaning divorced from the future. Here is surely no mystery. Suffering we find ever and always the result of violation of law, whether wilful or ignorant. It is in our power to diminish it. It is right and proper thus to strive. It is both an incentive to such effort and a scourge to disobedience. It works in the same direction as happiness, and to the same end. Happiness itself loses meaning without it. Why should we seek to make a special mystery of this, as though man had an inalienable right to happiness apart from voluntary right action?

Could we not then have been set in a world of happiness perennial, free from sorrow, care, suffering, and sin, where disease and crime should be unknown, and man could live in blissful ease, a stranger to pain? And what then? Beginning with such a stage, man would have no future. Then, indeed, the reason for his existence would cease with his organism. Death itself should be unknown in such a world, or else it must be a world without human affection. In such a world there is no future outlook, no progress, no discipline, no self-development. In such a world freedom of will would have no significance, voluntary action no moral consequence, choice would be meaningless, obedience a figment, character an impossibility. Why should such an automaton live forever? Why should such a colorless, fiberless ghost and nonentity live at all? Without happiness as the reward of conscious striving, without suffering as the punishment of disobedience, without conscience, duty, self-development, such an Eden would be stripped of all meaning, and would stultify the power that produced it. The millennium of Professor Fiske may well be the end, but it must be the result of our coöperation, an attainment, not a gift falling to heedless hands. We must take into it those self-developed qualities of soul and spirit, which it alone could not produce, but which, once produced, are eternal, and the previous existence of which alone can render such a state desirable. These qualities we must ourselves attain; for this reason we are here, to attain selfhood. For this we have the gift of conscious personality, the consciousness of freedom, the ability to choose, the responsibility of choice. Here we find the true meaning of this our life, and begin to understand the mystery of pain and sin. Intelligence is ours, to guide but not to govern us. We must govern ourselves. We must voluntarily conform to the supreme will, and not find ourselves without effort in accord with it. Our intelligence itself we must attain to; it is not furnished ready made. We must learn by pleasure to pursue the right, by suffering to avoid the wrong. Violations of law due to the ignorance of one generation become the voluntary transgression of the next, and sin appears; as the result of ignorance, suffering, and as the result of knowledge, wilful wrong action and sin. The physical struggle is now transferred to the moral and spiritual side, and through sin itself the struggle with self begins. Mastery of self can be attained only in a world where temptation and sin are possible, where voluntary disobedience is the outcome of ignorant transgression. These are necessary to the end; not merely allowed, but designed. The purpose of such a world is plain to read. It means that not happiness here is the end for which we are to strive. That is a means to help us, to encourage us, to lead us on. Not the avoidance of pain is the end. That also is a means to warn us, to guide us, if needs be to compel us. But the great end which science itself is forced to recognize is the mastery of self through the struggle with sin and temptation, and the formation of a personality — of a character self-attained, of a spiritual influence in the midst of a universe governed by such influences which, disciplined by pain and trial, strengthened by the sweet uses of adversity, guided by reason and knowledge, voluntarily brought into accord with supreme will through the stress of sin itself — is thus made capable of coöperation with that will both here and hereafter. This is the significance of the process we observe. This alone harmonizes all the facts. For such a personality there must be a future. Such a personality belongs to the meaning of the universe. Not, therefore, the production of automatons who may pass a few years of blissful irresponsible ease and then cease to be; nor the development from lower forms of an animal who can for a time explore nature, increase in power and civilization, develop a higher nature, stretch forth hands of entreaty to an unseen God, and then, just as the universe opens to his gaze, when higher possibilities and hopes and yearnings begin to dawn, when he has grown completely out of his physical environment, and with an endowment far beyond his needs catches glimpses of glories he can never share, and with heart filled with loving longings that can never be satisfied, sinks into a hopeless grave — such is not the end indicated by the facts. Such an end is worse than futile. It is a cruel mockery.

But the development of a conscious indefeasible personality,

> One soul against the flesh of all mankind;

of a spiritual energy in accord with eternal purpose, capable of coöperation and fit tool for higher things — this is an end which alone satisfies reason, science, revelation, faith, and hope. This alone is commensurate with the whole mighty process. The attainment of such a personality we begin here. So surely as we begin it has our true life begun, and opportunity must be afforded to complete the work — else is the whole process a failure. And this personality, science tells us as certainly as she can tell us anything, is not born to die.

Augustus Jay DuBois.

SYMPATHY.

BY us she waits, unglorified and meek,
Forgotten in the blessings that she brings.
We do not deem her eyes conceal the springs
Of all the streams of gladness that we seek.
Until she wills kind words we cannot speak,
Lacking her hint the angels fold their wings.
How soft her touch, and how for feeblest things
The smiles and tears run races on her cheek!
Without her counsel Love might go astray,
Or Charity itself would cast a chill,
And Happiness on earth be but a name.
Her golden key unlocks the poet's way,
Else Genius, natheless all his mighty will,
Might stumble blindly at the gate of Fame.

Charles H. Crandall.

FROST-FLOWERS.

FROST upon my window-pane,
Delicate flowers in frost —
Thus the old dreams come again,
Dreams of the loved and lost.

Not the buds of early spring,
Not from the fields of June,
Fruit of ghostly blossoming,
Under the winter moon.

Fern and lily pale and sere,
Drawn by an airy hand,
Etched by night this time o' year,
Blossoms from No-man's-land.

Thus, mayhap, long after death,
Strangely as flowers in frost,
Thoughts of us who still draw breath
Come to the loved and lost.

W. P. Foster.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PASTEL.

THE hopes of rendering some service to the art of painting with crayons, and of explaining its principles for the benefit of such as in this age of dissipation may prefer the silent amusement of a beautiful art to the delusive enchantments in the gay circles of unrestrained pleasure, have induced me to this undertaking.

So wrote John Russell, R. A., portrait-painter in pastel to his majesty George III., in his work, "The Elements of Painting with Crayons," published in 1777. Pastel-painting is indeed a beautiful art. Its delicate purity of color and its delicious crispness of texture lend themselves more easily than any other medium to the reproduction of feminine beauty and the exquisite complexion of childhood. It is to oil-painting what the vaudeville is to the tragedy, or the sonnet to the epic, and in the hands of a master it can show all the vigor and depth of oil. Easily destroyed if left unprotected by glass, the medium was at first regarded with suspicion, and its durability questioned; but paintings made a century and a half and even two centuries ago still retain the same lovely qualities with which they delighted the beholder when fresh from the artist's easel, while some oil-paintings of the same period have sunken in and blackened. This is only what we ought to expect, for a piece of pastel is pure color. All that chemical action can do has been effected in the absorption of the pigment by the chalk. No oil or varnish is mingled with the paint to darken as time passes and to obliterate or obscure the original hues. When pastels have faded we must conclude that poor pigments were originally used, for the delicate tints of the earliest masterpieces enjoy an immortal youth which years cannot destroy. The most insidious enemy of pastel is dampness. Mildew may dim the colors if the paintings are hung in moist climates or in seaside cottages; but properly protected by backing and glass, and in our dry atmosphere, there is nothing to fear.

John Russell's hope of rendering service to the art of pastel-painting was fully realized in his portraits, if not in his somewhat didactic and tedious book. His paintings, wonderfully clear and fresh in color to-day, amply prove the durability of the material, while his genius as a painter showed that its possibilities were no whit inferior to oil. The pastels of Russell hold their own in loveliness and artistic perfection beside the portraits of Gainsborough and Romney.

Born in 1744 in Guildford, in the beautiful county of Surrey, he came to London at the age of fifteen and devoted himself to art with such success that he soon became the popular painter of the fashionable world. It was a very naughty world, as we well know, but "the silent amusement of his beautiful art" kept him from its "delusive enchantments." He had another scholarly taste, a penchant for astronomy, and he found time to invent an instrument to show the phases of the moon, and to write a work on that luminary which he illustrated with engraved plates.

An explanation of this unusual combination of tastes so incongruous as those of astronomy and art was given us by the grandchildren of the famous astronomer Sir William Herschel. While visiting them at Observatory House, near Windsor, the remark was made that the best portrait of their grandfather was a pastel painted by his friend Russell, now among the art treasures at Guy's Cliff, Warwick. It pleased George III. to affect to patronize men of letters and of science, and when Herschel's wonderful discoveries electrified the world, the king created him Astronomer Royal, and presented him with a patent of nobility, and in the gay circles of court life Russell made one friendship which colored his entire life.

Our first acquaintance with the works of this master came about through a happy chance.

We had gone abroad on a pastel pilgrimage, our plan being to search the galleries of Europe for examples of the beautiful works done in this medium in the last half of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth century — works which have proved the inspiration of the brilliant galaxy of French painters, to whom is due the present renaissance of the art. Our quest was richly rewarded in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and especially in France, but at the outset only discouragement met us in England. There are no pastels in the National Gallery, and only an insignificant number in the South Kensington and other museums; but very opportunely there came to us an invitation from Mr. Edwin Lawrence, a munificent patron of the South Kensington Museum. "Come and lunch with us," he wrote, "and see my collection of pastels by J. Russell, R. A." It was a rich collection. Mr. Lawrence had found in the hands of an art

"CHILD WITH CHERRIES."

PASTEL BY JOHN RUSSELL, R. A., IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

dealer the portfolios of unfinished sketches and studies for portraits accumulated in the artist's studio during his long career as court painter, and had pounced upon them with the sagacity of a connoisseur. Many of the portraits were torn across, and these the present owner has restored with much skill and taste. The paintings had been subjected to the roughest usage, having tumbled about in odd corners unprotected by glass for upward of a hundred years. Now exposed to the light, now rolled or crumpled, the paper has become ragged; but the colors are exquisitely fresh. Mr. Lawrence has been very generous, sharing his treasures with the South Kensington Museum and with friends, but his collection is still unrivaled. Nagler gives a list of the portraits painted by Russell, which includes nearly all of the celebrities of London of that period.

His portraits of his fellow artist, John Bacon, R. A., and of Mrs. Bacon, have been lent to the South Kensington Museum by Miss E. S. Bacon. A very popular picture, his "Child with Cherries," is in the Louvre. In style it reminds one of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and has recently been reproduced for several art journals.

But with the exception of the works of Russell our pastel researches in England were destined to meet with disappointment. The portraits by La Tour, Liotard, and Rosalba Carriera, many of which exist here, are hidden away in private collections. It is in the museums of France that admirers of pastel will find the best representations of its golden age, in the works of La Tour and his great contemporaries.

The real inventor of pastel-painting is unknown to history. It is possible that the perfected art was developed very slowly from the drawing in crayons of which the early Italian painters were so fond. A drawing, executed in black, white, and red chalk by Frederigo Barroccio, bearing the date 1528, is in the Dijon Museum. To these three colors others may have been gradually added until the crayons arrived at the full gamut of the portrait.

Robert Nanteuil and Charles Le Brun (1619–1690) have left us numerous pastels of such excellence as to prove that they were not the first who have used the medium.

A gap of half a century occurs between their latest portraits and the first of the galaxy of pastelists who appeared during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Nevertheless, Le Brun's portrait of Louis XIV., in the pastel room at the Louvre, is so characteristic that it deserves special mention. Bombastic, theatrical, selfish, and unscrupulous, the Grand Monarch stands revealed to us as in a magician's mirror. Le Brun was able to keep his place throughout life as the king's favorite painter. He has been rightly called the Louis XIV. of art, for he perfectly expressed the theatrical and grandiose taste of his royal master. Le Brun's pupil Vivien is the only link to connect him with the golden age. His color was hot, and his paintings do not usually attract us; but he gave the medium the same seriousness of effort which others gave to oil, and in the museum at Rouen we came across a most admirable portrait by him.

The Italians make a claim to the invention of pastel based on the fact that the name used by all nations for the material is derived from the Italian word *pastello*, signifying little rolls of paste. Whoever may have first discovered the medium, it is to a gifted Italian lady that we probably owe the prevalence which the art obtained in France during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the impulse received about the same time by English and German artists.

Rosalba Carriera was born in Venice in 1675. She early attained great honors in her native country, was elected a member of the academies of Bologna, of Florence, and of Rome, and painted the portraits of many noted Italians, among others that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosimo III. In 1720 she made a visit to France, accompanied by her mother and sisters. Her stay was marked by a series of ovations. Vivien's popularity was due rather to the novelty of employing the material for large paintings, and for dark and sumptuous accessories, than to any real genius in the painter, and Rosalba's management of pastel was a revelation to the Parisians. She painted the king, Louis XV., then only ten years of age, and during the year of her stay was the most popular woman in Paris, receiving the most distinguished hospitality and flattering social attentions. Watteau, Vivien, and the other leading artists of the day gave her the most generous recognition, and on the 26th of October she was received with acclamation as a member of the French Academy. She is described as forty-five years of age, not beautiful, but possessing grace, modesty, and charm, which set off her rare talent. She received more orders during her Parisian visit than she was able to execute, and returned to Venice delighted with her French experience. Three examples of her work are preserved in the Louvre, all portraits of women, displaying great delicacy and grace of treatment, but painted on a rather white and chalky key when compared with the glowing carnations of Prud'hon and Chardin. Her name Rosalba, white rose, is said to have been a sobriquet given by her friends, possibly on account of the very light and delicate tints which she affected. After her return to Venice her popularity increased. She painted so many traveling Englishmen that the number

A VENETIAN LADY OF RANK.

PASTEL BY ROSALBA CARRIERA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

of her works still preserved in England gave rise to the impression that she had visited that country. She is mentioned in Russell's work on pastel-painting, and Russell was doubtless familiar with her portraits, perhaps receiving his inspiration toward that medium from them. In 1730 she was called to the court of Vienna, and the King of Saxony, Frederick Augustus, acquired a number of her paintings, which are now in the Dresden Museum. It would be interesting to ascertain whether any pastels of real merit were produced in Germany before this date. If not, whatever nation may have invented the material, to the White Rose of Italy belongs the honor of the first propagandism of the perfected art. At every station of our pilgrimage we found some example of her work. In the fascinating Museum of Arts at Dijon — which has grown out of the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy — we discovered four of her most characteristic and lovely portraits; at Innspruck were two in her style, and purporting to be her work, but of doubtful authenticity; but it was at Venice, as might be expected, that we found her at her best. Twelve of her finest portraits hang on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts, the old assembly hall of the brotherhood of Santa Maria della Carita. They are the legacy of Count Omobon Astoria, and are chiefly of members of the Astoria family. The Astorias were men and women of marked and varying characteristics, for the collection shows two ecclesiastics of gentle, studious mien, two nobles in curled wigs and brocade, with handsome, luxury-loving features, one stern old woman, elegant ladies in delicate shades of satin set off with flowers and jewels and exquisite lace, and two beautiful children. But by far the most interesting portrait in the collection is that of Rosalba, painted by herself. She is robed as richly as the Astoria ladies; there are great pearls in her ears, and yellow chrysanthemums relieve her brunette complexion; the face is of such dignity and intelligence that we quarrel with the French writer who said that she was not beautiful.

Rosalba died in Venice at the age of eighty, working up to her last decade, when she lost her sight and a little later her reason.

Italy did not retain the preëminence which she had gained, and it is to France that we must look for the finest display of the art. It flourished most brilliantly during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

In 1704 the town of Saint-Quentin in Picardy gave to the world a painter of extraordinary original genius, Maurice Quentin de La Tour. To his personal work and to the influence which he exercised upon his contemporaries and followers is due the golden age of pastel. The names of all other pastelists of this time group themselves about La Tour, and after his death the art fell into speedy decadence. La Tour's father opposed his desire to become an artist. The boy had his own way to make, and while pursuing his studies in Paris he made cheap portraits, choosing pastel as a medium, because of its rapidity of execution. From the first he displayed a marvelous aptitude for catching a likeness, and though at this period his work was immature and careless, it caught the popular fancy, and he speedily sprang into notoriety. As money came to him he wisely declined orders, preferring to give himself to more serious study, thus improving the quality of his work. In 1737 he made his first appearance at the Salon, exhibiting a portrait of Mme. Boucher, and one of himself.

Standing before Mme. Boucher's portrait one is not surprised that it gained for him a great artistic and popular success. His fellow artists recognized a painter of marvelous power in depicting character and of great originality of treatment. The populace were attracted by the strikingly lifelike qualities of the portraits. This homely, honest man, with his slightly ironical smile but kindly eyes, seemed to look them through and through with a quizzical expression which was not to be resisted. There was no attempt to parade technic; it was nature itself. The crowd lingered before his pictures, and came again and again, attracted by the same magical spell. The critics could only blazon abroad the universal opinion that a new master had appeared in France. From that time his success was assured, and the small shopkeepers of Paris lost their little painter of rapidly made portraits at four dollars a head.

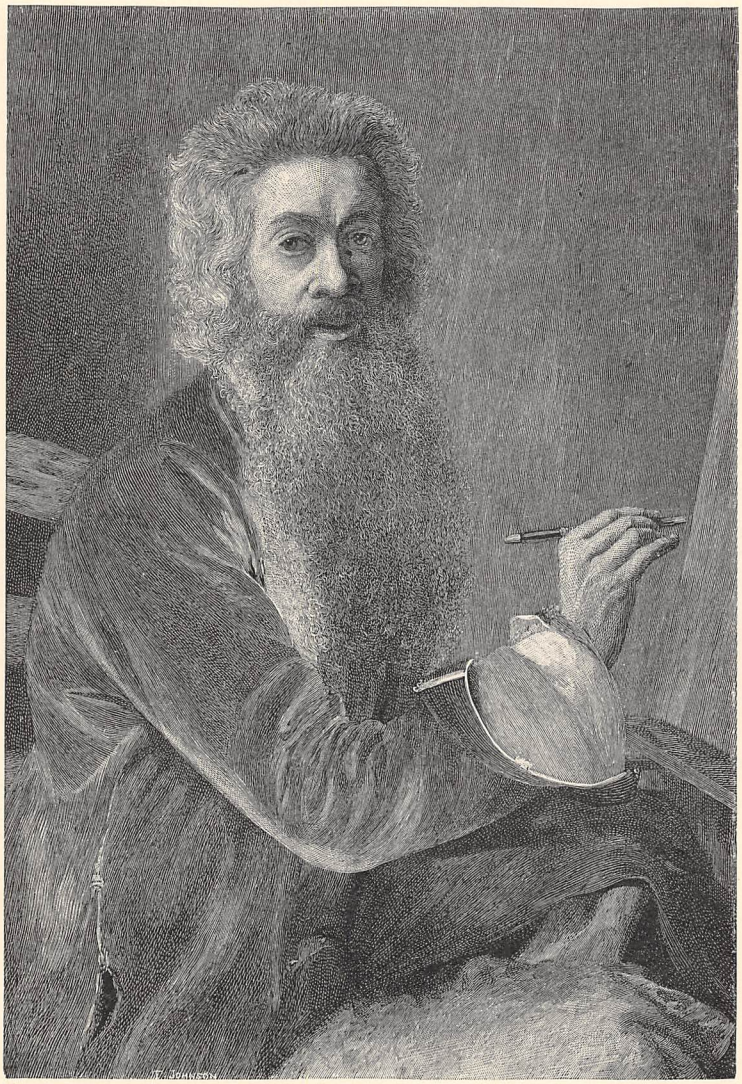
He did not, however, desert the mistress who had made his fortune, and La Tour did as much for pastel as pastel had done for La Tour. Thoroughly enamored with the medium, he devoted himself exclusively to it throughout his long life, giving it an unprecedented vogue, placing it side by side with oil-painting, and proving it the equal if not the superior of the older manner of painting for the perfectly naïf representation of nature.

His popularity increased each year. The critics declared it impossible for art to go beyond his work in its perfect resemblance, its delicacy of color, and its grace of style. Louis XV. became his chief patron, and for forty years from the date of his first exhibition he was the leading portrait-painter of his day. He painted nearly all the noted men of his country and age, preferring, we are told, to make the portraits of celebrities for his own pleasure to painting those of opulent nonentities at any price. In spite of this assertion he showed himself an able man of affairs, speedily amass-

ing great wealth from his extraordinary prices, finding fault with the sum, twenty-four thousand francs, paid him by Mme. de Pompadour for her portrait, and claiming that he should have received double that amount. Ten thousand dollars seems to us a rather exorbitant demand for a portrait in pastel, but there was only one La Tour, and this was his masterpiece. It is doubtful whether it has ever been excelled. Universally conceded to be the most important picture in the pastel room of the Louvre, "it is the despair of all pastelists and also of all painters in oil." The accessories are cleverly treated, while the lady, from her blond tresses to the high heels of her dainty shoes, is a delicious bit of painting. The delicate-flowered satin gown, the lovely hands and bosom, and the small but perfectly shaped features, are all exquisitely rendered. The head, we know not for what reason, was cut out of the picture at the time of the Revolution, and has been replaced. The painting forms a striking contrast to La Tour's strong portrait of Marshal Saxe, which hangs on the next wall. He is represented in armor magnificently painted, relieved by the blue sash of the order of Saint Esprit. It is said that the marshal, who was a great friend of La Tour's, had fallen into disgrace with the king, who, in consequence, had confiscated his possessions. La Tour, knowing him to be in want, interested Mme. de Pompadour in his behalf while painting her portrait, and she interceded with the king with such success that the marshal was reinstated in royal favor.

LOUIS OF FRANCE, THE DAUPHIN. PASTEL BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

Louis XV.'s portrait by La Tour was painted in his prime, and shows a dashingly handsome face slightly marred by a disagreeable mouth. The portrait of his wife, Marie Leczinska, an insipid but smiling beauty, hangs beside his own. La Tour painted their son, Louis of France, more than once. The portrait, which represents him as a young man, resembles his father, but the face is softened by the mother's amiability, and is singularly innocent in its expression. The dauphin never came to the throne, for his father outlived him. His character was gentle and lovable, and he was deeply regretted by



JEAN-ÉTIENNE LIOTARD, PASTEL BY HIMSELF, IN MUSÉE RATH, GENEVA.

all who knew him. La Tour's portrait of the dauphin at the age of eight or ten is still more charming, for here he is represented in perfect health, with no premonition of early death in the plump face and pouting lips. His hair is puffed and powdered, and tied in a queue, and he wears a stiff little stock and a frill of delicate lace, which falls upon a satin coat of pale rose-color decorated with the rich silver star and the broad blue ribbon of Saint Esprit. But in spite of this courtier costume the little prince is not one bit priggish or affected. The beautiful dark eyes sparkle mischievously, and the retroussé nose has a saucy turn. He is a bewitching mother's darling, whose loveliness of feature and character explain the satisfied smile on Marie Leczinska's face—a smile which could not have been occasioned by the treatment which she received from her handsome husband.

Rich as the Louvre is in fine examples of La Tour, the town of Saint-Quentin possesses a still greater number of his works. He was always fond of his birthplace, and when he returned to it at eighty his fellow townsmen welcomed him with acclamations of joy. The church-bells pealed chimes of welcome, and the inhabitants, in holiday attire, headed by their magistrates marched to meet him, while in the evening all the houses were illuminated. They had reason to love him, for he had done much for Picardy. He left to its principal city, Amiens, ten thousand francs, the income of which is given each year "to the author of the most beautiful action or of the most useful discovery in Picardy." But the sums given during his

life and at his death to Saint-Quentin amounted to a hundred thousand dollars, distributed between different charities and in the founding of a school of design. He had left his home a poor boy; he returned wealthy, to make his native town his principal inheritor. For four years he lived quietly and peacefully, an eccentric old man of whom many whimsicalities are related, but who was nevertheless greatly beloved. He left a large collection of pastels, which he had made for himself, to his brother, who in turn left them to the museum of the art school which the artist had founded, where they form a unique and interesting collection, unknown to the world at large, but well worthy a pilgrimage to any lover of art.

Contemporary to La Tour there appeared in different parts of Europe a comet-like genius called, from his Oriental costume, Le Turc, the Swiss painter Liotard. His extraordinary ability as a pastelist was acquired during his residence in France, but the Louvre has no examples of his pastels. It is fortunate, however, in possessing thirty masterly little sketches in red chalk made during his travels in the Orient. Versailles has merely a copy of his pastel portrait of Mme. d'Épinay to show his peculiar piquant charm and cleverness in the management of his material. Happily, other European galleries are richer in examples of his talent. Born in Geneva in 1702, Liotard began his career as a miniaturist and painter in enamel, but, coming to Paris, he became devoted to pastel. The French ambassador to Naples took him to Italy in his suite. At Rome Liotard met some wealthy traveling Englishmen, who persuaded him to join them in a tour to the Orient. He remained for several years in Turkey, adopting for convenience the costume which he never entirely relinquished, and allowing his beard to grow. In 1742 he paid a visit to Vienna. It happened that just at this time the Count Dietrichstein had committed the misalliance of marrying his pretty servant. All Vienna was shocked, and Liotard had the good fortune to be able to paint the portrait of the bride, which was at once the observed of all observers. It was a happy combination of *réclame* and real merit, for the painting was the now celebrated picture known as "La Belle Chocolatière." It was immediately purchased at a high price, and is now one of the jewels of the Dresden gallery. The event led to an order by Maria Theresa for her portrait, and Liotard's future was secure. He returned to Paris preceded by his reputation. His Turkish turban rendered him conspicuous. The king ordered a number of miniatures, to be set in diamonds and worn as bracelets by the queen and other members of the royal family. But the old passion of roving was unquenchable, and patronage could not chain him to Paris. He crossed to England, when he painted the Countess of Coventry, Garrick, and other celebrities; wandered to Holland, where he executed portraits in pastel of the Prince of Orange and Nassau, and of the Duke of Brunswick, and where he succumbed to the charms of a little maid of Amsterdam, who consented to marry him after having first induced him to shave his beard. He settled down at last in his native town, where he died in 1790, leaving the city some of his best paintings. To Geneva, therefore, we came in our pastel pilgrimage. We found three of his celebrated portraits at the Rath Museum—the original of Mme. d'Épinay, copied for Versailles, his Maria Theresa, and his portrait of himself, painted before Love had shorn his flame-like locks and Turkish beard. He chose to depict himself using the crayon-holder, the badge and implement of his profession.

The works remaining in his studio at the time of his death were left by Mme. Liotard to the museum at Amsterdam.

One of La Tour's most characteristic portraits is that of his friend, the artist Siméon Chardin. Another pastel portrait of Chardin, painted by himself, hangs in the same gallery of the Louvre. Comparing the two, we find that Chardin has not flattered himself, for his portrait, exceedingly broad in treatment, shows only a strong, homely face, with spectacles on nose, and crowned by a grotesque sort of nightcap, or turban. There is nothing to indicate the rare intelligence, the genius for composition, which was rather a faculty for the discovery of harmonious relations of things, the prompt, assured grasp with which he seized the artistic aspects of nature, and his naïf but masterly interpretation of the effects of light. He was by nature a colorist, reveling in sunshine. He was born in 1699, making his appearance, as Charles La Blanc tells us, just as the pompous art of Louis XIV. was disappearing, and the affected art of Louis XV. was coming on, though he had no affinity with either style. Diderot wrote of him: "He has no style. I am wrong, he has his own; but since he has a style, he must be false in certain circumstances—yet Chardin is never false." It was this childlike following of nature, as it was given to Chardin to see nature, which made him an original genius. His paintings at first were unambitious—still-life subjects painted with great fidelity, and with a caressing touch which told how he delighted in their representation. He afterward turned his attention to figure-paintings, painting scenes of domestic life with much delicacy of sentiment and honesty of feeling. One genre painting, "Le Bénédicité," is famous. It represents a little girl with folded hands

THE DAUPHIN, LOUIS XVII. PASTEL BY MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN.

repeating her grace before meat, while her hungry glance wanders slyly to the plate of steaming soup which her gentle mother holds ready for her upon the completion of the prayer.

In all of the mothers whom he painted it is said that a resemblance is traceable to his wife, Marguerite Pouget of Rouen. His portrait of her, painted when he was seventy-seven, is one of the treasures of the pastel room of the Louvre. Reiset says of this portrait, "La Tour himself never painted a better." The face is full of "the beautiful lines of experience" and the ripest and richest coloring. It beams as with an inner light, irradiating intelligence, benevolence, sweetness of disposition, matronly grace and good sense, and a certain all-pervading motherliness, which makes us exclaim, as Diderot did before the pictures of Greuze, "One sees well that this man loved his wife." Chardin received moderate appreciation while he lived, and was speedily forgotten. This beautiful portrait, together with his own, was sold thirty years after his death for twenty-

four francs! Real merit could not long suffer such oblivion, and the fame of Chardin has of late been disinterred.

A great contrast to this quiet, domestic life, its moderate ambition satisfied, its entire course so tranquil and blessed in every aspect, is the stormy career of another great colorist, Pierre-Paul Prud'hon.

He was the son of a master mason, born in the provincial city of Cluny, so noted for its Romanesque houses and its beautiful old monastery, for which the Cluny Palace at Paris was merely the abbot's city residence. It was in this monastery that Prud'hon received his education and his first impulse toward art. Here indeed he reinvented oil-painting, for being told while engaged in attempting to copy one of the altar-pieces that he would never succeed, as it was *painted in oil*, the boy of fourteen set to work to experiment, messing together various dye-stuffs with salad oil, doubtless greatly to the despair of his good mother, until he succeeded in furnishing his palette with the colors which he required. But although he afterward attained eminence in oil-painting, Prud'hon's peculiar talent as a colorist found its best expression in pastel. His sketches and schemes of color for his oil-paintings were made in chalks. A very lovely study, a half-nude figure, said to be a sketch for a figure in one of his large compositions, is one of the chief ornaments of the pastel room of the Louvre. The coloring, attitude, and expression of this study are all very lovely. The hair is reddish gold, and the flesh tints are the rich carnations when the milky blond complexion is warmed by a touch of auburn fire. Prud'hon was the French Correggio, but a hint of melancholy broods over his most joyous creations. He had a sensitive, poetic nature, which was embittered by an uncongenial marriage, and by early struggles with an adverse fortune. He worked incessantly, and when *la grand peinture* failed, decorated *bonbonnières* with cupids for confectioners. Unable to feed his family with bonbon boxes, pastel portraiture attracted him by its rapidity of execution, as it had first appealed to La Tour, and he left Paris to make a tour through Franche-Comté, painting portraits at the village inns at a single sitting.

During this trip the itinerant artist made the acquaintance of a certain M. Frochot, a man whose friendship was destined to stand him in good stead a little later. Prud'hon had a peculiar faculty for making friends. There must have been something irresistibly attractive in his personality, for all who knew him loved him, and it was to his friends that he owed the success which his genius merited, but which he was not sufficiently self-assertive to claim. M. Frochot became prefect of the Seine, and in his prosperity he remembered the traveling painter of pastels who had interested him so much in Franche-Comté. He sought Prud'hon out and invited him to dine, telling him at the dinner that he wished to order an important painting for the criminal court-room. A sudden inspiration came to the artist, and he rapidly sketched a design of the picture which afterward made him famous, "Vengeance and Justice Pursuing the Criminal." When the painting was finished his friends counseled his exhibiting it at the salon of 1808, together with his "Psyche Carried Away by the Zephyrs." Another friend of Prud'hon, Guizot, the historian, was then a young man who amused himself by writing art letters for the public press. He was profoundly impressed by the varied powers displayed in these two pictures, and he heralded in glowing terms the advent of a new genius. The praise of the art critic had its effect on the career of the artist. It drew the attention of the public, possibly that of Napoleon, to the pictures. The emperor decorated Prud'hon with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and ordered a portrait of the Empress Josephine. His fame as an artist was secured, and for a time fortune seemed to smile upon him. It was but a delusive gleam, and Prud'hon's life closed early under a cloud of domestic misfortune, the inevitable result of his own erring conduct.

La Tour's success had given such popularity to pastel, that there immediately sprang up an overwhelming number of pastelists of more or less talent. It became the fashion to have one's portrait painted in pastel, and there were painters of the first order for great purses, and mediocre painters for little ones. The medium was especially affected by women painters, two of whom, Mme. Vigée Le Brun and Mme. Guiard, deserve to stand in the first rank with their brothers of the crayon. The same year, 1783, saw them both created members of the Academy.

Adelaide Labille Guiard, afterward Mme. Vincent, was a pupil of La Tour and of the miniaturist Vincent. She possessed remarkable talent, and although she did not attain the celebrity of Mme. Le Brun, her paintings have a power and charm which prove her the peer of her famous rival. The Revolution found her popular with the nobility, but she was pardoned this favor of the aristocrats, and enjoyed the patronage of the new régime, painting the portraits of Robespierre, Talleyrand, Beauharnais, and others. It was the dying effort of pastel-painting, which was completely crushed by the Revolution. There is a charming example of her work in the Louvre, a portrait of a handsome man in a light-gray satin coat. Few tourists find it, for the guides do not point

it out, and it is skied in lofty loneliness over one of the doors.

Mme. Le Brun held the same position for the court of Louis XVI. that La Tour had occupied during the preceding reign. She was the friend of Marie Antoinette, and her three portraits in oil of this lovely and unfortunate queen look down upon us from the walls of Versailles. She painted the dauphin in pastel, the little prince about whose death in the prison of the temple there rests so much of mystery. Mme. Le Brun's pastel of the dauphin hangs in what was formerly his bedchamber, in Le Petit Trianon. He is represented at nearly the same age as La Tour's charming dauphin of the Louvre, and wears the same decoration, the blue ribbon and silver star of Saint Esprit; but here the resemblance ends, for his long dark hair is unpowdered, and there is something almost plaintive in the sweet expression.

Mme. Le Brun's art was identified too closely with Marie Antoinette to obtain any great success after the death of her royal patron. Like Mme. Guiard she painted a few pastel portraits during the Revolution, adapting herself to the change in the temper of the times with wonderful tact. The account in her memoirs of the impromptu Greek dinner given in her studio is a proof of this adaptability, as well as of the power of the classical renaissance. The dinner was a pretty *pièce de théâtre*, arranged with charming spontaneity; but the theatrical spirit was destined to stifle everything that was natural and simple in art. Mme. Le Brun was one of the last French pastelists of note of the period. Johann Heinrich Schroeder, the German court-painter, at this time was very popular, and has left many charming pastels of the beauties of his country; none lovelier than the celebrated pastel portrait of the Countess Potocka in the Berlin gallery. But the golden age of pastel-painting was drawing to a close. The works of the painters La Tour, Chardin, Prud'hon, and Mmes. Le Brun and Guiard had begun and carried it to its height in France. The modest pastel room of the Louvre, to which we have referred so frequently, may well be said to inclose "infinite riches in little space," for here are to be found excellent examples of these artists, and of the English painter John Russsel, of Rosalba Carriera, and of many others less known but scarcely the inferiors of those we have mentioned.

Among these are Ducreux, La Tour's pupil, represented by an admirable laughing portrait of himself, and Perroneau, the rival of La Tour in later years, whose delicate color and graceful treatment never received full recognition during his life, having been overshadowed by the fame and popularity of his great contemporary. Here, too, are Mme. Sturel Paigné, with her magnificent flower-pieces; Lundborg, a Swedish artist, pupil of Rosalba Carriera, whose portraits of the artists Boucher and Natoire are highly finished and lovely in color. Charles Le Brun and Vivien are represented by the ostentatious grand seigneurs with whom they were so popular; and there are many charming studies by other pastelists whose names are unknown or whose fame is forgotten.

In the neighboring room of drawings are the sketches in red chalk by the Swiss pastelist Liotard, and others in the same material by Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, and Portail. It seems almost impossible that these artists did not use pastel, as the medium is so well adapted to their graceful style.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the hour had struck in France for a change in its art as well as in all of its institutions. It was the birth of the Republic. Henceforth no more of the graceful art of beauty and pleasure, of delicate tints and poetic sentiment. Romance, gallantry, amusement, refinement, and playfulness were all swept away by the great tide of emotion. Prud'hon fought during the latter part of his life for the art of pure beauty, but he was overpowered by the rising popularity of a new genius, David. The French Revolution had modeled itself on ancient republican institutions, and David sprang to the front with a renaissance of classical art. Oil-painting was his chosen medium, and the beautiful art of pastel faded from view.

But the medium is too lovely to suffer this ignoble neglect. So well adapted to the art of the landscapist, the flower-painter, the painter of still-life, and, above all, to the requirements of the portrait-painter, it was to be expected that the turn of a century would bring it again to the surface, and that the renaissance of pastel would find among its most enthusiastic adherents the colorists of the day.

So strong is the movement lately begun by the leading French artists that we may even hope that the renaissance will surpass the brilliancy of the golden age.

Elizabeth W. Champney.

THE CENTURY'S CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

THE SPIRITUAL AND IMAGINATIVE IN MODERN ART.

ODERN French art has often been reproached for its materialism, for its tendency to exalt the technical side of painting at the expense of the intellectual, spiritual, emotional side. Artists of an elder day, we are told, while displaying the most magnificent technical skill, made careful choice of a subject, and won their highest glory by the heartfelt and personal manner in which they interpreted it; but living French artists — and by reason of their influence living artists in general — are content with any subject that will permit them to show how well they can paint, and even when they label it with a name which suggests an intellectual or spiritual meaning, are content to let this meaning reside wholly in the name. They care, we are told, a great deal for painting as such, but very little for the ideas or feelings that it may convey. They seem to have wonderfully gifted eyes and fingers, but no hearts or souls; great skill and sometimes great individuality as craftsmen, but no personality as artists in the highest sense.

Such statements are undoubtedly true as regards most of the painters of to-day. The majority of figure-pictures in all recent exhibitions which have borne idealistic titles have been merely portraits of studio or peasant models, revealing nothing more than that the painter had had a keen feeling for the external, prosaic facts that had lain before him.

But a glance at the pictures which are reproduced in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, illustrating the scenes of the first Christmas season, will show that this general tendency in current art is not without conspicuous exceptions; and also, perhaps, in view of the comparative youth of their painters, that the tendency itself is changing. They represent artists who have risen to great distinction in very recent years, and they prove that each of these artists has treated an idealistic subject in a way as adequately imaginative as it is personal, individual.

The finest of all, to my taste, is Dagnan-Bouveret's "Madonna." I need not speak, from the strictly pictorial point of view, of its singular charm, distinction, and originality as a composition, or of the beauty in color and handling which we know must exist in any canvas painted by this masterly hand. I wish merely to draw attention to the tenderness and truth of the sentiment rendered by the mother's attitude and expression and the pose of the baby's helpless little head. Each observer must decide for himself whether the fact of sacred, supernatural maternity is perfectly expressed — whether the picture really shows a madonna in the traditional, emblematic sense. But I am sure all will feel that it is at least a most veracious, touching, and poetic picture of motherhood, that the artist has keenly felt and sympathetically interpreted the inner suggestiveness as well as the outer aspect of the lovely group. To my mind this is one of the most beautiful of modern paintings; and its beauty is in part technical, but in large part intellectual, emotional.

The spiritual quality of much of the work of Bastien-Lepage is well known to all students, though he is often called the most pronounced of realists. We have seen it revealed in his familiar "Jeanne Darc," and we see it again in this "Annunciation to the Shepherds." In the German Uhde's triptych we have an astonishingly interesting combination of realistic treatment, based upon a study of the peasant life of to-day, and of sincerely imaginative feeling. And the remaining pictures of the group teach us similar lessons with regard to the persistence of an intellectual quality in modern art, and the possibility of a general re-birth of high imaginative power.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

THE painter of "The Holy Family," — the frontispiece of this number, — Mr. Frank Vincent Du Mond, was born in Rochester, New York, in the year 1864. His education in art has been in the main gained while earning a livelihood, he having spent some years in the designing-rooms of the "New York Daily Graphic" and Harper & Brothers. He was a student in the evening class of the Art Students' League of New York, and, later, out of his savings he paid for a three years' course in Paris at the Académie Julian, under Le Febvre and Constant. During his first winter in Paris — in 1889 — he sent a small landscape to the Salon, which was accepted, and in the following year the picture we have engraved. It was awarded a medal of the third class. He was also an exhibitor in the Salon of 1891. He returned to the United States in the spring of this year.

W. Lewis Fraser.

WULFY: A WAIF.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY. DEAR SIR:—You may possibly find this sketch of "Wulfy: a Waif" suitable to your pages. The sketch is a bare transcript of fact. No word or act is modified. It would have been easy, by a few changes, to produce a dramatic story out of the life of my small friend, but these changes I was unwilling to make. May not a simple record of fact have its place also, since such strange and lonely little souls as Wulfy's actually wander on our planet?

Sincerely yours,
The Author.

"MY father 's a good father; he don't hardly ever hit me," wheezed Wulfy.

"No, but he scolds him awful," interposed Jakey.

They were standing around Miss Margaret's chair—three little waifs of the street. Jakey, the Italian, with Murillo curves to mouth and eyebrows; Fritz Hütter, somewhat taller, his soft hat worn on the back of his curly head, his face sickly and sweet-eyed; Wulfy, the shortest of the three, his large and rickety head with its wide mouth, giving him something the effect of a Japanese doll. All the boys were dirty and ragged, but Wulfy's rags carried off the palm. There was more hole than cloth. His face, overspread by a peculiar yellow grease, had a curious smile; at times it was a positive leer of worldly wisdom; again there crept into it something shy, appealing, and—could one venture to use the word—childlike. His eyes, when one could find them, were blue.

"He scolds him awful," said Jakey.

"Yes, but that 's all right!" said Wulfy. "Yer see, he gives me two cents ter buy my breakfast, an' sometimes I 'm hungry an' I asks him for fi' cents, and then he does scold; but that 's 'cause he wants the fi' cents hisself, don't yer see?"

All this with an eagerly apologetic tone.

"How old are you, Wulfy?"

"I *think* I 'm ten, but I might as well be twenty-five. I 'll never be no bigger. I 'm goin' to be a little man, yer know, like the little man at the dime museum. I went to the dime museum once, an' I saw a man swaller two swords!" This speech, somewhat mournful and meditative at the beginning, became gleeful toward the end.

"And you live alone with your father?"

"No. I ain't got no mother, yer know. There 's a friend of my father's lives with us. I calls her aunty."

"And is n't she your aunty?"

"No. She ain't no relation. She 's jist a friend of my father's."

"O-oh," said Miss Margaret. Her knowledge of life was becoming enlarged. "And is this friend of your father's good to you?"

"She don't hurt me. An' my father 's a good father now. When I was littler I could n't dress myself 'cause my leg used to be so bad; he had to help me, an' course he did n't like that. Then it used to be hard. But I can dress myself now. He don't have to do nothin' for me. He 's a good father."

The other boys, attracted by picture-books, had wandered away. Wulfy still stood beside Miss Margaret. There was some lop-sided deformity about the tiny, stunted fellow. His weak hands pecked at her dress, and an indescribable guilelessness shone paradoxically through his world-weary little person. He talked in a guttural, gasping fashion, hard to follow; yet there was no accent, except that indefinable accent of the streets which becomes one's mother-tongue as one descends into the region of the Bowery.

"I had a mother once. A mother 's a good thing to have. When I was little, an' my leg was bad, an' I could n't get dressed, I used to lie in bed and remember her; an' do yer know, sometimes I 'd feel so bad, I 'd feel as if I 'd like to die!"

All this with no touch of sentiment, but with the same matter-of-fact tone in which a few moments before he had been telling of his ambition to own a nanny-goat and peddle newspapers.

Miss Margaret, however, who had seen less of life's hard realities than Wulfy, was still inclined to be sentimental.

"You wanted to die so that you could be with your dear mother again, did n't you, Wulfy?"

Wulfy looked sideways, with a scared expression.

"No, no! She died in the horspital."

Miss Margaret waited, puzzled.

"They said they put her in a box and buried her. 'T was over on Long Island. I should n't be buried on Long Island."

"Oh, but Wulfy, don't you know? Your mother was n't buried, the real part of her; she went to heaven, and you can go there too when you die."

Wulfy was blank. Evidently no impression entered his mind.

Miss Margaret looked at the forlorn little

figure in silence an instant. Then all those lofty and etherealized conceptions of a future state which had been formed in the most advanced school of liberal theology slipped away from her, and she found herself saying:

"Wulfy, Jesus Christ, who is very good and who loves you dearly, died and went to a beautiful place called heaven on purpose that he might get ready a lovely house all for your mother and you. And when your mother died I think she went there, and I think she is waiting for you. Do you understand?"

Not at all. No more than if she had been talking Greek. With abrupt and disdainful transition, he announced:

"I won't die in the horspital."

The child quivered a little in speaking, like a frightened animal:

"They said they buried her, but they did n't, yer know."

"Why, what makes you think they didn't?"

The answer came reluctantly, in a hoarse whisper. Wulfy was evidently making a grand confidence.

"There was a sick man in a gutter. They took him to a horspital. They were *glad* to get him."

"Well?"

"He died. *They did n't bury him.*"

"Wulfy, what do you mean?"

"They take the poor, sick people, and when they die they—make—castor-oil—out of them."

Miss Margaret gasped.

"Who told you that wicked story?" she demanded.

"The man on the corner."

"Now I want to tell you something." She took his two wee hands and spoke impressively. "That is a wicked lie. Do you understand?"

Wulfy gazed at her blankly, then repeated his statement with serene and sorrowful assurance.

"They make castor-oil of them. He said so, the man on the corner."

Nor could any amount of persuasion, then or later, shake in Wulfy's soul the mystic authority of "the man on the corner."

"But I wish she had n't died," he went on drearily. "A mother 's a good thing to have. Better nor a father. A mother can make yer clothes. A father, he can buy yer clothes, but shoh! what 's the good of that? Costs him fifty cents to buy yer a coat. What 's the good of spendin' all that money? A mother, she 'll make yer coat; yes, and wash yer clothes too. I wish my mother had n't died. Do yer know, my mother, she—used—ter—kiss me."

It was Miss Margaret's first experience of life in "the slums." Already she had begun to resent the opprobrium of the title; already felt that the frank and sturdy humanity of her neighbors deserved a more respectful handling. She found character more interesting here than on Fifth Avenue, because less sedulously concealed; at the same time, she recognized as the chief evil of this existence its crushing monotony. There was less room than she expected for the exercise of that somewhat high-strung compassion with which she had left her home. She was at first inclined to lavish a double measure of such compassion on Wulfy, for the sickly little fellow limped the streets all the bitter winter, foraging for himself like the sparrows, with the aid of an occasional two cents from his father. When asked at any hour to describe his last meal the answer came cheerful and invariable, "Coffee and Ca-ake"; these, picked up at the street-booths, formed the staple of the child's diet. His little shivering body showed here and there through his rags. He suffered much pain at times, and, though silent for the most part about his home-life, it transpired slowly that he did not dare seek the mean shelter of his father's tenement till after nine at night. And yet, for all this, Miss Margaret soon found that in a sense her compassion was wasted. Wulfy was as happy as the day is long. He would suffer hardship with the unconscious patience of a kitten, and the prevailing mood of his sunny nature was delight at the queer pleasures of street-life. Wulfy had been to school once, and liked it; but having been absent, he was turned out, and his place given to another. No one was to blame. What would you have when thirty applicants are sometimes refused at these public schools in one day for lack of accommodation! Wulfy, under these conditions, could hardly expect to be educated by his country. He had also, at one time, peddled papers, but a member of the S. P. C. C., seeing his shaky little legs, put an end to this occupation from mistaken kindness. So Wulfy became an attendant imp in the street-life of lower New York. He knew by heart all the theater-posters on the Bowery; he haunted the Hebrew booths on Henry street in the evening, his small, ancient face watching like a child-Mephistopheles the evil that went on by the flare of the kerosene-torches. He joined in the rapture of barrel-bonfires, fleeing with all his small companions when the cry "Cheese it!" warned them that the "cops" were in sight. He was in the thick of every street-scandal, watching not only the row but the "flatteys"—a term which Margaret, highly amused, soon learned to know as the nickname bestowed on detectives by the hoodlums whose sharp eyes would pick out instantly, in spite of civilian garb, the flat-topped boot of the policeman.

There was nothing in the outer aspects of

city-life among the poor which Wulfy did not know. There was nothing apart from the limits of that life of which he had ever heard. Full of strange superstitions that had no grace of fancy or of perverted faith; a thorough little materialist, with no vocabulary and no consciousness outside of the life of the body; conversant with evil of which the woman who talked to him hardly knew the name,—Wulfy was yet innocent in heart as the Christ-child. Scraps of child-wonder and desire were interwoven with his wizened knowledge. Every impulse was generous, and his whole nature set to sweetness. He radiated affection; to hear him talk, no little fellow had ever been so favored with friends. Now it was the kind "butcher-lady" who had given him a dinner; now he had gotten an "o'er-coat"—poor, flimsy little o'er-coat, looking as if it had been chewed—"off" of his father, and beamed with filial devotion.

Like all ardent natures, he had one great passion. It was for his sister. Poor waif! His little husky voice poured forth one day the whole pitiful story, while one hand rested confidingly on Miss Margaret's knee:

"Do you know my sister Milly? She don't live at home. She 's a bad girl, my sister Milly. She 's twelve years old, an' you can be a bad girl when you 're twelve. Milly she come home late nights. Why, it was one, two, twelve o'clock an' she did n't come home! I 'd sit up an' open the door; father he 'd go to bed. But he found out as she come home late, an' he took her, and sent her off. The place where she lives, it 's a place where bad girls live. My sister Milly 's awful good to me."

"And do you ever see Milly now?" asked Miss Margaret, crying in her heart over the child's sorrowful knowledge.

Wulfy's whole face brightened with an inward radiance that at times changed him from a Japanese doll to a child-angel.

"I 'm goin' to see Milly after Christmas. They 've promised me I may. I ain't a-goin' to let 'em forgit it."

"Are you glad Christmas is coming?"

"Yes," with the bright impulse that always came first. "Ye-es—" more dubiously, and with a clouded face. "Santa Claus don't come to my house, of course."

"Why not, Wulfy?"

"He only comes to houses where there are mothers. There ain't no mother at my house. He comes to Jakey's house. Last year he brought Jakey a knife and a drum."

"Do yer s'pose," he went on eagerly, "as Santa Claus comes to the house where Milly is? There ain't no mother there, yer know."

A vision of the Reform School rose before Miss Margaret.

"I don't know, Wulfy," she said gently. "But tell me: if Santa Claus should come to you this year, what would you like to have him bring?"

Wulfy brightened; for once, he looked like a genuine, jolly little boy.

"I 'd like a drum, and an orange, and a pony with real hair on wheels, and—and—and a nanny-goat. Only a nanny-goat could n't get into the stocking."

"No," assented Miss Margaret gravely. "Now, Wulfy, Santa Claus visits this house, I am quite sure, and, if you like, you can come here Christmas eve and hang up your stocking. Would you like that?"

Wulfy's response was not made in words. Sticking out a spindly leg, he started with beaming face to strip off its grimy, wrinkled, and antique casing.

"Not now! Not now!" interposed Miss Margaret hastily. "Christmas eve! and, Wulfy, mind you wash the stocking before you bring it."

Now Wulfy had aspirations after cleanliness. The first signal of his arrival was always a demand to "wash me hands"; and in a pan of hot water and a cake of soap he did delight. One day, when Miss Margaret had by vigorous scrubbing caused five pink finger-tips to emerge from thick grime, she had said, on didacticism intent, "I think clean fingers are prettier than dirty."

"So do I," assented Wulfy; "but if you had a bad leg, and had to climb six pairs of stairs every time you washed yer hands, I guess yer fingers would go dirty." To which *argumentum ad hominem* Miss Margaret had instantly succumbed.

On Christmas eve arrived Wulfy, his face one wide smile. In his hand he bore a trophy:—"I washed it myself," he announced with unspeakable pride.

"I should think so!" gasped Miss Margaret.

It was a stocking. Rather it had been a stocking. Thick and slabby with dirt and grease, it had evidently been dipped in water, squeezed out weakly by tiny fingers, and allowed to stiffen, rough-dry. Miss Margaret took it, handkerchief at face.

Wulfy viewed the stocking in her hand, and a shade of anxiety began to gather in his eyes. Toe and heel looked as if large bites had been taken out of them.

"Can yer tell Santa Claus something?" croaked Wulfy.

"Yes."

"Tell him, then,"—with a look of uncanny wisdom,—"to put the orange in the toe. It can't fall through, yer know, and it 'll keep the other things in."

"I will," promised Miss Margaret. And with due solemnity the stocking was hung.

Christmas was not many hours old when

Wulfy came to welcome it. His face was clean in spots, to do honor to the occasion. Miss Margaret took him to the fireplace, his small body tense with expectation.

Santa Claus had remembered! He had remembered everything. There was even the orange in the toe; only, as the stocking was after all a very wee one, it had to be a mandarin. But there were the drum and the pony with real hair, warm stockings too, and mittens, and a muffler: yes, and a knife, and candy and raisins, and a large gold watch which would tick vigorously for over an hour when wound up.

If Miss Margaret had expected a demonstration, she was disappointed. Wulfy received his stocking in silence. The unpacking was an affair of time, for the little hands trembled so that they could not lift the packages nor untie the string, yet no one else was allowed to lay finger on the sacred treasures. At last it was accomplished, and the objects were ranged in a semicircle, Wulfy, cross-legged, like a Hindu idol, in the midst.

Then he broke silence.

"I got a gold watch!" he said, with a shaky sigh.

Nor could another word be extorted from him. This he repeated over and over, gazing at the gilt object as if hypnotized. Not his coveted pony, nor his ball, nor his drum, could hold his attention long. His eyes strayed back to the glittering watch, which he dangled speechless before each new-comer.

It was time for Wulfy to go home; and the journey was a function of state. In vain did Miss Margaret offer to help to carry the packages; he shook his head with determination. "Yer may go with me, though," he announced graciously. "I 'd ruther the boys." So Wulfy was laden like a small pack-horse, and started from the house, bundles under each arm and the full stocking slung over his shoulder. By Miss Margaret's side he hobbled joyful but exhausted. His feeble fingers dropped something every few steps, and not a raisin must be lost; his half-paralyzed side bent double under his burdens. As he jogged along, one boy after another of the street-urchins hailed him with surprise and glee, for Wulfy was known to them all.

"Hello, Wulfy!" "My eye, what a Christmas!" "Whatcher got?" met him on all sides. Wulfy's grotesque little figure staggered under its bulky bundles with the proud and serene air of an Eastern prince. Secure in the protection of Miss Margaret, he answered briefly but freely.

"I got a gold watch," was his response to every salutation. As they advanced, the walk became a triumphal procession. Boys sprang up from the paving-stones, poured from the alleys, dropped from the sky. In front marched Wulfy's special friends Jakey and Fritz, as a guard of honor; behind and around was a crowd of boys of all sizes, hooting, curious and envious, and in the midst trudged Wulfy, laconic in his triumph, his stocking bobbing on his shoulder. The bright gold of the orange showed through the jagged toe. He was growing pale and breathless when at last the cavalcade halted at the entrance to a dilapidated court. He surveyed his followers an instant in silence, then, croaking a little louder than usual, he announced:

"Yer can go back now."

And the boys went.

Miss Margaret waited. She hoped for an invitation to Wulfy's home. But she received none.

"Good-by," said Wulfy with dignity.

Thus dismissed, Miss Margaret murmured meekly, "Good-by," and turned away. But another thought had struck him.

"Wait!" he called. "Where are yer going?"

"To church."

Church was one of the ideas and probably one of the words which lay outside of Wulfy's sphere; but perhaps he associated it dimly with beneficent powers, for he sidled a little nearer and wheezed with a touching sweetness of manner:

"Yer might tell Santa Claus as I liked all this stuff."

For some time after Christmas Wulfy, to use his own phrase, did not "come over." There was nothing surprising in this. He was irresponsible as a squirrel, and often would vanish, no one knew whither, for a month at a time. But at last, on a bitterly cold day, he reappeared. His rags were a little more sparse than usual, his face looked pinched, but he wore his familiar smile.

"Wulfy," said Miss Margaret, "where are your new mittens?"

"I gave 'em to Jakey. Poor Jakey did n't have any," he said, looking at his blue fingers.

"And why don't you wear your nice stockings?" for the little legs were incased in the old rags.

"Them stockings were n't no good."

"Why not?"

"Sho! they fitted tight! Stockings ought ter wrinkle. Like these. Then they keep yer legs warm. See?"

Miss Margaret saw: Wulfy's wisdom was, as usual, convincing.

"I 've seen Milly," he announced.

"I 'm glad. Was Milly pleased to see you?"

"Yes. She kissed me," he said with shy pleasure. "They 're good to her. She has puddens twice a week. I gave Milly my gold watch."

"Why, Wulfy! I thought you liked your gold watch."

"Like it! Guess I did. 'T ain't every feller as has a gold watch. Milly liked it too."

Every shred of his Christmas gifts had vanished. To trace them was impossible. The pony, it seemed, and the candy had also gone to Milly. The knife, the ball, and all the rest had doubtless been distributed among the members of the youthful procession which had followed Wulfy through the street in his hour of triumph. He had not kept a peanut for himself.

"Wulfy," said Miss Margaret soberly one day, willing to try him, "oh, Wulfy, where are your Christmas things? Are n't you sorry they are all gone?"

Wulfy looked sober too for a minute, and his worldly-wise little lip quivered childishly. Then a smile broke over his face, he gave a brief chuckle, as was his wont when pleased, and then croaked jubilantly: "I had 'em once."

Happy Wulfy! In this short sentence he had found a philosophy of life.

And Milly? Did Milly, who was a "bad girl" who had known a wild and secret life, did Milly care for a tin gold watch, for candy, and for a pony on wheels? Did she take them to please the little brother whose clinging loyalty may have been the one tie that held her to good? Or did the child perhaps still live in Milly,—poor Milly, who, although she was bad, was only twelve years old, after all,—and did she like the pony and watch for their own sake, with a little girl's affection? Who shall say!

Wulfy, at least, was happy. Santa Claus had given him the two greatest pleasures in life: the pleasure of possession and the pleasure of sacrifice.

Miss Margaret went home soon after this: it was a year before she returned to lower New York. The day after her arrival Wulfy "came over." He looked plumper, his face was clean, and his clothes were neatly patched. Altogether he was a far less uncanny object than of old.

"Good mornin'," said Wulfy, "I 've got a new mother. She ain't a friend of my father's. She 's a new mother—a real one. She cooks my meals. Look here,"—holding out a fine patch,—"she did that. Look at them pants. I got 'em off my father. She told him to buy 'em for me. Once I did n't go home, and she thought I was lost, and, do yer know, she cried till she was black and blue. She was sorry."

With this wondrous climax he paused, breathless and rapturous. So Wulfy was to know the joy of being missed, of being shielded! He was no longer to depend on the chance kindness of the butcher-lady or the grudged two cents of his father to feed his small body; no longer would he laboriously scrape together stray pennies to buy for himself the shirts that barely covered his thin little chest. The waif of the streets was to be a waif no more. He was to know, though in a rough and poor fashion, something of the kindness of a home. Already the child-face, that of old showed only in rare moments, had become habitual to him; and the wicked and antique wisdom which had overspread it as a mask came back only in flashes now and then. The stunted body and sunny soul might know a little comfort at last. Life was sweet to Wulfy now.

Yet not all sweet. Still there was sorrow; still, disappointment, and desire unfulfilled. For Milly was not at home.

"I goes to see her," said Wulfy. "But I don't tell her about the new mother. I tell her its jist another friend of my father; for if she knew it was a new mother, Milly 'd want ter come home. An' they say she can't come home—yet."

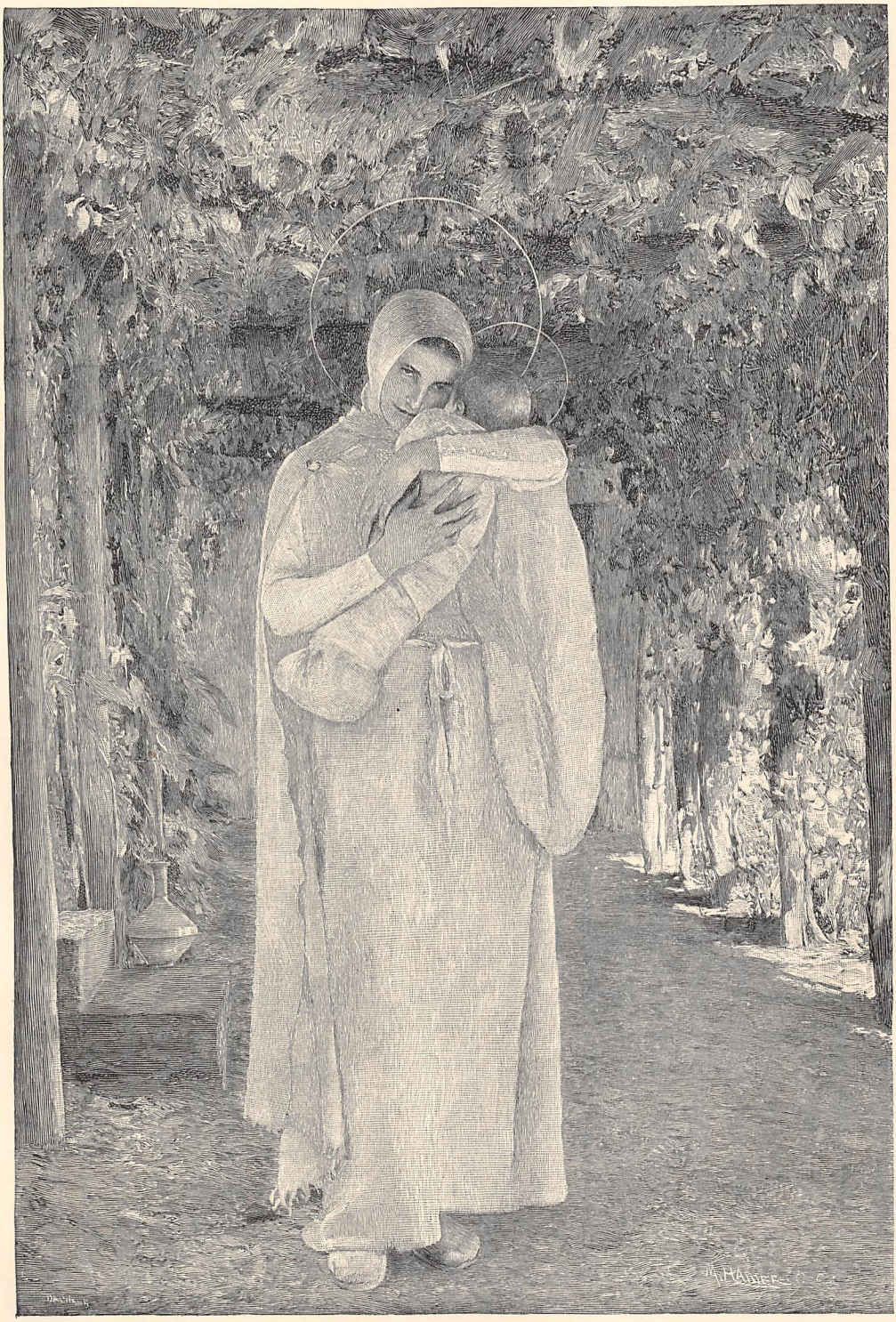
Vida D. Scudder.

AN OFFERTORY.

OH, the beauty of the Christ-child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood enfoldeth,—
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-child,
When, for a sacred space,
He nestles in our very homes,—
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,—
Yet who hath seen his face?

Mary Mapes Dodge.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MADONNA. BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

(TO LÉONIE CINQ-MARS.)

OH, listen! hush!
As lightening down its path among the grasses,
'Neath brier and spreading bush
Hidden, and fleet
On silvery feet,
The swift brook passes.

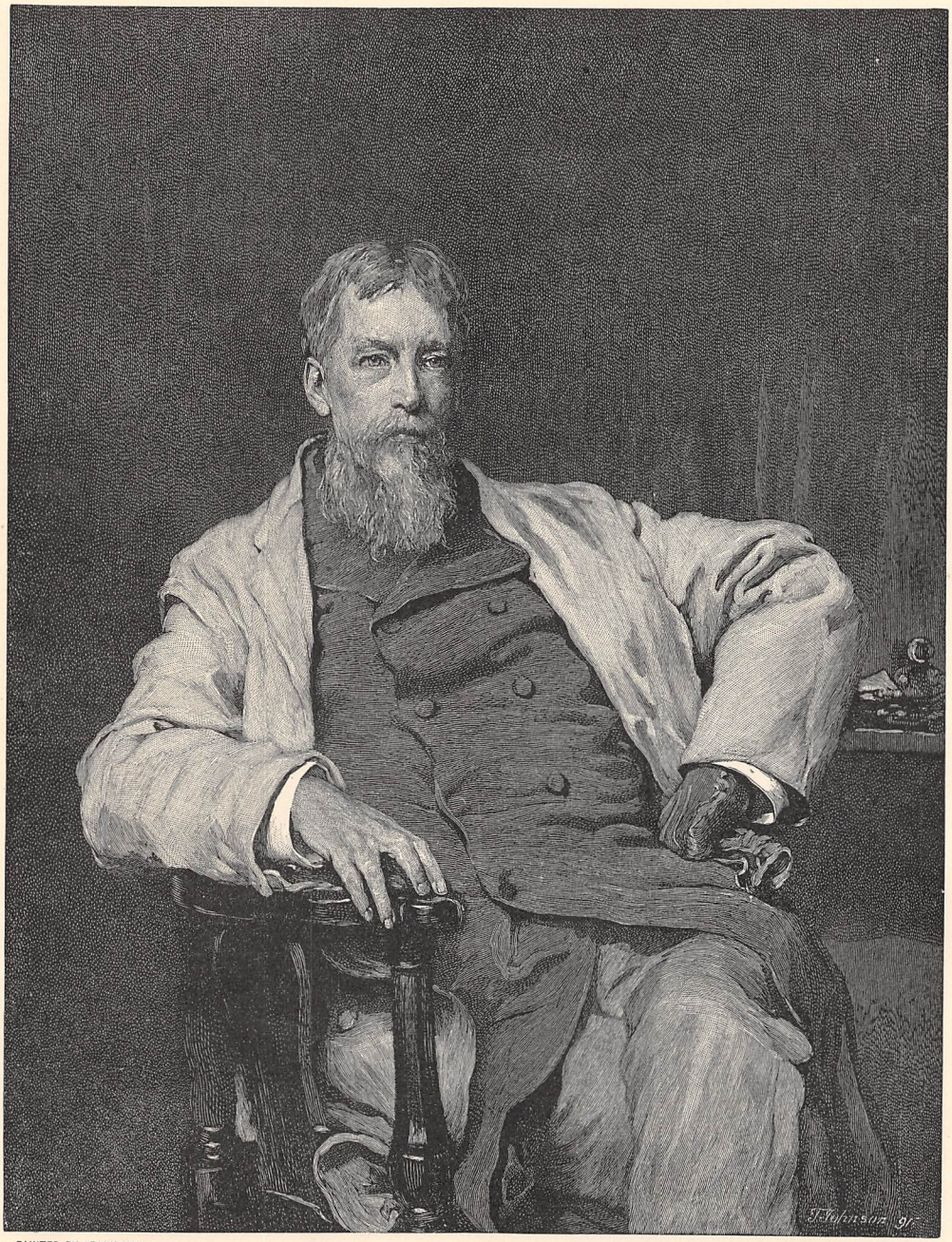
Unseen, but heard—
Heard with rapt heart, and brain, and eyes that listen;
Oh, the clear, wild refrain;
The sighs; the rippled laughter;
The songs which have no word
That poet's happiest rime can follow after
Nor truest harp intone;
The low, sweet, stammering talk against the pebbles
That wait to catch
And break its deeper sound in quivering trebles;
The silence, sudden, strange, that seems to snatch
All this glad music to its deep, still heart,
Just for a breath, apart!

Oh, listen! hark!
The woodland voices here imprisoned, blended;
The sway of leaves; the singing tone and splendid
Of mounting lark;
The timid, coaxing chirp that warns the nestling;
The cleft branch, crashing through the startled air;
The ceaseless stir and soft, mysterious rustling
Of hidden insect life
In bark and twig, in moss and crevice moving,
A voiceless world of toil, perchance, and strife,
Perchance of joy and hope, and happy loving.
Hark! the ripe, dropping nuts; the squirrel's chattering calls,
And sounds of dancing feet, as fauns were keeping
Time to the music of its liquid falls
That ever oceanward go leaping, sweeping
Over low, mossy walls,
Down rocky ledges,
Past swirling vines and through the bending sedges.

Strange that the woodland's song, and spelt-out story,
So full and clear,
So whole and rounded to the poet's ear,
Should lose its deep significance and be
Only a breath, a tone—
One of the many murmurs of the sea!

And so, my brook, good-by!
Dumb distance takes thy song, with echo blending
Ripple by ripple, sigh by lingering sigh,
And tear by tear—at last, in silence, ending.
And there is left to me
Only the memory
That fills my soul, still, with thy melody.

Mary Ainge DeVere.



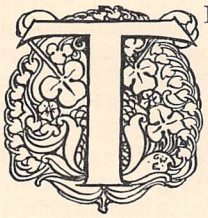
PAINTED BY FRANK HOLL. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

I.



THIS book is a broken record of portions of the lives of certain friends of mine, and of what I, Owen North, physician, have seen and heard. My people, who were of the Society of Friends, came from Wales, and were with Penn in the *Welcome*, but had lapsed from grace and followed the religious guidance of Hicks. I was further emancipated by the study of medicine, which I took to because it interested me and not of necessity, since at the age of twenty-one I was a man of ample means, free to do as I liked. After a year of hospital work, and three years of added study in Europe, I came home to settle in my native city.

Whatever value this irregular account of myself and my friends may have is due to the care with which I have watched the developmental growth of character. I like, therefore, to say at the outset what I appear to myself to have been — leaving the reader who likes to follow me to learn for himself what life did to foster the good or ill that was mine by nature. In early manhood I was shy, reserved, and self-conscious. Always ambitious, and disliking failure, my youth did not supply me with such other competence of motives as to urge me to success in consecutive study. What I liked to do I did fairly well. When older I found that the power to do best what I enjoyed doing led at last to the easier doing of whatever I willed to do. I cannot remember that as a boy any intellectual work had for me the smallest attraction. In those days it was thought in my native city not quite reputable to have no distinct occupation in life, and under this influence I began to study medicine. As I became increasingly interested in the studies of the profession I had chosen, I was curiously surprised to find that the capacity to concentrate my thoughts, which I never had in youth, rapidly grew; in fact I developed later than most men. About the time I began to like scientific study I lost for life the sense of ennui which had been one of the peculiarities of my childhood, and too, with success, became quietly sure of myself and more and more capable of sustained effort. Finally my long absence abroad enabled me usefully to escape from many of the narrowing associations of my youth, and to enter on life untrammeled. I found, indeed, as I grew older, that the comrades of my youth were no longer such. I had moved away from them; but friendly time brought others whom I learned to love better and with more reason. It is only needful to add that I succeeded in my profession, and at the outbreak of the great civil war was in an enviable position, having a practice far beyond what would have been possible in Europe at my time of life.

The call of war stirred me in many ways. My people had been Friends from the day of their landing in America, but I myself had ceased to be, like them, troubled with scruples as to war. I only hesitated as to how best I could serve my country. That in some way I must do this was clear to me. As to slavery I had been little disturbed; it was a gangrene sure in time to die of its own accursedness. But the thought of a dismembered land, and, above all, the final insult of Sumter, settled for me, as it did for thousands, what I ought to do.

I soon saw that as a surgeon I could be of most use. I was, as the world goes, rich, and had no need to consider the future. Accordingly I gave up all my appointments, and entered the service as an assistant surgeon in the regular army. Of this life I mean to say little.

I could wish that some one would fitly record the immense services of my profession during the great war, but this is not the place to do so; and I content myself with the merely personal statement that I was almost incessantly occupied with field duty. This open-air life gave me the physical vigor I somewhat lacked; and this I saw occur in many others. Despite the cripples made by war, and those who came out of it diseased, I am disposed to think that the survivors returned to civil life with, on the whole, a larger capital of available health than the like number would have possessed had there been no contest. I was soon to learn in person how valuable was this toughening process.

We were lying before Petersburg, very weary of the siege, with its many failures. An attack at dawn on the left flank of Lee's extending lines necessitated the usual ambulance service, and for this I was detailed. The effort on our part failed, and the return attack cut off for a time my ambulance party and a number of wounded. We were in a rather dense wood, and remained unperceived until toward evening; nor was it prudent to attempt escape. The firing had been distant and irregular most

of the day, and near dark, hearing the groans of wounded men somewhat nearer to the edge of the wood, I took a sergeant and two men, and went in search of them. There were many dead, and, lying among them, three more or less badly hurt; one of these needed immediate amputation of an arm, and we set about this at once. Meanwhile a sharp firing broke out on the right; the balls began to fly over us so that the twigs fell about us from the trees. Rarely does a man have to operate under fire. This time it fell upon me to do so, and as I began my assistant suddenly cried out, "It is no use, doctor." A sharp convulsion shook the body of the wounded man, and, looking up, I saw that a bullet had gone through his head. A moment later I felt a blow on the back of my neck, and lost consciousness.

I cannot say how long I remained insensible. By degrees I began to see the trees, the moon, and the swift hurry of clouds across its brightness. I faintly remember that at first I connected their quick motion with retreat and failure, and was hurt with the shame of it. Then again I lost it all, and for a time — how long I do not know — rose to brief spells of dream-haunted consciousness. The sadness of dawn was in the sky before I was fully myself. I heard the moan of wounded men, and knew that it was my duty to take care of them. I tried to rise, and could not; my arms and legs were alike motionless. I made an immense effort, and knew that it was in vain. I was also paralyzed as to sensation, and could not feel that I touched the ground. But about my neck I felt the blood dried stiff in my collar. I must, however, have been still bleeding freely, for again I lost myself while divided between wonder and horror at my state.

At about sunrise I was awakened by familiar voices, and presently was rolled over and inspected by a hospital steward and one of my brother surgeons, to whom were soon added two line officers. I could not speak, but could hear more and more easily as they lifted me to a stretcher and made my obituary in a few brief and not altogether eulogistic phrases, with a final remark by a captain that "He treated me at Cold Harbor and got me a long sick-leave, and gave derned little medicine, too."

One man remarked, "Good fellow, but a dreamy sort of a cuss." And thus, having died for my country, and heard its opinion of me in little, I came to myself. As my bearers trudged along I had first a misty recognition of the fun of it, then curiosity as to where I was hit, but at length pain in my neck from the to-and-fro roll of the stretcher as my bearers, keeping step from habit, moved toward camp.

At last I was able to say, "Break step. I 'm not dead."

"By George! The doctor 's alive!" exclaimed one of my aids, and so, after this excursion out of my wits, I got into a good tent and, after a more thorough examination, was sent home to die.

A bullet had passed through the muscles at the back of my neck and paralyzed the spinal column without directly wounding it. For several months I lay quite powerless, all that there was of me within control of my will being the head and its contents. I could not stir arm or leg; I even spoke with difficulty; and would awake gasping for breath at night, because my will was more or less needed to keep my chest in motion.

I was for weeks, as I well knew, on the margin of another world, and absolutely clear in mind to consider the peril. I had no wish to die, despite my horrible state, for I had no pain, and it is pain which makes the ill man indifferent to living. Neither did the nearness of death alarm me. I remember that I concluded that the naturalness of death must be strongly set in our instinctive being, because, although I have seen many wounded or ill men die slowly without suffering, and fully possessed of reason, obvious fear of death, when death is near, scarcely exists, and most men, under these conditions, seem to await their fate with calmness. In fact, I can recall only one case where a man, conscious of death at hand, showed intensity of fear.

I lay at rest, if rest it can be called, in my own rooms, and had all that means could give me. Friends I had too, for I have a talent for friendship, and these came and sat with me or read to me. I remember, however, that some who were very dear to me in health did not seem to fit into my new conditions of life, and that in my helplessness the women whom I was able to see were always the more acceptable visitors. I suspect that at this time I must have been very sensitive. Certain persons depressed me; I could not easily say why others soothed. Now and then came some one who made me feel as though I had taken a strong tonic.

This priceless gift nature has given only to a few. It cannot be acquired; no imitation of it succeeds; nor is its quality easy of analysis. It is not manner, neither is it dependent on a sanguine temperament, as one might fancy. Nor is it a part of such mere unthinking manners as make some men always willing to predict success. One comes here to the question of professional manners, a delicate matter of which I thought a good deal as I became a more and more sensitive human instrument. There is no place where good breed-

ing has so sweet a chance as at the bedside. There are many substitutes, but the sick man is a shrewd detective, and soon or late gets at the true man inside of the doctor.

I know, alas! of men who possess cheap manufactured manners adapted, as they believe, to the wants of "the sick-room"—a term I loathe. According to the man and his temperament do these manners vary, and represent sympathetic cheerfulness or sympathetic gloom. They have, I know, their successes and their commercial value, and may be of such skilful make as to deceive for a time even clever women, which is saying a great deal for the manufacturer. Then comes the rarer man who is naturally tender in his contact with the sick, and who is by good fortune full of educated tact. He has the dramatic quality of instinctive sympathy, and, above all, knows how to control it. If he has directness of character too, although he may make mistakes (as who does not?), he will be, on the whole, the best adviser for the sick, and the completeness of his values will depend upon mental qualities which he may or may not possess in large amount.

But over and above all this there is, as I have urged, some mystery in the way in which certain men refresh the patient with their presence. I fancy that every doctor who has this power—and sooner or later he is sure to know that he has it—also learns that there are days when he has it not. It is in part a question of his own physical state; at times the virtue has gone out of him.

The gift is not confined to men. One middle-aged woman had it for me when I lay helpless in my palsied state. She was a person so simple, so direct, so easily sure to do and so certain to abide by the right thing, that to unthinking people she may have appeared to be commonplace. An angelic form of good sense dominated by tenderness underlay the positiveness of her character and was a part of her nature. Moreover, she possessed also sense of humor, that gentlest helpmate in life. I do not mean that she was creatively humorous; she was only appreciatively and apprehensively humorous.

I had a rather grim but most able surgeon. He seemed to me to have a death-certificate ready in his pocket. He came, asked questions, examined me as if I were a machine, and was too absorbed in the *physical me* to think about that *other me* whose tentacula he knocked about without mercy, or without knowledge that tenderness was needed. Our consultant was a physician with acquired manners. He always agreed with what I said, and was what I call aggressively gentle; so that he seemed to me to be ever saying with calm self-approval, "See how gentle I am." I am told that with women he was delightfully positive, and I think this may have been true, but he was incapable of being firm with the obstinate. His formulas distressed me, and were many. He was apt to say, as he entered my room, "Well, and how are we to-day?" And this I hated, because I once knew a sallow undertaker who, in the same fashion, used to associate himself with the corpse, and comfort the living with the phrase, "We are looking quite natural to-day."

My soft-mannered and mellifluous doctor who thought well of himself was nevertheless a most intelligent physician; but some people possess no mirror for social conduct, and the court fool, who tells men the truth, is out of fashion. He went along in life not knowing how absurd he was at times. To have known would have lessened his usefulness. Self-ignorance is sometimes an essential condition of utility.

My good little woman friend supplied me with what my doctors did not, and to this day I cannot tell how she did it. Despite, however, her too rare visits, and those of others who were less helpful, I had a horrible amount of time on my hands. Much reading wearied me, and so I lay imprisoned within the limits of my memories, or took a curious interest in the minutiæ of the little life or action I could see in my room or through my windows. I watched for long months the leaves come and flourish and depart from a tree (a horse-chestnut across the street), and saw its varnished buds unfold to queer insect shapes and then spread out into green tents. The spider which spun on my window-pane I would not allow to be disturbed, and even the flies were sources of interest. Far away were two weathercocks; one was too motionlessly conservative to stir with the breeze, but now and then, when the wind was east, it was correct. It seemed to me like the man with one unchanging opinion, and with whom the world comes some day to agree. The other cock was an honest, mutable fellow, and warned me that a norther was on the way to torment me, as it always did, with a horrible sense of futile restlessness. I used to lie and wonder whether the cock was chosen for a sign of changeful winds because it was a reminder to the unstable Peter. But these trifles are of the intimate life of chronic sickness, and perhaps are of little interest to the thoughtless who are well.

The man thus imprisoned within himself recovers by effort a vast amount of memorial property presumed to have been lost. If I shut my eyes and lay still, as, indeed, I had to do, and then seized firmly on some remembrance of verse or prose or events, by degrees it seemed to aggregate other memories long forgotten. It was like a process of crystallization—to stir up the fluid is apt to disturb the formative action.

If I stopped to think, compare, and conclude, I found that I interfered with the process of accumulative recollection. My favorite amusement was to recall men I had known, and to construct for them in my mind characters out of what I had seen or heard of them under the varying conditions of camp, battle, or wounds. This would lead me to anticipate what their future lives would be and how in certain crises of existence they might act. I did this also for myself over and over, until it seemed to me that I could be sure of my precise conduct under any and almost every variety of circumstances. Some of the insights I thus won by these excursions into the puzzle-land of character used to startle me at times, because it seemed as though the concentration and intensity of attention imposed upon me by my state enabled me, from the memory of a single interview or incident, to work out easily the whole characteristics of a man. This power did not continue in as full force when my conditions of life were altered. What it left with me was an unusual fondness for the study of men and women, and this I take to be a rare taste, because although people make guesses at character, and novelists and dramatists are presumed to study it for a purpose, and some men of affairs have an almost instinctive appreciation of what a man in contact with a given matter will do, the tendency to study character for its own sake from a naturalist's point of view is most uncommon. In fact, too, the business-man's working knowledge of character and the writer's are distinct, says George Eliot; the former cannot put in words what he uses any more than the latter can use in the give and take of life what he can so well put on paper.

I look back with surprise at the months I passed as a crippled man, my head alone alive. My cheerfulness was due to temperament, and also to what I may call the temperament of my disease, for people who have spinal lesions without pain are apt to be more calm and unirritable than those who have certain visceral disorders. Consumptives are said to be hopeful, but the sick liver predicts damnation. A learned divine said a thing of extraordinary wisdom when he announced that no man, however secure he may be in mind as to his future life, ever dies a triumphant death with disease below the diaphragm.

On the 8th of May, 1866, I observed that I could wiggle the second toe of my left foot. I have ever since had a peculiar affection for this little sub-member of my locomotive organs. Head and toe were now both alive, and seemed to salute each other across a length of motionless body. I indicated this immense fact to my affable doctor. He put on his glasses and looked. Then he said, "You will get well."

To which I replied, "I always was sure of that."

I saw that it was disagreeable to him to be thus anticipated by hope, and so said no more. In the evening he brought the consulting surgeon, and triumphantly pointed out the prophetic conduct of this hitherto uninteresting part of me.

I am not concerned to dwell upon the medical details of my case except as they bear upon life or character. Sensation came back first, and in about a month I could move both legs and arms; but I had become the victim of a new experience. As my locomotive powers increased I suffered agonizing pain in the back and neck and arms. It was almost my first enduring personal sensation of acute pain, and it lasted long enough to enable me to make acquaintance with every variety of torment. Civilized mankind has of will ceased to torture, but in our process of being civilized we have won, I suspect, intensified capacity to suffer. The savage does not feel pain as we do; nor, as we examine the descending scale of life, do animals seem to have the acuteness of pain-sense to which we have arrived, a fact I have often observed in regard to wounded horses on the battle-field. I had at one time served awhile as assistant surgeon in the wards of a hospital to which were sent most of the bad cases of wounded nerves. In this abode of torment, where sixty thousand hypodermatic injections of morphia were given and needed within a year, I saw every form of suffering. But personal acquaintance with pain is quite another matter. It inclines me to think that every doctor ought to go through a sharp little course of colic, gout, and, if you please, a smart fit of hysterics before venturing on the practice of his profession. An old friend of mine used to say that all clergymen should have a mild education in iniquity as a preparation for their career, but this I hardly hold to as a serious opinion.

Assuredly I had never realized the influential qualities of pain as I now came to do. Of all the means not of his own making which degrade, debase, and morally ruin a man, pain seems to be the most potent. I became irritable, perverse, ungrateful, and selfish. I lay abed thinking how I could put my tortures into language descriptive enough to impress the infernal calm of that placid doctor, who came and went, and was as cool as I had been in the wards of that museum of anguish to which I have above referred. I had been wont to think and speak philosophically of pain, but this continual and ingeniously varied torture was to me a novel experience, and left on my mind the belief that certainly an abode of eternal torment would have the effect of making men hopelessly regret lost opportunities, but would

as surely make them morally worse, if it left them leisure to think at all.

I steadily resisted all efforts to induce me to use sedatives until one day, toward evening, when I had a new performance in my hands, as if they were being rasped with hot files. Then I yielded, and my doctor gave me a hypodermatic injection of morphia. I lay awake all night in perfect comfort, heedless of the passage of time, and wondering at the bliss of relief. 'T was heaven bought with hell, for the next day I was doubly tormented.

None who have not known long chronic illness can conceive of the misery enforced idleness inflicts on a man used to active life. This intensity of ennui, comparable only to that which some children suffer, is eased by morphia. The hours go by almost joyously. Misfortunes trouble no longer. One drifts on an enchanted sea. This death of ennui is the most efficient bribe which opium offers.

I dreamed a great deal during my long sickness, and not always unpleasantly. At one time, in my younger life, I read that Lord Coke kept a diary of his dreams, in the belief that from them he could learn more of his true character. Before I took morphia I followed his example for a time, dictating my dreams to my nurse; but I soon tired of this, as I observed that often in dreaming I could, as it were, examine my own mental state, and always to the effect of concluding that what I did, said, or thought was as I would have done under the like circumstances when awake, except that I rarely seemed to myself to laugh in dreams, whereas, when awake, life was full of humorous aspects to me. Under morphia I was capable of mirthful visions, which occurred to me while I was awake at night. Dreams are very personal things, and this may be why my father always insisted to me when a child that it was bad manners to relate dreams, and certainly nothing interests one less than to be told the dreams of another man. I had, however, two experiences in this matter which are so amusing and curious that I venture to relate them as additions to the rather grim literature of opium.

I had taken one night a grain of morphia, and then another like dose, and thereupon passed into a sweet sleep. In an hour I awoke and began to see things, chiefly scenes from the "Arabian Nights," and then, abruptly, the following:

I had been for some years, as I have said, in practice in a great city, and now I saw my little study with all its belongings set out clearly in the darkness of my chamber. A maid servant entered and told me that a patient wished to see me. I said, or seemed to say, "Ask him to walk in." Upon which the woman opened both leaves of the folding-door between me and my waiting-room. This excited my wonder until I saw enter with difficulty a man of enormous bulk. He looked at the chairs, and finally sat down with care on a lounge, remarking:

"At hotels I have to be careful; they put it in the bill."

The vision went on, and I apparently said, "What can I do for you?"

"As a gentleman," he returned, "I cannot go further without a warning. I want to consult you, but I cannot in justice do so until I say that whenever I mention a symptom to a doctor it leaves me and goes to him."

"Really!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes. They all tell me that I am a crank; that this is a peculiar delusion, and the like."

"Go on," I said. "It is easily tested."

As I replied I noticed that his eyes were singular, the iris and pupil being quite double the ordinary diameters. The color was a dead gray, and the organs in question had a malicious fixity of expression.

"Pray go on," I repeated. "Are you in earnest?"

"I have a severe pain in my back, about the lumbar region on the left."

Instantly I myself felt a sharp pain just in the part mentioned, and I put my hand to it, or seemed to, for the arms were still unable to move freely.

"Aha! I was right; you doctors are all skeptical."

"Nonsense," I returned. "This is not strange enough to convince a reasoning man."

"The last fellow said it was a coincidence."

"Go on."

"Oh, very well. I am blind in my left eye."

At once I covered my right eye, and knew that he was right. I was unable to see anything.

"That will do," said I, faintly. "Stop."

"Yes. You cannot say that I did not warn you. It may interest you to know that as I came up the street I left eleven symptoms with different doctors. One was difficult to satisfy; he got an enlarged liver, emphysema of the left lung, and varicose veins. I have seen but one reasonable doctor, and it, or she (for the doctor was a woman), said she always carried away some of her patients' symptoms, and would have nothing to do with me."

At this he rose, and I also attempted to do the same, but found that my armchair rose with me.

"What horrible thing is this?" I said.

"I forgot!" he exclaimed. "How shall I ever forgive myself! Now it is too late. I ought to have told you that as my aches and ailments leave me to settle in the body of the doctor, so also does my flesh, which, as you see, is un-

duly great. A few days more and I shall have left the rest of my excess in Boston. There no one believes anything old, and everybody believes anything new."

"Please to go away," I said; and I saw him waddle slowly out of the room.

The notes of this queer vision I managed to make my nurse write for me the next morning. Its oddness to me consisted in the fact that it amused me as it passed before me, and that I appeared to be at the time watching myself, as if I, the watcher, were one, and I, the actor, another person—not a very rare state in ordinary dreams.

These opium visions were of a definiteness which is never found in the dreams of sleep, and they were rarely unpleasant. I could not command their presence. For many nights I would sleep well under morphia, and then pass a night of entire wakefulness haunted by spectacular scenes. I promised to limit myself to the telling of only two; both had some relation to things in which I had been especially interested. Thus I had once experimented with care on myself to learn how most safely to reduce an excess of fat; and my second vision was in some way the outcome of a paper I wrote as a student.

I was of a sudden in the laboratory of the foremost of American chemists, and had arranged an apparatus so that on one side of a piece of tanned rhinoceros-hide I placed bisulphid of carbon, and on the other an agent well known to my dream state, but, alas! lost to the memory of daylight. My chemical friend smiled blandly as I told him that osmotic currents would slowly form in the course of months, and, my bisulphid of carbon being very gradually decomposed, crystals of carbon, or, in other words, diamonds, would be formed on the surface of the membrane. Having arranged my apparatus, it was put into a safe. I remember to have felt the most profound interest, not unmixed with amusement, at what I did, and I was annoyed when the laboratory faded away and a Druidical procession appeared in a grove. At last I had a distinct sense of gratification as again the laboratory appeared, and my friend stood before the open safe. I carefully drew out the tray on which stood the dialyzer. On the top of the membrane were several dull-looking stones, one as large as a walnut. My friend took this up, and crossed the room. In a minute he came back, saying: "You have made seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. This lesser one is of perfect water; the large one is a little blue."

I said that I knew I should succeed.

"It will be very useful in the arts," returned my friend. "I shall like to have about two dozen of the size of a pigeon's egg to enable me to make certain studies in chemical physics."

Now this was pretty much what the man would have desired, and would have asked under like circumstances. The scientific aspect of the matter would for him have been the only one, and it did seem to me odd that, without act of will of which I was cognizant, he should thus speak through me with the simplicity and directness which are a part of his character. Again, it was characteristic of me that some of the moral developments of the affair should present themselves. However, without more comment, I will relate my further remembrance of it as it was written down next day.

I answered his desire by a promise that he should have what he wanted, and went on to say: "What shall we do? I may make ten millions in diamonds, and then cease, and never reveal the method; or I may at once publish it, in which case all the diamonds in the world become as glass, and multitudes of people are ruined. And what will the women say?"

"Some one must continue to make diamonds," said my friend. "There are numberless uses for them which their cost now forbids."

But I could not consent to make a fortune, sell my diamonds, and then render them valueless to those to whom I had sold them.

"It is a difficult problem," said he.

"It is an impossible one," said I; and here the vision ended in some wild cavern scene, for neither will nor wish on my part had power to detain a picture, nor to secure the continuance of one of these dramatic visions where I was the whole company and the whole audience.

II.

I WAS a year in bed before I could walk, or even stand, but my recovery was then rapid and complete. Pain I knew by this time in a wonderful variety of forms, but of whatever it finally did of good or evil to me I shall say but little. The evil was immediate, the good remote or indirect. If any man wants to learn sympathetic charity, let him keep pain subdued for six months by morphia, and then make the experiment of giving up the drug. By this time he will have become irritable, nervous, and cowardly. The nerves, muffled, so to speak, by narcotics, will have grown to be not less sensitive, but acutely, abnormally capable of feeling pain, and of feeling as pain a multitude of things not usually competent to cause it. I did what I have known one other human being to do, and that a woman. After several efforts to get rid of my foe by degrees, I shut myself up in my room, and, declining to see any physician, fought it out alone and unaided. At the close of two weeks I could sleep without morphia, but of the torture of that fortnight I have even now scarce courage to

think. The victory left me, as to my body, a wreck, but made me forever tender to those who are under the despotic rule of this and other as hurtful habits. I learned also how much of character is a question of health, and this too has had for me its value in life.

At the close of two years I was well and as vigorous as ever, but the wound and its consequence left with me one other result for which I was not prepared. I took a growing dislike to the profession of which I had been proud, having looked forward to being enabled to apply myself wholly to the study of the science of medicine rather than to its general practice. I suppose that I could have conquered my feelings, and that in time they would have left me; but I had no need to make a fight, and as yet my power of self-government was not what it had been. I disliked most of all the idea of practising among disorders like my own. This I cannot understand, but I may say that patients who have grave chronic maladies which they know to be fatal are, as a rule, indisposed to hear of the sad needs of like cases among the poor; nor, if rich, do they especially incline to help these, or to provide for them in any way. I am, as I have said, a student of character, but this peculiarity has never been quite explicable to me, and that it has had noble exceptions only serves to emphasize the existence of the mass of facts which prove my point. I saw pretty soon that I was in no condition to make a struggle, and so gave it up for a time, and went abroad.

While in Europe I amused myself with a close study of the characteristics of the Slav, the Teutonic, and the Celtic races, and for this purpose lived much among all classes. Some of my conclusions are to be found in my volume on the "Influence of Language on Character," which is, of course, but a part of a larger subject. I am not wholly satisfied as yet with my method of treating this matter, but I am quite certain that if to-day France and Germany were suddenly and miraculously to interchange tongues, the two nations would shortly undergo some unlooked-for alterations. I have known several people whose superficial characteristics were quite different according as they spoke French or English, although they were as fluent in the one as in the other. I know of one woman who is common and ill-bred as an Englishwoman, but who, when she speaks French, which she knows well, is apparently well-mannered and rather attractive. Nor, as we reflect, does this seem altogether strange when we consider how much national character has to do with the evolution of language and how impossible exact translation is. I have heard a man say that to read or speak French made him feel gay, and that the effect of like uses of German was quieting.

The second part of my work on national characteristics was to have been on the relative conception and valuation of truth, and then of courage, among nations. I was interrupted in the study by a call home on a matter of business which involved a large amount of money and allowed of no delay.

On my return I found that a certain Western capitalist, a man already of vast fortune obtained by modern methods, had succeeded in depressing what are fantastically termed securities connected with a short railroad, and that a good deal of my means was likely to disappear in the process of adding a million or more to the hoards of a great gambler.

What was worse, my father, who had had charge of many trusts, had confidently invested certain excesses of income for the widow of a friend in the securities in question, and for years their rise in value had justified him. But now came a robber who, by a variety of methods, succeeded in injuring the road with the intention of buying it in at a low rate as a bankrupt concern. In the case just mentioned a sick woman and two children relied largely on the income hitherto coming to them with regularity, and I felt that, as regards these victims, I must make good their losses. I was told by business men that this was absurd; that my father had acted in good faith and within the law; that it was no one's fault that their sources of income had failed these people.

It became more and more clear to me on my way home that I was to be a serious loser, and I went at once to consult a friend of whom I shall have, by and by, more to say. When I entered his office, Frederick Vincent was talking with Clayborne, another friend of both of us, and whom I had not met since my recent return. Clayborne looked like a giant out of business. A tall, stalwart man, clumsily strong, he stooped a little, and carried off but ill his unusual stature. To shake hands with this huge creature was a serious matter. He was innocently given to crushing the hand one confided to his grip in a fashion which not insignificantly reminded one of the way in which he was apt to deal with the emotions or prejudices even of those he loved the best.

"I have been to see you both," I said, "and did see Mrs. Vincent."

It was pleasant to feel sure how glad these men were to welcome me. As I explained the reason for my sudden return Vincent's face took on that look of grave intensity of attention which so inspired confidence in his advice. The large ruggedness of Clayborne's features underwent no change, but he, too, set himself to listen, and now and then made a note.

"Well," I said, after fully stating the situation, "it is my good fortune to have found you together. I come prepared to take whatever

counsel you may give. Does the law offer me any chance, Vincent?"

"You might as well go to law with a cyclone," growled Clayborne.

"No," said Vincent; "I think we might beat him in time; but it would be costly, might take two years or more, and, frankly, my dear Owen, I do not think you could stand it. Commercial men have no idea what a torture business—complicated business—may become to—"

"To one like me, Fred? You are right, quite right. I could not stand it."

"I would not go to law," continued Vincent, "and I see no other way out, except to sell and accept the loss."

"Transfer your interest to me," said Clayborne, "and let me fight it for you; I shall enjoy the row. It won't hurt me."

"No; I cannot do that."

"And what else will you do?"

"I must go West, and look into the state of the road. If it seem hopeless, I shall sell out and make good the losses of the woman I spoke of."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Clayborne.

Vincent said nothing.

"Do tell the boy not to make an ass of himself," said Clayborne, who was, I should have said, by many years our senior.

Vincent smiled. "In a year or two, you, under like circumstances, would do the same as Owen. Your moral mill grinds slowly, my friend, but I have observed that it is pretty sure at last."

"But no man's conscience—not the most scrupulous—"

"Pardon me, Clayborne," interrupted Vincent; "it is not a case of conscience or of honesty."

"And of what then?"

"Men used to call it honor," said Vincent, gently, without reproach or cynicism in his manner.

"Confound it!" said Clayborne, slowly rising. "The note is above my moral gamut. I am like the people who cannot hear the squeak of a mouse."

"Nevertheless, Owen is right."

After this I went away to my hotel, reflecting as I walked along on the possible character of my robber. Here was a man with overmuch who wanted more. Was this avarice, or was it due to the pleasure he found in a game played without scruple? A famous burglar once told me that it was largely the excitement and the immense obstacles in the way which made him a plunderer of safes. Perhaps my foe had a certain joy in the complexity of the game of destruction; yet it must have been also that he loved mere money, because no one ever heard of his having suddenly restored a road to its ruined owners, as one sets up tenpins it has been a pleasure successfully to bowl over. Had he never been threatened? Did he fear no wild justice, the outcome of the agony or madness of some one who saw wife and children beggared and himself too old or too ill to renew the fierce battle of life? My robber financier must have the courage of his guilt or lack predictive imagination.

Meanwhile the process of ruin went on, and, quite helpless, I resolved at once to carry out my plan of investigation. Accordingly I went straight to the great Western city which was one terminus of the road in question. A few days made plain to me how rapidly my bandit had matured his plans.

On my arrival in L—— I found two letters. One, from Vincent, said:

> I send you a blank check. You must not be incommoded by this scoundrel, or let this trouble break up your life plan. I shall leave you in my will the amount you draw, and you can then repay my estate. Anne and I have talked it over.

The other was from Clayborne.

> Dear Owen: It is immensely pleasant to be able to help a man make a fool of himself. If you do not let me pay that woman I will give the money to a homeopathic hospital. You may choose as to which folly I shall commit.
>
> Yours, C——.

I said to myself, these are some of the sweet uses of adversity. So, having made up my mind to accept the loss, and having taken my ticket for the homeward journey, I went out quite at rest in mind to wander in L—— for the hour or two yet left to me. Pausing in the street to ask of an elderly man a light for my cigar, I inquired the name of the owner of a huge house at the corner. The man replied, "Why, that's Xerxes Z——'s. Guess you're a stranger. I knowed him when he was a boy; blacked my boots many a time. Wonder what he 'd take to black 'em now?" Surprised to hear thus the name of my foe, I went on; but the house attracted me, and presently I turned back. Then I crossed over, and just at that moment the door was opened by a rather frowzy maid. A sudden impulse seized me. I would see this man if he were at home, and if he were not I would go away, and accept tranquilly the misfortune his avarice had created for me. The woman said Mr. Z—— was at home, and showed me through an unfurnished hall into the parlor. The house was an old one with open grates in which blazed fierce anthracite fires. The furniture was ugly but not extravagant.

I had no plan in mind. I would at least learn what manner of creature this was, and have the poor comfort before I left of telling him what the world of the honest thought of him and his ways.

As a preliminary to our interview, I glanced about me hastily. Several large Swiss landscapes adorned the walls, and there was also an excellent oil-painting of a man in a red shirt casting for trout beside a quiet pool. Near it was a clever sketch of the same sturdy person caressing a beautiful setter. On a marble center-table were piled a few books: a volume of American scenery, Bryant, Longfellow, and Tupper, all with a certain stiffness of back symptomatic of lack of use. One, gorgeously bound, was "Travels in the Holy Land," a gift from the Rev. P. Y. to Xerxes Z., Esq. A volume on the "Education of the Young," by the same to the same. Also memoir of "Travels in Strange Lands," affectionately and gratefully dedicated to X. Z., by his pastor, P. Y. My knowledge was accumulating. In the darkened back parlor was a full length of the fisherman by a great English artist. It looked as if the painter had found pleasure in labeling the visage with his own opinion of the sitter. I wondered at the courage, or the ignorance, which could accept such a vivid commentary; but, as I have said, it was rather too dark to see well this or other portraits, and, observing a single square green volume on the table, I walked back with it to the lighter room, and stood with wonder looking over its few pages. It was made up of old pamphlets containing chess problems, and at the close was an account, written in 1760, of the famous automaton chess-player. On the fly-leaf was the autograph of Von Kempelen, the inventor.

As I looked over the queer little book, puzzled and interested, and knowing, too, something of the fate of the great and really historical figure which had played with Maria Theresa, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, I heard a heavy footfall, and my host entered — a man tall and broad, with ruddy, coarse, and large features borne on a head which was carried well back and up.

I said, "Mr. X. Z., I presume? And first, before we talk, let me replace this book which I brought from the back room. As a chess-player it interested me."

"All right," he said, and sat down while I disposed of the book, and came back to my host, who was still seated.

"Set down," he said. "What is it you want? If you 're a reporter, my secretary will attend to you."

"No; I am not a reporter. To go at once to the mark, I want a half-hour's talk with you."

"You can't have it unless it interests me. What 's it about?"

"About the P. L. and C. Railroad."

"Oh, yes; go ahead. That is inter*est*ing. Papers say I 'm whittlin' it up to buy the chips low."

"Are you not?"

"Well, you are a cool hand. What 's in all this? Who sent you?"

"I am a considerable owner of the stock and bonds," I said, "and, as I see that these are tumbling pretty fast, and observe that you have diverted all the natural coal and goods traffic to a longer loop line, and that some one is shoveling the stock out in heaps, I concluded that you are the man who, having organized arrangements to injure my little road, will step in some day and secure the property of myself and others."

I supposed that he would be angry. Not at all. He slowly stroked his long grizzled beard, smiled as I went on, and as I ended said:

"Is that all?"

"No; not quite. I want your advice as to what I shall do."

"Suppose that I tell you to go to the devil?"

"But you will not, or you would have done so at once. I promised to interest you, and you are interested, and, besides, it would be like — well — I could n't go there, because I am there now."

"There? Oh, I see. I am the devil, am I, and you want advice? Sell out."

"I cannot afford to do that. That is diabolical advice."

"Well, hold on."

"That means almost total loss. You are advising me from your point of view; reverse it, and take mine, and then, with what you know, say do this or that. I shall do as you say."

"Oh, will you? I won't do it; it ain't business. Mind, I ain't said I 'm in this thing at all. By George! my son Peter 's in the same boat as you. He wants advice too. He thinks he 's clever. Well — I advised him, I did. I give him high-class advice. He was grateful, that boy. Hope it 'll last. Are n't we gettin' off the track?"

"Yes; I 'm sorry for Peter. Of course you must keep up financial discipline."

"That 's good. I 'll tell Peter that financial discipline must be kep' up in one's own family circle."

"And now, as you have admitted to being in this scheme — "

"I — I did — did I?"

"Yes; you rose to my third fly."

"Look here, I won't stand this. Suppose I am in it? Suppose I am not in it?"

"But you not only rose to my fly, you took it too. You 're hooked. Once you are in an affair you go through. You began to advise me, and it is not in your character to fail. Advice is what you yourself, with your knowledge and in like circumstances, would accept. You say, hold on. I cannot. You are trifling, and that is not your nature. You might have

said, I will not advise. I should have taken that, and left; but now you are pledged to find me a way out, and a safe way. You are hooked, and it is time I reeled you in. Three runs are enough."

My host rose up, and set two heavy paws on the table behind which I sat. He looked for all the world like some strong plantigrade beast of the grizzly type. For a moment he regarded me with curiosity, and then broke into a roar of laughter which shook the bulky chandelier-pendants above us. I remained tranquil. At last he said:

"Who 's been a-blowin' to you about me?"

"No one."

"Oh, come now. I rose to the fly, did I?"

"Yes; it looked new to you, and up you came. Fatal curiosity."

"Oh, it is all very well to compare me to a trout, but no man was ever took that simple. I 'd like to have old Phil Sleeper with a hook in his gills and a long line and quick water and a multiplyin' reel—hang him."

"I am not Phil Sleeper. The case is reversed."

"Is it? Why, you must be a fisherman yourself. Come here and see this picture. I had Simmons do that; it is just at the outlet of Moosehead. I 'm fast to a cast of eight pounds—one five, one three. Ever tie your own flies?"

"Sometimes."

"This morning, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Rather curious, is n't it, that two men as different as you and me should like the same sort of things—fly-fishin', chess?"

"And how are we different?" I said, much amused.

"You 're the queerest man I ever saw—a whole menagerie. By the time you 're ten years older you won't have a dollar. How 's that for a guess?"

"Not a bad one. And here is one for you. Some day you will go to bits. I see it in your face."

"Why, I 've been worth millions three times, and not a cent next day. Safe this time; got it solid."

"I 'm not sure. One more smash, and your nervous system won't stand it. What advice have you? You have wasted quite time enough. Three long runs, sulked a little, two or three dangerous jumps. Now I propose to reel in. You like a man who can outwit you; he is the only thing you esteem on earth."

"That 's so. Tell you what I 'll do. If you can beat me one game at chess I 'll take your stock at par."

"And bonds?"

"Yes; last offer."

"I 'll do it," I said.

"Then you 're done for, young man. Come along. Who riz to the fly this time?"

I followed him into a small room, bare of furniture except a desk, chess-table, and spittoons. I was looked upon as a good second-rate among our local players, and had a pretty clear idea that I should win. He chuckled as we went in, and, sitting down, arranged the board. He won the move, and opened with the famous but little-known Catapult gambit. I replied with Herr Strombalovsky's defense, and the game went on. I soon saw that he was quite my equal. Presently, having a little view ahead, and his queen being in trouble, I said, "Did you ever see Maelzel's automaton?"

"Never," he returned, abstractedly.

"It used to be in Philadelphia; was burned up; said 'check' in its last moments. Queer that, was it not?"

"Oh, look here, there 's a lot of money in this game. If you think—"

I had accustomed myself to talk to a bystander while playing chess, because I found that constant attention never helped me, and that a few moments of intense concentration between moves got the best results out of my chess capacities. I thought a moment, and castled the king. This altered the situation, and while he studiously contemplated the game I went on talking.

"I have an old Dutch treatise on chess. There is one splendid gambit. Never been published. You begin with the king castle's pawn."

"Nonsense! Oh, look here," he said, "I don't believe in new gambits. What is it, anyway? You wait till we 're done. Bet you five hundred dollars it is n't new."

Then he moved a knight.

"Check," said I. "I have myself two books of ends of games belonging to Von Kempelen." He made no answer, but moved a bishop to guard the king.

"Check," said I.

"Oh, that 's your talk. It 's against the rules."

"Nonsense! This is *a* game of chess, not *the* game. Check again."

"Ever kill a salmon?" I added.

"No; that must be fun."

"There is a boss salmon in the Cascapedia, weighs about ninety pounds. They say he has been hooked at least six dozen times. His mouth is so full of flies and leaders it looks like a beard. They call him the governor-general."

"Oh, bother!" And he moved a pawn.

"Check."

"Euchred," he said. "I give up. It 's sure mate in three moves. I give up."

"No; we must play it out. A given game is not won. You would turn around and say I had not beaten you, and decline to pay the forfeit."

"That 's just what I meant to do, my boy. I wish Peter was like you. He believes every word I say."

"Check — mate," said I.

"I 've lost. What possessed me? You just write to Falls & Sons. They 'll settle. Want it in writing?"

"I? No. Of course not. You are free to pay or not. I pestered you with talk. It was hardly fair. Pay or not, as you like. I did not in any honest sense win."

"Stuff and nonsense. Do you suppose, sir, I don't keep my engagements? I don't guess you came here to insult me."

"No; hardly. I really came because I was curious to see what manner of man you were."

"Like going to a menagerie show. Well, you 've seen it, and got your money back too; but don't you go and buy a lot more stock now. It 's awful low. How much am I in for this gamble?"

I named the amounts; he noted them, rose, and as we went out into the hall said, "Let me see those ends of games."

"I will send you the books. Pray keep them."

"And look here — I never had a better mornin' in my life; but don't you go and tell everybody, and put it in the papers. What 's your address? I 'll send you the Wall street trout-fly. Peter calls him the bull."

At the door I said, "By the way, I never told you my name."

"That 's so!" And he took my card.

"Well, by George! you 're a doctor. That 's the very queerest thing I ever did know. Why, I never knew a doctor ever knew anything — their own business, or any one else's. How Peter would laugh. But he won't next Monday. Good mornin', Doctor North. Come in again and give me my revenge."

As I turned to go he stopped me. "You said I did n't look well — "

"Yes; I said that. It is something, I cannot tell what, about your eyes — "

"Hum! come back and go over me a bit. I ain't felt well of late, that 's a fact. And I can't tell the doctors here. Don't trust 'em." I went in again, and finally remained in the city overnight to complete my study of his case.

"Well," he said at last, "what 's wrong with my works? Not much margin, eh?"

"You have a disease of the kidneys —"

"Fatal? Mind, I don't skeer easy. Yes, or no? Out with it."

"Yes; but with care you may live many years."

"How many?"

"I do not know. I will write out my advice for you in full."

"Good. And I may trust you not to let it get into the papers. It would be worth a lot of money to somebody."

"You are safe with me."

"I believe you. You have done me a big service. What 's your fee?"

"It is large."

"I don't care. What is it?"

"My fee is that you put that road back where it was a year ago."

"Darned if I do. And take your stock too? No, sir."

"I have reflected. I won't take the money for it. I have told you my fee. Good morning."

"I 'll do it. No man can say Xerxes Z—— don't pay his debts. Five years? Ten? How long have I got? You 'll have to take care of me. I 'll send my private car for you every month."

"I will do it. There is even a chance, a small one, of recovery."

"Is that so? Hold on to your stock; buy more; it 's pretty low. And come and dine here to-day."

"No; I cannot. I must go. Good-by."

"Well, buy soon. Don't you forget, and hold your tongue, too. It 's the biggest bill I ever paid. You 're not a cheap doctor."

XERXES was as good as his word, but I bought no more of the stock. In a year or two I was better off than before. Nevertheless, I did not appear to myself well in this transaction. I had used the robber's methods to overcome the robber. It was true that I had estimated correctly the character of Mr. X. Z., but to meet the demands of the situation I had acted against my own habitual ways. To this day the first part of that little affair sits like a toad in one corner of my mind and sneers at me. It is the one thing I have never told Vincent. I merely said to him on my return that I was resolved to wait, and have been much applauded for my sagacity. Also, I am free to admit that I did pull the great financier through his physical difficulties. He lived to do untold mischief. I was once standing on a pier in London when a thief, sharply pursued, in trying to jump into a wherry, fell overboard. He sank twice, when in dashed a huge Newfoundland and towed the unconscious rascal ashore, where he was promptly seized by the police. For my part, the behavior of that dog interested me. He shook himself, and settled down in the sun on the pier with a look of distinct self-gratulation at his feat. The morals of the drowning man did not concern him. I have often thought about that dog.

S. Weir Mitchell.

(To be continued.)

SHERMAN AND THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANTES.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

[LETTERS written during the time of the great Vigilance Committee of 1856 at San Francisco, and containing some account of its work as viewed by an interested resident of the place, are rare in the literature of the subject, and are sure to be valuable. How much more must this be true of letters written under such circumstances by General W. T. Sherman! The case for the Vigilance Committee is authoritatively stated in the November number of this magazine, by the former president of the committee, Mr. William T. Coleman. Sherman's relation to the committee has been described by himself in his "Memoirs," and that account has led to considerable controversy. As major-general of the State militia, he was, until his resignation in June, the official opponent of the committee. His "Memoirs" criticize its doings with severity; and the defenders of the committee have replied with vigor. The "Memoirs," written long afterward, it is claimed contain, as regards this portion of their text, some obvious historical errors of detail; and on this ground argument has been made against Sherman's whole case. It is therefore especially fitting that his later statements should be either corrected or borne out by means of his contemporary record of his impressions. Such a record the following correspondence furnishes.

Of General Sherman's own position during this period, it remains here to point out how hard a one it was. As a banker he was as much interested as were others of his class in the purging of the community. As a business man, moreover, he was also naturally disposed to act so as not to alienate his fellows, who were nearly all in sympathy with the movement. In fact, as the following letters clearly show, he was himself not at all devoid, at the outset, of an appreciation of their motives. But not only was he opposed to the committee from the strongest conviction of the general impolicy and the special danger of the movement, as his "Memoirs" show, but having accepted the Governor's appointment as major-general of the State militia, he felt the loyal instincts of the soldier setting him actively against the extra-legal position of the committee. It was his duty to act with the Governor. But the Governor began by an effort to treat privately with the committee. The effort led to a controversy in which a question of veracity was soon involved, and Sherman still sided with the Governor. A little later, he had to undertake the trying task of raising a force of militia in a community where only a small minority sympathized with his cause. Arms were lacking. Appeal was made to Major-General John E. Wool for the use of the arms at the United States arsenal at Benicia. The appeal led to another controversy, which soon involved another question of veracity. Meanwhile Sherman had not forgotten his right and his duty to seek such terms of compromise with the leaders of the committee as could be honorably obtained, through the aid of certain conciliatory persons who were anxious to act privately and unofficially as intermediaries. These efforts at mediation were thwarted by Judge Terry and other violent counselors who had the Governor's ear. Thus all Sherman's plans were defeated; he resigned his commission to the Governor, and returned to his private business. Henceforth he remembered the committee with increasing disapproval.

The story of these matters fills up most of the letters here printed. In following the incidents of the time, the reader may be aided by a table of chief events and dates, mostly chosen from the early history of the committee.

Wednesday, May 14.—King publishes an article concerning Casey, the "Bulletin" appearing about 3 P. M. Between 4 and 5 P. M., King is shot by Casey, who is imprisoned. By 6.30 there is an excited crowd about the jail, which the mayor tries to disperse. Excitement continues all the evening, with public speeches, resolves, etc. Later Mr. Coleman and his friends prepare the "call of the committee of thirteen" for the morning papers, and agree on a plan of organization for a vigilance committee.

Thursday, May 15.—Vigilance Committee begins the general organization, and the Executive Committee begins secret meetings.

Friday, May 16.—Drilling of members of Vigilance Committee begun on a large scale. Sheriff Scannell calls for the posse to defend the prison. Governor Johnson arrives in the evening from Sacramento, and interviews privately the vigilance leaders.

Saturday, May 17.—Vigilance Committee removes to its permanent quarters on Sacramento Street. The vigilance guard of ten admitted to the city prison. Orders privately given for the movements of next day.

Sunday, May 18.—Vigilance guard early withdrawn from the prison. Seizure of Casey, and an hour later of Cora, accomplished shortly after midday by the whole assembled force of the committee.

Tuesday, May 20.—King dies of his wound about 1.30 P. M. Casey tried by the Executive Committee for murder that evening.

Thursday, May 22.—King's funeral. Execution of Casey and Cora.

May 23-31.—The committee continues its activity by arresting persons, investigating cases of election frauds and of similar offenses, and by preparing to banish offenders.

May 31.—"Yankee Sullivan," a prisoner of the committee, commits suicide at its quarters. At Benicia, in an interview between General J. E. Wool and Governor Johnson, Sherman being present, Wool makes what both Johnson and Sherman interpret as a promise of arms from the United States arsenal for the suppression of the committee.

June 3.—Governor Johnson issues proclamation declaring San Francisco to be "in a state of insurrection."

June 4.—Governor Johnson, by the hand of his aide, Colonel Rowe, forwards request to General Wool for the needed arms from the arsenal at Benicia. At San Francisco, members of a "conciliation committee" carry communications between Sherman and the Vigilance Committee, hoping to bring to pass some peaceable settlement.

June 5.—General Wool replies that he has no authority to grant the Governor's demand.

June 7.—Governor Johnson repeats his demand upon General Wool for arms, making a formal and urgent requisition. At Benicia, on the same day, the Governor meets Sherman and the "conciliation" delegates from San Francisco. The peace negotiations fail. Sherman resigns his commission as major-general of militia.

June 9.—General Wool finally refuses to aid the Governor against the committee.

June 19.—The Governor writes to the President, asking for national aid in suppressing the committee.

June 21.—Judge Terry at San Francisco resists and stabs a vigilance policeman, and is arrested.

July 19.—The President writes from Washington, declining, on grounds of constitutional law, to interfere to suppress the Vigilance Committee.

July 29.—Hetherington and Brace hanged by the committee.

August 7.—Judge Terry released by the committee.

August 18.—Final parade of the Vigilance Committee.

November 3.—Governor Johnson revokes his proclamation.

The fullest account of the Vigilance Committee yet printed is that in the second volume of H. H. Bancroft's "Popular Tribunals." The official correspondence of Johnson, Wool, President Pierce, and others, relating to the affair, is printed in the "Senate Executive Documents," 1st and 2d Session, 34th Congress, Vol. XV., Doc. 101; and 3d Sessions, 34th Congress, Vol. VIII., Doc. 43.—EDITOR.]

THE SHERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

[Extract from a letter, no date, from General Sherman to Major Turner of St. Louis, contained in a letter from Mrs. Sherman, dated May 18, 1856, to her father, Mr. Ewing. The letter to Major Turner, as appears from its contents, was also completed on Sunday, May 18, but was begun on Saturday.]

THIS steamer will bring you news of most distressing character, growing out of the shooting of James King of William, editor of the "Evening Bulletin," by Casey, editor of the "Sunday Times," the same man who so recklessly attacked all the bankers and decent people of the city. I will send you so many newspaper extracts that I may confine my letter to my own personal history, and I beg you to preserve this, in view of any untoward events, in which, in spite of all caution, I may become involved.

Shortly after the sailing of the last steamer, several gentlemen connected with the volunteer companies of the city mentioned that Governor Johnson would offer me the appointment of Major-General of the Second Division, California Militia. I expressed a strong disinclination to do anything at all, and hoped the Governor would do no such thing. The Governor soon after called in person and offered me the appointment. I expressed a dislike to do anything that might distract my attention from business. He assured me . . . . that it was simply for the purpose of organization, and that no expense would be incurred and little time needed to perform its duties. I gave a reluctant consent, which, at the time, I felt to be imprudent. Last Saturday, feeling the want of exercise, I crossed the bay to Oakland, got a horse, and took a ride over the mountain toward Monte Diablo, making a circuit back to the city. On my arrival, on Monday, I found a commission awaiting me, which I accepted, and wrote for a copy of the laws governing the militia, meaning to take my time to appoint a staff and do what seemed requisite. On Wednesday, after bank hours, I came home, and about half-past eight o'clock Bainbridge and Helland came out and told me that King had been shot by Casey, and that excitement ran high. King's articles have all been provoking, and I have long expected him to be attacked, and therefore was not astonished; and had the populace got Casey that night and hung him, I would have rejoiced, but Casey was smart enough to have himself confined to the jail before feeling had become concentrated. The mayor called out the volunteer companies—three of infantry amounting to some sixty men turned out; a few straggling, mounted men and about a dozen men stood by two guns, six-pounders. That night passed off without violence, and next morning, Thursday, I went to the bank as usual, when I found everybody intensely excited, threats to take Casey and Cora and hang them, and a revival of the old Vigilance Committee. A public call was made for the old members of that committee at a certain room, round which was gathered all day a large crowd. I went to the mayor, Van Ness, a large, good man, but as usual so mussed up and involved in old business that he could do nothing. I then saw the officers of the volunteer companies, and found them wavering. I went to the jail and found the sheriff, a strong, gross, bluff, athletic man, surrounded by his deputies, in a kind of anteroom, excited, and apprehending an attack on the jail each moment. . . . I informed the mayor that the jail could not be defended, that the mob could occupy a few of the buildings, and completely drive out any posse the sheriff might command. What complicated matters was that the sheriff and his friends are "shoulder-strikers"—the very class against which is raised this storm of indignation. Colonel West, Major Johnson, and a few of the volunteer officers thought maybe in the course of the day they could prevail on some of the volunteers to act, when I pointed out to them that the only possible way to hold the jail against a mob was for the sheriff to occupy the jail with his deputies, the police, and such citizens as would serve as a posse, and

the military companies to occupy such buildings round about as would prevent their occupation by the mob. I then went about my business, but went down town that night, walked about town, and found, as I expected, that the volunteer companies had not turned out, that there had been no mob, but that the Vigilance Committee were in session, enrolling men, and keeping up a secret dread of some violence. Friday was the same continued excitement, but no direct attack on the jail or direct interference with the civil authorities. On Friday afternoon the mayor called on me, saying he had telegraphed to Governor Johnson to come down, and had received an answer that he would be down that evening, and he requested me to meet the Governor at the boat at half-past nine. About the same time a formal writ was served on me commanding me to meet the sheriff at the Fourth District Court-room at half-past three P. M. I went, and found about a hundred people who had been summoned.[1] The sheriff called out the names of all on whom the writ was served, and it seemed about one third had come. These were mostly lawyers or persons in some way friends to those in jail. . . . The sheriff commanded all to accompany him to the jail, to obey the law and prevent rescue. I did not go, but told the sheriff that I had to be at the Sacramento boat on its arrival. I came home to dinner, and before leaving the table, Hall McAllister and another gentleman came out and said that the posse comitatus at the jail, composed of some sixty gentlemen, had organized at the jail by electing me as captain, that it was understood to be indefensible, and all wanted to see me. I explained to them that I could not act as captain of a sheriff's posse; that the sheriff was of law and necessity to command their services; that I was major-general or nothing; that there were no forces and I could not exercise military command at all; that I had an appointment to meet the Governor, with whom I should probably be engaged all night, but that I had no objection to give my advice and counsel. I went with them to the jail, found there the sheriff, his deputies, and policemen, amounting to about thirty men, and the citizen posse. They clustered around me, anxious and concerned. The duty was a most disagreeable one, to defend a jail against an infuriated mob, to defend two such scoundrels as Casey and Cora. I told them frankly that the only influence their presence could exercise was a moral one, the consciousness of sacrificing their comfort and endangering their lives in the maintenance of organized law, as against the violence of a mob. I pointed out the weak points, and concluded that to defend the jail successfully certain buildings outside must be occupied. Upon examination, this move was too late, for the Vigilance Committee had them all filled. There was no alternative but to desert or stay in that open corral. The night was bright moonlight, and beautifully serene, contrasting with the tremulous fears of the doubtful and the growing passions of the determined. I became satisfied that unless King (from whom bulletins of health came forth almost every hour) died, there would be no direct attack upon the jail until the Vigilance Committee had strengthened themselves by enrolling their entire force. At half-past nine o'clock Friday night, I went to the Sacramento boat to meet the Governor; found his brother and Captain Garrison waiting for him too. The *Senator* came along the wharf; we stood at the after-gangway, but the Governor did not come ashore. Soon we heard he had passed up the wharf, having landed from the lower deck at the forward gang-plank. So we followed him up to the International Hotel and there found him. Johnson is a young man, very pleasing in his manners, a lawyer of intelligence, and I am satisfied, if he had the power, would sustain the law. We told him all that had occurred, described to him the position of things, the small civil force the sheriff had, the danger of the posse of good citizens, who, at his call, were now gathered together at the jail. We went thither, when he saw for himself how utterly indefensible the jail-yard was, open to the rear, overlooked on all sides by brick houses with parapet walls,—no part of the interior of the jail safe from shots but the cells, which are full of prisoners; the wall at one corner almost undermined, a large wooden gate on a side alley which could be cut through in a minute. Indeed, if I were forced to meet an armed mob, I would rather be in an open prairie than in that jail. The Governor saw the entire mass of people arrayed against the civil authorities, the only military force in existence sharing the feelings of the people, the cause of the civil authorities being a bare naked principle with two such wretches as Casey and Cora as its exponents. All this time the Vigilance Committee was strengthening its numbers, then 2500, now 5000, having at its head such men as William T. Coleman, the brothers Arrington, Flint, of Flint, Peabody & Co, Myras Truett, and indeed all the large merchants, active controlling members, whilst Parrott, Ralston, Drexel, Satlier and Church and most of the rich men are contributing means and countenance sub rosa. I suggested to Johnson for us to go right to their headquarters at the Turn Verein Hall on Bush

[1] The San Francisco "Herald's" list of those enrolled at this meeting contains 54 names.—EDITOR.

street, and we all concluded to go — Garrison, the Governor and his brother, and myself. We reached the hall about eleven o'clock at night, found it lighted up and a stream of people coming and going. . . . After a little delay we were admitted into a bar-room at the right, where we sat down and Mr. Coleman, President of the Vigilance Committee, sat down and had a very general conversation, in which Coleman said the purpose of the association was not designed to subvert the law but to assist it in purging the community of the clique of shoulder-strikers, ballot-box stuffers, and political tricksters generally; that the courts and juries had become of no use, and that they must be purged or spurred on; that they did not meditate violence, and were willing to await King's fate. If he dies, Casey to be tried and speedily executed. All this was fair, and we almost coincided with him in opinion. At first he intimated a desire that Casey should be given up to them, but Governor Johnson told him distinctly that he would enforce the law as speedily as its forms would allow, but he would never consent to Casey being taken from the sheriff's custody; but that if the committee felt any uncertainty about Casey's being safe in custody there was no objection to a few men of their number being admitted, who were to be considered as assistant-guards but under control of the sheriff. It was then agreed that if such an arrangement were made that the committee should pledge themselves that those of the committee so admitted should not attempt any violence or league with those outside, but if a change of purpose became necessary the committeemen should be withdrawn and reasonable notice given. Coleman then went into the large hall, and after some time returned with six other gentlemen, with whom further conversation was held, all to the same effect, and the treaty was made verbally, Governor Johnson telling them that he treated with them as individuals, and not in their capacity as a body of men leagued together for a purpose unknown to the law. We were there till half-past one at night, and parted with a clear, distinct understanding that no mob violence was contemplated at all, and no demonstration on the jail should be made until their guard was withdrawn and reasonable time thereafter to enable the sheriff to resume the status quo. We agreed to meet at the jail at two o'clock to admit their ten men — the sheriff being at liberty to keep as many as he pleased. We went to the jail, found the sheriff disinclined to admit the enemy, but as he could not depend on the citizens to defend the jail, he became satisfied his only chance of life was to save time, and therefore consented. At two o'clock Friday night ten men of the Vigilance Committee were introduced, and a room in the jail placed at their service, and one or two of them were allowed to stand or sit near the cell door in which Casey is confined. Coleman and Truett came with their posse, assured themselves that Casey was there, and we all left, thinking that, under the circumstances, it was the best thing then at our choice. We all parted Friday night at three o'clock, satisfied to await King's fate, and believing that the community at large would be satisfied.

SUNDAY, 12 o'clock.

Governor Johnson has just sent for me. He is at the International Hotel on Jackson street. My belief is that the leaders are not able to control their men, and that they will be forced to extremity. I believe Casey and Cora to be doomed; if the sheriff resists and blood is shed no man can foresee the result. All the elements of the Paris committee of safety are here, and once put in motion they cannot be stopped. I regret having been placed in this position, but I am bound in honor to serve the Governor of the State to the best of my means and ability.

2.15 P.M.

I have just returned to my house. I went to the International, and on my way saw crowds hurrying in the same direction. When I reached the hotel I found the Governor and mayor on the roof along with many others. He simply pointed toward the jail; all the houses commanding a view were covered with people. Telegraph Hill was black with them, and the streets were a complete jam. He told me that the committee had sent him word at half-past ten that they would withdraw their men, and the treaty was at an end. Johnson went immediately to the jail and found the sheriff with his deputies and a few citizens. The sheriff has been firm and constant, and he very properly asked the Governor to give him some orders how to act in case the committee demanded his prisoners. The Governor told him that, if they appeared with sufficient force to make resistance idle, he might surrender his prisoners under protest. If the sheriff should fire on that mob the immediate result would be terrific, whatever the future effect and consequences yet in the lap of futurity may be. Well, shortly after, the masses of people began to move toward the jail, covering all the houses and hills, soon followed by the committee in full organization, 2500, armed with muskets, rifles, a field-piece, besides as many more arm-in-arm, silent and quiet, whilst at least five thousand men flocked up as to a show. When I reached the roof of the hotel there must have been *at least* ten thousand people within a rifle-shot of the jail. Soon a man rode by on a white horse, followed by a carriage which stopped at the jail door; soon a shout announced success, and the procession began

to move from the jail, down Kearny to Pacific, Pacific to Montgomery, Montgomery toward Sacramento, when I lost sight of them. It was headed by two platoons of about sixty or eighty men, with bright muskets, then the carriage with Casey with two files of armed men on each side, these followed by a promiscuous crowd. A great many armed men appeared to remain at the jail. This Vigilance Committee seem to take the old one of 1852 as their model, and as that one hung their prisoner at 3 P. M. on Sunday, I take it for granted that before the ink dries on my sheet, Casey will be hanging from some beam out of some committee-room of that power that now governs San Francisco. Soon after the passage of the crowd Sheriff Scannell and his deputy, Harrison, came on the roof of the hotel to see the Governor, but he had disappeared; we descended the roof to his room, but he was not there; we searched through the hotel without success.

Whilst this was transpiring, Scannell told me that Coleman and Truett were the spokesmen; that they demanded Casey, whom he surrendered under protest. They took Casey from the jail and despatched him in the manner I have stated, and then demanded possession of the jail.[1] This not being contemplated, his instructions did not cover the case, so he and his deputy ran down to see the Governor, and thus far he has not seen him. But I did not stay long. I came home. San Francisco is now governed by an irresponsible organization claiming to be armed with absolute power by the people. The government is powerless and at an end. I don't care if they take the jail, the courts, and what they please. Coleman told me he thought they could control the movement; I doubt it, for reasons I will now proceed to explain in continuation of the events of yesterday. On Friday night we made an agreement with the controlling members of the Vigilance Committee that, to be assured of no complicity of the sheriff with his prisoner, they should have a force of ten men nominally under the orders of the sheriff. Yesterday the sheriff suggested to Johnson to try and get the number diminished to five, when he would reduce his force in proportion —this under the supposition that no attempt to take the prisoner would be made until King's fate were determined. So yesterday at 1 P. M. the sheriff asked me to walk with him to the committee to make the proposition. We found new men—a new tone—and a positive refusal to reduce the number. In reannouncing the conditions agreed on the night before, we claimed that *reasonable* notice should be given; that, too, they denied. New elements were at work, and outside pressure was brought against them which they could not resist; an absolute issue of fact presented itself, and Governor Johnson found himself in a most delicate position: to have conferred with an illegal body; to have admitted spies and enemies in the jail. We asserted so positively this change of promise, this want of truth, that we agreed to bring Garrison; we found him about 4 P. M. and his memory was positive, and with him we again went to the committee-rooms; again a change of men more rabid than ever, asserting that they never contemplated a trial of Casey save by themselves. This was so utterly at variance with their stipulations of the night before that we sent for Coleman and Arrington and one other who was present the night before, and these had to confirm our version of the agreement; quite an angry debate followed among themselves, showing a division of purpose, the very object we had in view.[2] But, as always, the most violent prevailed, and the honorable stipulations of Friday night were thrown on Mr. Coleman individually. Coleman reiterated them, and as no conclusion could be come to, they asked to advise with the society and agreed to come to the hotel at half-past eight last evening. They did not get there till a quarter past nine, and made short work of it. The society had overruled Coleman, and would make no promises or pledges, but simply agreed to give the Governor notice before they withdrew their men, which we all knew was to be the signal of attack. This morning's notice and the taking of Casey are told.

The hanging of Casey and Cora are trifles compared with what may follow. The Vigilance Committee are now in full possession of San Francisco, and in a free American country, where we pay taxes of four per cent. on full valuation, we are now at the mercy of irresponsible masses. To be sure, the heads and guiders of this business are deemed some of our worthiest and best men, who profess to improve on the law and its administration. They may succeed; they say they did so succeed in '52 ['51], and a few days or weeks will demonstrate. There are vast numbers of men here, desperate, too lazy to work in the mines, unable to go away, strong for mischief and powerless for good. This class did not exist in '52. At all events, I am not implicated with it, and, though it may be impossible, I will endeavor not to provoke the special enmity of our new rulers.[3]

[1] This statement of Scannell's was in part inaccurate. The next demand, after taking Casey, was for Cora, and they gave the sheriff another hour to comply. The demand for "possession of the jail" was made as a formality, in writing, and *before* Casey was taken.—EDITOR.

[2] Rumors of such "division of purpose" were very soon abroad, and are mentioned by the San Francisco "Herald" of the next day.—EDITOR.

[3] Rumor at this time also asserted that Governor Johnson had approved and consented to the seizing of

II.

W. T. SHERMAN TO HON. THOMAS EWING.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 21, 1856.
(In haste)

MY DEAR SIR: I take it for granted you will be sufficiently alarmed at the condition of affairs here as reported by the papers. . . . There is no doubt that James King of William was indiscriminate in his abuse, but the public offices heretofore having been controlled absolutely by politicians who did not scruple to use such men as Casey, Billy Mulligan, Charley Duane, *et hoc genus omne*, all graduates of New York prisons or political clubs, the public generally approved King's bold course in assailing that class of men, at the same time refusing to fight a duel.

Our courts here and our authorities are about as good or as bad as you would expect from the elements that make up our population. They have all been elected by the people themselves, either as Democrats or as Know-nothings. Nevertheless the merchants and people who despise the kind of men who hang around the polls, the public offices, the courts, etc., are and have been perfectly sick and tired of the class of men referred to; therefore, when James King began his career and pitched into the rowdies with such zeal and boldness, he met an unexpected encouragement which on several occasions upset his vanity. The murder of Richardson by a low gambler, Cora, and his acquittal raised the same feeling against the courts, and it is useless to talk to our best men here about them; they assert, with some show of truth, that any man with money can, through the sheriff, so pack a jury that they cannot agree. All these elements were rife when King was shot by Casey, one of the most skilful politicians of his day — he is a New York convict, editor of a newspaper established here to levy blackmail, and a member of the Board of County Supervisors, when he was not even a candidate. He himself admits that during the election he did not propose to have himself elected, but when they commenced counting the votes he found his opponent in wire-pulling and rowdyism — Yankee Sullivan — had been stuffing a little too strong. He got tickets printed with his own name, and caused the inspectors to put them in the ballot-box, and to declare him (Jim Casey) elected. These facts, 't is said, are notorious, and were well known to the Board of Supervisors, when by vote they declared him elected. The Supervisors control the county expenditures, and it is said they share every appropriation made. It is not then astonishing that this murder in broad daylight in the very center of the city should produce such commotion. I was not surprised to learn the next morning after the occurrence that the jail had been threatened, and that a deep-seated determination existed to hang him whether King died or not. By circumstances I was compelled to examine the jail and see how far the military companies could sustain the civil authorities. The military companies shared the general sentiment, and would not risk themselves to defend such rascals as Cora and Casey. The whole mass of the people were of like sentiment. The city police is small, mostly distributed about the courts as messengers, etc., and of the very class of men against whom the storm was brewing, and the sheriff, also a "shoulder-striker," was absolutely abandoned by his friends. At no time, by concentrating these discordant elements, could I count on more than one hundred inexperienced men. The jail, too, is a single-story yard, with a cluster of cells, covered with a roof of one-inch plank and tin; its front is above the grade of the street, but the hill rises so rapidly to the rear that its back wall and roof are absolutely flush with the ground, so that you walk down the hill and on the roof without losing step; the whole interior is overlooked by a great many houses all round it. With equal numbers I would rather have been outside than inside. I therefore advised the sheriff how to act should he be assailed by an indiscriminate mob. I had been appointed, by mere accident, the day before King was shot, a major-general of militia, but I have never attempted to exercise authority, because there were no forces, or what few there were in the shape of volunteer companies were on the other side, or so unreliable that none but a fool would count on their fidelity in time of real danger. Therefore, whenever called on I have advised, but have declined to attempt action without reliable men. As long as the matter rested with an unorganized mob there was little or no danger, but soon it was observed that all the discordant elements were drawn together under the name, and after the precedent, of the old Vigilance Committee. Long lines of men were seen passing in and out, oaths were administered, depots opened for recruits, muskets, rifles, and cannon bought, subscription papers carried round in broad daylight, and no one could help it. Over one thousand sworn men were banded together, and William T. Coleman, one of the largest merchants of this city, son-in-law to Daniel D. Page of St. Louis, and a man of fine impulses, manners, character, and intelligence, was made president. He has not much education and not the least doubt of himself, his motives

Casey and Cora. The "Herald" (anti-vigilance), while not believing this rumor, speaks with great severity of Johnson's conference with the committee.— EDITOR.

or intentions. The legal government of San Francisco was paralyzed, and the mayor in his helplessness telegraphed the Governor, who came and was as powerless as anybody else. The entire community was on one side. The new organization was the power, the only organized power here, and with the design of saving bloodshed we put ourselves in communication with them. They assured us as men, as acquaintances, etc., that they would commit no murder, no bloodshed, no violence; but that justice, summary justice, must be done. I cannot tell all that was done, and how futile that was. The papers will blame Johnson for treating with the enemy, but there was no other person, and he had to attempt that or nothing. Now King is dead and Casey is a murderer; Cora is a murderer; both must be hung; far better were it if they could be hung by law, but the Vigilance Committee cannot help themselves. All business is stopped, and immense masses of men idle in the streets watching for blood. Thus far the committee have been exceedingly cautious — a little too much so, for the masses may become uncontrollable; yet thus far no violence has been committed, and I have the most positive assurances from their leaders that none is intended — they even pay the passage to New York of such rowdies as cannot pay their own. They declare their intention to purge the city of rowdies and criminals, but they also have shown an enmity to the free expression of opinion that looks like other similar events of history. These events have shaken my confidence in this city, and once or twice I have wished that [my family] were in a safe place, and regretted that I ever incurred the expense of my dwelling-house, which must tie me down here. Of course I myself cannot leave here, but if matters do not improve, I may at some future time accept your kind offer to take them home till such time as I can properly return. . . . Understand, I fear no molestation of person, but I fear the effect of this on property, on money, and credit.

Your son, W. T. SHERMAN.

[The above letter was written to the Hon. THOMAS EWING, Lancaster, Ohio. — EDITOR.]

III.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
June 16, 1856.

HON. THOMAS EWING.

MY DEAR SIR: *The Golden Gate* arrived yesterday, Sunday, and brought Ellen her home letters, which contribute very much to her happiness. I know full well that you will feel a deep interest in events passing here, and that to a perfect understanding of the part I have played, you will want more exact relations than our newspapers will give. You already know of the hanging of Casey and Cora by the Vigilance Committee. When that was done we all supposed the Vigilance Committee would have adjourned and things be allowed to resume their usual course, but instead, they hired rooms in the very heart of the city, fortified them, and each day the papers announced some act that looked like a perpetuation of their power, such as constructing cells, arresting men who were supposed to have been concerned in previous ballot-box stuffing. On the 30th of May I received from Governor Johnson a telegraphic despatch dated at Sacramento, requesting me to meet him at Benicia, which you know is the site of the United States Arsenal. . . . I went up and Johnson came down, and we met at General Wool's room at the American Hotel. After some preliminary conversation Governor Johnson stated that in the discharge of his duties as chief executive of the State it might become necessary for him to call out the militia to enforce the laws, but that he had no arms or munitions of war, of which General Wool had control of an abundance, and he inquired if in the case stated he could depend on a supply, saying the same could be deducted from the next year's quota of the State of California, or that he would pledge the credit of the State to pay for any loss. . . . General Wool replied in substance that "no person except the President of the United States could grant arms or munitions to a State in case of an insurrection, but a case might arise when a general of a division might take the responsibility and this might be one."[1] The next day by invitation we all went with the general to inspect the arsenal, where we found an abundance of material. After the inspection the Governor, his brother, the Secretary of State, and myself rode over to the Navy Yard, where we found Commodore Farragut in command of the yard and Lieutenant Boutwell in command of the sloop of war *John Adams*. Our purpose was to ascertain whether we could get the assistance of the sloop of war, to drop down to the city to serve as a kind of depot, the city being in absolute possession of the Vigilance Committee. At the Navy Yard we were unsuccessful, the officers being unwilling to commit themselves to anything in a controversy of the kind. We returned to Benicia same day, and on our way back I impressed on Governor Johnson the necessity of having General Wool commit him-

[1] In a letter of June 9, addressed to Johnson, Wool admits having said in these interviews, when "strongly pressed," "that a case might arise when I might deem it proper to assume the responsibility of issuing arms on your requisition." The same admission is made in a letter to Sherman which formed Inclosure No. 3, sent by Sherman with the present letter, but not printed here. — EDITOR.

self completely, and as we expected the boats along about 7 P. M., the Governor designing to return to Sacramento and I to San Francisco, General Wool accompanied us to the wharf, where Governor Johnson called him aside with me and said, "Now, General, all our plans turn on you; in case I am compelled to call out the militia can we depend on you for the arms?" General Wool said, "Yes." The Governor then asked "as to the form of the receipt or requisition," when the General said, "Never mind, when the time comes you send me a requisition and I will see that it is attended to." I was satisfied with this. On the 1st of June a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Terry of the Supreme Court, in San Francisco, commanding the sheriff to bring before him the body of one Mulligan, known to be in the cells of the Vigilance Committee.

That writ was disobeyed or resisted, and the fact certified to the Governor at Sacramento, who on the 2d inst. wrote me the order which you will find embraced in my printed orders.

Although I supposed he designed to issue a proclamation, I of course acted on his orders to me, and issued mine, in which you will see that I declared that I did not commit myself to the past, but only undertook to enforce all writs issued after that time.[1]

This order was put into the hands of the printers that afternoon, and about midnight I received from Governor Johnson a letter saying he would send his proclamation down by telegraph that night, and asking me to cause it to be published in all the morning papers. I waited until past one o'clock that night at the telegraph office, and received the proclamation and caused it to be published as directed. The proclamation was stronger than I expected and more than I would have advised. I did not think it necessary to declare the county in a state of insurrection. Still that was none of my business. The publication of the proclamation and my orders caused a tremendous excitement. Everybody supposed that civil war would forthwith be inevitable and the Vigilance Committee were alarmed at the course of things. They immediately despatched their prisoners, who were no loss to the country, and here things might have stopped. This occurred at the time of the sailing of our last steamer, viz., June 5.

Men began to enroll on the side of the authorities. Companies began to form, and the moderate people became much alarmed as a conflict seemed to be pending. All the time, however, the Vigilance Committee were strengthening in numbers and in material. Messages came to me that the committee were done, with the exception of warning out of the country certain loafers and men against whom they had undisputed testimony of having been concerned in former election frauds.

As men were enrolling on our side pretty fast, the Governor sent by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Rowe, to General Wool a letter requesting him to issue to me, on my requisition, such arms and munitions as I might call for. That letter was handed to General Wool at Benicia, who replied to Governor Johnson in writing, a copy of which I send you, marked "1," and told Rowe that in the then state of feeling he thought it unsafe to send arms to San Francisco. When Rowe told me this I was thunderstruck, as I could look nowhere else for arms, and the idea of enrolling the militia without arms was an absurdity. I waited a day to hear from the Governor of General Wool's exact reply to him, and it not coming, I wrote to General Wool myself, on the 6th, a letter, a copy of which, marked "2," is inclosed herewith. This was on Friday. On Saturday I received from Governor Johnson Wool's reply to him, also a message to meet him again at Benicia.

That was the most eventful day of this affair. I had absolutely kept secret the refusal of arms by Wool. I had not yet received his answer to my letter, and hoped he would stick by his verbal promise. At the same time a committee of our best men were going between me and the Vigilance Committee, to see if at an interview with the Governor the whole matter could not be arranged without an appeal to arms.[2]

This committee ascertained that the Vigilance Committee would forthwith discontinue any military display on the streets; that they would make no more arrests; that they would submit to the service of any writs, either to take parties out of their custody, or for their own arrests to answer for past acts. They would not publicly disband, as they said they had to perfect their record to justify former acts of violence by them, and they wanted to coerce certain offensive men to quit the country, but to accomplish this purpose they would not seize their persons, or if they did the sheriff might take the men if he could find them. They wanted a back door out of which to escape, and I was willing to afford it to them, for I knew their strength, and our weakness. I did

[1] These documents inclosed with the present letter are not printed in the present publication, as they contain nothing previously unknown.—EDITOR.

[2] As to the negotiations for peace, compare the above with the article in the "Overland Monthly" for November, 1874, and with Sherman's "Memoirs."—EDITOR.

all I could to separate the principle from the facts. The Law and Order party, as we were styled, was in public estimation synonymous with the rowdies, shoulder-strikers, and ballot-box stuffers, and our only chance to undo the effect of such clamor was to admit the fact that crime had not been punished heretofore as it ought, and that the ballot-box had been in the hands of rowdies and loafers, but that instead of violent remedies the true course was to devise some legal mode of redress. I thought if we could array on our side all citizens who thought the committee had gone far enough, we would be able to take a bold stand.

My purpose was to use this committee as intermediaries between the Governor and the Vigilantes, if for nothing else than to establish the fact the Governor was right and the committee wrong, and thereby force the moderate men of the city to take our side. We went to Benicia, got there about one hour before the Governor came in the Sacramento boat. I conducted the committee, of which Mr. Crochett was chairman, to the hotel and introduced them to General Wool. I then asked General Wool for an answer to my letter, but he said, inasmuch as I was there he would only say that his answer was the same in substance as his to the Governor. I endeavored to get him to reconsider, but he would not, and it was with great difficulty I succeeded in getting from him the written answer he had before prepared, herewith marked "3," and which he wanted to withhold when he knew I had come up. About dark the boat arrived with Governor Johnson. I hurried to the wharf to meet him, and found him in company with certain gentlemen known to be of the most ultra kind, men of violent feelings and who were determined to bring about a collision of arms if possible. I withdrew him, and he wanted to know if it was true a Committee of Vigilantes were up to see him. I told him no, they were not Vigilantes, but moderate and respectable men, who as yet have not taken part one way or the other, and who represented that middle class out of which we would have to derive our strength. I hastily explained to him that the enrollment of men was proceeding slower than I wanted, and that our cause was hopelessly lost if Wool's decision got out. Governor Johnson was so incensed, and justly so, at Wool's course that he would not stop at the same house, and proceeded to the Soland Hotel, some two blocks further from the water. I talked with him till he reached the hotel and supposed I had disabused his mind of the impression he had received that the gentlemen who had come up to see him were Vigilantes; and when he said he would see them, I returned and told Mr. Crochett that the Governor was ready to receive the committee. They started, and in some fifteen minutes I followed, and found the Governor in a kind of parlor over the bar-room at the Soland Hotel, and with him were Judge Terry, an editor from Sacramento, Colonel Baker, Jones, of Palmer, Cook and Company, the men against whom of all others in the State there lie the most violent prejudices, and who knew that I did not like them. On entering the room I asked, "Where is the committee?" "They are writing something in another room." I thought that was right, to reduce the points of their proposition to writing, that no further mistakes should occur, and was surprised when a subcommittee came in the room with a written application to come into the Governor's presence. I now inclose a slip of newspaper in which that interview is described by the committee itself. Johnson did not mean discourtesy, but the committee would not believe otherwise, and the whole effect was bad. I found myself strangely placed: under a militia commission to quell a civil strife, the mass of people against me, arms refused by the only authority that could give them, and the Governor under other influences than my own. I believe that night through the instrumentality of that committee I would have brought the Vigilantes to a dead standstill, with absolute submission to the law, or could have so placed them in the wrong that all good and moderate people would have joined us, but these men, Terry, Jones, Baker, etc., had made the Governor believe the committee was caving in, and that he must follow them up rapidly and force them to disband absolutely, to submit unconditionally. If he had the force or backing of the people such a stand would have been right, but at that moment, though he thought otherwise, I was convinced that nine tenths of the people of the State ratified the acts of the Vigilance Committee, but many, a great many, were willing to say they had gone far enough and should stop. General Wool having denied arms, and the Governor having assumed such high grounds against my known advice, I was forced to resign and trust to my motives being understood, and to that end I had published in all the papers Monday morning a letter, of which you will find a copy [1] in the same newspaper slip. . . .

With my resignation all show of resistance ceased here. Nobody but the most active would serve under Volney E. Howard, and the Governor holds out at Sacramento yet, sticking by his proclamation, but he has no person to enforce it, and at this moment the Vigilance Committee has absolute sway in this city. What they

[1] See a copy of the most of this letter in the supplement to the present one (p. 306).—EDITOR.

propose to do, how long their power is to last, or whether they will consent to the courts exercising any power, are questions that no one now asks. All men now hurrah and applaud their wisdom, and even such as Governor Foote, Baillie, Peyton, Mr. Duer, etc., etc., approve all they have done and all they intend to do without being able to answer even, who are they? who appointed them? what are their names? All these are trifles. The committee have published a sort of Declaration of Independence, a constitution. They, over the signature of "33 Secretary" announce their will, and it is bowed to. The preachers applaud their wisdom from the pulpit, although their armed bodies parade the streets on Sundays, and close up any thoroughfare they please by files of armed men. They have a perfect citadel, with cannon above and below, a perfect arsenal of muskets within, and I do not doubt that six thousand armed men will obey their decrees quickly, energetically, and cheerfully. Who are the men who have in a civilized city arranged and organized such a power? Why, very ordinary men. I know most of them, and individually or collectively they are no better than the heterogeneous crowd of which our city is composed. Some of them have been ballot-box stuffers, some of them are rowdies, and more than one is accused of having fled from other countries for forgery or crime. Yet others are good, intelligent, clever, well-meaning men, who are fanatic and believe they are serving their God and their country. . . . Steadily they have organized a power irresistible by any force at the Governor's call, and have wielded that power without violence. I never feared any danger from them as a body, if they could control their men, and my apprehension was that in case I were found to arm my side, a general battle would be drawn on by detached parties, in which event it would have been entirely ruinous to the city. It was this apprehension that made the committee agree to the terms they did.[1] Since my resignation I have purposely kept close to business, have not spoken to either party, and have announced my intention in any row to stand by and defend the Bank. . . .

June 17. I was interrupted so often yesterday that I fear I have not made myself as plain as I could have wished, but I have not the time to amend it now, trusting to your knowledge of men and motives to divine the truth. Governor Johnson is a young man elected by the Know-nothing party, and of a high personal character. When, however, this storm burst upon him his old friends left him, and he was found to ally himself with men who had private griefs to avenge, or who acted from extreme notions. Few about him were governed by his high, pure principles. He felt as though the honor of his office might be stained whilst in his hands, and he strove to arrest it, but he miscalculated the strength of his adversaries. He is now powerless; for the militia, his only reliance to coerce obedience to his orders, have deserted him in mass, leaving him the naked, unsupported position of governor. Had I been otherwise situated, I might from sympathy have continued to aid him, but by so doing I would have driven off our business, for so high has this feeling run that all business men have yielded to it, and have regarded those who favored the cause of Law and Order as enemies of the people, and withdrawn their patronage from newspapers and all other interests controlled by Law and Order men. I don't think any man in California thinks the worse of me, for our business has not suffered, although I have been known from the first as an opponent of the Vigilance Committee. Though I was accused in the newspapers of threatening to lay the city in ashes, nobody believed it, and the most rabid had to admit that from no act of my life could I be classed as a rowdy or friend of the ballot-box stuffers. What is to be the end of this no one can tell. I fear no violence, but expect the Vigilance Committee will force away their present list of culprits, and then drop back into their business, for the expense of their organization must be heavy, and will as usual fall on a few of the most zealous, who, as soon as their zeal evaporates, will give in. How few the courts will disturb is a doubtful question, and on it may depend the future conduct of the committee.

Affectionately yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

SUPPLEMENT TO III.

Inclosure (No. 1).

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
BENICIA, June 5th, 1856.

To his Excellency J. NEELY JOHNSON,
Governor of California.[1]

SIR: I had the honor to receive last evening your communication of the 4th inst. by Colonel E. A. Rowe.

In reply I would remark that, on examination of the laws of Congress, I find that no person has the authority to grant the request therein presented but the President of the United States. In a recent contest in Kansas Territory, somewhat analogous to that which you state exists in the city of San Francisco, on application, I believe, of the governor of the Territory for arms and ammunition to aid in suppressing it, the President refused to grant them.

[1] That is, to the terms carried by the "conciliation" committee to the Governor.—EDITOR.

Under these circumstances I am constrained to decline granting your requisition.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN E. WOOL, Major-General.

Inclosure (No. 2).

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1856.

GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL, United States Army, Commander Pacific Division, Benicia.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I was surprised beyond measure to hear yesterday from Colonel Rowe, who brought me a copy of Governor Johnson's letter to you of June 4, that you expressed a determination not to risk the issuance of arms to the militia of this State, under the present aspect of things.

After your assent to the Governor's request in my presence to issue such arms as would be required in the present emergency I cannot think that Colonel Rowe could have got the exact meaning of your reply.

Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation and I have issued orders for the enrollment of the militia. And already several companies have reported, and many more are known to be progressing in the work. Now if we cannot count on getting arms and ammunition as a certainty I should know it as soon as possible. I assure you on my honor that I will not call for a musket or a cartridge till I am dead certain that the arming the militia will at once restore authority to its legitimate channels. If the number of men or if the character of the men who offer their services are such as I am not willing to command, I will not receive their service.

But I think, my dear General, I should know at once — to-night if possible — by the Stockton Boat, whether in case I call for arms I can have them.

Your friend and servant,
W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General, California Militia.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CARD TO THE PUBLIC ON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

[The "San Francisco Evening Bulletin" of June 9, 1856, contains in its news columns what appears to be the most of this card, which it apparently does not publish entire. What is given reads: "I think I have already said and done enough to convince all that I am not an advocate of the Vigilance Committee; and whilst I would have contributed my assistance to expel from our midst all rowdies, ballot-box stuffers, and shoulder-strikers, it would only be by the application of some legal mode, which I believe does exist, and not by resorting to the organization of a committee, which in the enforcement of its decrees has been compelled to resist the sworn officers of the law.

"When, however, the Vigilance Committee had become installed in power, and I had received the orders of the Governor to organize the militia to aid the sheriff in the execution of his duty, I did my best to influence and command all good citizens to enroll themselves into companies, promising when a sufficient number were enlisted, provided the necessity still continued, to arm, equip, and muster them into the service of the State. I based my promise of arming the enrolled militia on a verbal assurance, given to Governor Johnson by General Wool, in my presence, to issue from the United States Arsenal, on a proper requisition, such arms and munitions of war as the emergency might call for. It is now no longer a secret that when the written requisition was made, General Wool had changed his mind, and had discovered that he had not the legal power to grant the request.

"I have at all times endeavored to calm the public excitement; I have counseled moderation and forbearance, but I was forced to conclude that these moderate counsels did not coincide with the views of Governor Johnson, and, in justice to him, I felt bound to afford him the opportunity to select some representative here whose ideas were more consonant with his own."

COMMENTS ON III.

THE controversy with Wool about the broken promise of aid continued for a good while. The Executive Documents above cited contain much correspondence bearing on the matter. Wool's position is sufficiently indicated by his letters referred to in a foregoing note.

To explain the warmth of feeling which the subsequent letters of this correspondence will show, it is well to point out, as an added motive from this time on, that the Vigilance newspapers, in the first week in June, contain very violent assaults upon Sherman. His proclamation calling for volunteers was burlesqued in the "Alta." "Bulletin" correspondents called him a "traitor" and his volunteers "mercenary hirelings," and much more of the sort appeared. Side by side with such attacks there are beseeching appeals to him as a man and a friend to come out from amongst such evil associates, and the "Bulletin" congratulates him warmly when he resigns; whilst he cheerily says, in the foregoing letter, that he believes that no man thinks the worse of him after all, yet these things wore on Sherman's patience, and the sense of failure was henceforth present. — EDITOR.]

IV.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1856.

DEAR TURNER:

. . . . . .

The last advices explained the condition of public affairs up to the 20th ult., at which time the Vigilance Committee were in full blast. There was an apparent submission to them

which looked like a perfect calm, but every thinking man knew that at any moment the whole might explode. Sure enough, on Saturday the 21st, occurred one of the most disgraceful scenes that can be imagined. It seems that General Howard, who succeeded me in the management of the military affairs here, was gathering arms and munitions, picking them up wherever they could be found. A small schooner, the *Julia*, had about one hundred and thirty muskets on board, and whilst on her way to the city was intercepted by another small vessel with Vigilance Committee men on board, headed by one Durkee, who took the arms and the three men in charge in custody, and on reaching the city the arms were taken to the fort of the committee, and the three men turned loose; these were named Phillips, Maloney, and McNab. These men went before the United States District Court and filed a complaint against Durkee for a piracy on the waters of the bay, and the committee, finding themselves about to be embroiled with the United States Government, discovered that Maloney was a bad character, a ballot-box stuffer, and accordingly issued their orders for his arrest. This order was placed in the hand of . . . Hopkins, who proceeded to the room of R. P. Ashe, navy agent—brother-in-law of Dr. Moses in your city. He has been a most violent opposer of the Vigilance Committee, and was captain of one of the companies enrolled under my orders.

His room is over Palmer, Cook & Co's bank, and Judge Terry of the Supreme Court was staying with him. Terry too is a most violent opposer of the committee, is the judge whose will was disobeyed, and who has honestly opposed the progress of the committee by all the influence he possesses. When Hopkins reached the room and asked Maloney to go with him, Ashe, Terry, and others present put Hopkins out. He immediately sent word to the committee-rooms for more force to arrest Maloney. Ashe, Terry, and others in the room with Maloney took such weapons as they could get, and started for one of the armories used by one of the State Volunteer Companies, on Jackson street, between Kearny and Dupont. On leaving Palmer, Cook & Co's buildings, they were followed by Hopkins and others, who endeavored to seize Maloney, but Ashe and Terry interposed, and they had nearly reached the armory, when Hopkins seized the gun in Terry's hands, a scuffle ensued, a pistol went off, and Terry, a strong fine-looking man, excited, announced himself a judge of the Supreme Court, commanded the peace, and endeavored to escape from Hopkins, who held his gun with his left hand, and with his right grasped Terry by the hair or neckcloth. Then Terry drew his knife, showed it to Hopkins, and stabbed him in his left shoulder. Hopkins by this time had Terry's gun, with which he ran down the street, crying he was stabbed (or killed). Maloney, Terry, Ashe, and party thus reached the armory, which is in the third story of a fire-engine house. Then arose such a tumult as I never witnessed. The Vigilance bell pealed forth its wildest clamor, and men ran, calling, "Hang him! hang him!" All kinds of stories flew about that Terry had shot Hopkins dead, and indeed it was hours before the truth was known; all stores were closed; so wild was the tumult that I had the money put in the vault and locked, and commanded all the clerks to stand by. Crowds of people with muskets, and swords, and pistols poured by up Jackson street, and a dense mass of men filled the street from Montgomery to Stockton. Knowing Terry and Ashe to be desperate men, and hearing that about fifteen or twenty of their friends were with them, I took it for granted that blood would be shed; but after some talking they concluded to surrender, and were conducted under strong guard to the Vigilance Committee rooms. At the same time all the armories of the State Volunteers were surrendered, giving up their arms and accoutrements—a regular *coup d'état à la Louis Napoléon*. Thus from that day the State of California ceased to have any power to protect men here in defense of her sovereignty. . . . Since that day nothing has been done in the military way, except by the Vigilance Committee, who have their rooms fortified, and whose companies are marched through the streets at all hours. Some are being uniformed, and some bands of music are now being formed, so it may be they intend to keep up their military power a long time. In the mean time Terry is in the cells of the committee. At first they were disposed to treat him well, allowed his wife to see him, but of late they have changed, and now they permit no one to visit him. I inclose you a slip containing a letter from Mrs. Terry, and I know you will agree with me that this is a case of such cruelty that, without knowing, we could not believe such a thing could be enacted in an American city. For ten days Hopkins has been lying on his bed, with reports coming every hour that he was getting worse and even dying. The newspapers have been inflaming the public mind, and that "Bulletin," the cause of all this civil strife, announces its dictates, which are promptly obeyed. To it Judge Terry is indebted for the cruelty shown him. When it was generally understood that during his confinement he was to have a room and be allowed the company of his wife, the "Bulletin" announced that such would not be the case; and that the editor was *happy* to an-

nounce that Judge Terry would not be treated a bit better than Casey and Cora; that he was confined in the same kind of cell; that he would be tried by the same law; and, if found guilty, suffer the same penalty. It has now been acknowledged that if Hopkins died, Judge Terry would be hung; if Hopkins recovers, then he will be banished. At all events he must be made to resign; but he will not resign, he says; he would rather die than be dishonored. He was imprudent in this matter, for as judge he ought to have kept aloof on the score that the questions involved might come before him as judge. So satisfied was I of this that, when in command here, I requested Johnson to call him to Sacramento, which he did; but when I resigned he came again to the city, and the result is he is in the power of the committee. . . . I hope Hopkins may recover, in which case the committee can do nothing to Terry; but if he die we may have further commotion. I am sick of this whole matter, and I believe the community is fast becoming so, and therefore I will drop the subject, leaving the newspapers to keep you advised of the progress of this singular revolution. I am out of it, and believe that I have lost nothing in public estimation in what I did; at all events it is a lesson I will never forget—to mind my own business in all time to come.

Your friend,
W. T. SHERMAN.

To HENRY S. TURNER,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 7, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER: The steamer sails to-day and will bring you news of the same character as the two past. The Vigilance Committee is in full blast, still exercising full control; has Judge Terry in their power, and, had the man Hopkins died, they would have hung him. Now the probabilities are they will send him away. Where the matter is to end I cannot imagine; but I think the community is getting sick and disgusted with their secrecy, their street forts and parades, and mock trials—worse, far worse, than the prompt, rapid executions of a mob or lynch court. Since my resolution I have kept purposely aloof from all parties, either one way or the other. Being in a business where large interests are at stake, I cannot act with that decision that would otherwise suit me. I do not think that there is any necessity for the interference of the Federal authorities, but that before we can hear from Washington the matter will be over and forgotten. . . .

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 3, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

. . . . . .

Here in this country the democratic, common element prevails to such a degree that, as you will have observed, the influence of the Governor, Mayor, and all the executive authority has been utterly disregarded. For three months we have been governed by a self-constituted committee, who have hung four men, banished some twenty others, arrested, imprisoned, and ironed many men, and who now hold a judge of the Supreme Court in their power, the authorities being utterly unable to do anything. . . . There is no doubt we have had a bad administration of law here, and more than a fair share of rowdies; but I think the committee itself no better, and if we are to be governed by the mere opinion of the committee, and not by officers of our own choice, I would prefer at once to have a dictator. The committee is now in a bad fix. The man whom Terry stabbed is well. The Executive Committee of Vigilance are willing to acquit him; but before they can act in such a matter, by their by-laws they must submit the case to a Board of Delegates, composed of three (3) from each of their military companies. This Board of Delegates, of course, want action, and they insist that Terry shall resign his office and go away or be hung. There is a sloop of war here, the *John Adams*, whose commander says that he will intercept any ship that attempts to carry Terry off. So that it will be difficult for them to banish Terry, and it is not impossible that they may yet hang Terry to save themselves the consequences of his return to the bench. If there is not an entire revolution and withdrawal from the Union, then all these acts of violence must come up before our courts on action for civil damage; and it is likely if Terry returns to the bench he will have some feeling against the men who have kept him imprisoned for some two months with daily expectation of death or banishment. We are waiting to hear what President Pierce will do in this matter. I doubt if he will interfere as long as the trouble is local, and as long as those men do not try to bring about an absolute revolution, which I do not think they have yet contemplated. My own opinion is the committee is tired of its position, but finds it difficult to withdraw from the complications in which they are involved.

. . . . . .

Affectionately your brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

[We may close the correspondence with an extract from one later letter, written a short time after Terry's discharge and the final parade.—EDITOR.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF AUGUST 19.

It is pretty generally acceded to that Terry's friends in the committee had to log-roll and stuff the box in order to save him. I know that some of the most conservative of that committee hurried Terry aboard the *John Adams* at two o'clock at night to save him from the vengeance of the more rabid faction. The committee yesterday had a grand jubilee, and for the time being are retired from the public gaze, but nobody can doubt that in any case of danger to themselves they will again come on the tapis.

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Christmas Century.

FOR the first time in many years THE CENTURY greets its readers with a regular old-fashioned Christmas number — with a difference. The difference may be felt in the absence of some of the approved conventionalities; but the Christmas quality, we think, will also be felt here and there throughout the number both in illustrations and text — sometimes ostensibly and objectively, sometimes subtly enough.

As one grows older in this world of realities, one begins to stiffen the back against the sentimental. True sentiment is upheld with force and arms against sentimentalism. As one grows older, still, in this world of realities, the back does not always so quickly stiffen even against the sentimental — even against the sentimental Christmas, even against the sentimental Christmas number. The present can hardly be said to be the "sentimental Christmas number"; but if the Christmas reader finds in it, and is pleased to find, a goodly share of the true Christmas sentiment, how well content will be those who shall have — then successfully — gathered together the art and literature of the CHRISTMAS CENTURY!

Charitable Reform of High Public Value.

THE State Charities Aid Association, which has done so much during the last nineteen years to improve the condition of the inmates of poorhouses, almshouses, and other charitable institutions in the State of New York, is engaged in several new movements, all of which are most commendable, and two of which are of such vital importance that we wish to call special attention to them. Surely no time more fit could be chosen in which to speak of the humane work of this Association than the Christmas season.

Let us say at the outset that it is to the organization mentioned that the State owes the passage of the humane and most desirable law transferring the pauper insane from the county poorhouses to the State institutions provided for such patients. This was merely the culminating reform in a long series, beginning in 1872, when the Association was formed, and including such notable achievements as the initiation of tenement-house reform, the establishment of the first working-girls' clubs, and the establishment of municipal lodging-houses, all in New York City, and the establishment of temporary homes in Ulster, Westchester, and Queens counties. It should be borne in mind that the Association is a voluntary body, and is supported entirely in its work by voluntary contributions. In other words, it is a body of humane men and women who have voluntarily given their time and energies to the task of making more comfortable the lives of the most helpless of their fellow beings, relying entirely upon the sympathetic aid of other humane men and women to defray the pecuniary expense of their labors.

It is to an association of this high and unselfish character that we call the attention of THE CENTURY'S readers, in the hope that needed assistance may thereby be encouraged from many quarters. The first of the two objects of the Association upon which we wish to dwell especially is the establishment of a State institution for epileptics and their removal from the poorhouses and almshouses. There are at present about five hundred such patients in the county and city institutions, in which there is for them no special medical treatment, little employment, and no training or education. Under such conditions of neglect and idleness the result is almost inevitably to make the victims of the disease permanent paupers. Under skilled medical treatment it cannot be questioned that some of them might be restored to health, and others might be so far benefited that they could be restored to their homes or friends. Many of them, either because of their infirmity or lack of training, have no occupation, and are unfitted to compete with able-bodied laborers in case they are discharged from the almshouses. If they were taught some useful calling while in them, their prospects for making their own way in the world, and leading happy and useful lives, after leaving the institutions would be greatly brightened.

The epileptics are almost the only defective class for whom society has made no especial provision. In an earnest plea for separate asylums for them which Dr. Frederic Peterson, a high authority on nervous and mental diseases, made a few years ago, he said:

> The sufferer from epilepsy has been left to shift for himself, often an outcast from his family, usually expelled from the schools, denied industrial employment, shunned to a great extent by his fellows, left to grow up in ignorance and idleness, companionless and friendless, a prey to one of the most dreadful and hopeless of maladies, refused admission to general hospitals, and only at last given refuge in either an almshouse or insane asylum.
>
> He is driven to find shelter in an asylum, not, as a rule, because he is deprived of reason, but because there is no other place for him to go. There are thousands of epileptics in insane asylums to-day who do not belong there, for many will be found among them who are not

insane, and it is an injustice to them, as well as a detriment to the insane, to associate the two classes.

When we take into consideration the fact that a large majority of these unfortunates are gifted with as much intelligence as ordinary human beings, that they are as capable of education, as well adapted for every-day pursuits, quite as able to be self-supporting as most people, the unutterable woes of this class become more apparent. But the conditions under which they may secure their proper mental development and their need of occupation must be such as combine medical supervision with wise industrial teaching and training.

Foreign countries have been far ahead of America in extending kindly and sympathetic aid to these unfortunate fellow creatures. Twenty-five years ago a colony for epileptics was established at Bielefeld, near Hanover, in Germany, by Von Bodelschwingh. "It seemed to its benevolent founder," says Dr. Peterson, "that it was feasible to create a refuge where such sufferers might be cured if curable; where their disease might be ameliorated, their intellectual decay prevented; where they might find a comfortable home if recovery were impossible; where they might develop their mental faculties to the utmost; might acquire trades or engage in any occupation they saw fit to choose; finally, to grow into a community of educated, useful, industrious, prosperous, and contented citizens." These ideas have been completely realized. The colony has expanded until it has over one thousand inhabitants, covers more than three hundred and twenty acres of beautiful woodland and meadow, has over sixty houses and cottages, surrounded by pretty gardens, excellent schools, shops of all kinds for selling and manufacturing the necessaries of life — in fact, is a village in all respects like to those of the more fortunate of God's people. Taking this colony as a model, nine others for epileptics have been established in Germany, one in Holland, one in Switzerland, and one in France, all of which are successful. The first of the kind in this country has recently been established in Ohio by the State. Surely New York and other States ought to follow in the good work at the earliest possible day.

The second of the objects to which the Association is bending its energies, and to which we most earnestly beg the attention of our readers, is the enactment of a law which will authorize a better system of commitments to the New York City Workhouse. A bill for this purpose was presented to the legislature last winter, but it did not become a law, though it had the support of all the charitable organizations in the city. The present system could scarcely be worse had it been designed especially to encourage and spread vice and crime. It sends chronic offenders over and over again on short sentences, which are often still further shortened by the committing magistrate in compliance with an order from a single Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. A former matron of the workhouse says of the influence of this system: "The workhouse has been since the first day of opening, and is now, but a place of recruit and a vantage-ground for a perfectly dissolute life. The daily changing element, the ten-day women, keep the links of information open between it and the haunts of vice in the city." The same thing is true of the men. As the Association said in a circular issued on this subject last spring: "It is an outrage against the unfortunate and young in vice that they should be forced into association with the criminal and vicious; it is an outrage against the community that these old offenders should be allowed to spend their lives vibrating between the workhouse and these places of vice. Instead of being a moral quarantine, the workhouse is a place where contagion is nurtured and from which it is spread."

This is inevitable from the nature of the system. The constant entry and departure of chronic offenders brings about a perpetual changing in the population of the workhouse, which not only prevents all exercise of reformatory influences, but makes moral contamination easy and certain. Classification of a number of men or women who are in for only a few days is impossible. Over one half of all commitments are for ten days or less. A former warden says, with obvious truth, that "for many of the inmates a trip to the Island loses all terrors, and comes to be regarded as a rather pleasant diversion, giving them an opportunity to get thoroughly clean, a needed rest after a prolonged spree, and excellent medical attention." Statistics show that about 4000 persons were arrested, tried, and committed 10,000 times to the workhouse in 1887. As to recommitments, the statistics show that about seventy per cent. of the women and forty per cent. of the men each year have been previously committed to the workhouse; 5895 women sentenced to the workhouse during the last six months of 1888 had aggregated since the beginning of the previous year (that is, twenty-four months) 23,126 sentences, an average of four apiece. One woman served twenty-eight sentences in twenty-five months, twenty out of the number being for ten days or less.

This is an outrageous condition of affairs to be found in a civilized community, and when we consider that the system described is in full operation, not in a small community, but in the largest city in the land, the imperative need of the reform becomes manifest. Last year's reform measure proposed a regulation sentence of six months for every case of intoxication, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, and gave the Commissioners of Charities and Correction power to shorten the term in accordance with the record of the offender. A similar measure will be introduced again this winter, and it ought to be passed without opposition. It ought to be obvious to every intelligent mind that a vice-breeding and vice-spreading institution of this kind in the largest city in the country, a city to which the worst criminals drift as offering the most favorable field for their operations, is not only a disgrace to our Christian civilization but a peril to the well-being of the entire land.

We have selected these two from the list of the reforms proposed by the State Charities Aid Association, not because they were more deserving than the others, but because they seemed best calculated to attract public attention to the invaluable work in the cause of humanity which this excellent organization is doing. It is a work for the helpless and for the victims of criminal associations, and as such it commands very little popular sympathy, most people declining to take any interest in the work of improving the condition of portions of the population who are disagreeable for them to contemplate. For this reason, if for no other, the unselfish efforts of the members of the Association are worthy of the highest praise. There are, we are glad to believe, not lacking in this country, as in others, people who appreciate both the high importance of the work and the noble self-sacrifice of those who are

pushing it forward. We hope that many of our readers, as they contemplate this work, will take to heart the following impressive words, uttered by Bishop Potter at the public meeting of the Association which was held in Chickering Hall last May:

> The post of mere observation in connection with charitable reform, if it goes no further, is a very dangerous position. As Bishop Butler, in substance, says, "Passive impressions, constantly repeated, unless they pass over into action, cease at last to touch the conscience or the will." It is a profound truth which no man or woman, in the midst of a Christian civilization like ours, threatened in so many ways, can afford to forget. You and I, my friends, must take the quickened feeling with which we have heard of this heroic work to-night, must be touched and moved by the fine examples of these men and women who, disdaining misapprehension and misrepresentation, without fee or reward, working always and everywhere without that stimulus of the large sympathy, of the more active and emotional sentiment of the community, have held on through all these years with such a fine courage, never losing their faith in the worth of their work, and making that work all the time larger and nobler and more real to every honest man or woman who looked at it.

All persons interested in the objects and work of the association can obtain its documents and other information by addressing Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, treasurer, 21 University Place, New York City.

The "Per Capita" Delusion.

THE *per capita* argument has always been a favorite method for sustaining a demand for cheap money. Such demands invariably arise when times are hard, that is, when money is scarce. The cheap-money advocates, acting on the knowledge that a great many people are wishing that they had more money in their pockets, come forward with the explanation that the real cause of the trouble is the smallness of the monetary circulation, the volume of currency not being adequate for the demands of the business of the country. They point to other countries, like England, Germany, and France, saying that they have a much larger per capita circulation than the United States, and claim that everybody in this country would have more money in his pocket if a great addition of some form of cheap money—either irredeemable paper, or depreciated silver, or sub-treasury notes—were made to the currency.

The fundamental defect in the argument is that it confounds small circulation with small distribution. The trouble is not that the circulation is small, but that so many people fail to get much of it. If the circulation were to be doubled, or trebled, or quadrupled, what reason is there for believing that the people who have least at present would have any more? *How would they go to work to get some of the increase into their pockets?* This, as we said many months ago in one of our earlier articles in this cheap-money series, is the crucial question in all schemes for making money cheap and plentiful. How can a man who wants some of it obtain it except he give labor or goods in return for it? If he have labor or goods to sell, does it make any difference to him whether the volume of currency be large or small? Is it not always large enough to furnish payment for what he has to sell? And if he has anything to sell, would not he rather receive his payment in dear money than in cheap money? Was there ever a man yet who did not desire to be paid for his wares in the soundest and best money obtainable? Who are the men who hope, in some mysterious manner, to get money into their pockets through a great issue of cheap money by the Government? Are they not, almost invariably, men who have nothing to sell in exchange for it?

It is difficult to see why the per capita argument should influence any one who thinks about it carefully. When we say that the wealth of the country, if divided equally among all its inhabitants, would be so many dollars per capita, nobody is seriously disturbed by the fact. Nobody says that there is not wealth enough in the country. The most usual observation is that it is a pity it cannot be more evenly distributed. But when the statement is made that the circulation is only $23 per capita, many people are inclined to think that this is not enough, and that if we had more everybody would be in more comfortable circumstances. But would everybody get some of the increase in his pocket? If not, what would be the advantage? If the wealth of the country were to be doubled, where would the increase go? The greater part of it would go to the millionaires and other rich people who have most at present, while the people who have least would get little or none of it. So it would be with an increase of circulating medium. If the per capita were to be doubled, the ratio of the present division would be maintained. The people who had the most before would get the most of the increase, while those who had none before would get none now. The great want of the people who have none is not an increase in the volume of currency, but the discovery of a new method by which they can get some of the currency already in circulation into their pockets.

Statistics published lately by the Treasury Department demonstrate conclusively the fallacy of the per capita argument. These give the per capita circulation for each year from 1860 down to the present time, and show that there has been a steady rise from $17.50 in 1870 to $23.45 in 1891. If prosperity is determined by per capita, this country ought to be vastly better off in 1890–91 than it was in 1870, but, as a matter of fact, 1870 was one of the most prosperous years the country has ever known, while 1890 and 1891 will be known in history as years of almost unequaled financial and industrial depression. All through the years since 1878 we have been swelling the volume of currency by coining silver and gold to the amount of $945,000,000, and have been issuing many millions more of silver notes and gold notes, till we have now a circulation of over $1,500,000,000 against only a little more than $655,000,000 in 1870.

Those persons who were complaining a few months ago, when money was scarce, that even this immense volume of currency was insufficient for the business needs of the country, and that if we had a larger circulation per capita there would be no such scarcity, were laboring under a misapprehension. They were confounding contraction of the currency with contraction of credit. Ninety-two per cent. of all the business of the country is done on credit, and only eight per cent. with actual currency. When, therefore, credit is unsettled, as it was by the impending peril of free-silver coinage, which would have lowered the standard of value as well as destroyed its stability, instantly a

serious monetary contraction was felt throughout all the avenues of trade. Instead of the trouble being one which an issue of cheap money would have remedied, it was one which owed its existence entirely to the mere threat of such issue. As soon as the threatened danger was averted, the stringency disappeared, and there has been no complaint heard since about a scarcity of money, either for "moving the crops" or for anything else.

Suppose now that free coinage of silver were to be authorized, what would be the effect upon the circulation? It is estimated that $12,000,000 would be the extreme amount that it could add to the circulation. If the increase of nearly a billion since 1870 has not helped us, would twelve millions do it? And if we were to have free coinage, into whose pockets would the increase go? Not into those of the people, but into those of the men who sold the silver to the Government at a price greater than it would be worth as money after being coined. Those men would not put it into the pockets of the people, but would add it to their own wealth, and the only benefit the people would derive would be the opportunity to pay off their debts in a cheaper money than that in which they were incurred, provided they were able to get some of it in return for labor or goods.

Per capita arguments from foreign countries are all misleading. Nobody can tell what the per capita circulation of Germany, France, and England is, because those countries have a metallic circulation of large and unknown volume, with no small bank-notes like ours. The systems in all these countries are so different from ours that intelligible comparison is out of the question.

If size of per capita circulation determines prosperity, how does it happen that the Argentine Republic, with a per capita of over one hundred dollars, is in such financial, commercial, and industrial collapse? How did it happen that repeated additions to its volume of currency did not check its downward march to ruin?

The delusion behind the per capita argument is the same one that is behind all cheap-money panaceas. It is a belief, not always clearly defined, that a large issue of money by the Government will carry with it in some mysterious way an instrumentality for getting some of that money into the pockets of the people without the people giving anything in return for it. It is based on the idea that the Government can *create* money, and is a perfectly logical deduction from that idea, for if the Government can create money, there is no reason why it should not distribute it freely among the people. In fact, if the Government can create money, and by its own edict maintain it in circulation as good as any other money, *why should the Government levy taxes?* This question has been asked before, but we have never seen or heard an answer to it. If the Government can take 75 cents' worth of silver, and by declaring it to be a dollar make it worth 100 cents, why should it not do the same with 50 cents' worth, or 10 cents' worth, or with a piece of paper? And having done this, having by its fiat made a piece of paper worth a dollar, why, we ask again, should it not abolish taxation and support itself with the money of its own creation? If it were to do that it would give us a per capita circulation greater than any the world has yet seen.

The World's Columbian Exhibition.

THE World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, in commemoration of the discovery of America by Columbus, has long since passed the experimental and critical stage of its development. Ample assurance is now given that it will be not only one of the most comprehensive and complete international exhibitions ever organized, but will surpass all predecessors in the architectural beauty and extent of its buildings and the natural charm of its location. It will be an exhibition worthy of the United States and of the closing years of the nineteenth century.

It is not our purpose in this article to enter into a detailed description of the proposed buildings and their surroundings, but to give in as concise a manner as possible a statement of what has been accomplished in the work of organization up to the present time. Our desire is to show the readers of THE CENTURY that the country is going to have an exhibition which, instead of being local, or Western, or national, will be international in the largest sense of the term, and will be a demonstration of the country's first century of development that will be viewed with just pride by every American. Not only will the nations of the Old World take part in it, but eighteen sister republics and various colonies of the New World which Columbus discovered will be represented. Nearly or quite all of these have officially accepted invitations to send exhibits. A large number of them will have buildings of their own, many having already given notification to that effect.

The amount of money which is likely to be expended will be far in excess of what has hitherto been used in any similar display, and will help, perhaps better than detailed description, to convey an idea of the magnitude of the exhibition. Chicago is to provide $10,000,000. It is believed by the managers that the other parts of the country will contribute for their State and Territorial displays at least $5,000,000. The nations of the Old World, it is believed, will expend a grand total of at least $10,000,000. Japan alone has appropriated $500,000, and Germany $250,000. The Central and South American republics and colonies, with Canada, will expend several millions more, and the grand total which will go into the exhibition from all the participants is placed by the managers at nearly or quite $40,000,000. The Local Directory and the National Commission estimate the amount to be expended upon buildings and surroundings, under their immediate control, at $18,000,000. This is more than double the amount expended for the same purposes at Philadelphia in 1876, and more than three times that at Paris in 1889.

No exhibition that has ever been held has had a site of such great natural attractiveness as that which has been selected in Chicago, and when it shall have been occupied by its buildings and its natural advantages developed to meet the demands of the occasion, we think it can safely be said that it will be the most superb setting ever given to such a purpose. The space is far larger than that of other exhibitions, comprising about 1000 acres, with a frontage of two miles on Lake Michigan. The Philadelphia exhibition grounds comprised 236 acres, and those of Paris 173. The buildings will be grouped upon the lake front, and flowing between them will be a system of canals and lagoons, from 100 to 300 feet in width, which will add greatly

to the picturesque appearance of the exhibition. This system will connect the small lakes already in Jackson Park, which forms the site, with Lake Michigan, and over this waterway, which will be a circuit of three miles in length, many bridges will be thrown. It will flow around a wooded island twenty or thirty acres in size, and down to its edges will slope broad grassy terraces leading from the principal buildings. The canals will connect with Lake Michigan at two points. At the southern point of the site, where the great main building is to stand, upon a jutting strip of land which runs 1200 feet into the lake, piers will be constructed, at which passengers can be landed from the steamers. Within the lines of these piers will be formed a wide harbor in which pleasure-boats of all descriptions and nationalities, used for carrying passengers about in the canals from one building to another, can lie.

There will be no fewer than twelve great buildings, all designed by American architects of high rank, and exceeding in beauty as well as in extent anything of the kind ever seen in this country. The estimated cost of these, with their names, is given in the following table:

Administration	$450,000
Manufactures	1,000,000
Agriculture	540,000
Machinery Hall	1,200,000
Electricity	375,000
Mines and Mining	260,000
Transportation	280,000
Horticulture	300,000
Fish and Fisheries	200,000
Woman's Building	120,000
Casino and Pier	150,000
Art Palace	500,000

Work on these buildings is already well under way, and by the time the new year arrives several of them will be under roof. The prevailing style of architecture is Italian Renaissance. In addition to wood, iron, and glass, there will be used in the construction of some of the buildings a kind of cement, or concrete, which will give an appearance of solidity, as well as a beauty of outline and color, quite unprecedented in structures of this kind.

Every effort will be made to secure in all departments of the exhibition the best expert service and the most complete displays possible. Especially it is believed that the electrical, art, and woman's departments will surpass all previous manifestations. All these will have magnificent buildings, and their displays will be in charge of people who have the highest qualifications for their work.

The time has more than come when all parts of the country should join hands to help the managers of the Fair, who have shown such energy and intelligence in its organization, to carry the enterprise to the full success which it merits. Those States, including New York, which have been backward in making their appropriations for exhibits, should not delay a moment after their legislatures meet in January to take action in the matter.

Chicago has shown that she possesses the public spirit necessary to give the Fair the widest international character and dignity, and we are confident that other parts of the country will not be found lacking in the same patriotic quality.

OPEN LETTERS.

John Boyle O'Reilly as a Poet of Humanity.

WHILE it is an excellent thing to apply our most exacting standards even to those writers, painters, architects, or sculptors of our time who are accomplishing what we believe to be the best work of their period or place, we ought to be quite as careful to perceive their special merit clearly and to give it cordial praise. On the same principle, when we find a strong, uncommon mind expressing itself perhaps with many imperfections, yet with singular force and sincerity, and with bursts of something akin to inspiration, it is wise to hold severe technical judgment in abeyance for a moment, in order to extract by sympathetic appreciation the largest measure of sterling value. In the first case, admitting a genius of commanding power and skill which easily makes malleable gold of its material, we may perhaps demand that he should have wrought it into still better form. In the second case we are examining the rough quartz, and our main business then is to appraise at its full worth the precious metal, only traces of which glitter in sight. John Boyle O'Reilly, regarded as a poet, must perhaps come under the quartz category, for much of his verse was written in haste and with a partial crudity due to the conditions. But there were occasions when, by the assay of strong emotion, combined with his fine intellectual energy and the glow of a shaping imagination, he was able to separate the more valuable substance from its rock-bed in abundant purity.

As an artist in verse he too often fell short; yet the very marked increase of dexterity and delicacy in some of his later pieces demonstrated how well fitted he was by nature to rise to the higher plane of expression. His influence as a writer and as a man was very wide, not only among classes usually little affected by artistic literature, but also among many cultivated, refined, and sensitive minds. Yet his following was largely personal; and there is some danger that his influence, on this account, may pass quickly, or never be felt by those who did not know what he was. It is not of the artist in him, nor of his personality, that I wish here to speak particularly. It is rather the great, human, altruistic principle and sentiment for which he stood,—his impassioned conviction of human brotherhood, his desire to spread generous, unselfish maxims and ideals of manly, magnanimous thought and conduct,—which ought to be emphasized. For although there was not the slightest obscurity in what he wrote, literary people and the general public seem to be somewhat impervious to the fine, warm, noble spirit to which he so eloquently gave voice, often in such ringing music.

Quite early, in his first volume, he admitted that:

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

But he persisted in enforcing the principle that if, at best, men find it hard in the nature of things to deal directly, and to understand each other fully, all the more reason is there for maintaining the highest standards, fostering the most humane, the tenderest, and most patient sympathies.

Steer straight as the wind will allow; but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass:
Each sees his own star — a stiff course is too steady
When this one to meeting goes, that one to mass.

In writing of the clash of two Irish brigades — one Federal, the other Confederate — "At Fredericksburg," he announced, praising both equally:

Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

And, in "Resurgite," he said:

Earth for the people — their laws their own —
An equal race for all:
Though shattered and few, who to this are true
Shall flourish, the more they fall.

One of the most striking of his earlier pieces was "The Trial of the Gods," based on the episode of the Roman Senate voting to dethrone Jupiter in favor of Christ; and after describing that episode, he applied the moral to present times, when, although we still give victims to Mars, and sacrifice to Venus, and honor Mercury, and Bacchus is not dead, still

We know the Truth; but falsehood
With our lives is so inwove —
Our Senates vote down Jesus
As old Rome degraded Jove!

Such plain speaking as this is by no means always welcome. But if the reproaches, the appeals, and the warnings constantly uttered from our pulpits to counteract the evils of existing civilization be justified; if the efforts of thinkers, scholars, humanitarians to evolve higher and more unselfish forms of social action be warranted — then O'Reilly's earnest sarcasms and trenchant condemnations may be not merely pardoned, but also heeded. To him Christ was real, and should be realized to-day by the complete embodiment in society and law of those great and tender principles which, nominally accepted, have not been truly carried out. Later, he returned to this theme in "Prometheus — Christ," exclaiming:

O dumb Darkness, why
Have always men, with loving hearts themselves,
Made devils of their gods?

And then he says:

Christ walks with us to hourly crucifixion.
. . . . . .
Justice? The selfish only can succeed:
Success means power — did Christ mean it so?
. . . . . .
Mercy? Behold it in the reeking slums
That grow like cancers from the palace wall.

But he finds hope in the truth that between us and the Darkness stand two forms, each "crowned eternally." One, wearing flowers and tender leaves, is Nature, smiling benignly;

and the other One,
With sadly pitying eyes, is crowned with thorns.
O Nature, and O Christ, for men to love
And seek and live by — Thine the dual reign,
The health and hope and happiness of men!

Him we must follow to the great Commune,
Reading his book of nature, growing wise
As planet-men, who own the earth, and pass.
Him we must follow till foul cant and caste
Die like disease, and Mankind, freed at last,
Tramples the complex life and laws and limits
That stand between all living things and Freedom!

There is a touch here of Shelley's enthusiasm for actual universal freedom; but it is a Shelley devout, religious, well balanced. Doubtless it was very shocking to some readers that O'Reilly should cry out, in his powerful poem, "The City Streets,"—

Take heed of your Progress! Its feet have trod on the souls it
slew with its own pollutions;
Submission is good; but the order of God may flame the torch of
the revolutions!
Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard: God holds the doom
that its day completes;
It will dawn like a fire, when the track is barred by a barricade in
the city streets.

And it could be no less painful to them to hear his arraignment of existing social wrongs and errors in "From the Earth, a Cry," where he wound up with,

God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire.

But it should be remembered that when O'Reilly speaks of the "order of God" flaming revolution, he means the underlying harmony, the abiding and far-reaching law, which adjust things often by sudden and violent force.

I know well, from my talks with him, that no man deprecated more than he did riotous disturbance and upheaval for the correcting of wrongs. Others know as well that in a certain Irish convention at Philadelphia he more than any other was the active factor in fettering and crushing the "dynamite" party. And in "The Word and the Deed," he expressed his philosophy thus:

The Word is great, and no Deed is greater,
When both are of God, to follow or lead;
But, alas, for the truth when the Word comes later,
With questioned steps, to sustain the Deed.
Not the noblest acts can be true solutions;
The soul must be sated before the eye,
Else the passionate glory of revolutions
Shall pass like the flames that flash and die.
But forever the gain when the heart's convictions,
Rooted in nature, the masses lead:
The cries of rebellion are benedictions
When the Word has flowered in a perfect Deed.

Elsewhere he wrote:

Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
And, next to peace, we profit most from pain.

So, too, in "The Statues in the Block" (a remarkable piece of strong and polished blank verse, handled with fine skill, yet alive with deep reflection and exquisite feeling), he presented in another way the theory of unselfishness:

True love shall trust, and selfish love must die,
For trust is peace, and self is full of pain.
Arise, and heal thy brother's grief; his tears
Shall wash thy love, and it will live again.

The moral which he instilled into the individual he prescribed also for the whole race. His teaching was that every one must be gentle, just, generous.

Hunger goes sleeplessly
Thinking of food;
Evil lies painfully
Yearning for good.
Life is a confluence:
Nature must move,
Like the heart of a poet,
Toward beauty and love.

But now and again the revolt against things which are not as they ought to be and the fierce spirit of appalled prophecy would take hold upon him and move him strongly, and at such times he launched terrible words of admonition or spoke more mildly as a dispassionate seer of

> The People's strength, the deep alluring dream
> Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

At other moments he took the sagacious, practical view, reminding us tersely that

> Like a sawyer's work is life:
> The present makes the flaw,
> And the only field for strife
> Is the inch before the saw.

In epigram, indeed, he excelled, and I wish it were possible to quote here some of his diamond-pointed sayings. But throughout all his moods, whether those of the lyrist pure and simple, caroling joyously; the prophet and philosopher; the wit; or the enthusiast for real human advancement, he upheld unflaggingly the ensign of idealism, as in "The Cry of The Dreamer."

> I am tired of planning and toiling
> In the crowded hives of men;
> Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
> And spoiling and building again.
> And I long for the dear old river
> Where I dreamed my youth away;
> *For a dreamer lives forever,*
> *And a toiler dies in a day.*

Yet in his poem on the "Pilgrim Fathers," delivered at the dedication of the monument to the founders of New England at Plymouth, he spoke of them as

> Dreamers who work — adventurers who pray!

He believed in having the dreamer work, after all. But he likewise believed that labor must be futile unless inspired by great and lofty idealism. His own life had been full of adventure, but he had learned that adventure was useless without prayer and a purpose. The breadth of Boyle O'Reilly's thought and the sincerity of his aim are evidenced in this poem. It was not one of his best, speaking technically, but it contained lines which will probably live after us. For example:

> They had no model; but they left us one.

And, again, these:

> No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
> Immortal things have God for architect,
> And men are but the granite he lays down.

O'Reilly's brighter side, his wit and fancy, his rude and stirring or picturesque presentation of Australian themes, cannot be touched upon here. But it has seemed worth while to point out the vital element of splendid humanity in many of his poems — the sterling democracy and fervor of liberty, tempered by far-sighted wisdom and true gentleness, that inspired him. It is seldom that we get in our poetry, nowadays, anything so genuine, so outspoken, and, above all, so true to the supremacy of idealism.

George Parsons Lathrop.

The New England Kitchen.

In one of the most thickly populated parts of Boston there is a corner store over the door of which one reads, "New England Kitchen." On entering the place a novel sight is found. Two long, narrow, high tables, placed at right angles, answer for a counter over which food is sold. Within the inclosure made by these tables are placed a desk and a chair for the accommodation of the lady who has charge of the work done here. Along the walls there are shelves on which are placed glass jars and cooking-utensils. Farther down the room the lower shelves give place to tables, sink, boiler, etc. On the opposite side of the room some large windows and a door take about half the wall space. By the blank space are set two large steam-kettles for making soup, and a steamer for cooking vegetables. In the middle of the room there is a large gas-table on which boiling can be done. On one end of this table is a large flat vessel, partly filled with hot water, in which stew-pans filled with soup and chowder are placed to be kept hot. Large tables stand near the steam-kettles and the sink. At the upper end of the store, near the windows and doors, are two large Aladdin ovens. In other parts of the room are placed small cooking-apparatus, the fuel for which is either gas or oil; but these are not often used now. The whole room is flooded with light from the three windows and the two doors.

On descending a short flight of stairs there is found a basement of the same size as the upper room. Here there are three large Aladdin ovens in which beef stock is cooked, the two in the upper room being used for pressed and spiced meats, puddings, etc. All the meats are cut up in this room. The steam-boiler is placed here.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when I visited the kitchen. Said the young lady in charge: "The next two hours are the most interesting in the day. Will you sit here and watch the people come and go, or do you wish to ask me questions?"

As I wished to do both, we chatted while the work went on. Four persons were busily engaged in filling cans and pails with chowder and soup, wrapping them in some non-conducting material, and placing them in boxes or in fiber pails. These soups were to be delivered. The question of the economical delivery of the soups has not yet been settled, but that will come in time.

"We have to plan all sorts of ways to get the food hot to its destination," said the attendant. "You see those muff-boxes? They are for the teachers in the high and normal schools. Small cans are wrapped in non-conducting fiber and placed in these boxes. Of course the boxes wear out quickly, and have to be replaced, making their use expensive. Those large cans go to manufacturing establishments where women are employed, to some of the dry-goods stores, clubs, etc."

"Do you keep a man to deliver the food?" I asked.

"Our man does the greater part of it, but he could not do it all. There is a junkman across the way who delivers the school orders. Ah! here are my errand-girls. These two little girls take small orders from twelve to two o'clock. Some people are willing to pay five cents extra to have their lunches delivered, so the little girls take these small orders. Sometimes they have only one order, and sometimes four or five apiece. They each earn about eighty cents a week, which means a great deal to such poor children. It is wonderful how they improve in dress and general appearance when they have been doing the work for a few

months. They are honest and prompt in bringing back the money for the articles delivered."

Between eleven and one o'clock men, women, and children of all sorts and conditions come and go. A well-dressed gentleman takes a quart jar from his hand-bag, and has it filled. Is it for himself, or is he a doctor who is taking this nutritious and savory beef-broth to a patient? A feeble old man brings in his pail to be filled. Dainty-looking young women, who perhaps are workers in shops, or teachers, or possibly students who provide their own meals, take away in their shopping-bags soups, stews, chowders, pressed beef, and health bread. Little children, black and white, come with their pails, plates, bowls, and pitchers. Old and middle-aged women appear, some apparently prosperous, and others with the stamp of poverty and hard work fixed upon them. All the people are a most interesting study. The perfect cleanliness, the gracious manner in which customers are served, the quiet, order, neatness, and despatch with which the vast amount of work is done, are marvelous.

The reader may ask, What are the origin and aim of this New England kitchen? Is this a charity or a money-making enterprise? It is not exactly either; its object is to cultivate a taste for good, nutritious food, scientifically prepared from the cheaper food-materials. It started in the following manner. In 1888 Mr. Henry Lomb of Rochester, New York, offered two prizes, $500 and $200, for the best essays on practical sanitary and economic cooking. Seventy essays were submitted, but only one met all the conditions. This was entitled "The Five Food Principles, Illustrated by Practical Receipts."

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a member of the committee, had been interested for many years in the scientific selection and preparation of food. It seemed to her that if such a wide-spread publication of the conditions and rewards for essays on the selection and preparation of simple foods brought such poor returns, there was great need of some work to develop the knowledge and practice of scientific cookery. This undertaking was not a light one, and many things were necessary for the success of such an experiment — costly apparatus for laboratory and kitchen experiments; a woman with a taste for, and a practical knowledge of, cooking; a scientific training; the money to defray the expense of the project.

At this point Mrs. Richards thought of the author of the prize essay, Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. Mrs. Abel is a college graduate who had spent five years in Germany with her husband, Doctor, now Professor, Abel of Michigan University. She had absorbed enough of the scientific spirit to flavor the work. Mrs. Richards met her in New York, and found that she would give six months to the work. At the end of that time she must join her husband.

As soon as Mrs. Abel's services were secured friends of the cause pledged the financial aid. The next thing was to find the proper place in which to start the work. The store at the corner of Pleasant and Winchester streets, Boston, was leased, and for six months Mrs. Abel and Miss Bertha Estey, her valued assistant, devoted themselves to the work of developing dishes and getting the kitchen into working order. This work was so admirably done that there has been no change in the methods, although the work has been much enlarged and is still growing.

During the first six months there were perfected six standard dishes which stood the test of daily sale. They were nutritious, palatable, easily made and served, and suited to the popular taste. Others were soon added. Besides the many experiments made at the kitchen, analyses of some of the dishes were made daily or weekly at the Institute of Technology. These prices were fixed upon for the various articles: beef broth, 18 cents a quart; beef stew, vegetable, potato, and tomato soups, 12 cents; pea soup, 10 cents; fish, clam, and corn chowders, 16 cents; evaporated milk, 7 cents a half pint; pressed beef and spiced meat, 16 cents a pound; cracked wheat, oatmeal mush, corn mush, boiled white hominy, and boiled yellow hominy, 5 cents; hash, 8 cents; rice pudding, 12 cents a quart; Indian pudding, 15 cents; health bread, small loaves, 5 cents each; white bread, 5 cents a loaf.

Mrs. Abel's report covered the first six months of the work, a period which was largely experimental. When she joined her husband, her place was taken by Miss Wentworth, a cultivated young woman, graduated from Vassar College in 1879, and later a student at the Institute of Technology. The work grew to such an extent that the steam-kettles and gas-table became a necessity. The beef-broth is still cooked in the Aladdin oven, but the soups that require to be brought to the boiling temperature are made in the steam-kettles. The methods and standard of the work are kept as Mrs. Abel left them. From ninety to one hundred quarts of soup are sent out every day, and from seventy to one hundred and fifteen quarts are sold over the counter.

A particularly interesting fact came to light in the course of the conversation the day I visited the kitchen. Miss Wentworth said that on holidays and Saturdays the sale is very light, showing that the children of the greater part of the poor people are in the habit of doing much of the housework when out of school, and therefore at such times there is no need of going to the kitchen. On Mondays, too, the sales are light, a part of the Sunday dinner serving for the midday meal on Monday.

To the hard-working woman and her family the New England Kitchen is an inestimable blessing. Here on her busiest days she can get nutritious and savory food nearly as cheap as she could prepare it herself, even if she knew how. A branch of the kitchen has been established in another tenement-house region at the North End of the city. It is hoped that many such branches may be planted in various places.

But Boston is not the only city that is to be benefited by this work. Mr. Havemeyer has pledged six thousand dollars to Professor Eggleston for the establishment of a kitchen in New York. A superintendent has been engaged, and it is thought that the work will begin before the end of this year. A kitchen has just been opened in Providence, Rhode Island, and there is talk of establishing one in Buffalo, New York, as well as in several other places in various parts of the country.

I believe that the scope of the kitchens should be much larger; that, beside soups, it should be possible to prepare and sell the cheaper cuts of meat in the form of braises, and some combinations of meats and

vegetables which require long cooking, and therefore are out of the reach of the woman who must work outside of her home many days in the week. The managers of the New England Kitchen do not feel that they have reached a point where the work can go on without any addition or improvement; on the contrary, they are still experimenting slowly and carefully, and no doubt before many years pass they will have solved one of the greatest problems of the age — how the masses may be economically and well fed. When the people who to-day depend for two thirds or more of their food upon bakers' bread, pies, cake, and doughnuts, with tea or beer as a drink, are educated up to the point where they choose soups, well-cooked cereals, and good milk instead, there will be a great gain in their physical and moral condition. It is not that this country lacks the raw materials with which all the people could be well fed, but the material is ruined in the cooking. One has only to spend a little time in a few of our large institutions to see that immense quantities of food are spoiled in the unscientific methods of cooking. I think the New England Kitchen will do for good cooking what the Fleischmanns have done in the last fifteen years in this country for good bread. When they started the Vienna Bakery at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia they set the right example of bread-making. People acquired a taste for good bread, and demanded it, and they have been getting a better article every year. This will be the case with the people as they acquire a taste for savory, nutritious foods scientifically cooked.

Maria Parloa.

Parks and Playgrounds for Children.

THE New York Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children was incorporated on November 18, 1890. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt is the President. Its purpose is to provide healthful recreation for the 500,000 boys and girls in this metropolis, and thereby help to counteract in New York the physical and moral degeneration which follows the crowding together of people in great cities. The movement began in an effort to open Rutgers Slip for the children of the Seventh Ward. In this division of the city are 75,000 people, most of them living in tenements, and there is not in the ward a foot of ground where children may play without interference by the police. Rutgers Slip is an open plot of ground 320 by 174 feet. For twenty years it has been covered with rubbish, and until a young man, walking summer before last through the overcrowded East Side in search of sites for possible parks, happened upon it, nobody seems to have thought of the place except as a potter's field for broken-down wagons and decrepit tinware. Through the efforts of the new society Rutgers Slip has been set aside for playground purposes by the city authorities, and the Park Board is now devising plans for improvement.

Meanwhile several ladies secured from the Astor estate permission to fit up as a playground a plot 50 by 100 feet in West Fiftieth street, near the North River. This is the first public playground in New York. At the time it was laid out Boston had 19 playgrounds, exclusive of the Common, and London had 365. New York has 5157 acres of parks for grown-up persons and children on dress-parade. It had then no spot belonging to the children.

In 1887 the legislature of the State of New York, at the request of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, passed the "Small Parks" Act, permitting New York city to expend a million dollars yearly in acquiring land and laying out small parks in the crowded districts. The provisions of this law are not being carried out as rapidly as the promoters of the project desire, and one object of the society is to induce city officials to purchase land for new parks to the extent permitted by the statute.

In August of last year a meeting was held to advocate turning the "Old Ball Ground" and "The Green" in the southwest corner of Central Park into a public playground. This meeting started a general movement which found expression in public meetings in halls and the open air, and in parades of workingmen. At a meeting of the Park Commissioners held September 24, 1890, the matter was referred to Superintendent of Parks Samuel Parsons, and to the landscape-gardener, Mr. C. Vaux. These gentlemen, with Chief Engineer Kellogg, reported that the scheme was entirely feasible. They recommended the erection, at a cost of $50,000, of a combined playhouse and bridge over the driveway which separates the two meadows, and the expenditure of $25,000 in providing means for outdoor sports. The issue is still undecided.

On January 8 was opened the first public playground of the new society. William R. Stewart secured from the Rhinelander estate the indefinite free lease of a plot of ground 200 feet square and extending from 91st to 92d street in Second Avenue. This plot has been graded at a cost of $1000 and inclosed by a high board fence. Two young enthusiasts have been placed in charge, and the playground has been fitted up with swings, wheelbarrows, shovels, toy wagons, and see-saw boards for small children. For the older boys games like foot-ball and "pull-away" are organized, and races and other athletic exercises encouraged. The most popular diversion is a parade with drums, banners, and American flags. The first parade ended in a riot, in which one of the well-meaning but unappreciated organizers was pelted with stones; but the boys have now learned the practical value of discipline, and the parades are successful.

Individual life in New York is so active that friendships between old and young, which are common and helpful in the country, are almost unknown. Parental influence is also very slight, and this condition obtains not only among the working masses but among the pleasure-seeking classes. Children are isolated in New York. Those of the poor are constantly subject to the contaminating influences of the street without the tonic of a healthy home life. The tendency of modern living is not toward the home, but toward the street, the saloon, the school, the lecture-hall, the restaurant, the reading-room, the night classes, the vices of the dark — toward everything and every place that means aggregation. The children live in a state of imperialism while in the school-room, and lapse at once into a state of anarchy when they leave. To them law and discipline are tyranny and disobedience is freedom. The Society for Parks and Playgrounds believes that the easiest way to teach children ethics is by object-lessons, and it purposes adding a course in democracy to the

lessons in autocracy and anarchy which children imbibe in the schools and streets. The society intends to furnish not only playgrounds but organizers of games. It purposes to find instructors who will join with the children in their sports, teach them the economy of organization, and demonstrate that the happiness of the individual depends upon the harmony of his relations with his associates. All this must be taught by example and not by lecture, and tact, patience, and enthusiasm are necessary in the teacher. The society believes, however, that the result in bodily health and mental discipline will repay the effort.

Briefly stated, then, the objects of the New York Society for Parks and Playgrounds are these:

To furnish eventually, for all boys and girls, at public expense, the playgrounds which not even wealthy parents now provide for their children.

To invoke immediately private liberality in furnishing temporary playgrounds which shall be models for municipal imitation.

To secure, in public parks, plots specially devoted to children's recreation.

To obtain the coöperation of labor-unions and political organizations.

Similar societies should be formed in all large cities. The smaller towns and villages should set apart large open spaces for the children now while land is cheap. The physical welfare of the children means the happiness of future humanity; and this deserves one thought even in the rush and whirl of modern business.

Walter Vrooman.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Understood.

I LOVED a maiden once as well
As she was passing fair,
And that is more, the truth to tell,
Than now to love I 'd care;
And she would let me kiss her hand
When I 'd been very good—
That is, if I would "understand."
At length I understood.

I asked her for her photograph
To light my lonely room;
She laughed a merry little laugh,
But left me to my gloom;
For that was such a "strange" demand
She did not think she could—
Because I might not "understand."
And then I understood.

I wooed her in the morning, noon,
And afternoon, and night,
I would have fetched the very moon
And stars for her delight;
She said my love was truly grand,
And that some day she would—
And hoped that I would "understand."
How well I understood!

At last I took by force of arms
The kisses she denied;
Her dimples were her chiefest charms,
And so she never cried,
But faltered as with nimble hand
She rearranged her snood,
"I knew you would n't understand!"
But I *had* understood.

William Bard McVickar.

Smithy Song.

WHEN I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep;
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve when I 'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging
The while the other 's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

O merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done.
By sturdy blows and swinging
That keep the world a-ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

George Horton.

Jack Frost.

THY pencil lend me, Jack,
And with it, pray,
Thy cunning etcher's knack.
I too would play
The artist on my lady's window-pane;
So shall she deign
To read my verses pricked in sparkling ice,
With quaint device
Of wreathéd fern and frond and feathered grass.

But stay, alas!
My burning fingers mar thy tempered tool;
Thy heart is cool,
And doth not spoil thy knack.
Here, take thy pencil, Jack!

Esther B. Tiffany.

The Blue and the Gray.

HER eyes were blue and his eyes were gray.
Gray challenged Blue, and Blue entered the fray.
Hitherto Gray had fought for the rights of his state;
To fight for the *union* at last was his fate.

R. W. P. Noble.

The Little Tunker Bonnet.

A MAIDEN came driving a sleek black mare
Into the town, into the town;
And the light wind lifted her raven hair
In innocent ringlets hanging down
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown,
From under the puckered, silken crown
Of her little Tunker bonnet.

She 'd a red-rose lip and an eye of brown,
And dimples rare, and dimples rare;
But the lassies laughed as she rode in town,
For the graceful gown that she wore with care
Had never a flounce upon it,
And they made remarks on her rustic air,
And wondered what country hulk would dare
Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

O merry town girls, you do not know,
Acres are wide, acres are wide;
And wheat- and corn-fields lying a-row
Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride;
And the farm and the houses on it,
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,
Are gift and dower for the bonny bride
That weareth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant beau in the dry-goods store
Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;
And the sweet little face with smiles ran o'er
As the cunning purse of crocodile skin,
With the clicking clasp upon it,
She drew at each purchase, and from within
Coaxed arguments that were there to win
Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet,
Where her graybeard father raked the hay
By the Tunker church where the turnpikes meet
The church with no steeple on it.
Said the merchant, musing, "Her style is neat.
I 'll join the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat,
And win that little bonnet."

Benjamin S. Parker.

A Paradox.

IF white be "all the colors combined,"
And black their "absence" be,
Then are n't the whites the colored folks,
The blacks from color free?

Lydia C. Heckman.

Friends Only.

A REPLY TO "NEIGHBORS," BY R. T. W. DUKE, JR., IN THE CENTURY FOR JUNE, 1889.

MY name *is* Helen; so far you are right.
My eyes are neither blue nor dark as night,
As in your "notes and queries" you suggest,
And optics black and blue I quite detest.
Believe me, I 'm no pugilistic miss,
To warrant a suggestion dark as this.

My form, you ask — large, medium, or petite?
Well, over five, and under seven feet.
And then you ask me where I live? How queer!
But since you wish to know, I live — right here.
So we *are* neighbors, but please understand
You need not follow the divine command.

Your query as to hose I must rebuke;
I scarce expected it from you — a Duke!
I 'm but a modest lass, and think it shocking
To ask the color of a lady's stocking.
My song is sung to please the editors
Primarily, and then my creditors.

Don't speak of hope deferred, for this I ask it —
It calls up memories of that awful basket.
Now I 'll interrogate. Please let me know
If you at times affect a "cameo."
I know not why I ask you this, and yet
Your name suggests to me a cigarette.

If so it be I 'm sorry that I spoke;
We 'll let our friendship end — like them — in smoke.
Not friendship, though; that name too sacred be
For those who meet once in a CENTURY.
As you suggest, we met by chance alone,
So I 'll remain, at least to you, unknown.

So you 're a married man! So much the worse.
Your wife, not I, should animate your verse.
You should not waste on me your thoughts — and ink.
Whatever would her Grace the Duchess think!
I hope they sent the check; your grief 't will smother,
For 't is n't Helen writes this, it 's her brother!

F. H. Curtiss.

Embarrassing to a Modest Man.

IN misery most deep am I immersed:
I 'm saturated so with Shakspere's wine,
I really cannot tell — and hence am cursed —
Which thoughts are gentle Will's, and which are mine.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Christmas Day.

(Uncle Seth *loquitur.*)

A GOOD old-fashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon the hearth,
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-roar 'ith mirth,
With the stockin's crammed to bu'stin', an' the medders piled 'ith snow—
A good *old-fashioned* Chris'mas like we had so long ago!

Now *that 's* the thing I 'd like to see ag'in afore I die,
But Chris'mas in the city here—it 's different, oh my!
With the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy, noisy street,
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there 's *buyin'*, plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous toys;
An' it takes a mint o' money to please modern girls and boys.
Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toffy-lump for *me*
Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' chock-full o' Chris'mas glee.

An' there 's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-up city folk!
Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar's n't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your *kin*,
When you could n't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I 'm so old-fashioned-like I don't care much for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I would n't go a mile;
I 'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb-dinner set
With *real* old friends than turkle soup with all the nobs you 'd get.

There 's my next-door neighbor Gurley—fancy how his brows 'u'd lift
If I 'd holler, "Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old fellow, Chris'mas gift!"
Lordy-Lord, I 'd like to try it! Guess he 'd nearly have a fit.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin' till it nearly bu'st your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your smile four inches wide,
An' your enemy, the wo'st one, you 'd just grab his hand, an' say:
"Mebbe *both* of us was wrong, John. Come, let 's shake. It 's Chris'mas Day!"

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each snowflake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls;
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! An' I 'm pinin', don't you know,
For a good *old-fashioned* Chris'mas like we had so long ago.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

To a Southern Girl.

HER eyes
Would match the Southern skies
When Southern skies are bluest;
Her heart
Will always take its part
Where Southern hearts are truest.

Bright pearls,
The gems of Southern girls,
Her winning smile discloses;
Her cheeks,
When admiration speaks,
Wear only Southern roses.

Her voice,
By nature and by choice,
E'en those who know her slightest
Will find
As soft as Southern wind
When Southern winds are lightest.

Her laugh,
As light as wine or chaff,
Breaks clear, at witty sallies,
As brooks
Run bubbling through the nooks
Of all her Southern valleys.

Such youth,
With all its charms, forsooth,—
Alas, too well I know it!—
Will claim
A song of love and fame,
Sung by some Southern poet.

But she,
In future years, maybe,
These verses may discover,
Sometime
May read this little rime
Sung by a Northern lover.

James G. Burnett.

A Christmas Toast.

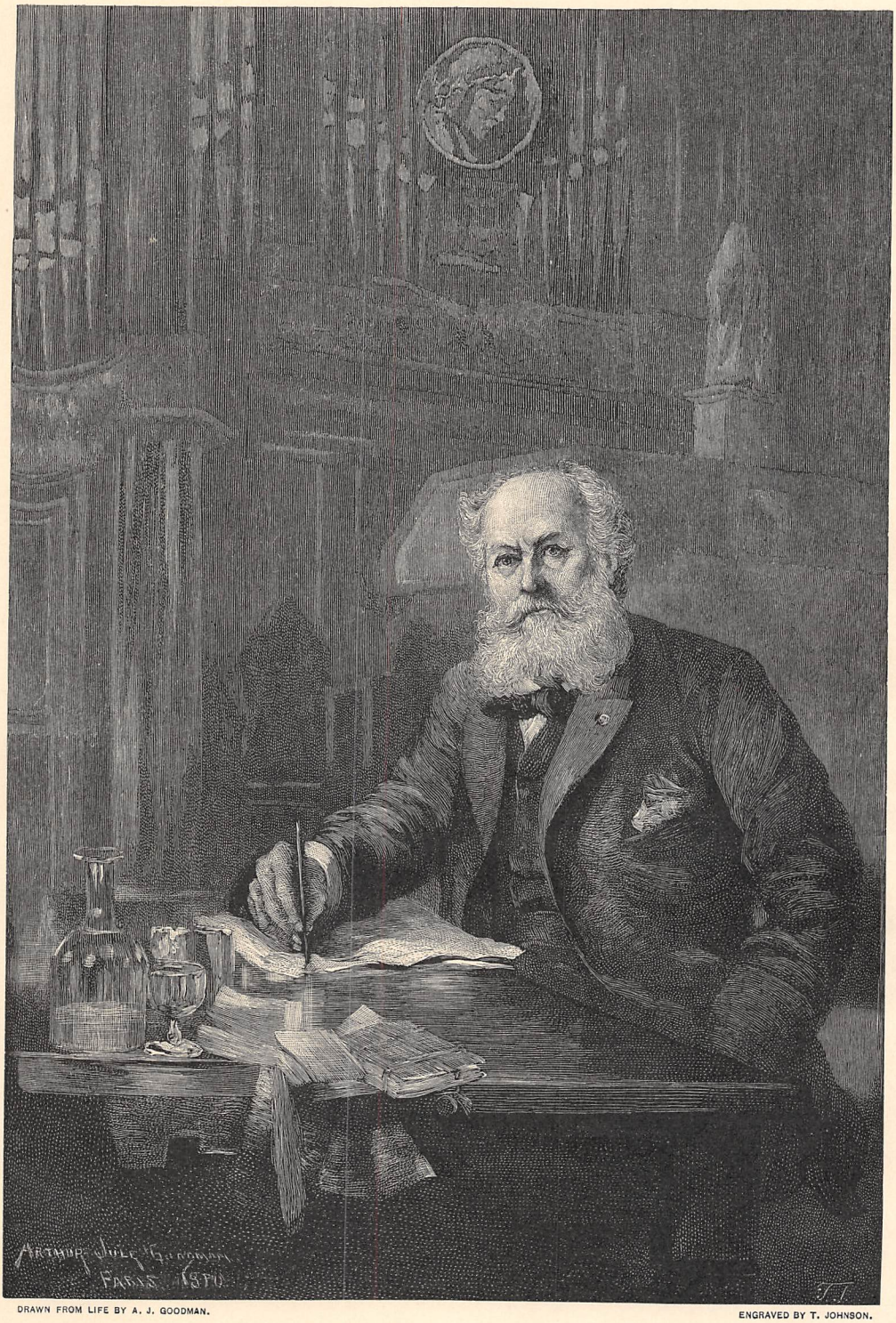
HERE 'S a round to thee, Dan Chaucer,
At the festal Christmas time.
Pledge me, poets—to the master
Of our gentle art of rime.

To the eldest of our brothers,
To the honor of his name,
To the sweetness of his spirit,
To the glory of his fame;

To that voice whose music echoes
All the centuries along,
Prophesying art triumphant
In eternity of song.

John H. Boner.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. J. GOODMAN. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. JANUARY, 1892. NO. 3.

THE JEWS IN NEW YORK.

THE eleventh census of the United States of America will not furnish more than a clue to the numerical strength of the Hebrews in the commercial metropolis. Its scope is institutional rather than personal. The inquiries of its agents did not extend to the religious faith of individuals, but information was sought from the authorities of each congregation what was the seating capacity of its edifice, the value of its property, and the number of its adherents. Philip Cowen, the expert intrusted with the collection and tabulation of Jewish statistics, imperfectly and tardily rendered in response to printed inquiries, estimated the number of Jews living east of the Bowery and south of Fourteenth street at 135,000, and that 40,000 more were scattered over the rest of the city. In April, 1890, good Hebrew judges reckoned the number of resident Poles and Russians at 50,000, Germans 50,000, Roumanians 25,000, Hungarians 25,000, and of all other nationalities at 50,000. In February, 1891, Secretary Charles Frank of the United Hebrew Charities calculated the total at from 225,000 to 250,000, and predicted an additional immigration of from 45,000 to 50,000 in the following months of the year. In 1890, 32,321, of whom 23,970 remained in the city, landed at the port of New York. Of the 8350 passing on to other destinations many returned to work out their own future amid the crowding difficulties of civic environment. Among the arrivals were 6056 Austrians, 25,154 Russians, 506 Roumanians, and 517 Germans. "Immigration," remarked an intelligent Jewish observer, "in five years has averaged 25,000 a year, of which more than 70 per cent. have stopped in New York." There, in the Jewish quarter, the number of inhabitants averages 330,000 to the square mile. In the most densely populated region of old London the average is only 175,000. The English hive cannot exhibit a single cell like the seven-story house in New York which lodges, or did lodge, 36 families, including 58 babies and 38 children over 5 years of age.

Nearly all countries, civilized and semi-civilized, have contributed to this startling exhibit, which is larger than that of any other locality on the face of the globe. The first contingent appears to have arrived from Brazil, after that country was relegated to Portuguese rule in 1634. A small band of Jews of Dutch origin managed to reach New Amsterdam in the "Virgin World" of which Emma Lazarus speaks —

> Where doors of sunset part,
> Saying, "Ho, all who weary, enter here!
> There falls each ancient barrier that art
> Of race or creed or rank devised, to rear
> Grim bulwarked hatred between heart and heart!"

Many of these were constrained by the persistent antagonism of the testy governor, Peter Stuyvesant, to leave New York in 1657, and to settle in Newport, Rhode Island, the real American cradle of civil and religious liberty. Those who remained prospered greatly. Certain retail trades fell entirely into their hands, and many attained mercantile eminence.

Portugal and Spain remotely sent out that portion of the Hebrews which constituted the congregation Shearith Israel (Remnant of Israel) in 1680. Then, as now and always, a

Copyright, 1891, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

qualified layman might officiate in the synagogue where no chazan, or reader, had been provided. This body, however, had such from an early date. In 1729 the first building dedicated to divine worship was erected in Mill street. This was followed by one in Crosby street, then a fashionable locality. The neighborhood changed in character, residents moved up-town, and at last the congregation rested in its present architecturally unique home in Nineteenth street, near Fifth Avenue. Incomers from other lands assimilated with them, and adopted their social and religious habits and customs. In the Revolution all seemed to have espoused the popular cause, and numbers did excellent service in council and in field. Most conspicuous among them was the Rev. Gershom Mendes Seixas, chazan of the Shearith Israel congregation, who for twenty-eight years was a trustee of Columbia College, and a great power in the Jewish community. Haym Solomon was another influential New-Yorker. His wealth was unstintedly poured out in behalf of the struggling colonists. Madison called himself a "pensioner" on Solomon's favor. To the large-hearted Hebrew, whose general philanthropy was commensurate with his patriotism, was committed negotiation for war-subsidies from France and Holland.

Sephardic, or Spanish and Portuguese Jews, held aristocratic rank among their brethren, and even now on rare occasions are said to exemplify somewhat of the haughty and exclusive spirit proper to a hereditary caste. Formerly marriage with those outside their own circle, owing to inequality of culture, was an infrequent occurrence. Adherence to the rites, forms, and ceremonies practised by European ancestors was exceedingly tenacious.

The congregation Benai Jeshurun, founded in 1824, consisted of immigrants from England, and a sprinkling of persons from other parts of the Old World. There were also one or two Polish congregations following the Polish Minhag, or ritual. The congregation Anshe Chesed was formed by natives of Holland, strengthened by a few Germans and others. These assemblies, with their instructions and characteristics, for some time represented the Judaism of New York.

Between the years 1820 and 1830 a large German-Polish immigration entered New York, stimulated thereto by the intensifying *Judenhetze* that restricted the sons of Jacob to certain occupations, intolerantly excluded them from the more honorable vocations, and closed all avenues to preferment in official career or scientific profession. An influx of Teutonic Hebrews thereafter continued, until they outnumbered those of all other nationalities. New congregations arose, and used the Ashkenazic, or German, ritual in divine worship. Jealousy and intolerance, springing from provincial prejudices, also appeared, and exerted an unpleasant influence upon the moral and social character of metropolitan Judaism. But this was counteracted, in great measure, by some of the younger generation, who, educated in American schools, infused a better spirit into their coreligionists, and thereby improved the general tone. Joining a congregation became a social necessity. Peddlers returned to the city twice a year — during the spring and fall holidays — to replenish their stocks, and to join their brethren in religious exercises. At the great Hebrew festivals the young people of both sexes met in social gatherings. Among the better educated the theme of conversation was not infrequently the possible union of jarring congregations, elevation of their intellectual and moral status, and the investment of Judaism with more imposing dignity. Out of these discussions came most gratifying results.

Immigration from Slavic lands is of comparatively recent date. That from Russia, impelled by the fanaticism of the Czar and his confidential advisers, is of hordes barbarous in speech, alien in habits, and in many cases broken-spirited by tyrannical and foul treatment. Fugitives from intolerable oppression and merciless cruelty that first broke out in 1881, and have continued with little intermission until the present time, they add a new and busy element to composite population, and demand the wisest and most persistent endeavor to harmonize their inner life with American currents of thought, and to identify them with all that is proper to our republican civilization. A few are said to have left wife and family to get an early share of the princely Hirsch fund, supposing that it is intended for indiscriminate distribution. That this is a gross delusion goes without saying, but none the less does it incite addition to the undesirable immigration the inconveniences of which to the general public the Hirsch fund was, in part, intended to relieve. Beneficiaries in New York write to the friends left behind. These hasten to follow, and come in tens of thousands. On arrival they are met by more fortunate co-religionists, proud of common origin and history, who welcome them to "homes" like that of the Hachnasath Orchim Association, No. 210 Madison street, where food, shelter, and other necessary aid are administered, and the recipients are placed in a position to provide things honest in the eyes of all men. Daily scenes in the office of the United Hebrew Charities, No. 128 Second Avenue, are extremely prolific of suggestion, and evoke profound and comprehensive thought. The cringing civility of the Slavic applicant, born of the despoiled spirit and despair of redress, is mildly but

COHANIM BLESSING THE PEOPLE.

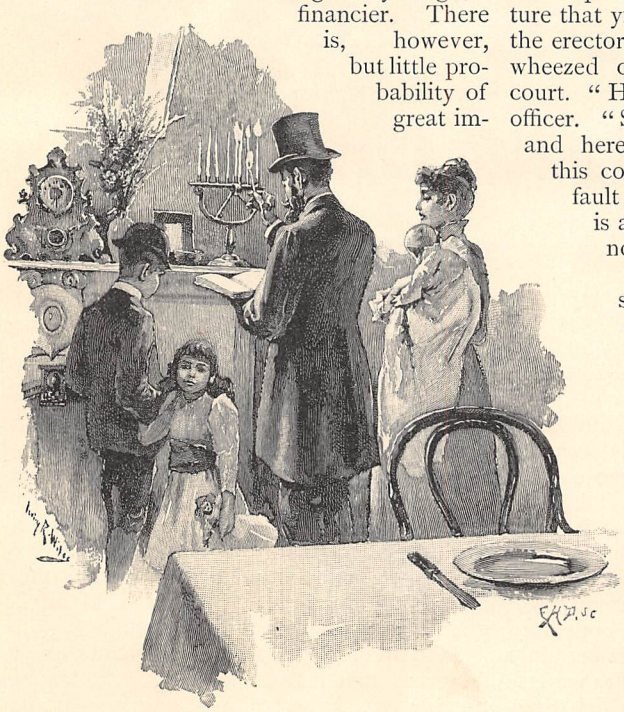
firmly rebuked, and the exhibitor taught to demean himself as one whose newly acquired rights are on the same plane with those of all constituents of the national life.

The lesson is one which the pupil is quick to acquire. The "Jüdisch-Deutsch" or Hebrew-German jargon, spoken by his brethren in Galicia, Russia, Poland, and Germany, will long linger on his lips, and furnish household words to the family circle, but just as certainly will it give place to the United States vernacular, as the Hebrew characters in which English advertisements appear on sign-boards in the Jewish quarters will be replaced by letters familiar to Anglo-Saxon vision. The general disintegration of ideas and practices that begins when immigrants from all climes first tread upon American soil is only preparatory to future integration with all that is distinctive of their new abode and political people. To this end all the energies and resources of intelligent, liberal Judaism are directed.

Modern immigration is of merchants, manufacturers, and artisans chiefly. Farmers are notably few. As agriculturists the Jews are not remarkably successful. Their colonies in Kan-

sas and Dakota were total failures. In New Jersey it is otherwise. The settlements at Vineland, Alliance, Rosenhayn, and Carmel accomplish all that can be expected reasonably. Sewing-machines, operated by the farmers and their families, help to eke out a livelihood.

In 1890 the trustees of the Baron Maurice de Hirsch fund were empowered to disburse $10,000 per month in the establishment of schools, purchase of tools, transportation of persons, and relief of pressing need. Sums invested in farms and agricultural implements, for Russian and Roumanian Jews in New Jersey, are not unseldom secured by pledge of real estate or chattels on the part of the borrowers. The helpless immigrants, through use of these facilities, and aided by industrial training, soon become self-sustaining and independent. During the transformatory process they are judiciously instructed in the language and political constitution of the country, as a means of social assimilation, and conversion into useful and patriotic citizens. Similar policy is pursued wherever the unwelcome strangers are located, and is by them welcomed with enthusiasm as the conveyance of hope into otherwise barren and wretched lives. The entire fund is now under the control of designated trustees, who may not only expend the interest but also part of the principal if need be, and that with the pleasant certainty that impairment of capital will be made good by the great financier. There is, however, but little probability of great impairment. A surprisingly small sum is sufficient to give each borrower a start. Within a few weeks or years at the furthest all loans are repaid by the more thrifty.

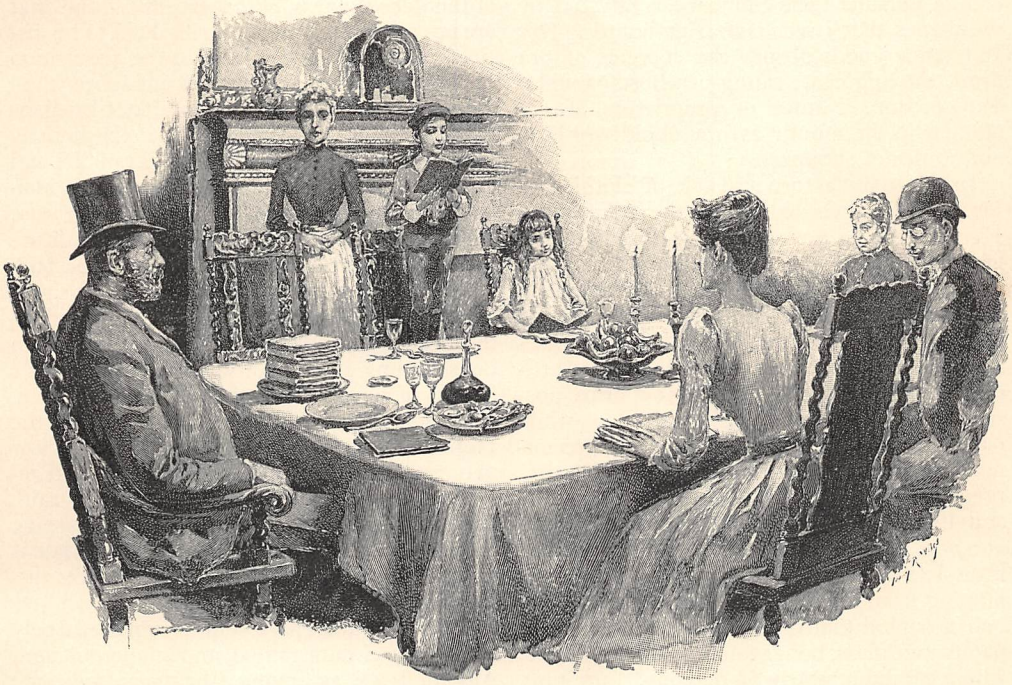


CHANUKAH — THE FEAST OF LIGHTS.

Many of the Slavonic Jews enter into the old-clothes traffic, and fill the classic Baxter street with quaint and busy shops. All through the eastern Jewry of New York, where non-Abrahamic humanity is extruded by force of circumstances, foreigners under uncouth skull-caps, with flowing beards, and clad in long-skirted caftans, jostle feminine compatriots who at sixteen are houris and at thirty hags — charming brides at the former age, careworn matrons at the latter. Their children fill the public schools in the Tenth Ward, which on Jewish holidays are practically closed for want of pupils. In the noisome tenements that they crowd to overflowing every inmate is a tireless worker. Avails of industry are pitiably meager, but the cost of subsistence satisfactory to the bread-winner is trifling. Thrift is the prevalent characteristic, and too often hardens into avarice and greed. Men stint themselves in some cases to establish deposits in the savings-banks, and soon exhaust the hoard in consequent weakness and suffering.

Such people will not always reside in tenements. Nor do they. Accumulations are invested in real estate. The tenant becomes a proprietor. The stifling rookery is torn down, and replaced by a spacious, aspiring structure that yields richly remunerative returns to the erector. "Weech house will you take?" wheezed out a Slavic bondsman in police court. "How many have you?" queried the officer. "Seeks." "Six! You infernal Jew — and here I 've been born and raised in this country, and have n't one." Whose fault it was that he was thus houseless is a question that the irate officer did not care to consider.

Change of residence to better sections of the city, and even to costly mansions on Fifth Avenue and Riverside Park, is the sequence of forethought, acquisitiveness, and shrewd investment on the part of many Semitic citizens and their descendants. None respond more willingly to the elevative forces of modern civilization. That fowls are not more frequently domesticated in tenement quarters is due in some measure to visitations of the sanitary inspector, but much more to constant inculcation of cleanliness by coreligionists. Habit is the bequest of antecedent environment. Dirt breeds disease. Foul air poisons life at its sources.



PASSOVER SUPPER.

Domiciliary temperature is parboiling. The home is too often the workshop also. Sewing-machines whir mercilessly until muscle loses its force, and mind sinks into vacant apathy. Young children are driven by usurping lodgers into the streets, and there find themselves in the way of an army of hucksters. The city has no room for them. In interior rooms that would be more filthy than they are but for the Friday afternoon cleaning up for the Sabbath, the thorough cleansing in the spring for the Passover, and the hardly less thorough renovation for the summer and autumn festivals, the seeds of disease too often enter their sickening bodies, and may pass thence to the buyers of ready-made clothes. "Am I my brother's keeper?" He is ours — in some sense. The mysterious invasion of the homes of the wealthy by deadly disease often originates in East Side tenements, where Irish, Italians, and Hebrews perspire in the worse than Egyptian bondage of grinding taskmasters. The Jews have inscribed their hate of the system that holds them in slavery upon the banners of labor parades. "Down with sweating" is a sentence fraught with manifold significance. Mr. Jacob A. Riis writes: "I have found in three rooms father, mother, twelve children, and six boarders. They sleep on the half-made clothing for beds. I found that several people slept in a subcellar four feet by six, on a pile of clothing that was being made." In vain is the ordinance of the "Schulchan Aruch," that "no one shall go more than four cubits (six feet) from his bed without washing, because of injurious exhalations." Overmastering circumstances forbid obedience. The fault cannot fairly be charged to the "sweaters," or rather to the sweated, who toil from six in the morning until eleven at night. Fifty cents is not an unusual compensation for these murderous hours. Trousers at 84 cents per dozen, 8 cents for a round coat, and 10 cents for a frock coat, are labor prices that explain the sudden affluence of heartless merchant manufacturers, and the biting poverty of miserable artisans.

Competition among the workers is combative, and pernicious to all parties. Excellent trade-schools do something to mitigate causative incitements thereto. Trades-unionism also interferes, but with such lack of judgment as often to aggravate the misery. Nowhere is litigation more irritable or comic than in the Jewish quarter. To the police its quarrels are a constant grievance.

The persistent forces so blindly struggling in the lives of Slavonic Hebrews will, when wisely guided, certainly place them in higher relations to the commonwealth than those sustained at the present day. In support of this anticipation is the fact that coreligionists of differing national extraction succeed in all the walks of the world's business — in the fine arts, in journalism, and in the learned professions. In mer-

cantile pursuits their eminence is attested by the names that cover civic sign-boards. Dry and fancy goods absorb the energies of 514 firms, the aggregate rating of whose capital is $58,000,000. Names of proprietors are as familiar in the mouth as household words to multitudes of shoppers.

In the manufacture and sale of clothing — Mr. Max Cohen, editor of the "American Hebrew" being the authority — there are 264 firms with $24,000,000 capital; 31 firms, with over $7,000,000 invested in business, are in the cloth trades; 169 firms, with $12,000,000 invested, make and sell hats and gentlemen's furnishing-goods. Tobacco and smokers' articles engaged the attention of 165 firms possessed of $15,500,000 capital in 1890, while 94 firms, with $10,000,000 capital, are preëminent in the wine and liquor trade. Jewelry, precious stones, and optical goods employ the activities of 133 firms and the power of $8,500,000. Leather findings and hides are but little less acceptable objects of commerce, judging from the 83 firms with nearly $7,000,000 of capital that deal in them. So is it with paints and glass, bought and sold by 38 firms, with a capital of nearly $6,000,000. Furniture, bedding, and upholstery statistics furnish the names of 37 firms whose $2,750,000 are utilized in the production and sale of these articles. Seventy-four persons or firms have invested about $5,000,000 in the meat business, and 416 about $37,500,000 in miscellaneous trades. The average rating of capital controlled by all these 2018 merchants is $207,388,000.

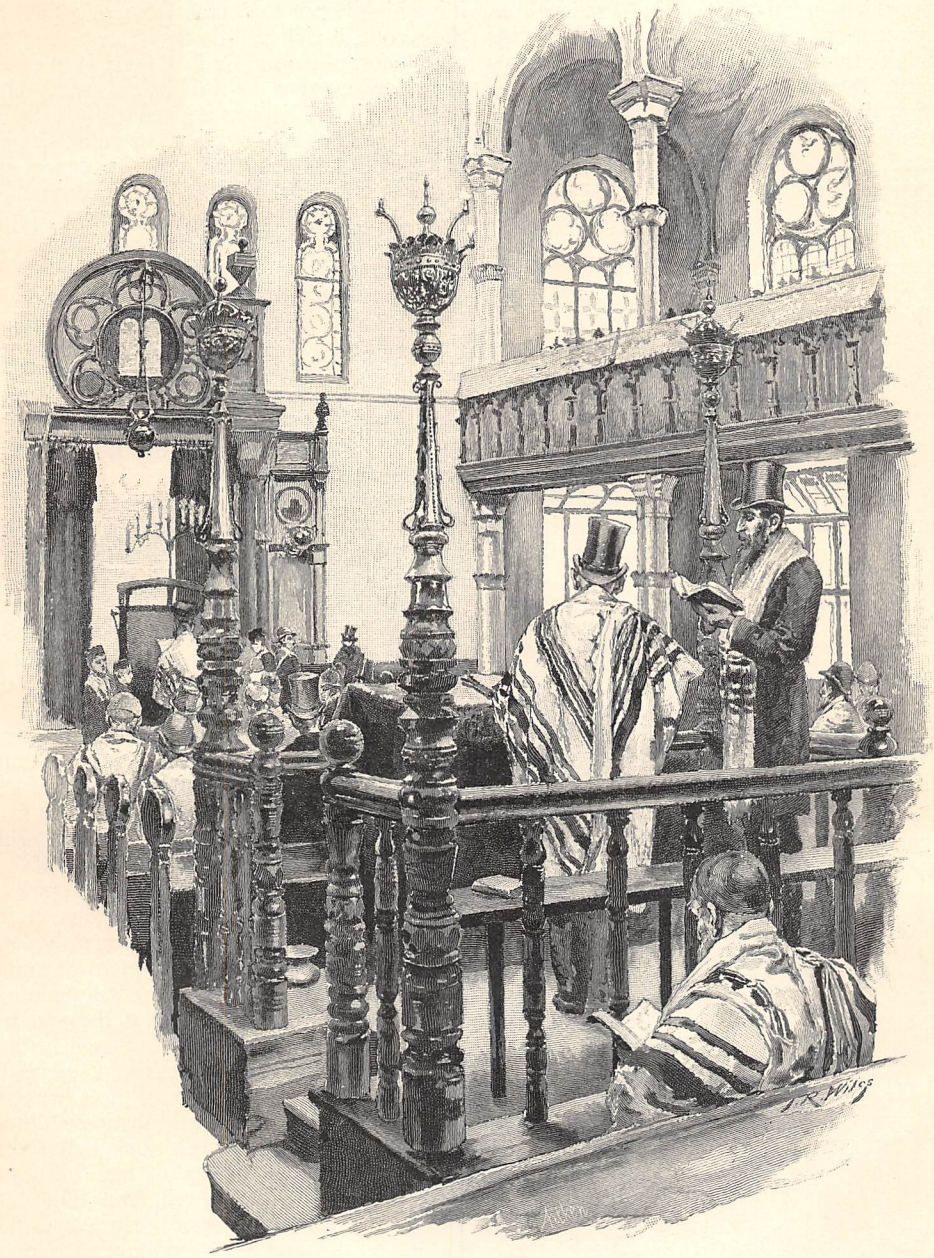
In no city have the Jews been more successful as traders than in New York. "Of the 400 buildings on Broadway from Canal street to Union Square, the occupants of almost all are Hebrews, over 1000 wholesale firms out of a total of 1200 being of that race. Hebrew firms also predominate on the streets contiguous to Broadway within the territory named."[1] Nor elsewhere have they been more successful, on the whole, as bankers and financiers. The 35 firms whose average rating in 1890 was over $13,000,000, but whose available capital is, in all probability, $100,000,000 or more, include the names of Seligman, Hallgarten, Wormser, Lazard, Scholle, Kuhn, Loeb, Schiff, Ickelheimer, Speyer, Schafer, and many others, some of whom are more conspicuous for philanthropy and patriotism than for wealth.

Holdings of real estate by the Jews in New York are estimated at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000, and five eighths of the transfers are said to be for their account.

Judging by police reports there has been less of the deceitfulness, chicanery, and fraud that are popularly and often unjustly held to be distinctive of the poorer Jews in the acquisition of this amazing wealth and influence than among an equal number of nominal Christians of similar class. It is certain that the homely virtues of which King Solomon, Franklin, and Smiles are the apostles have been the principal creators of Jewish affluence and power. The prudence which confines expenditure within the limits of income, the diligence which rejoices in improving opportunity, the far-sightedness which deposits money where it will do the most good, and the promise which is held to be as binding as the legal contract, are the chief factors of fortune with them as with all men. The best proof of the moral standing of the Hebrews is to be found in the relatively low percentage of their number in prisons and reformatories. Only two murderers, it is said, have sprung from their ranks in 250 years. Drunkenness is not a Jewish vice. Neither is anarchism a Jewish insanity. Its subjects disavow and even revile Judaism.

Religious differences among men are largely hereditary, circumstantial, and temperamental. Among Jews, as among Christians, some are strict, others liberal, and still others indifferent. The liberals are the Unitarians, the conservatives the Presbyterians, and the orthodox the Episcopalians of Judaism. The number of liberal Jews in New York has been estimated by one Hebrew statistician at from 40,000 to 50,000, inclusive of about 10,000 indifferentists, and the adherents of the orthodox faith at from 175,000 to 200,000. Some of his brethren alter these figures considerably. Whatever the exact truth may be, it is certain that the vast majority are professedly orthodox, their religion and ethics being of rabbinical and legal character. Traditional Judaism, as exemplified by them, is substantially what it was in the days of Christ and his apostles. They permit no change in public worship or domestic ceremony, but rigidly adhere to the code of laws contained in the "Schulchan Aruch," a compilation of regulations and ordinances which date back, for the most part, nearly 2000 years to the celebrated schools of Hillel and Shammai. Service is in Hebrew exclusively, and admits the employment of a reader, or cantor (*chazan*), from any part of the world who is familiar with the patristic language. Thus in the Portuguese synagogue in 112th street, between Third and Lexington avenues, the cantor is Moses Guedalyah, from Mogador, Morocco. When the speakers have been taught to think and speak in Hebrew, converse between those of various national vernaculars is comparatively easy, as in the case of an American rabbi and a Turkish brother from Saloniki, whose gutturals flowed

[1] "The Hebrews in America," by Isaac Markens, p. 150.

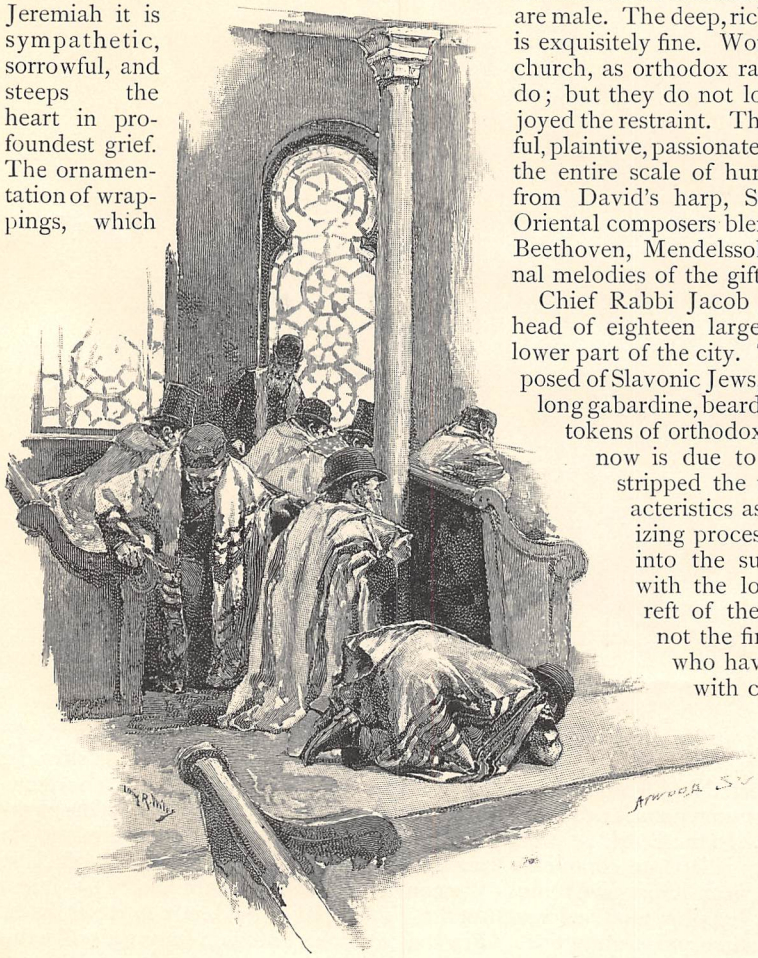


READING FROM THE SCROLL.

with satisfaction to both at the wedding of the Rev. Dr. H. P. Mendes.

The rabbi is often selected for life, and may or may not, according to arrangement, be the cantor of his congregation. In the Eldridge street synagogue, or *schule*, as it is more commonly called by the orthodox, is an impressive representation of traditional Judaism, modified perforce by the spirit of the time and surroundings. The building itself is Byzantine, with touches of the Renaissance, and is yet distinctively Oriental. The Russian banker who is *parnass*, or president, of the congregation is courteous and instructive. So is every member of the pushing crowd that fills it, and whose admission is regulated by policemen and religious officials. Women in the galleries — not half full — interest the visitor, and he evidently interests them. Pierced curtains, sliding on brass rods, like the ancient lattices in the British House of Com-

mons, which permit the ladies to see without being seen, are supposed to seclude Hebrew femininity from the disturbing gaze of the masculinity. But they do not, for the simple reason that deft hands draw them aside, or throw them up, and vision is only supposedly obstructed. The old custom is not in favor with the majority, and will never more be popular, if it ever was, with them. The chazan's desk, or pulpit, is in the middle of the edifice. There his assistant conducts the reading of the Torah, or law. Each worshiper may listen to his cantillation thereof, or to the voices of persons successively called out of the congregation, not to read each his part of Torah, Haphtorah, or Megilloth, as in former years, but to see that the Parashah is duly recited by the assistant chazan, and to repeat the B'rachah, or blessing. The Torah is read in recitative or chanting style, regulated by the "neginoth," or tonic accents. Of the Megillah (scroll) Esther the recitative is joyous and triumphal; of the lamentations of Jeremiah it is sympathetic, sorrowful, and steeps the heart in profoundest grief. The ornamentation of wrappings, which it is a high honor to detach from, or attach to, the scrolls, is rich and costly. So is that of the veils before the ark. Each of these is of different color, suited to the ritualistic season. That in use on Yom Kippur is pure white.



THE ABODAH.

Lawyers, merchants, artisans, clerks, peddlers, and laborers compose the dense and changeful throng. All are one in respect of race and faith, but many in regard to birthplace and speech. *E pluribus unum* receives a new meaning here. Clad in "tallith," or prayer-shawl, capped or hatted, voluminous of voice and ceaseless in gentle movement, articulate worship alternating between the murmurous play of sunlit waves and the thunder of Oriental hurricane, they suggest the idea of an Arab tribe, under derbys and silk hats, earnestly worshiping the Almighty after the fashion of all Semitic forefathers. But custom is not uniform, neither does it exclude indulgence in talk. Conversation is discountenanced in the more polite congregations. Singing by the choir is superb. As in all other orthodox synagogues, all voices are male. The deep, rich baritone of the chazan is exquisitely fine. Women keep silence in the church, as orthodox rabbis say they ought to do; but they do not look as though they enjoyed the restraint. The music is weird, wakeful, plaintive, passionate, joyous—ranging over the entire scale of human emotions. Strains from David's harp, Solomon's singers, and Oriental composers blend with selections from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and original melodies of the gifted cantor himself.

Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph is the spiritual head of eighteen large congregations in the lower part of the city. These are mainly composed of Slavonic Jews, once wont to look upon long gabardine, beard, and corkscrew curls as tokens of orthodoxy. That they do not now is due to Russian zeal, which stripped the wearers of these characteristics as part of the Christianizing process, and distressed them into the superstitious belief that with the loss they had been bereft of their religion. They are not the first of the human family who have confounded religion with clothes.

Some congregations ranking as orthodox deviate from the ancient standards in a few unimportant particulars, such as delegating those portions of the holy-day services that were formerly said aloud by the entire congre-

CONFIRMATION — TEMPLE EMANU-EL.

Moses (the lawgiver) to Moses (Mendelssohn) there never arose one like Moses (Maimonides)." Its assertion of the right of private judgment logically induced all the amazing changes which ensued. Representatives of this school, or rather tendency, like the late Dr. Adolph Huebsch and the living Dr. Henry S. Jacobs, have happily succeeded in harmonizing discordant elements among their people for the accomplishment of communal purposes. Orthodox Jews hold to ancestral traditions, time-honored rituals, established synagogal customs, and rabbinical consensus of doctrine. Conservatives permit changes in synagogal customs, and also English additions to the ritual. Reformers reject all traditions, adopt any ritual they please, rather discountenance Hebrew prayers, allow any change in synagogal custom, adopt family pews in which the sexes sit together, admit Christian choristers into their choirs, and reject certain doctrines received by the orthodox. The Kaddish, or prayer in memory of the dead, is often in English instead of Hebrew. Some of the reformers, having neither the faith nor the practice of orthodox or conservative Jews, repudiate circumcision, intermarry with Gentiles, set aside the difficulties which orthodox rabbis always regard in the case of proselytes to Judaism, institute Sunday services, or, like Dr. Hirsch of Chicago, also close the place of worship on Saturdays, keep none of the food laws, reject much of the Bible, more of Judaism, all of Christianity save its spirit and ethics, and occupy the position of polished rationalists. They have abolished the rabbinical second-day festivals as being unnecessary, and substituted English for Hebrew hymns. They revere the Old Testament as the divine source of law and doctrine, but decline to acknowledge the supremacy, if not the authority, of the Talmud. In the Prayer-book of the Temple Emanu-El, the liturgy is scriptural, beautiful, appropriate, and free from the

gation to the choir, which sings or chants them, or to the minister, who declaims them. The honorable service of taking out of and replacing in the ark the scrolls of the law is also confided exclusively to the wardens. The Haphtorah, or selection from the prophets, and prayer for the government, are read in English. The Pentateuch, or Torah, as in all orthodox congregations, is divided into fifty-two sections, so that the whole is read once a year; while among the reformers it is so arranged as to be read through once in three or five years.

Conservative Judaism believes in the divine origin and authority of the Old Testament, and follows good common sense in its interpretation. It seems to be largely due to the teaching of Mendelssohn, of whom it is said, "From

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

redundancies, repetitions, dogmatisms, and unintelligibilities of many medieval Minhagim.

Not without conflict, sharp and protracted, was reform, to any noteworthy extent, achieved. The rabbinate was subtly hostile, and the power of prejudice stubborn. Notwithstanding these, the movement was largely successful. Piyutim, Kinoth, and Selichoth,[1] prayers of uncertain origin and doubtful utility, coming down from the middle ages, were in many instances extruded as forming no part of the Common Prayer-book compiled by the 120 pious and learned men, among whom were Ezra and his contemporaries, known as the "Men of the Great Assembly," and as foreign to existing social conditions. Few, if any, of the many Jewish Prayer-books are generally acceptable. The Sephardic, or Spanish and Portuguese, is singularly free from the objectionable compositions of poetasters. It has been suggested that a model Prayer-book might be formed by retaining only what is common to the Sephardic and the Ashkenazic, or German, ritual.

Worship has been gradually modernized by the introduction of pulpit oratory, clerical robes, and the ordinary accessories of public devotion, such as had long been in vogue with cultured congregations. Confirmation of boys and girls alike has also been adopted. In 1845 Dr. Leo Merzbacher led the van in New York, where his adherents form the congregation Emanu-El.

Whether the mass of the unorthodox are reformers or secessionists, as their opponents

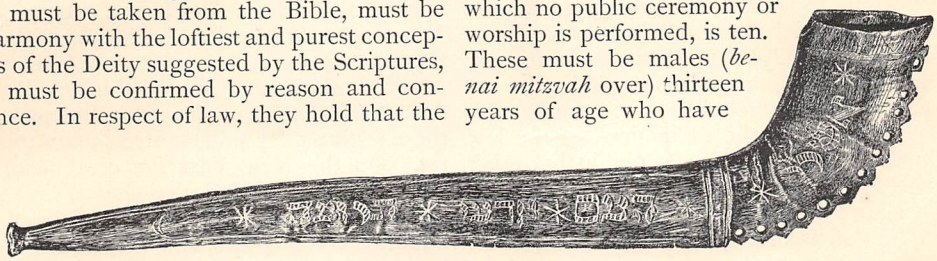
[1] Piyutim is the Hebrew form of the Greek poetics; Kinoth are lamentations; Selichoth are penitential hymns.

claim, is not a question demanding settlement here. The Rev. Dr. Wise of Cincinnati affirms their belief in the following doctrines of orthodox Judaism—the immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, perfectibility of human nature, and the final and universal triumph of truth and righteousness. But the Messiah they do not expect, neither the gathering of the Hebrew people in Palestine, nor the restoration of the Levitical ritual. The resurrection of the body, the last judgment, the evidence of miracles to the divinity of the Holy Scriptures, and the objectivity of angelic and theanthropic appearances are all discarded as unworthy of belief. Their hermeneutics are rationalistic. All religious doctrines, they maintain, must be taken from the Bible, must be in harmony with the loftiest and purest conceptions of the Deity suggested by the Scriptures, and must be confirmed by reason and conscience. In respect of law, they hold that the Decalogue, in letter and spirit, is obligatory forever. "All laws not contained in the Decalogue, expressed or implied, are local and temporal (although the principle expressed by some may be eternal), and could have been intended for certain times and localities only." In New York, and throughout the United States, the organization, laws, customs, and doctrines of the Jewish congregations are as diversified as those of the Congregationalists. Visionaries, enthusiasts, fanatics even, relicts of the bad times in which diabolism rioted, and in which cabala and mysticism won many and close disciples, are common among the Jews as among the Christians. Both are Adamic.

Radical reformers like Felix Adler, Lasalle, and Bebel are by some denied the right to the title of Jew or Christian, and are consigned to a mystical limbo whence they may or may not eventually emerge into everlasting light, love, and liberty. For anarchists a warmer future is probably waiting.

The synagogues in which all this weltering chaos of opinion finds more or less of articulate voice are chiefly of Byzantine architectural characteristics—striking bits of Semitism translated from dreamy Orient to practical Occident. Those of the reformed are styled temples; of the orthodox, schools or synagogues. There is not, it is said, a complete list of Jewish congregations in existence. One hundred and forty-six were reported in the winter of 1890–91 to be duly organized and holding regular religious services within the city of New York; but whether this number included the whole, and especially those temporarily organized in the Jewish sections, or permanently established in eleemosynary institutions, admits of doubt. It certainly did not embrace the special congregations assembled on the high holidays. Thirty organizations worship in consecrated buildings, or in institutional rooms fitted up for that purpose. In one hundred and twelve halls "chevras" (brotherhoods) meet for business and devotion, and also assemble in scores of other resorts the names and localities of which are not definitely ascertained.

The smallest number that may constitute a "Minyan," or religious congregation, without which no public ceremony or worship is performed, is ten. These must be males (*benai mitzvah* over) thirteen years of age who have been confirmed. Wherever the praying assembly convenes is sure to be found the perpetually burning lamp, according to the Aaronic law (Exodus xxvii. 20, 21), whose beaten oil typifies pure revealed truth, correct exegesis, and genuine morality. Should any Jew become Christian, his orthodox brethren of Slavonic antecedents are said to insist that his features assume a "goyish," or Gentilic, cast.



SHOPHAR.

Physiognomy, however, is not an infallible index to theological creed, for many of the best class of cultivated Hebrews seem to have parted with most, if not all, signs of Semitic origin. This may be due to ancestral intermarriage with Gentiles, which rabbinism has always discouraged in the effort to differentiate its disciples from other believers. Traditional observances in respect of meats and drinks, culinary and domestic utensils, are also intended, among other objects, to perpetuate the distinction.

The Jewish creed is embodied in the thirteen articles formulated by Moses Maimonides, one of the noblest and most influential men of his race. They were drawn up in the abiding belief that all men will eventually become Jews, not in the spiritual sense of St. Paul (Romans ii. 28, 29), but in that of the orthodox traditionalist. The twelfth article is a petition for the advent of Messiah. Moses Mendelssohn, scarcely less venerated than Maimonides, was instrumental in elevating the majority of his people to that phase of Judaism popularly known as Conservatism—

perhaps to reform. Traditionalism and democracy blend in the worship of an orthodox Jewish synagogue. That worship, if normal, is daily — morning and evening. Extra sessions are held on special occasions. All worshipers are equal before God. The rabbi owes his influence not to ordination or official position, but to tried probity, superior learning and piety, excellency of legal exegesis, and power of spiritual advice. In these respects he is *Rab*, *Rabba*, or *Rabban*,— that is, Master,— but in no sense is he the equivalent of a modern priest. The Slavonic dignitary is a picturesque object. Profile is distinctively Semitic. Orientalism is positive and piquant. Prayer is a duty and delight, and its outpourings are in terms of accepted ritual.

Worship ought to be supremely intelligent. The tallith, with its horizontal stripes of blue or purple and skilfully knotted "tsitsith," or fringes, fastened to the four corners, testifying by peculiar mode of attachment that "the Lord is one," reminds of the obligations of the law (Numbers xv. 37–41). The "tephillin shel rosh," in the shape of a cube of parchment attached to a leathern chaplet, and the "tephillin shel yad," in similar form attached to a thong which compasses the arm seven times and runs three times around the middle finger, are worn in obedience to the command that they shall be "for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes" (Exodus xiii. 9–16). "These cubes contain four portions of the Bible, teaching the four cardinal creeds of orthodox Judaism: (1) the unity of God; (2) that 'virtue brings its own reward,' but 'the wages of sin is death'; (3) the religious duty of spiritual education; (4) the restoration to Palestine, which means the realization of Messianic hopes or ideals — such as cessation of war and settlement of international disputes by arbitration, the settlement of social questions and institution of universal brotherhood, and Jerusalem a center where all nations shall be free to worship God."[1]

The "tephillin," or phylacteries (Deuteronomy vi. 8), are for use in matutinal devotions, but not on Sabbaths or religious festivals. Women and males under the age of thirteen are, for practical and sufficient reasons, exempt from the use of tallith and tephillin. Whether the worship be in spirit and in truth, and to what extent it issues in the negative and positive morality required by the law, is best known to the God and Father of us all. It is unquestionably demonstrative, and intended to express normal religious thought and feeling. The trend of Jewish thought, literary and religious, is toward a yet undefined unity. Cross-currents intersect the main streams of orthodoxy, conservatism, and reform. What the issue will be, and what its relations to Christianity, are questions about which opinions necessarily differ, while all concur in the conclusion that they will be of vastly higher order than anything manifested by the past.

For the observance of festivals and fasts the Jews of New York are conspicuous. Of the festivals, those of the Passover, Weeks, and Tabernacles, together with New Year's day and the Day of Atonement, are of divine institution (Exodus xxxiv. 23). Of the minor festivals Purim is of Biblical, and Chanukah of post-Biblical origin. The fasts, with the exception of Yom Kippur, are of rabbinical institution, and include those of Tammuz, Ab, Gedaliah, Tebeth, and Esther. All originate in epochs of history. Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles are held to be in manifest connection with corresponding seasons of the year. Modern rabbinical teachers, thinking less of the historical than of the natural elements in these festivals, lay greater stress upon the latter. On the New Year the creation of the world is called to mind, and God as Creator is specially glorified. The weekly Sabbath, in addition to other uses, is a perpetual remembrance of the same great fundamental event.

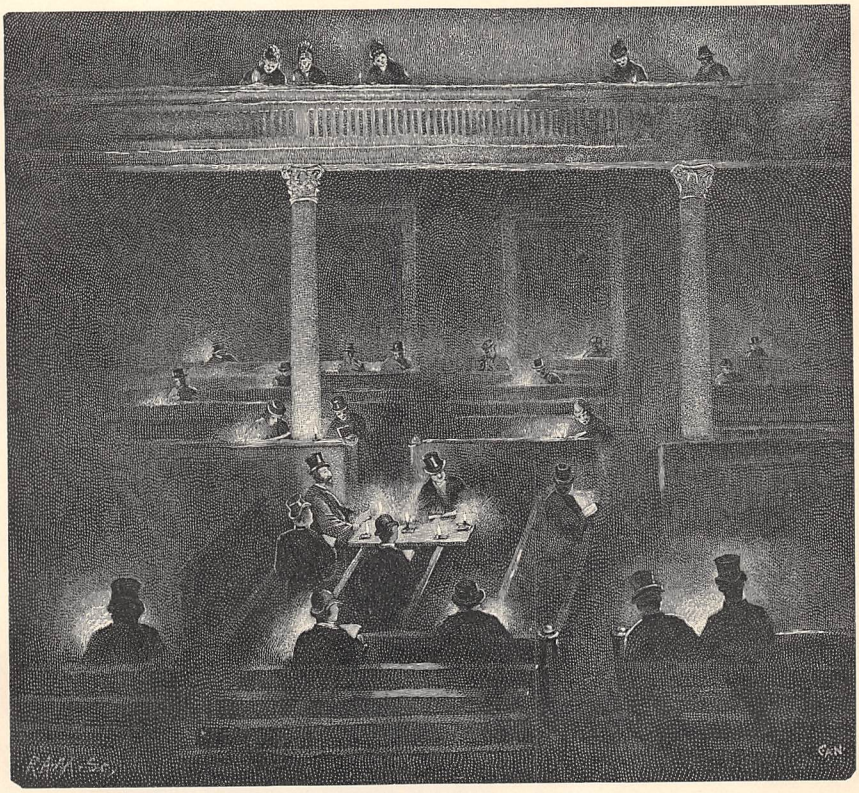
Following chronological order, the series begins with "Rosh Hashshanah," the New Year, the first day of which in 1890 fell on the 15th of September. Evidence of the strong hold which this holy day has upon the Hebrew affections in New York, and indeed all over the world, is obvious in the preparations made for its observance. As beginning the civil year it bears the title of Rosh Hashshanah; as the day of memorial, Yom Hazikkaron; and as the day of judgment, Yom Hardin. Special and suitable prayers are repeated; and the "shophar," or cornet, is sounded in the synagogue to rouse the sluggish to the performance of religious duty, and preparation for the Day of Atonement, by means of penitence, fasting, and charity, in which the contrite seek to make themselves "worthy of the mercy of God" (Numbers xxix. 1; Psalms lxxxi. 3, 4). The cornet is of ram's horn, in allusion, as the rabbis fancy, to the animal sacrificed by Abraham on Mount Moriah. One interesting specimen of the shophar, in possession of the family of the New York owner for more than a century, has been shaped by ingenious process into its present form and length of nineteen inches. Along its sides are engraved in Hebrew characters:

"Happy are they who know the joyful sound.
In the light of His countenance shall they walk."

Anthropomorphism has something to do with the notion that New Year's day is also the Day of Judgment, and that then all persons stand before the Lord for judicial decision upon their

[1] From statement by Rev. H. Pereira Mendes, D. D.

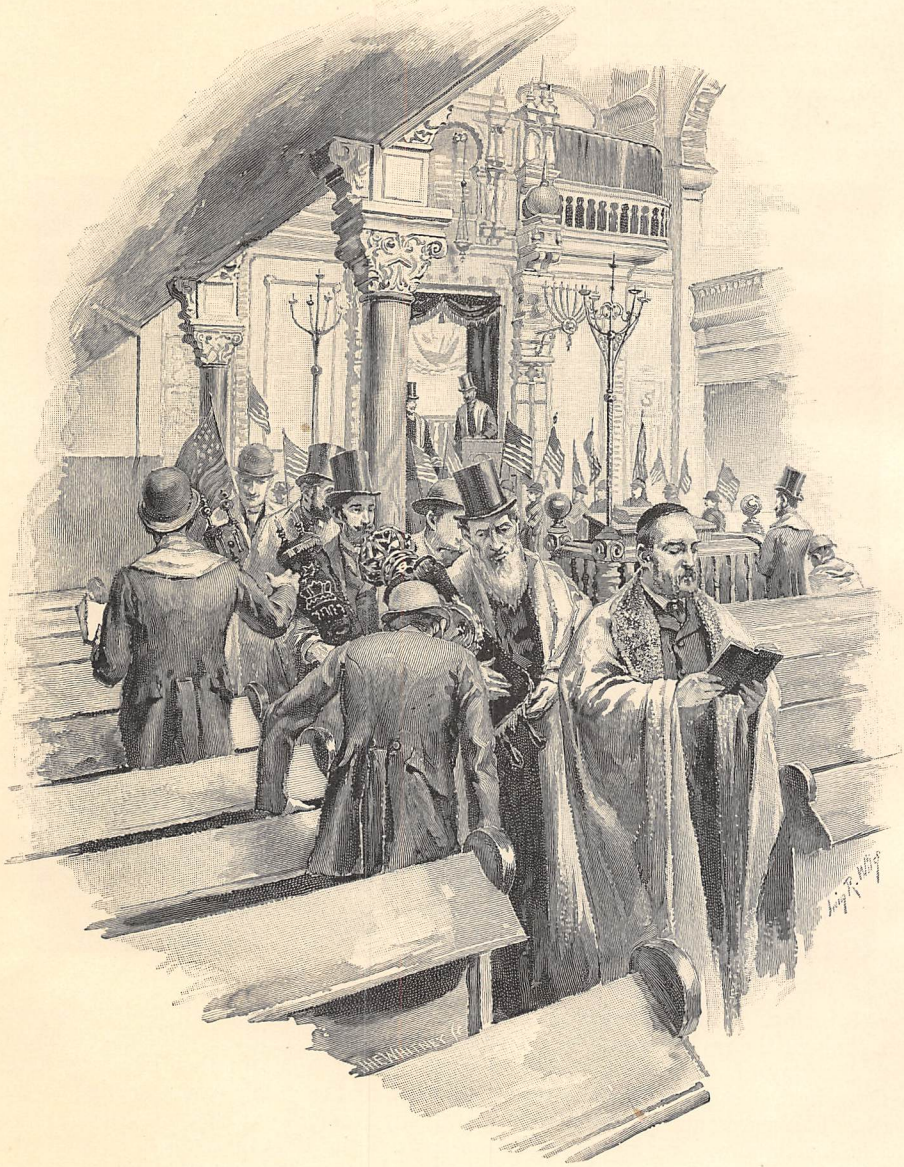
actions during the past twelve months. Rabbi Jochanan asserts that on Rosh Hashshanah three books are opened. One is for the righteous, who are immediately inscribed for life; one for the wicked, who are instantly inscribed for death; and one for the nondescript, who are left on probation. If the latter repent during the ten penitential days between this and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, their names are written in the book of life; if not, in that of death. This representation, couched as it is in Oriental metaphor, is an impressive lesson on the need of true repentance.



FAST OF 'AB.

That the chief duty of worshipers on this day is to review their actions during the past year and to amend their conduct is clear enough; but that, as the Rev. Dr. Kohut remarks, the infinite God once in a year assumes the rôle of head bookkeeper and converts the heavens into a census bureau, "keeping an account of a few million Israelites who are no more than a grain of sand at the seashore," is a superstition no less blasphemous than ignorant. In the estimation of this eloquent and erudite clergyman every man keeps a faithful and correct diary of his own life, whether he wishes to do so or not, and this record, rarely perused in life, is sure to be studied after the decease of the subject, and to constitute the basis on which survivors, as also the Almighty, will inscribe him for life or for death. The ten penitential days, on the third of which is the Fast of Gedaliah (2 Kings xxv. 25), begin with the first day of the New Year, continue until after the Day of Atonement, and occupy similar relative position in the sentiment of many Jews that Lent holds in that of liturgical Christians, or the yearly camp-meeting in that of many Methodists. That it is better to be good part of the time than not to be good at all is the deep underlying conviction of irregular Jews who attend synagogal services on the first ten days of the year — and that often at considerable cost to themselves — and neglect public worship all the rest of the period. Salvation by merit of work done is consciously or unconsciously sought by such, while others urge that mere work without sincerity is only multiplying sin by hypocrisy.

Yom Kippur, the White Fast, or Day of Atonement (Leviticus xxiii. 26 *et seq.*), coming ten days after Rosh Hashshanah, celebrates the grace of God in providing pardon for the transgressions that mar and corrupt creation. It begins at sunset and lasts until the appearance of three stars in the heavens on the even-



PROCESSION OF THE SEPHARIM.

ing of the next day. The synagogue services in Zichron Ephraim are unusually impressive. The heart-broken, passionate plaints of "Kol Nidre," or the confessional supplication, are in music that penetrates the whole being, and is the same among all the children of Jacob. Males crowd the floor, females fill the gallery. The ritual is Ashkenazic, and the rabbi charms by his full, rich vocalization. His extemporary English prayer is an ideal of intelligent devotion. Reverence is less marked than in reformed assemblies, yet all join in the responses. Some tarry after the close of worship, and persist in repetitious prayers, somewhat obtrusive, and to a non-Jew not agreeably emphasized by the circular white caps, talliths, and funereal shrouds in which the supplicants are enveloped. A cultivated critic of identical faith smilingly speaks of them as the "elect," and predicts their prominence on the morrow. Zeal is pronounced, but somehow jars on the spirit, and is in discord with the chastely elegant symbols that are spread upon the walls. Behind the perpetual lamp, inscribed on the pure-white marble, are the ten commandments. Through law to life, love, and light everlasting is the lesson of this sacerdotal interior.

Throughout all the ensuing day religious

exercises in the synagogue continue. Neither eating, drinking, nor sleeping is thought of, the aim of each suppliant being to "make the spirit more free, inward, and holy than at any other time." Men and boys do not leave the building. Children under thirteen years of age visit them. Bright-eyed girls, particularly, come and go with messages of love or duty too urgent in their claims to brook delay. In many synagogues, however, this is not allowed.

Synagogues, as we discover in perambulation of the city, are improvised in various parts thereof, as need or convenience may require. Here, at No. 125 Rivington street, is the Golden Rule Hall. Five separate congregations worship on its five separate floors, and worship for twelve hours at a stretch. Crowds of young, middle-aged, and old go in and out, up and down the creaky stairs, in intermittent, unending streams. Grandsires gray, puling infants, tired women, and struggling men, to whom Yom Kippur is more than Sabbath, are all there for this one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Within each steaming room some men chat and some women gossip at intervals, children are sleepily quiet, and devotees in grave habiliments occupy the corners. Wild is the recitative of the chazan, nervous and exaggerated his gestures, while his voice is often singularly musical. Conviction speaks from the depths of his being, and passionate devotion in his vibratory tones. His memory is marvelous. Not a syllable escapes that of one blind patriarch. Sequence of notes in his lifelong chanting has given to repetition the precision of an orguinette.

All this is not less true of Rabbi Dr. Philip Klein, son-in-law of Dr. Sampson Raphael Hirsch of Frankfort-on-the-Main (the latter being in orthodox esteem one of the most learned rabbis in the world), and of Chazan Jacob Baer of the first Hungarian congregation, Ohab Zadeck, in Norfolk street. This numbers three hundred and fifteen paying male members, and of the orthodox is numerically the strongest in the United States. Two thousand souls at least are incorporated with it. Here the devotees in white garments aspire to the purity of angels, and all the more because they walk in the shadow of death, as is signified by the shrouds in which they expect to be buried. An alderman, a judge of the Fourth District Court, and a clerk of the same tribunal are among the worshipers.

Two of the scenes enacted in this sanctuary are altogether rememberable, viz., the "Abodah," and the blessing by the "Cohanim." Confession of sin is peculiarly appropriate to this holy day. So is supplication for forgiveness. Both are national rather than personal. Many times in the course of reconciliation with an offended God do the penitents, robed in grave-clothes, prostrate themselves on the floor of the aisles whereon they stand. Prostrate themselves, we say — or rather on bended knees knock the forehead against the boards of the floor while imploring pardon. Nor are they at all reserved in acknowledgment of transgression, but are as remarkably explicit in mention of delinquencies as in recognition of the fact that good works only can build the edifice of hope in the wondrous mercy of the Most High. The ritual is said to be the one formerly repeated by the high priest in the temple at Jerusalem. The day is distinguished as the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," "rest of rests," whereon the high priest entered into the Holy of Holies, and there pronounced the ineffable name.

The blessing by the Cohanim is another spectacle that no stranger to the house of Israel who sees and hears its bestowal can forget. The Cohanim consist exclusively of the descendants of Aaron, the high priest, and usually bear the name of Cohen. Collecting in front of the ark, these first worship the God of their fathers, whose law and providence are written on the sacred scrolls within the revered receptacle. In pronouncing the priestly blessing each head is enveloped by the tallith, raised sufficiently by elevated and extended hands to admit of seeing the people. The fingers are triangularly adjusted. The middle is separated from the ring-finger. Three distinct openings or divisions of each hand are thus formed. With these, and with the three periods of human life,— infancy, virility, and decrepitude,— the three parts of the blessing correspond.

In conferring the blessing the body of the Cohen assumes a swaying motion, curiously harmonizing with the crooning of his voice. Gentiles may gaze upon the officiating Cohanim, but Jews may not. Attention of the priests must not be distracted in performance of duty. An orthodox metropolitan rabbi, born and brought up within sight of Trinity Church spire, declares that he has never looked upon this ceremony. Why it should not be studied is not matter of easy conjecture. Certain it is that many of the boys — as for the girls, that goes without saying — indulge in furtive glances, even when forbidden by fathers whose faces are turned the other way, and whose paternal discipline somehow implies occasional squints over the shoulder. Which, the group of Cohanim on the pulpit platform, or the absorbed artist intent on pictorial reproduction, is the object of greater curiosity to the women admits of doubt. The endurance of chazan and choir is astonishing. Rich, clear, sweet, and strong, their voices are seemingly unimpaired by length of service. The music is not less

remarkable. Curiosity and courtesy are both charming. Practical is their sympathy with unfortunate brethren, as shown in a special appeal on one occasion for distressed brethren in Salonica, for whose relief two-dollar subscriptions were sought by officials bearing boxes on which were Hebrew inscriptions, and who, in recognition of the charity, would enter the names of donors in the "book of life."

The joyous Feast of Tabernacles, Succoth, celebrating the divine mercy to Israel when dwelling in the wilderness booths (Leviticus xxiii. 43), begins five days after the Day of Atonement, lasts seven days, as ordained (Leviticus xxiii. 39), and is generally observed among the orthodox. The first two days only are regarded as holy days.

The "succah," or booth, is of generic shape, roofed with branches, and of endless diversity of construction. It may be domestic, or it may be communal. One erected in the rear of a house in the "Fifties" streets, ten by seven feet in superficial area, built of lath, with muslin sides, roofed with branches of different trees from which hung fruit of many kinds, including products known and unknown to the Sinaitic peninsula, may serve as a specimen of the private class.

In the rear of Zichron Ephraim is a structure of public order. Its top is obscured by foliage, its sides festooned with leaves and natural and artificial flowers, while pendent American vegetables, wine, and fruits, foreign and domestic, awaken gratitude to the All-Bountiful. Three chandeliers shed abundant light on the grateful who gather here after prayers on the first two days and nights, or on any subsequent evening of the festival. Those who cannot erect a succah at home may utilize this. Only the irreligious fail to avail themselves of the privilege. Obedient to the command (Leviticus xxiii. 40), a bouquet composed of palm-branches, boughs of myrtle, and willows of the brook, together with the fruit "ethrog" (citron) from the tree "Hadar," is held in the hand while prayer and thanksgiving are offered — the bouquet and fruit being first raised toward heaven and then lowered toward the ground.

Hoshanah Rabbah, the seventh day, is a "great day of the feast" (John vii. 37), when a procession is formed, and seven interior circuits of the synagogue are made. Every Israelite also provides himself with a bouquet of five slender branches of willow, freshly gathered from a brook-side. At the close of the service he knocks the leaves from the branches, and, if of the superstitious crowd, fancies that thereby he strips himself of all his sins. The intelligent simply intend to foreshadow the approach of winter, or, ethically, the casting off all evil habits.

Shemini Atzereth, the eighth day, is distinguished by thanksgiving for past and present benefits and by prayer for the blessing of rain to fructify the earth. It is among the orthodox, the traditional, that beliefs have crystallized into changeless forms. Forms may be only forms, observance obligatory, but not inculcative of spiritual truth. Again, it may be wholly otherwise. Whatever may be the facts with those who use the baths, "Mickvaoth" ("meetings of the waters"), in the basements or appurtenances of synagogues, it is at least plain that all the appliances of ceremonial purification are there.

Simchath Torah ("the rejoicing of the law") follows on the day after Shemini Atzereth, and is expressive of the gladness with which the participants have once more completed the reading of the law, and with which they have discerned and appropriated the moral and religious truths committed to its custody. In token of grateful joy is the procession of the "sepharim," supervised by the parnass, or president of the congregation, who honors certain persons by allotting to each one of the sacred scrolls to carry. The scroll is covered with mantle and adorned with breastplate, crown, and pointer. Rabbi and chazan head the procession, parnass and vice-president, together with official and unofficial members, follow. In some synagogues children carry United States flags, thus denoting the local patriotism of the Jewish church combined with obedience to the divine law. Ladies manifest their interest by distributing candy to the children downstairs after the ceremony. Three or even seven times does the joyous concourse pass around the synagogal interior, the bearers of the sepharim, or scrolls, being changed at the end of each circuit. During the periodic reading of the law, the fact that it was designed from the outset to be the precise guide of life is forcibly brought home to the sterner sex by calling first upon a Cohen, secondly upon a Levi, and thirdly upon five ordinary Israelites, and repeating the process until all the available panel is exhausted, to read or harken to the reading of its closing and opening words. He who has the honor of reading the end of the law is called the "bridegroom of the law"; he who has the honor of reading the first chapter of Genesis, which immediately follows, is called the "bridegroom of the beginning." Usage varies. In some schools all the Cohanim first, Levites second, and other Israelites third, are called up in batches for the same purpose, and also to repeat the benediction in concert. Such a call is considered to be an honor and privilege worthy of recognition by means of social and festive gatherings to which friends are invited. On dedications of buildings to divine worship the procession

of the sepharim is one of the characteristic features.

On the twenty-fifth day of Kislev (December 7 of 1890) is the first day of Chanukah, or the "Dedication," an eight days' festival annually observed by orthodox and liberal alike, and which commemorates the cleansing of the temple and the reconstruction of the sacrificial altar, after the Syrians had been driven out of Jerusalem by Judas Maccabæus. Kept strictly, with innocent family amusements and gathering of friends, especially on the last night, it recalls the memory of unflinching faith and splendid achievement on the part of heroic forefathers. So long as religious liberty was conceded, the civil oppression of tyrants was borne with patience; but when Antiochus Epiphanes undertook to lord it over conscience, he met with sternest resistance. Diabolical tortures were endured without a murmur. At length the "lion" in Judah was fully roused. The Asmonean priest-princes led compatriots to victory and independence. Popular joy shines in general illumination. That of the Jews at the restoration of temple services piously lighted "the lamps which were upon the candlestick." A jar of sacred oil, sealed with the ring of the high priest, and sufficient for one day's consumption, was discovered just when it was wanted. Miraculously enough, it lasted for eight days, in memory whereof this festival was instituted. Josephus styles it the "Feast of Lights"; St. John (x. 22) the "Feast of the Dedication" which Christ attended at Jerusalem. Its symbolism is of the triumph of truth, of liberty, of humanity. Not a Jew in Russia, Roumania, or Morocco but feels the power of this simple celebration to impart endurance and to inspire the confidence of ultimate redress.

In temple and synagogue the Jews of twenty centuries ago carried branches of palms or other trees, sang hymns of praise to the God of their salvation, postponed any mourning or fast until after its close, and joyfully lighted up houses of worship and residence, within and without, by lanterns and torches during its continuance. Maimonides declares that this illumination is in obedience to the orders of the scribes. The ordinary rule at that festival is to kindle one light at sunset of the first night, two on the second, and so on until the last night, when eight are burned. Care is taken to provide illuminant material that will last for half an hour. Oil lamps of silver or other metal, wax candles, even humble walnut-shells filled with oil and wick to burn the desired time, are used, as the pecuniary circumstances or tastes of the celebrants permit. Present at the house of a courteous Jewish gentleman, we see that the lights are all affixed to one holder. Hatted, as are all the males of his household, the females being uncovered, he recites the same prayer as that offered by the chazan who kindles the light at the beginning of worship in the synagogue. Prayer consists of three benedictions, of which the third—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast preserved us alive, sustained us, and brought us to enjoy this season"—is used only on the first night. The first benediction refers the origin of this ceremony to God, who "commanded us through our sages to light the lamp of dedication." All the lights are held to be consecrated, and may only be looked upon, but not put to other use. Touchingly beautiful is the historic hymn, sung to resonantly triumphal music by the participants. Its pathos is that of prolonged suffering. Its petition is, "Reëstablish thy house of prayer, and there will we offer thanksgiving offerings," "then will we accomplish with song and psalm the dedication of the altar." New York contains Jews of all shades of religious opinion, and there are among its citizens a few who honor the injunctions of certain of the sopherim, or scribes, by kindling as many lights as there are inmates of the house, and adding a light for each person every night.

Jewish fasts are very impressive affairs when observed in spirit and letter of ordination. That of Tebeth, early in January, recalls Nebuchadnezzar's siege of Jerusalem; that of Esther, in March, the imminent peril of the Jews from the decree of Czar Ahasuerus, and the wondrous deliverance which came through the address of the charming Hadassah. The Persian Ignatieff, Haman, the son of Hammedatha, was no match for the witchery of her beauty and the profound wisdom of Uncle Mordecai. The romantic story of her brilliant services is familiar to childhood and age, from regular reading in the synagogue, rejoicing at home, exchange of gifts, and presents to the poor, as is that of the Christ-child's birth at Christmas to modern Christians.

The feast of Purim, or lots, follows on the day after the fast of Esther, and lasts forty-eight hours. Judaism then shakes a free foot. Festivity is the order of social life. Hellenism lends its songs, masques, fancy dresses, and exuberant merriment for the occasion. Wealth, culture, and fashion disport themselves in great public balls like the one held in the magnificently decorated Metropolitan Opera House on February 26, 1891. Net proceeds of terpsichorean saltations swell the receipts of hospitals or other worthy charities to the extent of many thousands of dollars. Rabbinical genius does not disdain the composition of Purim plays and tableaux, accompanied by instrumental and vocal music, *delicatessen* for the children, and dancing for the older folks.

Pesach, or Passover, celebrated at Eastertide, is a festive season of obligatory observance,

historically commemorating the transit of the Benai Israel from Egyptian slavery to nomadic freedom. As such it begins the ecclesiastical year. Emblems employed in this ceremonial are the four cups of wine, the bone of a lamb, unleavened bread, and bitter herbs. Dr. K. Kohler, Rabbi of Temple Beth-El, speaking of the "four cups of the Passover," teaches that the first is that of cheerfulness, bidding farewell to "frost" as he passed the tent, and welcoming the spring. The second represents liberty, which is "power for greatness and goodness." The Jew, so "sensitive to social injustice and class prejudice," craves, more than the rest of mankind, a broad, cosmopolitan religion, because his prophets and poets declared it to be the basis of all freedom, and his saints and sages have given their lives a ransom for it. "Israel's Passover offers liberty while pointing to God, who lives in all as the universal Redeemer." It upholds the doctrine of human rights and of that political equality which found expression in the declaration, "One law for yourselves, for the stranger and sojourner in the land." The lamb-bone, roasted, represents the paschal lamb; while an egg, roasted with fire, is used in memory of the Karban Chagigah, or festive sacrifice offered in Jerusalem. The "matzoth," or unleavened cakes, keep alive the memory of deliverance from Egypt, as the "maror," or bitter herbs, do of the precedent bondage.

Modes of observing the Passover necessarily differ in a Hebrew aggregate so diverse in its particular elements as that of New York. In most families the memorials of the miraculous past are placed on the table, and, after more or less of prescribed prayers, are removed to make way for a course-dinner in which the fine arts of cooking and courtesy to guests blend in smiling harmony. Psalms and hymns of remarkable musical beauty conclude the evening. Reformers observe the first and the seventh day; the orthodox hold sacred the first two and the last two of the eight days, and devote the intervening four to secular duties.

It is of the orthodox—of the Jew of history, in his own estimation—that search through the house for leaven, and gathering the suggestive ferment as it lies in his way, is expected on Erev Pesach, the evening ushering in the fourteenth day of Nisan. Neither leavened food nor fermented liquors may be used during the feast (Exodus xiii. 7; Deuteronomy xvi. 3, 4). About 10 A. M. on the fourteenth he burns the leaven. If absent from home, he simply annuls the leaven by accounting it as the dust of the earth. On the day before Passover the first-born fasts in memory of the death of Egypt's first-born; or, if not old enough, the father fasts for him.

Costly furniture and plate, holiday garments, and cushioned seat of *paterfamilias* contrast violently with the ancient serfdom, while the presence at table of every domestic of the Jewish faith is a memento of the old equality in toil and misery. Every one is obliged to drink of the four cups of wine, and all take part in the liturgical service. Washing the hands is followed by distribution of parsley dipped in vinegar or sprinkled with salt and water, breaking by the host of the middle "matzah" in the pile of three Passover cakes, and general touching of the dish containing the lamb-bone and egg. After removal of the latter from the table, the youngest in the company asks for the reasons of this celebration, and receives a curious account of the Pharaonic slavery and the miraculous deliverance. The matzah in the dish is exhibited as a memorial of freedom; the lettuce or horse-radish, of bondage. After eating the bitter herbs dipped in "charosheth," a compound of almonds, apples, and other fruit, emblematic of the Egyptian lime and mortar, the master of the household again distributes biscuit and wine, and all unite in responsive thanksgiving. Provision is made for the entertainment of the prophet Elijah in case he should appear to announce the coming of Messiah. The door ajar and the watchful attendant attest the readiness for the prophet's welcome. The custom of opening the door is also a public invitation to Christians to enter and see for themselves that no blood is used for the Passover, and to give the lie to the monstrous charge of child-murder which unchristian Christianity in Greek, Roman Catholic, and some Protestant countries makes against the Jews. The Hallel (Psalms cxiii.–cxviii.) is then repeated, the fourth cup of wine drained, and the whole ceremony held to be as acceptable to God as the actual offering of the Passover lamb.

Between the recital of the Haggadah and the closing hymns of joy and gladness at the Seder, the bounteous supper is enjoyed, hilarity is universal, but excess is avoided. Temperance is a Jewish characteristic. Contrast adds to the merriment, as when a child succeeds in abstracting the piece of matzah hidden by the father under the cloth or behind the pillow on which he reclines. Dr. De Sola Mendes believes that the celebration of the festival as thus described is the one most in vogue in New York.

Counting of the Omer (Exodus xvi. 16) begins on the second day of Pesach, continues for seven weeks, and closes at the feast of Pentecost. Lag Baomer (the scholar's feast) intervenes on the thirty-third day, but is of minor importance.

Shebuoth, the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost, is the anniversary of the giving of the

law at Mount Sinai, fifty days after the exodus. All the previous enumeration signifies the impatient desire with which this inestimable boon was anticipated. David is not the only Israelite whose estimate of the law is that of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm. This festival also bears the title of Chag Haqqatsir, or Feast of Harvest (Exodus xxiii. 16), and of Yom Habbikoorim, or day of first fruits (Numbers xxviii. 26), when an offering of two cakes made of the new wheat was brought by the Israelites. Its chief distinction is, however, that of commemorating the gift of that wondrous legal code in A. M. 2448, of which the Israelites were made the depositaries, and which became the enduring basis of religion, law, and morality throughout progressive civilization.

The reformed Jews especially honor this day by the confirmation of youth,— boys and girls alike having been prepared for the ceremony,— and that with so much care and display as to convert it into the most attractive feature of their ecclesiastical life. Both sexes, of proper age, are publicly catechized on the character and extent of their religious knowledge, and solemnly admitted to all the rights and privileges of the church. Each catechumen is considered as bearing God's likeness, proceeding "in a state of purity and sinlessness from the Creator," "but whilst on earth, and joined to the body, subject to trials and liable to sin." Obligation "towards the propagation of right, light, and truth" is permanent.

Confirmation is public assumption of covenant vows previously made by natural sponsors. Anything more impressive and spectacular than the assumption which annually occurs in the Reformed Temple Emanu-El, on Fifth Avenue, New York is rarely witnessed. The gorgeous Byzantine edifice, esthetically decorated, and radiant with tropical fragrance, is always crowded with the *élite* of Jewish society. The scene is beautifully, touchingly dramatic. Hearts parental and friendly thrill with unwonted emotion as boys and girls emerge from the underlying school-rooms, and to the strains of Gounod's choicest music march up the aisles to the platform occupied by Rabbis Gottheil and Silverman, and there assume the vows which bind them to ancestral faith and polity. Each has been under stated religious training for six or eight months, studied a summary of the Jewish faith, and recites the part assigned in the Hebrew or in the English tongue. In 1890 one of the girls, with admirable elocutionary skill, answered the question, "Who is thy neighbor?" in familiar words fraught with tremendous meaning:

"Who is thy neighbor?" He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share his lot with him.

"We must not return evil for evil, but try to overcome it with good," is a sample of metropolitan Jewish ethics. Both sexes avow the belief that "God has elected Israel to be the people of this covenant, and keeper of the true religion," and pledge themselves to lives in keeping with this dogma.

Interest culminates when the rabbi throws back the doors of the ark behind the pulpit, revealing the sacred scrolls of law and prophecy. Electric light floods the interior with golden glory, while overhead beams the ever-burning lamp. Between ark and minister passes the long string of catechumens, while on each head in succession his hand rests in priestly, paternal blessing. Tears suffuse the eyes of the sensitive as to the minor music of Handel's *Largo* they slowly wend their way to the family pew, where proud and sympathetic parents await the loving kiss before the one who presses it upon their lips bends in adoring prayer.

Not a little sarcasm is bestowed by orthodox critics upon the entire ceremony. It is too much a matter of tinsel and show, of elegant dresses and costly presents, they say, while the shaping of intellectual and religious life in concord with Jewish standards is comparatively neglected. It is true that there is not much of the traditional and Talmudical about it, but it seems to embody all that is essential in Old Testament ethics.

The fast of Tammuz in July is a mournful remembrance of the overthrow of the walls of Jerusalem, capture of the city, siege of the temple, cessation of the daily sacrifices, and burning of the Torah scrolls by the conquerors —all of which happened on this day of the year. This black day is in future, like the other minor fasts, to be a bright one (Zechariah viii. 19).

Between the fast of Tammuz and that of Ab (on the 27th of July, 1890) all marriages and festivities were rabbinically interdicted. The latter begins at sundown, and commemorates the two destructions of the Jewish temple, first by Nebuchadnezzar, A. M. 3338, and secondly by Titus, A. M. 3828, on the same day of the year. It is emphatically the "Black Fast." Ark, pulpit, reading-desk, and table of the synagogue Shearith Israel are all clothed with crape. Lights, electric or gas, remain unkindled. Wax candles make darkness visible. Each in its small candlestick ordinarily suffices for two persons. Retaining head-gear so as to resemble "our people," observers es-

cape notice. The assembly is not large. Most of the regular congregation are rusticating, or recuperating by the sea-shore. The minister, Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, under silk hat and in satin gown, leads the prayers. Worship with head covered is the rule here, as in all orthodox and conservative synagogues, because God commanded Aaron to perform divine service with covered head (Leviticus xvi. 3, 4), or more probably because it is a survival of Eastern custom. Liturgy is in Hebrew, and from the Minhag of Sephardic orthodoxy. Service lasts seventy-five minutes. To an ordinary onlooker more contented mourners over two great catastrophes could not be collected. Grief is not in the mien, nor in the voice, but is poignant in the prayers. Weird is the scene, and weird are the figures, in the flickering gleam of the candles. The congregation evidently prefers the glory of sunrise to the night of darkness. Why should they not? Out of ancestral sorrow has come, and will come, unspeakable gladness. Rabbi Akiba laughed when he saw a fox spring out of the ruins of the holy city; for while it fulfilled inspired prophecy it was presumptive proof of divine fidelity to promise.

Historically the Black Fast proves that the events commemorated did really occur. Physically, in the experience of rabbi and chazan, and a century, more or less, of coreligionists, it is a positive fact rooted in consciousness. From 7 P. M. to 11.30 A. M. the worship continues, to the weariness of the flesh and the edification of the spirit. Delightful change comes with the afternoon. The black hangings have been removed, and all signs of grief have disappeared. Pathetic threnodies are exchanged for chants of quiet joy, consolation, and blessing. The centuried measures familiar to Levantine, Oriental, and African—melodies by which the ritual is splendidly intoned—fail to hold attention at proper pitch during the long morning service. Dirges are less to modern taste than thanksgiving psalms.

The face of the Jew is toward the future, but whether that future will bring repatriation is a matter of indifference to the reformer. He wills none of it. "New York is my Jerusalem," he says. "The United States of America is my country. In fact, my Jerusalem is wherever I am doing well. I don't want to go to Canaan, and would not if I could." But such as he are few in comparison with the orthodox, who devoutly pray for restoration to the paternal hills and vales. Even if temporal interests should hold them among the diaspora, they still pray in the interests of humanity for Israelitish autonomy, and believe that it will be brought about because predicted by Isaiah (li. 3, lx.) and other inspired seers. A good many Americans are of the same opinion.

Richard Wheatley.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

COMPLETE as if created, with the brand
Of God, not man, upon the marvelous whole!
Temple of Milan, thou hast thrilled my soul
As hath no other work of human hand.
Not that there be not monuments as grand
Of human strength and wealth, but that the grace
Of Heaven hath settled on thy fair white face—
The harmony of things divinely planned.
The moon dawns. Still I linger 'neath thy walls—
White ivory, not marble, in such light,
And blossomy with carving, where it falls
With the full shine, which lifts the veil of night.
This is God's house. I feel his mighty breath,
And hear his music, though no words he saith.

Douglas Sladen.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

VII.

A COMMON rest-house in the desert is not overstocked with furniture or carpets. One table, two chairs, a rack on the door for clothing, and a list of charges, are sufficient for each room; and the traveler brings his own bedding. Tarvin read the tariff with deep interest before falling asleep that night, and discovered that this was only in a distant sense a hotel, and that he was open to the danger of being turned out at twelve hours' notice, after he had inhabited his unhomely apartment for a day and a night.

Before he went to bed he called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Mutrie on the note-paper of his land and improvement company. Under the map of Colorado, at the top, which confidently showed the railroad system of the State converging at Topaz, was the legend, "N. Tarvin, Real Estate and Insurance Agent." The tone of his letter was even more assured than the map.

He dreamed that night that the Maharajah was swapping the Naulahka with him for town lots. His Majesty backed out just as they were concluding the deal, and demanded that Tarvin should throw in his own favorite mine, the "Lingering Lode," to boot. In his dream Tarvin had kicked at this, and the Rajah had responded, "All right, my boy; no Three C.'s then," and Tarvin had yielded the point, had hung the Naulahka about Mrs. Mutrie's neck, and in the same breath had heard the speaker of the Colorado legislature declaring that since the coming of the Three C.'s he officially recognized Topaz as the metropolis of the West. Then, perceiving that he himself was the speaker, Tarvin began to doubt the genuineness of these remarks, and awoke, with aloes in his mouth, to find the dawn spreading over Rhatore, and beckoning him out to the conquests of reality.

He was confronted in the veranda by a grizzled, bearded, booted native soldier on a camel, who handed down to him a greasy little brown book, bearing the legend, *Please write "seen."*

Tarvin looked at this new development from the heated landscape with interest, but not with an outward effect of surprise. He had already learned one secret of the East, never to be surprised at anything. He took the book and read, on a thumbed page, the announcement, "Divine services conducted on Sundays in the drawing-room of the residency at 7:30 A. M. Strangers are cordially invited to attend. (Signed) L. R. Estes, American Presbyterian Mission."

"They don't get up early for nothing in this country," mused Tarvin. "'Church at 7:30 A. M.' When do they have dinner? Well, what do I do about this?" he asked the man aloud. The trooper and camel looked at him together, and grunted as they went away. It was no concern of theirs.

Tarvin addressed a remark of confused purport to the retreating figures. This was plainly not a country in which business could be done at red heat. He hungered for the moment when,

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

with the necklace in his pocket and Kate by his side, he should again set his face westward.

The shortest way to that was to go over to call on the missionary. He was an American, and could tell him about the Naulahka if anybody could; Tarvin had also a shrewd suspicion that he could tell him something about Kate.

The missionary's home, which was just without the city walls, was also of red sandstone, one story high, and as bare of vines, or any living thing, as the station at Rawut Junction. But he presently found that there were living beings inside the house, with warm hearts and a welcome for him. Mrs. Estes turned out to be that motherly and kindly woman, with the instinct for housekeeping, who would make a home of a cave. She had a round, smooth face, a soft skin, and quiet, happy eyes. She may have been forty. Her still untinged brown hair was brushed smoothly back; her effect was sedate and restful.

Their visitor had learned that they came from Bangor, Maine, had founded a tie of brotherhood on the fact that his father had been born on a farm down Portland way, and had been invited to breakfast before he had been ten minutes in the house. Tarvin's gift of sympathy was irresistible. He was the kind of man to whom men confide their heart-secrets, and the canker of their inmost lives, in hotel smoking-rooms. He was the repository of scores of tales of misery and error which he could do nothing to help, and of a few which he could help and had helped. Before breakfast was ready he had from Estes and his wife the whole picture of their situation at Rhatore. They told him of their troubles with the Maharajah and with the Maharajah's wives, and of the exceeding unfruitfulness of their work; and then of their children, living in the exile of Indian children, at home. They explained that they meant Bangor; they were there with an aunt, receiving their education at the hands of a public school.

"It 's five years since we saw them," said Mrs. Estes, as they sat down to breakfast. "Fred was only six when he went, and Laura was eight. They are eleven and thirteen now — only think! We hope they have n't forgotten us; but how can they remember? They are only children."

And then she told him stories of the renewal of filial ties in India, after such absences, that made his blood run cold.

The breakfast woke a violent homesickness in Tarvin. After a month at sea, two days of the chance railway meals between Calcutta and Rawut Junction, and a night at the rest-house, he was prepared to value the homely family meal, and the abundance of an American breakfast. They began with a watermelon, which did not help him to feel at home, because watermelons were next to an unknown luxury at Topaz, and when known, did not ripen in grocers' windows in the month of April. But the oatmeal brought him home again, and the steak and fried potatoes, the coffee and the hot brown pop-overs, with their beguiling yellow interiors, were reminders far too deep for tears. Mrs. Estes, enjoying his enjoyment, said they must have out the can of maple syrup, which had been sent them all the way from Bangor; and when the white-robed, silent-moving servant in the red turban came in with the waffles, she sent him for it. They were all very happy together over this, and said pleasant things about the American republic, while the punka sang its droning song over their heads.

Tarvin had a map of Colorado in his pocket, of course, and when the talk, swinging to one part of the United States and another, worked Westward, he spread it out on the breakfast-table between the waffles and the steak, and showed them the position of Topaz. He explained to Estes how a new railway, running north and south, would make the town, and then he had to say affectionately what a wonderful town it really was, and to tell them about the buildings they had put up in the last twelve months, and how they had picked themselves up after the fire and gone to building the next morning. The fire had brought $100,000 into the town in insurance, he said. He exaggerated his exaggerations in unconscious defiance of the hugeness of the empty landscape lying outside the window. He did not mean to let the East engulf him or Topaz.

"We've got a young lady coming to us, I think, from your State," interrupted Mrs. Estes, to whom all Western towns were alike. "Was n't it Topaz, Lucien? I 'm almost sure it was."

She rose and went to her work-basket for a letter, from which he confirmed her statement. "Yes; Topaz. A Miss Sheriff. She comes to us from the Zenana Mission. Perhaps you know her?"

Tarvin's head bent over the map, which he was refolding. He answered shortly, "Yes; I know her. When is she likely to be here?"

"Most any day now," said Mrs. Estes.

"It seems a pity," said Tarvin, "to bring a young girl out here all alone, away from her friends — though I 'm sure you 'll be friends to her," he added quickly, seeking Mrs. Estes's eyes.

"We shall try to keep her from getting homesick," said Mrs. Estes, with the motherly note in her voice. "There 's Fred and Laura home in Bangor, you know," she added after a pause.

"That will be good of you," said Tarvin,

with more feeling than the interests of the Zenana Mission demanded.

"May I ask what your business is here?" inquired the missionary, as he passed his cup to his wife to be refilled.

He had a rather formal habit of speech, and his words came muffled from the depths of a dense jungle of beard—iron-gray and unusually long. He had a benevolently grim face, a precise but friendly manner, and a good way of looking one in the eye which Tarvin liked. He was a man of decided opinions, particularly about the native races of India.

"Well, I 'm prospecting," said Tarvin, in a leisurely tone, glancing out of the window as if he expected to see Kate start up out of the desert.

"Ah! For gold?"

"W-e-l-l, yes; as much that as anything."

Estes invited him out upon the veranda to smoke a cigar with him; his wife brought her sewing and sat with them; and as they smoked Tarvin asked him his questions about the Naulahka. Where was it? What was it? he inquired boldly. But he found that the missionary, though an American, was no wiser about it than the lazy commercial travelers at the rest-house. He knew that it existed, but knew no man who had seen it save the Maharajah. Tarvin got at this through much talk about other things which interested him less; but he began to see an idea in the gold-mining to which the missionary persistently returned. Estes said he meant to engage in placer-mining, of course?

"Of course," assented Tarvin.

"But you won't find much gold in the Amet River, I fancy. The natives have washed it spasmodically for hundreds of years. There is nothing to be found but what little silt washes down from the quartz rocks of the Gungra Hills. But you will be undertaking work on a large scale, I judge?" said the missionary, looking at him curiously.

"Oh, on a large scale, of course."

Estes added that he supposed he had thought of the political difficulties in his way. He would have to get the consent of Colonel Nolan, and through him the consent of the British Government, if he meant to do anything serious in the state. In fact he would have to get Colonel Nolan's consent to stay in Rhatore at all.

"Do you mean that I shall have to make it worth the British Government's while to let me alone?"

"Yes."

"All right; I 'll do that too."

Mrs. Estes looked up quickly at her husband from under her eyebrows. Woman-like, she was thinking.

VIII.

TARVIN learned a number of things within the next week; and with what the West calls "adaptability," put on, with the complete suit of white linen which he donned the second day, an initiation into a whole new system of manners, usages, and traditions. They were not all agreeable, but they were all in a good cause, and he took pains to see that his new knowledge should not go for nothing, by securing an immediate presentation to the only man in the state of whom it was definitely assertable that he had seen the object of his hopes. Estes willingly presented him to the Maharajah. The missionary and he rode one morning up the steep slopes of the rock on which stood the palace, itself rock-hewn. Passing through a deep archway, they entered a marble-flagged courtyard, and there found the Maharajah, attended by one ragged and out-at-elbow menial, discussing the points of a fox-terrier, which was lying before him on the flags.

Tarvin, unversed in kings, had expected a certain amount of state from one who did not pay his bills, and might be reasonably expected to cultivate reserve; but he was not prepared for the slovenly informality of a ruler in his everyday garb, released from the duty of behaving with restraint in the presence of a viceroy, nor for the picturesque mixture of dirt and decoration about the court. The Maharajah proved a large and amiable despot, brown and bush-bearded, arrayed in a gold-sprigged green velvet dressing-gown, who appeared only too delighted to meet a man who had no connection with the Government of India, and who never mentioned the subject of money.

The disproportionate smallness of his hands and feet showed that the ruler of Gokral Seetarun came of the oldest blood in Rajputana; his fathers had fought hard and ridden far with sword-hilts and stirrups that would hardly serve an English child. His face was bloated and sodden, and the dull eyes stared wearily above deep, rugged pouches. To Tarvin, accustomed to read the motives of Western men in their faces, there seemed to be neither fear nor desire in those eyes—only an everlasting weariness. It was like looking at an extinct volcano—a volcano that rumbled in good English.

Tarvin had a natural interest in dogs, and the keenest possible desire to ingratiate himself with the ruler of the state. As a king he considered him something of an imposture, but as a brother dog-fancier, and the lord of the Naulahka, he was to Tarvin more than a brother; that is to say, the brother of one's beloved. He spoke eloquently and to the point.

"Come again," said the Maharajah, with a light of real interest in his eyes, as Estes, a lit-

tle scandalized, drew off his guest. "Come again this evening after dinner. You have come from new countries?"

His Majesty, later, carried away by the evening draught of opium, without which no Rajput can talk or think, taught this irreverent stranger, who told him tales of white men beyond the seas, the royal game of pachisi. They played it far into the night, in the marble-flagged courtyard, surrounded by green shutters from behind which Tarvin could hear, without turning his head, the whisper of watching women and the rustle of silken robes. The palace, he saw, was all eyes.

Next morning, at dawn, he found the King waiting at the head of the main street of his city for a certain notorious wild boar to come home. The game-laws of Gokral Seetarun extended to the streets of walled towns, and the wild pig rooted unconcerned at night in the alleyways. The pig came, and was dropped, at a hundred yards, by his Majesty's new Express rifle. It was a clean shot, and Tarvin applauded cordially. Had his Majesty the King ever seen a flying coin hit by a pistol-bullet? The weary eyes brightened with childish delight. The King had not seen this feat, and had not the coin. Tarvin flung an American quarter skyward, and clipped it with his revolver as it fell. Thereupon the King begged him to do it again, which Tarvin, valuing his reputation, politely declined to do unless one of the court officials would set the example.

The King was himself anxious to try, and Tarvin threw the coin for him. The bullet whizzed unpleasantly close to Tarvin's ear, but the quarter on the grass was dented when he picked it up. The King liked Tarvin's dent as well as if it had been his own, and Tarvin was not the man to undeceive him.

The following morning the royal favor was completely withdrawn, and it was not until he had conferred with the disconsolate drummers in the rest-house that Tarvin learned that Sitabhai had been indulging one of her queenly rages. On this he transferred himself and his abundant capacity for interesting men offhand to Colonel Nolan, and made that weary white-haired man laugh as he had not laughed since he had been a subaltern over an account of the King's revolver practice. Tarvin shared his luncheon, and discovered from him in the course of the afternoon the true policy of the Government of India in regard to the state of Gokral Seetarun. The Government hoped to elevate it; but as the Maharajah would not pay for the means of civilization, the progress was slow. Colonel Nolan's account of the internal policy of the palace, given with official caution, was absolutely different from the missionary's, which again differed entirely from the profane account of the men in the rest-house.

At twilight the Maharajah pursued Tarvin with a mounted messenger, for the favor of the royal countenance was restored, and he required the presence of the tall man who clipped coins in the air, told tales, and played pachisi. There was more than pachisi upon the board that night, and his Majesty the King grew pathetic, and confided to Tarvin a long and particular account of his own and the state's embarrassments, which presented everything in a fourth new light. He concluded with an incoherent appeal to the President of the United States, on whose illimitable powers and far-reaching authority Tarvin dwelt, with a patriotism extended for the moment to embrace the nation to which Topaz belonged. For many reasons he did not conceive that this was an auspicious time to open negotiations for the transfer of the Naulahka. The Maharajah would have given away half his kingdom, and appealed to the Resident in the morning.

The next day, and many succeeding days, brought to the door of the rest-house, where Tarvin was still staying, a procession of rainbow-clad Orientals, ministers of the court each one, who looked with contempt on the waiting commercial travelers, and deferentially made themselves known to Tarvin, whom they warned in fluent and stilted English against trusting anybody except themselves. Each confidence wound up with, "And I am your true friend, sir"; and each man accused his fellows to the stranger of every crime against the state, or ill will toward the Government of India, that it had entered his own brain to conceive.

Tarvin could only faintly conjecture what all this meant. It seemed to him no extraordinary mark of court favor to play pachisi with the King, and the mazes of Oriental diplomacy were dark to him. The ministers were equally at a loss to understand him. He had walked in upon them from out the sky-line, utterly self-possessed, utterly fearless, and, so far as they could see, utterly disinterested; the greater reason, therefore, for suspecting that he was a veiled emissary of the Government, whose plans they could not fathom. That he was barbarously ignorant of everything pertaining to the Government of India only confirmed their belief. It was enough for them to know that he went to the King in secret, was closeted with him for hours, and possessed, for the time being, the royal ear.

These smooth-voiced, stately, mysterious strangers filled Tarvin with weariness and disgust, and he took out his revenge upon the commercial travelers, to whom he sold stock in his land and improvement company between

their visits. The yellow-coated man, as his first friend and adviser, he allowed to purchase a very few shares in the "Lingering Lode," on the dead quiet. It was before the days of the gold boom in Lower Bengal, and there was still faith in the land.

These transactions took him back in fancy to Topaz, and made him long for some word about the boys at home, from whom he had absolutely cut himself off by this secret expedition, in which he was playing, necessarily alone, for the high stake common to them both. He would have given all the rupees in his pocket at any moment for a sight of the "Topaz Telegram," or even for a look at a Denver daily. What was happening to his mines — to the "Mollie K.," which was being worked on a lease; to the "Mascot," which was the subject of a legal dispute; to the "Lingering Lode," where they had been on the point of striking it very rich when he left; and to his "Garfield" claim, which Fibby Winks had jumped? What had become of the mines of all his friends, of their cattle-ranches, of their deals? What, in fine, had become of Colorado and of the United States of America? They might have legislated silver out of existence at Washington, for all he knew, and turned the republic into a monarchy at the old stand.

His single resource from these pangs was his visits to the house of the missionary, where they talked Bangor, Maine, in the United States. To that house he knew that every day was bringing nearer the little girl he had come half-way round the world to keep in sight.

In the splendor of a yellow-and-violet morning, ten days after his arrival, he was roused from his sleep by a small, shrill voice in the veranda demanding the immediate attendance of the new Englishman. The Maharaj Kunwar, heir apparent to the throne of Gokral Seetarun, a wheat-colored child, aged nine, had ordered his miniature court, which was held quite distinct from his father's, to equip his C-spring barouche, and to take him to the rest-house.

Like his jaded father, the child required amusement. All the women of the palace had told him that the new Englishman made the King laugh. The Maharaj Kunwar could speak English much better than his father,— French, too, for the matter of that,— and he was anxious to show off his accomplishments to a court whose applause he had not yet commanded.

Tarvin obeyed the voice because it was a child's, and came out to find an apparently empty barouche and an escort of ten gigantic troopers.

"How do you do? *Comment vous portez-vous?* I am the prince of this state. I am the Maharaj Kunwar. Some day I shall be king. Come for a drive with me."

A tiny mittened hand was extended in greeting. The mittens were of the crudest magenta wool, with green stripes at the wrist; but the child was robed in stiff gold brocade from head to foot, and in his turban was set an aigret of diamonds six inches high, while emeralds in a thick cluster fell over his eyebrow. Under all this glitter the dark onyx eyes looked out, and they were full of pride and of the loneliness of childhood.

Tarvin obediently took his seat in the barouche. He was beginning to wonder whether he should ever wonder at anything again.

"We will drive beyond the race-course on the railway road," said the child. "Who are you?" he asked, softly laying his hand on Tarvin's wrist.

"Just a man, sonny."

The face looked very old under the turban, for those born to absolute power, or those who have never known a thwarted desire, and reared under the fiercest sun in the world, age even more swiftly than the other children of the East, who are self-possessed men when they should be bashful babes.

"They say you come here to see things."

"That 's true," said Tarvin.

"When I 'm king I shall allow nobody to come here — not even the viceroy."

"That leaves me out," remarked Tarvin, laughing.

"You shall come," returned the child, measuredly, "if you make me laugh. Make me laugh now."

"Shall I, little fellow? Well — there was once — I wonder what *would* make a child laugh in this country. I 've never seen one do it yet. W-h-e-w!" Tarvin gave a low, long-drawn whistle. "What 's that over there, my boy?"

A little puff of dust rose very far down the road. It was made by swiftly moving wheels, consequently it had nothing to do with the regular traffic of the state.

"That is what I came out to see," said the Maharaj Kunwar. "She will make me well. My father, the Maharajah, said so. I am not well now." He turned imperiously to a favorite groom at the back of the carriage. "Soor Singh," — he spoke in the vernacular, — "what is it when I become without sense? I have forgotten the English." The groom leaned forward.

"Heaven-born, I do not remember," he said.

"Now I remember," said the child, suddenly. "Mrs. Estes says it is fits. What are fits?"

Tarvin put his hand tenderly on the child's shoulder, but his eyes were following the dust-cloud. "Let us hope she 'll cure them, anyway, young un, whatever they are. But who is *she?*"

"I do not know the name, but she will make me well. See! My father has sent a carriage to meet her."

An empty barouche was drawn up by the side of the road as the rickety, straining mail-cart drew nearer, with frantic blasts upon a battered key-bugle.

"It's better than a bullock-cart, anyway," said Tarvin to himself, standing up in the carriage, for he was beginning to choke.

"Young man, don't you know who she is?" he asked huskily again.

"She was sent," said the Maharaj Kunwar.

"Her name 's Kate," said Tarvin in his throat, "and don't you forget it." Then to himself in a contented whisper, "Kate!"

The child waved his hand to his escort, who, dividing, lined each side of the road, with all the ragged bravery of irregular cavalry. The mail-carriage halted, and Kate, crumpled, dusty, disheveled from her long journey, and red-eyed from lack of sleep, drew back the shutters of the palanquin-like carriage, and stepped dazed into the road. Her numbed limbs would have doubled under her, but Tarvin, leaping from the barouche, caught her to him, regardless of the escort and of the calm-eyed child in the golden drapery, who was shouting, "Kate! Kate!"

"Run along home, bub," said Tarvin. "Well, Kate?"

But Kate had only her tears for him and a gasping "You! You! *You!*"

IX.

TEARS stood again in Kate's eyes as she uncoiled her hair before the mirror in the room Mrs. Estes had prepared against her coming—tears of vexation. It was an old story with her that the world wants nothing done for it, and visits with displeasure those who must prod up its lazy content. But in landing at Bombay she had supposed herself at the end of outside hindrances and obstacles; what was now to come would belong to the wholesome difficulties of real work. And here was Nick!

She had made the journey from Topaz in a long mood of exaltation. She was launched; it made her giddy and happy, like the boy's first taste of the life of men. She was free at last. No one could stop her. Nothing could keep her from the life to which she had promised herself. A little moment and she might stretch forth her hand and lay it fast upon her work. A few days and she should stoop eye to eye above the pain that had called to her across seas. In her dreams piteous hands of women were raised in prayer to her, and moist, sick palms were laid in hers. The steady urge of the ship was too slow for her; she counted the throbs of the screw. Standing far in the prow, with wind-blown hair, straining her eyes toward India, her spirit went longingly forth toward those to whom she was going; and her life seemed to release itself from her, and sped far, far over the waves, until it reached them and gave itself to them. For a moment, as she set foot on land, she trembled with a revulsion of feeling. She drew near her work; but was it for her? This old fear, which had gone doubtfully with her purpose from the beginning, she put behind her with a stern refusal to question there. She was for so much of her work as Heaven would let her do; and she went forward with a new, strong, humble impulse of devotion filling and uplifting her.

It was in this mood that she stepped out of the coach at Rhatore into Tarvin's arms.

She did justice to the kindness that had brought him over all these leagues, but she heartily wished that he had not come. The existence of a man who loved her, and for whom she could do nothing, was a sad and troubling fact enough fourteen thousand miles away. Face to face with it, alone in India, it enlarged itself unbearably, and thrust itself between her and all her hopes of bringing serious help to others. Love literally did not seem to her the most important thing in the world at that moment, and something else did; but that did n't make Nick's trouble unimportant, or prevent it, while she braided her hair, from getting in the way of her thoughts. On the morrow she was to enter upon the life which she meant should be a help to those whom it could reach, and here she was thinking of Nicholas Tarvin.

It was because she foresaw that she would keep on thinking of him that she wished him away. He was the tourist wandering about behind the devotee in the cathedral at prayers; he was the other thought. In his person he represented and symbolized the life she had left behind; much worse, he represented a pain she could not heal. It was not with the haunting figure of love attendant that one carried out large purposes. Nor was it with a divided mind that men conquered cities. The intent with which she was aflame needed all of her. She could not divide herself even with Nick. And yet it was good of him to come, and like him. She knew that he had not come merely in pursuit of a selfish hope; it was as he had said—he could n't sleep nights, knowing what might befall her. That was *really* good of him.

Mrs. Estes had invited Tarvin to breakfast the day before, when Kate was not expected; but Tarvin was not the man to decline an invitation at the last moment on that account,

and he faced Kate across the breakfast-table next morning with a smile which evoked an unwilling smile from her. In spite of a sleepless night she was looking very fresh and pretty in the white muslin frock which had replaced her traveling-dress, and when he found himself alone with her after breakfast on the veranda (Mrs. Estes having gone to look after the morning affairs of a housekeeper, and Estes having betaken himself to his mission-school, inside the city walls), he began to make her his compliments upon the cool white, unknown to the West. But Kate stopped him.

"Nick," she said, facing him, "will you do something for me?"

Seeing her much in earnest, Tarvin attempted the parry humorous; but she broke in:

"No; it is something I want very much, Nick. Will you do it for me?"

"Is there anything I would n't do for you?" he asked seriously.

"I don't know; this, perhaps. But you must do it."

"What is it?"

"Go away."

He shook his head.

"But you must."

"Listen, Kate," said Tarvin, thrusting his hands deep into the big pockets of his white coat. "I can't. You don't know the place you've come to. Ask me the same question a week hence. I won't agree to go. But I 'll agree to talk it over with you then."

"I know now everything that counts," she answered. "I want to do what I 've come here for. I sha'n't be able to do it if you stay. You understand, don't you, Nick? Nothing can change that."

"Yes, it can. *I* can. I 'll behave."

"You need n't tell me you 'll be kind. I know it. But even you can't be kind enough to help hindering me. Believe that, now, Nick, and go. It is n't that I want you to go, you know."

"Oh!" observed Tarvin, with a smile.

"Well—you know what I mean," returned Kate, her face unrelaxed.

"Yes; I know. But if I 'm good it won't matter. I know that too. You 'll see," he said gently. "Awful journey, is n't it?"

"You promised me not to take it."

"I did n't take it," returned Tarvin, smiling, and spreading a seat for her in the hammock, while he took one of the deep veranda chairs himself. He crossed his legs and fixed the white pith helmet he had lately adopted on his knee. "I came round the other way on purpose."

"What do you mean?" asked Kate, dropping tentatively into the hammock.

"San Francisco and Yokohama, of course. You told me not to follow you."

"*Nick!*" She gathered into the single syllable the reproach and reproof, the liking and despair, with which the least and the greatest of his audacities alike affected her.

Tarvin had nothing to say for once, and in the pause that fell she had time to reassure herself of her abhorrence of his presence here, and time to still the impulse of pride, which told her that it was good to be followed over half the earth's girdle for love, and the impulse of admiration for that fine devotion — time, above all,— for this was worst and most shameful,— to scorn the sense of loneliness and far-awayness that came rolling in on her out of the desert like a cloud, and made the protecting and home-like presence of the man she had known in the other life seem for a moment sweet and desirable.

"Come, Kate, you did n't expect me to stay at home, and let you find your way out here to take the chances of this old sand-heap, did you? It would be a cold day when I let you come to Gokral Seetarun all by your lone, little girl—freezing cold, I 've thought since I 've been here, and seen what sort of camp it is."

"Why did n't you tell me you were coming?"

"You did n't seem particularly interested in what I did, when I last saw you."

"Nick! I did n't want you to come here, and I had to come myself."

"Well, you 've come. I hope you 'll like it," said he, grimly.

"Is it so bad?" she asked. "Not that I shall mind."

"Bad! Do you remember Mastodon?"

Mastodon was one of those Western towns which have their future behind them — a city without an inhabitant, abandoned and desolate.

"Take Mastodon for deadness, and fill it with ten Leadvilles for wickedness,— Leadville the first year,—and you 've got a tenth of it."

He went on to offer her an exposition of the history, politics, and society of Gokral Seetarun, from his own point of view, dealing with the dead East from the standpoint of the living West, and dealing with it vividly. It was a burning theme, and it was a happiness to him to have a listener who could understand his attitude, even if she could not entirely sympathize with it. His tone besought her to laugh at it with him a little, if only a little, and Kate consented to laugh; but she said it all seemed to her more mournful than amusing.

Tarvin could agree to this readily enough, but he told her that he laughed to avoid weeping. It made him tired to see the fixedness, the apathy, and lifelessness of this rich and

populous world, which should be up and stirring by rights — trading, organizing, inventing, building new towns, making the old ones keep up with the procession, laying new railroads, going in for fresh enterprises, and keeping things humming.

"They 've got resources enough," he said. "It is n't as if they had the excuse that the country's poor. It's a good country. Move the population of a lively Colorado town to Rhatore, set up a good local paper, organize a board of trade, and let the world know what there is here, and we 'd have a boom in six months that would shake the empire. But what 's the use? They 're dead. They 're mummies. They 're wooden images. There is n't enough real, old-fashioned downright rustle and razzle-dazzle and 'git up and git' in Gokral Seetarun to run a milk-cart."

"Yes, yes"; she murmured, half to herself, with illumined eyes. "It 's for that I 've come."

"How 's that?"

"Because they are *not* like us," she answered, turning her lustrous face on him. "If they were clever, if they were wise, what could we do for them? It is because they are lost, stumbling, foolish creatures that they need us." She heaved a deep sigh. "It is good to be here."

"It 's good to have you," said Tarvin.

She started.

"Don't say such things any more, please, Nick," she said.

"Oh, well!" he groaned.

"But it 's this way, Nick," she said earnestly, but kindly. "I don't belong to such things any more — not even to the possibility of them. Think of me as a nun. Think of me as having renounced all such happiness, and all other kinds of happiness but my work."

"H'm. May I smoke?" At her nod he lighted a cigar. "I 'm glad I 'm here for the ceremony."

"What ceremony?" she asked.

"Seeing you take the veil. But you won't take it."

"Why not?"

He grumbled inarticulately over his cigar a moment. Then he looked up. "Because I 've got big wealth that says you won't. I know you, I know Rhatore, and I know —"

"What? Who?"

"Myself," he said, looking up.

She clasped her hands in her lap. "Nick," she said, leaning toward him, "you know I like you. I like you too well to let you go on thinking — You talk of not being able to sleep. How do you suppose I can sleep with the thought always by me that you are laying up a pain and disappointment for yourself — one that I can't help, unless I can help it by begging you to go away now. I do beg it. *Please* go!"

Tarvin pulled at his cigar musingly for some seconds. "Dear girl, I 'm not afraid."

She sighed, and turned her face away toward the desert. "I wish you were," she said hopelessly.

"Fear is not for legislators," he retorted oracularly.

She turned back to him with a sudden motion. "Legislators! O Nick, are you —"

"I 'm afraid I am — by a majority of 1518." He handed her the cable-despatch.

"Poor father!"

"Well, I don't know."

"Oh! Well, I congratulate you, of course."

"Thanks."

"But I 'm not sure it will be a good thing for you."

"Yes; that 's the way it had struck me. If I spend my whole term out here, like as not my constituents won't be in a mood to advance my political career when I get back."

"All the more reason —"

"No; the more reason for fixing the real thing first. I can make myself solid in politics any time. But there is n't but one time to make myself solid with you, Kate. It 's here. It 's now." He rose and bent over her. "Do you think I can postpone that, dear? I can adjourn it from day to day, and I do cheerfully, and you sha'n't hear any more of it until you 're ready to. But you like me, Kate. I know that. And I — well, I like you. There is n't but one end to that sort of thing." He took her hand. "Good-by. I 'll come and take you for a look at the city to-morrow."

Kate gazed long after his retreating figure, and then took herself into the house, where a warm, healthful chat with Mrs. Estes, chiefly about the children at Bangor, helped her to a sane view of the situation she must face with the reappearance of Tarvin. She saw that he meant to stay, and if she did n't mean to go, it was for her to find the brave way of adjusting the fact to her hopes. His perversity complicated an undertaking which she had never expected to find simple in itself; and it was finally only because she trusted all that he said implicitly that she was able to stay herself upon his promise to "behave." Liberally interpreted, this really meant much from Tarvin; perhaps it meant all that she need ask.

When all was said, there remained the impulse to flight; but she was ashamed to find, when he came in the morning, that a formidable pang of homesickness drew her toward him, and made his definite and cheerful presence a welcome sight. Mrs. Estes had been kind. The two women had made friends, and

found each other's hearts with instant sympathy. But a home face was different, and perhaps Nick's was even more different. At all events, she willingly let him carry out his plan of showing her the city.

In their walk about it Tarvin did not spare her the advantage of his ten days' residence in Rhatore preceding her coming; he made himself her guide, and stood on rocks overlooking things, and spouted his second-hand history with an assurance that the oldest Political Resident might have envied. He was interested in the problems of the state, if not responsible for their solution. Was he not a member of a governing body? His ceaseless and fruitful curiosity about all new things had furnished him, in ten days, with much learning about Rhatore and Gokral Seetarun, enabling him to show to Kate, with eyes scarcely less fresh than her own, the wonders of the narrow, sand-choked streets, where the footfalls of camels and men alike fell dead. They lingered by the royal menagerie of starved tigers, and the cages of the two tame hunting-leopards, hooded like hawks, that slept, and yawned, and scratched on their two bedsteads by the main gate of the city; and he showed her the ponderous door of the great gate itself, studded with foot-long spikes against the attacks of that living battering-ram, the elephant. He led her through the long lines of dark shops planted in and among the ruins of palaces, whose builders had been long since forgotten, and about the straggling barracks, past knots of fantastically attired soldiers, who hung their day's marketing from the muzzle of the Brown Bess or flint-lock; and then he showed her the mausoleum of the kings of Gokral Seetarun, under the shadow of the great temple where the children of the sun and moon went to worship, and where the smooth, black stone bull glared across the main square at the cheap bronze statue of Colonel Nolan's predecessor—an offensively energetic and very plain Yorkshireman. Lastly, they found beyond the walls the clamoring caravansary of traders by the gateway of the Three Gods, whence the caravans of camels filed out with their burdens of glistening rock-salt for the railroad, and where by day and by night cloaked and jaw-bound riders of the desert, speaking a tongue that none could understand, rode in from God knows what fastness beyond the white hillocks of Jeysulmir.

As they went along, Tarvin asked her about Topaz. How had she left it? How was the dear old town looking? Kate said she had left it only three days after his departure.

"Three days! Three days is a long time in the life of a growing town."

Kate smiled. "I did n't see any changes," she said.

"No? Peters was talking about breaking ground for his new brick saloon on G street the day after I left; Parsons was getting in a new dynamo for the city's electric-light plant; they were just getting to work on the grading of Massachusetts Avenue, and they had planted the first tree in my twenty-acre plot. Kearney, the druggist, was putting in a plate-glass window, and I should n't wonder if Maxim had got his new post-office boxes from Meriden before you left. Did n't you notice?"

Kate shook her head. "I was thinking of something else just then."

"Pshaw! I 'd like to know. But no matter. I suppose it *is* asking too much to expect a woman to play her own hand, and keep the run of improvements in the town," he mused. "Women are n't built that way. And yet I used to run a political canvass and a business or two, and something else in that town." He glanced humorously at Kate, who lifted a warning hand. "Forbidden subject? All right. I *will* be good. But they had to get up early in the morning to do anything to it without letting me into it. What did your father and mother say at the last?"

"Don't speak of that," begged Kate.

"Well, I won't."

"I wake up at night, and think of mother. It 's dreadful. At the last I suppose I should have stayed behind and shirked if some one had said the right word—or the wrong one—as I got on board the train, and waved my handkerchief to them."

"Good heaven! Why did n't I stay!" he groaned.

"You could n't have said it, Nick," she told him quietly.

"You mean your father could. Of course he could, and if he had happened to be some one else he would. When I think of that I want to—!"

"Don't say anything against father, please," she said, with a tightening of the lips.

"O dear child!" he murmured contritely, "I did n't mean that. But I have to say somethink against somebody. Give me somebody to curse, and I 'll be quiet."

"Nick!"

"Well, I 'm not a block of wood," he growled.

"No; you are only a very foolish man."

Tarvin smiled. "Now you 're shouting."

She asked him about the Maharaj Kunwar to change the subject, and Tarvin told her that he was a little brick. But he added that the society of Rhatore was n't all as good.

"You ought to see Sitabhai!"

He went on to tell her about the Maharajah and the people of the palace with whom she would come in contact. They talked of

the strange mingling of impassiveness and childishness in the people, which had already impressed Kate, and spoke of their primitive passions and simple ideas — simple as the massive strength of the Orient is simple.

"They are n't what we should call cultured. They don't know Ibsen a little bit, and they don't go in for Tolstoi for sour apples," said Tarvin, who did not read three newspapers a day at Topaz for nothing. "If they really knew the modern young woman, I suppose her life would n't be worth an hour's purchase. But they 've got some rattling good old-fashioned ideas, all the same — the sort I used to hear once upon a time at my dear old mother's knee, away back in the State of Maine. Mother believed in marriage, you know; and that 's where she agreed with me and with the fine old-style natives of India. The venerable, ramshackle, tumble-down institution of matrimony is still in use here, you know."

"But I never said I sympathized with Nora, Nick," exclaimed Kate, leaping all the chasms of connection.

"Well, then, that 's where you are solid with the Indian Empire. The 'Doll's House' glanced right off this blessed old-timey country. You would n't know where it had been hit."

"But I don't agree with all your ideas either," she felt bound to add.

"I can think of one," retorted Tarvin, with a shrewd smile. "But I 'll convert you to my views there."

Kate stopped short in the street along which they were walking. "I trusted you, Nick!" she said reproachfully.

He stopped, and gazed ruefully at her for a moment. "O Lord!" he groaned. "I trusted myself! But I 'm always thinking of it. What can you expect? But I tell you what, Kate, this shall be the end — last, final, ultimate. I 'm done. From this out I 'm a reformed man. I don't promise not to think, and I 'll have to go on feeling, just the same, but I 'll be quiet. Shake on it." He offered his hand, and Kate took it.

They walked on for some moments in silence until Tarvin said mournfully, "You did n't see Heckler just before you came away, did you?"

She shook her head.

"No; Jim and you never did get along much together. But I wish I knew what he 's thinking about me. Did n't hear any rumor, any report, going around about what had become of me, I suppose?"

"They thought in town that you had gone to San Francisco to see some of the Western directors of the Colorado and California Central, I think. They thought that because the conductor of your train brought back word that you said you were going to Alaska, and they did n't believe that. I wish you had a better reputation for truth-telling at Topaz, Nick."

"So do I, Kate; so do I," exclaimed Tarvin heartily. "But if I had, how would I ever get the right thing believed? That 's just what I wanted them to think — that I was looking after their interests. But where would I be if I had sent that story back? They would have had me working a land-grab in Chile before night. That reminds me — don't mention that I 'm here in writing home, please. Perhaps they 'll figure that out, too, by the rule of contraries, if I give them the chance. But I don't want to give them the chance."

"I 'm not likely to mention it," said Kate, flushing.

A moment later she recurred to the subject of her mother. In the yearning for home that came upon her anew in the midst of all the strangeness through which Tarvin was taking her, the thought of her mother, patient, alone, looking for some word from her, hurt her as if for the first time. The memory was for the moment intolerable to her; but when Tarvin asked her why she had come at all if she felt that way, she answered with the courage of better moments: "Why do men go to war?"

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

ANDREA DEL SARTO. 1487–1531.

IT is a little amusing to see how, of all the painters of his time, Andrea del Sarto — *i. e.*, Andrea the son of the tailor — should have left for us the most traces of his genealogy, with the exception of Michelangelo and Titian, who were of noble families. His great-grandfather was an agricultural laborer, his grandfather a linen-weaver, and his father a tailor. He was apprenticed when he was seven to a goldsmith, and at that tender age he would have found the mechanical occupation uninteresting even if he had not had a more decided bent for design, his precocity in which led to his being transferred to the studio of an indifferent painter, Giovanni Barile. Under Barile's instruction he remained till 1498, when he was

ST. AGNES, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(IN THE PISA CATHEDRAL.)

recommended by his master as a competent assistant to Piero de' Medici, who employed him for a period of which we have no positive indication, giving him time for study of the classical work of the day, that of Masaccio, Leonardo, and Michelangelo. At that time it seems to have been the general practice of the young painters to study the works at the Carmine and those in the Papal hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the Cartoons were kept; and from the work of Leonardo and Michelangelo Andrea learned a breadth of treatment which is one of his most notable traits. With Francia Bigio, who was one of the fellow-students who met there, he contracted an intimacy which led to their taking quarters together and working more or less in company. Bigio was the pupil of Mariotto Albertinelli, who, with his co-worker Fra Bartolommeo, seems to have exercised an early influence on Andrea (who was at all periods of his life much influenced by those about him), and it is possibly to their example that the partnership between Bigio and Andrea was due.

All visitors to Florence know the frescos in the court of the convent of the Servi, which closes the Piazza of the Annunciata on the north. These are works of the period when Andrea was the companion of Bigio, and for them we have to thank the able enlistment of the rivalries of young ambitions, the friars having, on account of their want of means, the habit of employing the minor talents of the time. Fra Mariano, the sacristan, suggested to Andrea that it would be for his worldly advantage to have his work seen and known under the auspices of the convent, and at the same time insinuating a dose of personal rivalry with the compeers of the painter, succeeded in getting on very favorable terms a contract for the three frescos, "Saint Philip sharing his cloak with the leper," "Saint Philip cursing the gamblers," and "Saint Philip restoring the girl possessed of a devil." These were followed by two other Saint Philip subjects, and these established Andrea in the reputation of being one of the ablest painters of the day. They were all painted before he was twenty-three. To be near his work he took quarters with Bigio at the Sapienza, a block of buildings near the convent of the Servi, and here he was much in the society of Sansovino, with whom and other artistic and literary spirits he took part in the proceedings of a social and jovial club called "The Company of the Kettle." This society was organized on a large scale of conviviality, if we may judge from the rule that every member was allowed to invite four guests, while the members were expected to bring to the meetings every one his own dish, a fine being imposed on him who brought one which duplicated his neighbor's. The Bohemian element seems already to have taken the place of the old religious feeling in the craft, for in this club and others which were formed in imitation of it there was more rioting than prayer.

While it is idle to assert that to succeed in the religious vein, that of Fra Angelico and Giotto, a painter must be a devout and pious man, it is not to be disputed that the religious temperament and a high standard of morality develop a loftier ideal, and that the pure and single-minded life which they produce brings out a greater intensity in any work and a more complete devotion to the higher aims of art, with less ostentation and vulgarity, and almost certainly a more impersonal and purer general tendency. Grave and direct purpose in painting, as in any other occupation, imparts a definite quality to the production; while the pleasure-loving and self-indulgent nature is betrayed in the works of Andrea, though nothing vicious or sensual can be charged to them. He became prosperous, and even before he could complete his contract with the Servi, he was overwhelmed with orders. His pictures had been hitherto mainly, if not altogether, in fresco, but in the course of the two or three years following 1510 he became distinguished for his success in oils. The romantic event of his life took place soon after his adoption of the new medium, which, being more adapted to the private commissions which he probably received in abundance, was more profitable than the convent commissions of the Servi. He was in love with the handsome Lucretia Recanati, the widow of a hatter in the Via San Gallo, whose character we know was such as to stimulate his worldliness, and after his marriage with the widow in 1513 he devoted himself, according to the traditions, to money-making. She was beautiful, and according to Vasari, who, being a pupil of Andrea, suffered from her real or asserted infirmities, was so tyrannical and meddling that she drove his apprentices out of the house by her temper. Vasari gives her a bad character, but nothing remains to show the foundation of the charge.

Andrea was one of the artists who produced the model of the façade of the Duomo of Florence at the time of the visit of Leo X. This model was afterward allowed to go to ruin, to the regret of the time, which regarded its classical style as worthy of perpetuation in stone. As it was produced by Andrea and Sansovino jointly, we do not know with what part in it the former is to be credited. The masterly knowledge of perspective shown in some of his frescos would suggest, however, such a knowledge of architecture as most of the painters of the period possessed. Andrea's skill in contriving spectacular displays was put to use in the funeral ceremonies of Giuliano de' Medici

TWO ANGELS, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(IN THE FLORENCE ACADEMY.)

in 1516, and in the following year we find him at work again at the "Scalzo," the convent which had drawn Andrea away from the Servi by higher pay. At about the same time he was painting the Virgin and Child, St. Francis and St. John the Evangelist with angels, now in the Uffizi. About this time the attention of Francis I. of France was drawn to the works of Andrea by a picture of a dead Christ mourned by three angels which was sent to France, the result of which was a call to the court of Francis, which he accepted, going thither in 1518. His success was great, and he was in the full enjoyment of the royal favor until his wife, tired of her solitude in Florence, a condition which does not chime with Vasari's accusations of weak morality, prevailed on him by her entreaties to return to Florence. Having obtained the permission of the king, and being commissioned to make purchases of pictures for the royal account, the money for which was intrusted to him, he returned to his home and spent his own and the king's money in building himself a house, so that he was unable to return to France, and in 1520 he was at work again for the Scalzo, where he painted until 1523. When the plague appeared in Florence in 1524, he went to Mugello, where he painted several pictures for the nunnery there. He returned to Florence in the autumn, and remained there, so far as we know, throughout the rest of his life, occupied mostly in painting altarpieces. He died on the 22d of January, 1531.

The art of Andrea approaches more the modern motive than that of any of his contemporaries, and the quality of pictorial effect, which he had learned from Da Vinci, was carried by him, if in a somewhat meretricious way, further than it was by any of his immediate successors. His color, while never of the grand Venetian type, was harmonious and more varied than that of any of his rivals. It was of a nature to attract the popular approbation and that of partially educated lovers of art. In his design he caught something from all the masters, now from Michelangelo, now from Da Vinci, and now from Ghirlandaio; his versatility and facility were extraordinary, and though his art belongs distinctly to the decline, it is, like all first fruits of the over-cultivation of the sensuous qualities, more attractive than severer classical work. Spiritual elevation is no longer present in art at that time; intellectual dignity appears in some later painters to such a degree that it almost simulates the loftiness of the purist painters; but neither the one quality nor the other belonged to Andrea, whose gifts were almost entirely technical. He brought fresco to its highest perfection in the qualities of execution and sweetness of color, and his work in oils is surprising in its ease and certainty of touch. The traditions of art were so confirmed in that day that he had no need to develop great originality of design, for the greater masters of that quality had left him ample material. Originality was not then looked on as now, the adoption of a design due to an earlier master being the constant practice of even the greatest painters. What had been done was the common property of the art, and Raphael's "Sposalizio" was not the worse thought of for its having been taken almost bodily from that of his master, Perugino. If the art of Andrea can properly be called religious art, it is the latest in the Florentine school that we can accept under this designation.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE BY TIMOTHY COLE ON THE "ST. AGNES" OF ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE "St. Agnes" by Andrea del Sarto in the Duomo at Pisa is one of the sweetest and most refined subjects by him that I know of. It is in excellent preservation, and hangs on the last pillar on the right of the nave as you face the high altar. It is painted on wood, and measures 4 feet 11 inches high by 3 feet 5 inches wide. It is very pleasant and harmonious in coloring. The robe about the shoulders is of a reddish-salmon color, of a florid yet soft and charming hue. This is offset by the lovely landscape background, which is, in general tone, of a cool gray-blue, soft and flowing in treatment. The lower robe about the knees is of a warm purplish-gray—a delightful cool, creamy tone in the high lights, becoming of a plum color in the middle tints and of a stronger and more decided purple in the darker shades. The robe over the seat is of a dark, rich lustrous blue. The sleeve of the arm that holds the palm is of a soft neutral green. The head-dress is white, lower in tone than the high lights of the flesh. The flesh-tints are mellow and soft. The expression of the face is subtle and refined. It is so highly wrought, and delicate and sweet, that very little would coarsen and vulgarize it. I have not been able to do more than suggest its charming quality.

St. Agnes was a Roman maiden, and suffered martyrdom at an early age, by the sword, because of her profession of Christianity, A. D. 304. Her followers were used to assemble at her tomb for devotion, and there one day she appeared to them with a lamb by her side, and told them of her perfect happiness and glory. She holds, therefore, the palm of the martyr, and her emblem is the lamb.

INDIAN SCOUTS WATCHING CUSTER'S ADVANCE.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

BY ONE OF HIS TROOP COMMANDERS.

ON the 16th of April, 1876, at McComb City, Missouri, I received orders to report my troop ("K," 7th Cavalry) to the Commanding General of the Department of Dakota, at St. Paul, Minnesota. At the latter place about twenty-five recruits fresh from civil life joined the troop, and we were ordered to proceed to Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, where the Yellowstone Expedition was being organized. This expedition consisted of the 7th United States Cavalry, commanded by General George A. Custer, 28 officers and about 700 men; two companies of the 17th United States Infantry, and one company of the 6th United States Infantry, 8 officers and 135 men; one platoon of Gatling guns, 2 officers and 32 men (of the 20th United States Infantry); and 40 "Ree" Indian scouts. The expeditionary forces were commanded by Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, the Department Commander, who with his staff arrived several days prior to our departure.

On the 17th day of May, at 5 A.M., the "general"[1] was sounded, the wagons were packed and sent to the Quartermaster, and by six o'clock the wagon-train was on the road escorted by the infantry. By seven o'clock the 7th Cavalry was marching in column of platoon around the parade-ground of Fort Lincoln, headed by the band playing "Garry Owen," the Seventh's battle tune, first used when the regiment charged at the battle of Washita. The column was halted and dismounted just outside the garrison. The officers and married men were permitted to leave the ranks to say "good-by" to their families. General Terry, knowing the anxiety of the ladies, had assented to, or ordered, this demonstration, in order to allay their fears and satisfy them, by the formidable appearance we made, that we were able to cope with any enemy that we might expect to meet. Not many came out to witness the pageant, but many tear-filled eyes looked from the windows.

During this halt the wagon-train was assembled on the plateau west of the post and formed in column of fours. When it started off the "assembly" was sounded and absentees joined their commands. The signals "Mount" and "Forward" were sounded, and the regiment marched away, the band playing "The girl I left behind me."

The 7th Cavalry was divided into two columns, designated right and left wings, com-

[1] The signal to take down tents and break camp.

manded by Major Marcus A. Reno and Captain F. W. Benteen. Each wing was subdivided into two battalions of three troops each. After the first day the following was the habitual order of march: one battalion was advance-guard, one was rear-guard, and one marched on each flank of the train. General Custer, with one troop of the advance-guard, went ahead and selected the route for the train and the camping-places at the end of the day's march. The other two troops of the advance-guard reported at headquarters for pioneer or fatigue duty, to build bridges and creek crossings. The rear-guard kept behind everything; when it came up to a wagon stalled in the mire, it helped to put the wagon forward. The battalions on the flanks were to keep within five hundred yards of the trail and not to get more than half a mile in advance or rear of the train. To avoid dismounting any oftener than necessary, the march was conducted as follows: one troop marched until about half a mile in advance of the train, when it was dismounted, the horses unbitted and allowed to graze until the train had passed and was about half a mile in advance of it, when it took up the march again; each of the other two troops would conduct their march in the same manner, so that two troops would be alongside the train all the time. If the country was much broken, a half dozen flankers were thrown out to guard against surprise. The flankers regulated their march so as to keep abreast of their troop. The pack-animals and beef herd were driven alongside the train by the packers and herders.

One wagon was assigned to each troop, and transported five days' rations and forage and the mess kit of the troop; also the mess kit, tents, and baggage of the troop officers and ten days' supplies for the officers' mess. The men were armed with the carbine and revolver; no one, not even the officer of the day, carried the saber. Each troop horse carried, in addition to the rider, between eighty and ninety pounds. This additional weight included all equipments and about one hundred rounds of ammunition. The wagon-train consisted in all of about one hundred and fifty wheeled vehicles. In it were carried thirty days' supplies of forage and rations (excepting beef), and two hundred rounds of ammunition per man. The two-horse wagons, hired by contract, carried from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. The six-mule government wagons carried from three to five thousand pounds, depending on the size and condition of the mules. The Gatling guns were each hauled by four condemned cavalry horses and marched in advance of the train. Two light wagons, loaded with axes, shovels, pick-axes and some pine boards and scantling, sufficient for a short bridge, accompanied the "pioneer" troops. The "crossings," as they are termed, were often very tedious and would frequently delay the train several hours. During this time the cavalry horses were unbitted and grazed, the men holding the reins. Those men not on duty at the crossing slept, or collected in groups to spin yarns and take a whiff at their "dingy dudeens." The officers usually collected near the crossing to watch progress, and passed the time in conversation and playing practical jokes. About noon the "strikers," who carried the haversacks, were called, and the different messes had their luncheon, sometimes separately, sometimes clubbing together. When the haversacks were opened, the horses usually stopped grazing and put their noses near their riders' faces and asked very plainly to share the hardtack; if their polite request did not receive attention they would paw the ground, or even strike their riders. The old soldier was generally willing to share with his beast.

The length of the day's march, varying from ten to forty miles, was determined in a great measure by the difficulties or obstacles encountered, by wood, water, and grass, and by the distance in advance where such advantages were likely to be found. If, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, a column of smoke was seen in the direction of the trail and a mile or two in advance, it was a pretty sure indication that a camp had been selected. The cavalry, excepting the rear-guard, would then cut loose from the train and go directly to camp. The rear-guard would send details to collect fuel and unpack their wagons. The adjutant showed the wing commanders the general direction their lines of tents were to run, and the latter then directed the battalion or troop commanders to their camping-places. Generally one flank of each line would rest near the creek. The general form of the camp was that of a parallelogram. The wings camped on the long sides facing each other, and the headquarters and guard were located at one end nearest to the creek; the wagon-train was parked to close the other end and was guarded by the infantry battalion. The troops, as they arrived at their places, were formed in line, facing inward, dismounted, unsaddled, and, if the weather was hot and the sun shining, the men rubbed the horses' backs until dry. After this the horses were sent to water and put out to graze, with side-lines and lariats, under charge of the stable guard, consisting of one non-commissioned officer and three or six privates. The men of the troop then collected fuel, sometimes wood, often a mile or more distant from the camp; sometimes "buffalo chips." The main guard, consisting, usually, of four or five non-commissioned officers and twelve or fifteen privates, reported mounted at headquarters, and were

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

directed to take posts on prominent points overlooking the camp and surrounding country, to guard against surprise. Each post consisted of one non-commissioned officer and three privates. The officer of the day, in addition to his ordinary duties in camp, had charge of the safety of the cavalry herds. Sometimes this latter duty was performed by an officer designated as "Officer of the Herd." To preserve the grazing in the immediate vicinity of the camp for evening and night grazing, all horses were required to be outside of the camp limits until retreat. When the train arrived, the headquarters and troop wagons went directly to the camping-place of their respective commands. The officers' baggage and tents were unloaded first; then the wagons went near the place where the troop kitchen was to be located, always on that flank of the troop farthest from headquarters. The teamsters unharnessed their mules and put them out to graze. The old stable guard reported to the troop commander for fatigue duty to put up the officers' tents and collect fuel for their mess. The troop officers' tents were usually placed twenty-five yards in rear of the line of men's tents and facing toward them. Their cook or mess tent was placed about ten or fifteen yards further to the rear. The "striker" made down the beds and arranged the "furniture," so to speak, which generally consisted of a camp-stool, tin wash-basin, and a looking-glass. The men put up their tents soon after caring for their horses. The fronts of their tents were placed on a line established by stretching a picket-rope. The first sergeant's was on that flank of the line nearest to the headquarters. The horse equipments were placed on a line three yards in front of the tents. The men were not prohibited from using their saddles as pillows. A trench was dug for the mess fire, and the grass was burned around it for several yards to prevent prairie fires. After this the cooks busied themselves preparing supper. Beef was issued soon after the wagon-train came in, and the necessary number of beeves were butchered for the

next day's issue; this was hauled in the wagons. Stable call was sounded about an hour before sunset. The men of each troop were formed on the parade and marched to the horse herds by the first sergeant. Each man went to his own horse, took off the side-lines and fastened them around the horse's neck, then pulled the picket-pin, coiled the lariat, noosed the end fastened to the head halter around the horse's muzzle, mounted, and assembled in line at a place indicated by the first sergeant. The troop was then marched to the watering-place, which was usually selected with great care because of the boggy banks and miry beds of the prairie streams. After watering, the horses were lariated outside but in the immediate vicinity of the camp. The ground directly in rear of the troop belonged to it, and was jealously guarded by those concerned against encroachment by others. After lariating their horses, the men got their curry-combs, brushes, and nose-bags, and went to the troop wagon, where the quartermaster-sergeant and farrier measured, with tin cups, the forage to each man, each watching jealously that he got as much for his horse as those before him. He then went at once to feed and groom his horse. The officer whose duty it was to attend stables and the first sergeant superintended the grooming, examining each horse's back and feet carefully to see if they were all right. When a horse's back got sore through the carelessness of the rider, the man would generally be compelled to lead his horse until the sore was well. Immediately after stables, the cooks announced in a loud tone "supper." The men with haversack and tin cup went to the mess fire and got their hardtack, meat, and coffee. If game had been killed the men did a little extra cooking themselves.

The troop officers' mess kits consisted of a sheet-iron cooking-stove, an iron kettle, stewing, frying, baking, and dish pans; a small Dutch oven, a camp-kettle, a mess-chest holding tableware for four persons, and a small folding-table. The table in fair weather was spread in the open air. The early part of the meal was a matter of business, but after the substantials were stowed away, the delicacies were eaten more leisurely and time found for conversation. After supper the pipes were lighted, and the officers, if the weather was cold, went to the windward side of the camp-fire. Each man as he took his place was sure to poke or kick the fire, turn his back, hitch up his coat-tail, and fold his hands behind him.

Retreat was sounded a little after sunset and the roll was called, as much to insure the men having their equipments in place as to secure their presence, for it was not often we were near enough to any attraction to call the men away. (In 1876 there was not a ranch west of Bismarck, Dakota, nor east of Bozeman, Montana.) The stable guards began their tours of duty at this time. The non-commissioned officer reported to the troop commander for instructions for the night; these usually designated whether the horses were to be tied to the picket-line or kept out to graze, and included special instructions for the care of sick or weak horses. At dusk all horses were brought within the limits of the camp. The picket-line was stretched over three wagons in front of the men's tents, or three posts were used when remaining in camp over a day.

During the evening the men grouped about the fires and sang songs and spun yarns until "taps." The cooks prepared the breakfast, which usually consisted of hard bread, bacon, and coffee. If beans or fresh meat were to be cooked, the food was put into the Dutch ovens or camp-kettles, which were placed in the fire trench, covered over with hot ashes and coals, and a fire built over them. If the wind blew hard all fires were extinguished, to prevent prairie fires. The cooks were called an hour or an hour and a half before reveille. At the first call for reveille, usually 4.20 A. M., the stable guard awakened the occupants of each tent and the officer whose duty it was to attend the roll-call. Stable call followed reveille and was superintended by an officer. This occupied about three-quarters of an hour. Two hours after reveille, the command would be on the march. Of course there were incidents that occasionally relieved the monotony.

Antelope were very plentiful, and the men were encouraged by troop commanders to hunt. General Custer had a number of stag-hounds, which amused themselves and the command in their futile attempts to catch them. One morning they started up a large buck near where the column was marching; Lieutenant Hare immediately followed the hounds, passed them, drew his revolver, and shot the buck. Nothing of special interest occurred until the 27th of May, when we came to the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri River. On the 30th General Custer was sent with four troops to make a scout up the Little Missouri, for about twenty miles. He returned the same day, without having discovered any recent "Indian signs." On the 31st we crossed the Little Missouri without difficulty. On the 1st and 2d of June we were obliged to remain in camp on account of a snow-storm.

We remained in camp on the Powder River for three days. General Terry went to the Yellowstone to communicate with the supply steamer *Far West*, which was at the mouth of the Powder River. He also went up the Yellowstone to communicate with General Gib-

bon's command, known as the "Montana Column," composed of four troops of the 2d Cavalry and several companies of the 7th Infantry. Before General Terry left it was given out that the 7th Cavalry would be sent to scout up the Powder River, while the wagon-train, escorted by the infantry, would be sent to establish a supply camp at the mouth of the Powder.

Eleven pack-mules, saddles, and aparejos were issued to each troop for this scout. This was a new departure; neither officers, men, nor mules had had any experience with this method of transportation. There were a few "packers" (civilian employés) to give instructions. Short, compactly built mules, the best for the purpose, were selected from the teams. A non-commissioned officer and four men of each troop were detailed for packers. After some instruction had been given by the professionals, especially how to tie the "diamond hitch," we concluded to make our maiden attempt by packing two empty water-casks. The mule was blinded and he submitted, with some uneasiness, to the packing. We supposed the packs were securely fastened and did not anticipate any trouble; but it is always the unexpected that happens with a mule. The blind was lifted; the mule gave a startled look first to one side, then to the other, at the two casks bandaged to his sides. He jumped to one side, causing to rattle a bung-plug that had fallen inside one of the casks. This startled him still more, and with head and tail high in the air he jumped again. He snorted and brayed, bucked and kicked, until the casks fell off. One was fastened to the saddle by the sling-rope. He now began to run, braying and making such a "rumpus" that the camp turned out as spectators. The affair excited serious concern lest all the animals in camp would be stampeded. When the cask was loose we got him back and made a second attempt with two sacks of grain. These he soon bucked off and then regaled himself with the spilt grain. As a final effort we concluded to try the aparejo, and pack two boxes of ammunition. This done, the mule walked off with as little concern as if he had been a pack-mule all his life.

General Terry having returned, orders were issued on the 10th for the right wing, six troops, under Major Reno, to make a scout up the Powder, provided with twelve days' rations.

The left wing was ordered to turn over all forage and rations; also the pack-mules, except four to each troop. Major Reno left at 3 P. M., and the next day the rest of the command marched to the mouth of the Powder. My troop was rear-guard, and at times we were over three miles in rear of the wagon-train waiting on the packers, for we had taken this opportunity to give them practical instruction.

Up to this time we had not seen an Indian, nor any recent signs of them, except one small trail of perhaps a half dozen tepees, evidently of a party of agency Indians on their way to join the hostile camps. The buffalo had all gone west; other game was scarce and wild. The indications were that the Indians were west of the Powder, and information from General Gibbon placed them south of the Yellowstone. Some of the officers of the right wing before they left expressed their belief that we would not find any Indians, and were sanguine that we would all get home by the middle of August.

Major Reno was ordered to scout to the forks of the Powder, then across to Mizpah Creek, follow it down to near its confluence with the Powder; then cross over to Pumpkin Creek, follow it down to the Tongue River, scout up that stream, and then rejoin the regiment at the mouth of the Tongue by the time his supplies were exhausted; unless, in the mean time, he should make some discovery that made it necessary to return sooner to make preparations for pursuit. A supply depot was established at the mouth of the Powder, guarded by the infantry, at which the wagon-train was left.

General Terry, with his staff and some supplies, took passage on the supply steamer *Far West*, and went up to the mouth of the Tongue. General Custer, with the left wing, marched to the mouth of the Tongue, where we remained until the 19th waiting tidings from Reno's scout. The grounds where we camped had been occupied by the Indians the previous winter. (Miles City, Montana, was first built on the site of this camp.) The rude shelters for their ponies, built of driftwood, were still standing and furnished fuel for our camp-fires. A number of their dead, placed upon scaffolds, or tied to the branches of trees, were disturbed and robbed of their trinkets. Several persons rode about exhibiting trinkets with as much gusto as if they were trophies of their valor, and showed no more concern for their desecration than if they had won them at a raffle. Ten days later I saw the bodies of these same persons dead, naked, and mutilated.

On the 19th of June tidings came from Reno that he had found a large trail that led up the Rosebud River. The particulars were not generally known. The camp was full of rumors; credulity was raised to the highest pitch, and we were filled with anxiety and curiosity until we reached Reno's command, and learned the details of their discoveries. They had found a large trail on the Tongue River, and had followed it up the Rosebud about forty miles. The number of lodges in the deserted villages was estimated by the number of camp-fires remaining to be about three hun-

dred and fifty. The indications were that the trail was about three weeks old. No Indians had been seen, nor any recent signs. It is not probable that Reno's movements were known to the Indians, for on the very day Reno reached his farthest point up the Rosebud, the battle of the Rosebud, between General Crook's forces and the Indians, was fought. The two commands were then not more than forty miles apart, but neither knew nor even suspected the proximity of the other.

We reached the mouth of the Rosebud about noon on the 21st, and began preparations for the march and the battle of the Little Big Horn.

There were a number of Sioux Indians who never went to an agency except to visit friends and relatives. They camped in and roamed about the Buffalo Country. Their camp was the rendezvous for the agency Indians when they went out for their annual hunts for meat and robes. They were known as the "Hostiles," and comprised representatives from all the different tribes of the Sioux nation. Many of them were renegade outlaws from the agencies. In their visits to the agencies they were usually arrogant and fomenters of discord. Depredations had been made upon the commerce to the Black Hills, and a number of lives taken by them or by others, for which they were blamed. The authorities at Washington had determined to compel these Indians to reside at the agencies — hence the Sioux War. Sitting Bull, an Uncpapa Sioux Indian, was the chief of the hostile camp; he had about sixty lodges of followers on whom he could at all times depend. He was the host of the Hostiles, and as such received and entertained their visitors. These visitors gave him many presents, and he was thus enabled to make many presents in return. All visitors paid tribute to him, so he gave liberally to the most influential, the chiefs, *i. e.*, he "put it where it would do the most good." In this way he became known as the chief of the hostile Indian camp, and the camp was generally known as "Sitting Bull's camp." Sitting Bull was a heavy-set, muscular man, about five feet eight inches in stature, and at the time of the battle of the Little Big Horn was forty-two years of age. He was the autocrat of the camp — chiefly because he was the host. In council his views had great weight, because he was known as a great medicine man. He was a chief, but not a warrior chief. In the war councils he had a voice and vote the same as any other chief. A short time previous to the battle he had "made medicine," had predicted that the soldiers would attack them and that the soldiers would all be killed. He took no active part in the battle, but, as was his custom in time of danger, remained in the village "making medicine." Personally he was regarded as a great coward and a very great liar, "a man with a big head and a little heart." The command passed the remains of a "Sun-dance" lodge which took place about June 5, and to which I shall again refer. This was always a ceremony of great importance to the Indians. It ranks in interest and importance to the Indians with the graduation or commencement exercises of our civilized communities. In anticipation of this event, the Indians from the agencies had assembled at this camp.

Major James McLaughlin, United States Indian Agent, stationed at the Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota, from 1870 to 1881, and at Standing Rock Agency, Dakota, from 1881 to the present time, has made it a point to get estimates of the number of Indians at the hostile camp at the time of the battle. In his opinion, and all who know him will accept it with confidence, about one-third of the whole Sioux nation, including the northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, were present at the battle; he estimates the number present as between twelve and fifteen thousand; that one out of four is a low estimate in determining the number of warriors present; every male over fourteen years of age may be considered a warrior in a general fight such as was the battle of the Little Big Horn; also, considering the extra hazards of the hunt and expected battle, fewer squaws would accompany the recruits from the agencies. The minimum strength of their fighting men may then be put down as between twenty-five hundred and three thousand. Information was despatched from General Sheridan that from one agency alone about eighteen hundred lodges had set out to join the hostile camp; but that information did not reach General Terry until several days after the battle. The principal warrior chiefs of the hostile Indians were: "Gall," "Crow King," and "Black Moon," Uncpapa Sioux; "Low Dog," "Crazy Horse," and "Big Road," Ogallala Sioux; "Spotted Eagle," Sans-Arc Sioux; "Hump" of the Minneconjous; and "White Bull" and "Little Horse," of the Cheyennes. To these belong the chief honors of conducting the battle, of whom, however, "Gall," "Crow King," and "Crazy Horse" were the ruling spirits.

Generals Terry, Gibbon, and Custer had a conference on board the steamer *Far West*. It was decided that the 7th Cavalry, under General Custer, should follow the trail discovered by Reno. "Officers' call" was sounded as soon as the conference had concluded. Upon assembling, General Custer gave us our orders. We were to transport on our pack-mules fifteen days' rations of hard bread, coffee, and sugar; twelve days' rations of bacon, and fifty rounds of carbine ammunition per man. Each man

was to be supplied with 100 rounds of carbine and 24 rounds of pistol ammunition, to be carried on his person and in his saddle-bags. Each man was to carry on his horse twelve pounds of oats. The pack-mules sent out with Reno's command were badly used up, and promised seriously to embarrass the expedition. General Custer recommended that some extra forage be carried on the pack-mules. In endeavoring to carry out this recommendation some troop commanders foresaw the difficulties, and told the General that some of the mules would certainly break down, especially if the extra forage was packed. He replied in an excited manner, quite unusual with him: "Well, gentlemen, you may carry what supplies you please; you will be held responsible for your companies. The extra forage was only a suggestion, but this fact bear in mind, we will follow the trail for fifteen days unless we catch them before that time expires, no matter how far it may take us from our base of supplies; we may not see the supply steamer again;" and, turning as he was about to enter his tent, he added, "You had better carry along an extra supply of salt; we may have to live on horse meat before we get through." He was taken at his word, and an extra supply of salt was carried. "Battalion" and "wing" organizations were broken up, and troop commanders were responsible only to General Custer. His written instructions were as follows:

CAMP AT MOUTH OF ROSEBUD RIVER, MONTANA TERRITORY, June 22d, 1876. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CUSTER, 7TH CAVALRY. COLONEL: The Brigadier-General Commanding directs that, as soon as your regiment can be made ready for the march, you will proceed up the Rosebud in pursuit of the Indians whose trail was discovered by Major Reno a few days since. It is, of course, impossible to give you any definite instructions in regard to this movement, and were it not impossible to do so the Department Commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate to you his own views of what your action should be, and he desires that you should conform to them unless you shall see sufficient reason for departing from them. He thinks that you should proceed up the Rosebud until you ascertain definitely the direction in which the trail above spoken of leads. Should it be found (as it appears almost certain that it will be found) to turn towards the Little Horn, he thinks that you should still proceed southward, perhaps as far as the headwaters of the Tongue, and then turn towards the Little Horn, feeling constantly, however, to your left, so as to preclude the possibility of the escape of the Indians to the south or southeast by passing around your left flank. The column of Colonel Gibbon is now in motion for the mouth of the Big Horn. As soon as it reaches that point it will cross the Yellowstone and move up at least as far as the forks of the Big and Little Horns. Of course its future movements must be controlled by circumstances as they arise, but it is hoped that the Indians, if upon the Little Horn, may be so nearly inclosed by the two columns that their escape will be impossible.

The Department Commander desires that on your way up the Rosebud you should thoroughly examine the upper part of Tulloch's Creek, and that you should endeavor to send a scout through to Colonel Gibbon's column, with information of the result of your examination. The lower part of this creek will be examined by a detachment from Colonel Gibbon's command. The supply steamer will be pushed up the Big Horn as far as the forks if the river is found to be navigable for that distance, and the Department Commander, who will accompany the column of Colonel Gibbon, desires you to report to him there not later than the expiration of the time for which your troops are rationed, unless in the mean time you receive further orders. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, E. W. SMITH, Captain 18th Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

These instructions are explicit, and fixed the location of the Indians very accurately. Of course as soon as it was determined that we were to go out, nearly every one took time to write letters home, but I doubt very much if there were many of a cheerful nature. Some officers made their wills; others gave verbal instructions as to the disposition of personal property and distribution of mementos; they seemed to have a presentiment of their fate.

At twelve o'clock, noon, on the 22d of June, the "Forward" was sounded, and the regiment marched out of camp in column of fours, each troop followed by its pack-mules. Generals Terry, Gibbon, and Custer stationed themselves near our line of march and reviewed the regiment. General Terry had a pleasant word for each officer as he returned the salute. Our pack-trains proved troublesome at the start, as the cargoes began falling off before we got out of camp, and during all that day the mules straggled badly. After that day, however, they were placed under the charge of an officer, who was directed to report at the end of each day's march the order of merit of the efficiency of the troop packers. Doubtless General Custer had some ulterior design in this. It is quite probable that if he had had occasion to detach troops requiring rapid marching, he would have selected those troops whose packers had the best records. At all events the efficiency was much increased, and after we struck the Indian trail the pack-trains kept well closed.

We went into camp about 4 P. M., having marched twelve miles. About sunset "officers' call" was sounded, and we assembled at General Custer's bivouac and squatted in groups about the General's bed. It was not a cheer-

ful assemblage; everybody seemed to be in a serious mood, and the little conversation carried on, before all had arrived, was in undertones. When all had assembled the General said that until further orders trumpet-calls would not be sounded except in an emergency; the marches would begin at 5 A. M. sharp; the troop commanders were all experienced officers, and knew well enough what to do, and when to do what was necessary for their troops; there were two things that would be regulated from his headquarters, *i. e.*, when to move out of and when to go into camp. All other details, such as reveille, stables, watering, halting, grazing, etc., on the march would be left to the judgment and discretion of the troop commanders; they were to keep within supporting distance of each other, not to get ahead of the scouts, or very far to the rear of the column. He took particular pains to impress upon the officers his reliance upon their judgment, discretion, and loyalty. He thought, judging from the number of lodge-fires reported by Reno, that we might meet at least a thousand warriors; there might be enough young men from the agencies, visiting their hostile friends, to make a total of fifteen hundred. He had consulted the reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as to the probable number of "Hostiles" (those who had persistently refused to live or enroll themselves at the Indian agencies), and he was confident, if any reliance was to be placed upon those reports, that there would not be an opposing force of more than fifteen hundred. General Terry had offered him the additional force of the battalion of the 2d Cavalry, but he had declined it because he felt sure that the 7th Cavalry could whip any force that would be able to combine against him; that if the regiment could not, no other regiment in the service could; if they could whip the regiment, they would be able to defeat a much larger force, or, in other words, the reinforcement of this battalion could not save us from defeat. With the regiment acting alone there would be harmony, but another organization would be sure to cause jealousy. He had declined the offer of the Gatling guns for the reason that they might hamper our movements or march at a critical moment, because of the difficult nature of the country through which we would march. The marches would be from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. Troop officers were cautioned to husband their rations and the strength of their mules and horses, as we might be out for a great deal longer time than that for which we were rationed, as he intended to follow the trail until we could get the Indians, even if it took us to the Indian agencies on the Missouri River or in Nebraska. All officers were requested to make to him, then or at any time, any suggestions they thought fit.

This "talk" of his, as we called it, was considered at the time as something extraordinary for General Custer, for it was not his habit to unbosom himself to his officers. In it he showed a lack of self-confidence, a reliance on somebody else; there was an indefinable something that was not Custer. His manner and tone, usually brusque and aggressive, or somewhat rasping, was on this occasion conciliating and subdued. There was something akin to an appeal, as if depressed, that made a deep impression on all present. We compared watches to get the official time, and separated to attend to our various duties. Lieutenants McIntosh, Wallace,[1] and myself walked to our bivouac, for some distance in silence, when Wallace remarked: "Godfrey, I believe General Custer is going to be killed." "Why, Wallace," I replied, "what makes you think so?" "Because," said he, "I have never heard Custer talk in that way before."

I went to my troop and gave orders what time the "silent" reveille should be and as to other details for the morning preparations; also the following directions in case of a night attack: the stable guard, packers, and cooks were to go out at once to the horses and mules to quiet and guard them; the other men were to go at once to a designated rendezvous and await orders; no man should fire a shot until he received orders from an officer to do so. When they retired for the night they should put their arms and equipments where they could get them without leaving their beds. I then went through the herd to satisfy myself as to the security of the animals. During the performance of this duty I came to the bivouac of the Indian scouts. "Mitch" Bouyer, the half-breed interpreter, "Bloody Knife," the chief of the Ree scouts, "Half-Yellow-Face," the chief of the Crow scouts, and others were having a "talk." I observed them for a few minutes, when Bouyer turned toward me, apparently at the suggestion of "Half-Yellow-Face," and said, "Have you ever fought against these Sioux?" "Yes," I replied. Then he asked, "Well, how many do you expect to find?" I answered, "It is said we may find between one thousand and fifteen hundred." "Well, do you think we can whip that many?" "Oh, yes, I guess so." After he had interpreted our conversation, he said to me with a good deal of emphasis, "Well, I can tell you we are going to have a —— big fight."

At five o'clock, sharp, on the morning of the 23d, General Custer mounted and started up the Rosebud, followed by two sergeants, one

[1] Killed at the battle of Wounded Knee, December 29, 1890.

carrying the regimental standard and the other his personal or headquarters flag, the same kind of flag as used while commanding his cavalry division during the Rebellion. This was the signal for the command to mount and take up the march. Eight miles out we came to the first of the Indian camping-places. It certainly indicated a large village and numerous population. There were a great many "wicki-ups" (bushes stuck in the ground with the tops drawn together, over which they placed canvas or blankets). These we supposed at the time were for the dogs, but subsequent events developed the fact that they were the temporary shelters of the transients from the agencies. During the day we passed through three of these camping-places and made halts at each one. Everybody was busy studying the age of pony droppings and tracks and lodge trails, and endeavoring to determine the number of lodges. These points were the all-absorbing topics of conversation. We went into camp about five o'clock, having marched about thirty-three miles.

June 24th we passed a great many camping-places, all appearing to be of nearly the same strength. One would naturally suppose these were the successive camping-places of the same village, when in fact they were the continuous camps of the several bands. The fact that they appeared to be of nearly the same age, that is, having been made at the same time, did not impress us then. We passed through one much larger than any of the others. The grass for a considerable distance around it had been cropped close, indicating that large herds had been grazed there. The frame of a large "Sun-dance" lodge was standing, and in it we found the scalp of a white man, probably one of General Gibbon's command who had been killed some weeks previously. It was whilst here that the Indians from the agencies had joined the Hostiles' camp. The command halted here and "officers' call" was sounded. Upon assembling we were informed that our Crow scouts, who had been very active and efficient, had discovered fresh signs, the tracks of three or four ponies and of one Indian on foot. At this time a stiff southerly breeze was blowing; as we were about to separate, the General's headquarters flag was blown down, falling toward our rear. Being near the flag, I picked it up and stuck the staff in the ground, but it fell again to the rear. I then bored the staff into the ground where it would have the support of a sage-bush. This circumstance made no impression on me at the time, but after the battle an officer asked me if I remembered the incident; he had observed it, and regarded the fact of its falling to the rear as a bad omen, and felt sure we would suffer a defeat.

The march during the day was tedious. We made many long halts so as not to get ahead of the scouts, who seemed to be doing their work thoroughly, giving special attention to the right, toward Tulloch's Creek, the valley of which was in general view from the divide. Once or twice signal smokes were reported in that direction. The weather was dry and had been for some time, consequently the trail was very dusty. The troops were required to march on separate trails so that the dust clouds would not rise so high. The valley was heavily marked with lodge-pole trails and pony tracks, showing that immense herds of ponies had been driven over it. About sundown we went into camp under the cover of a bluff, so as to hide the command as much as possible. We had marched about twenty-eight miles. The fires were ordered to be put out as soon as supper was over, and we were to be in readiness to march again at 11.30 P. M. Lieutenant Hare and myself lay down about 9.30 to take a nap; when comfortably fixed we heard some one say, "He 's over there by that tree." As that described our locality pretty well, I called out to know what was wanted, and the reply came: "The General's compliments and wants to see all the officers at headquarters immediately." So we gave up our much-needed rest and groped our way through horse herds, over sleeping men, and through thickets of bushes trying to find headquarters. No one could tell us, and as all fires and lights were out we could not keep our bearings. We finally espied a solitary candle-light, toward which we traveled, and found most of the officers assembled at the General's bivouac. The General said that the trail led over the divide to the Little Big Horn; the march would be taken up at once, as he was anxious to get as near the divide as possible before daylight, where the command would be concealed during the day, and give ample time for the country to be studied, to locate the village and to make plans for the attack on the 26th. We then returned to our troops, except Lieutenant Hare, who was put on duty with the scouts. Because of the dust it was impossible to see any distance, and the rattle of equipments and clattering of the horses' feet made it difficult to hear distinctly beyond our immediate surroundings. We could not see the trail, and we could only follow it by keeping in the dust cloud. The night was very calm, but occasionally a slight breeze would waft the cloud and disconcert our bearings; then we were obliged to halt to catch a sound from those in advance, sometimes whistling or hallooing, and getting a response we would start forward again. Finally troopers were put ahead, away from the noise of our column, and where they could hear the noise of those

in front. A little after 2 A. M., June 25, the command was halted to await further tidings from the scouts; we had marched about ten miles. Part of the command unsaddled to rest the horses. After daylight some coffee was made, but it was almost impossible to drink it; the water was so alkaline that the horses refused to drink it. Some time before eight o'clock, General Custer rode bareback to the several troops and gave orders to be ready to march at eight o'clock, and gave information that scouts had discovered the locality of the Indian villages or camps in the valley of the Little Big Horn, about twelve or fifteen miles beyond the divide. Just before setting out on the march I went to where General Custer's bivouac was. The General, "Bloody Knife," and several Ree scouts and a half-breed interpreter were squatted in a circle having a "talk," after the Indian fashion. The General wore a serious expression and was apparently abstracted. The scouts were doing the talking, and seemed nervous and disturbed. Finally "Bloody Knife" made a remark that recalled the General from his reverie, and he asked in his usual quick, brusque manner, "What 's that he says?" The interpreter replied, "He says we 'll find enough Sioux to keep us fighting two or three days." The General smiled and remarked, "I guess we 'll get through with them in one day."

We started promptly at eight o'clock and marched uninterruptedly until 10.30 A. M., when we halted in a ravine and were ordered to preserve quiet, keep concealed, and not do anything that would be likely to reveal our presence to the enemy; we had marched about ten miles.

It is a rare occurrence in Indian warfare that gives a commander the opportunity to reconnoiter the enemy's position in daylight. This is particularly true if the Indians have a knowledge of the presence of troops in the country. When following an Indian trail the "signs" indicate the length of time elapsed since the presence of the Indians. When the "signs" indicate a "hot trail," *i. e.*, near approach, the commander judges his distance and by a forced march, usually in the night-time, tries to reach the Indian village at night and make his disposition for a surprise attack at daylight. At all events his attack must be made with celerity, and generally without other knowledge of the numbers of the opposing force than that discovered or conjectured while following the trail. The dispositions for the attack may be said to be "made in the dark," and successful surprise to depend upon luck. If the advance to the attack be made in daylight it is next to impossible that a near approach can be made without discovery. In all our previous experiences, when the immediate presence of the troops was once known to them, the warriors swarmed to the attack, and resorted to all kinds of ruses to mislead the troops, to delay the advance toward their camp or village, while the squaws and children secured what personal effects they could, drove off the pony herd, and by flight put themselves beyond danger, and then scattering made successful pursuit next to impossible. In civilized warfare the hostile forces may confront each other for hours, days, or weeks, and the battle may be conducted with a tolerable knowledge of the numbers, position, etc., of each other. A full knowledge of the immediate presence of the enemy does not imply immediate attack. In Indian warfare the rule is "touch and go." These remarks are made because the firebrand nature of Indian warfare is not generally understood. In meditating upon the preliminaries of an Indian battle, old soldiers who have participated only in the battles of the Rebellion are apt to draw upon their own experiences for comparison, when there is no comparison.

The Little Big Horn River, or the "Greasy Grass" as it is known to the Indians, is a rapid mountain stream, from twenty to forty yards wide, with pebbled bottom, but abrupt, soft banks. The water at the ordinary stage is from two to five feet in depth, depending upon the width of the channel. The general direction of its course is northeasterly down to the Little Big Horn battle-field, where it trends northwesterly to its confluence with the Big Horn River. The other topographical features of the country which concern us in this narrative may be briefly described as follows: Between the Little Big Horn and Big Horn Rivers is a plateau of undulating prairie; between the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud are the Little Chetish or Wolf Mountains. By this it must not be misunderstood as a rocky upheaval chain or spur of mountains, but it is a rough, broken country of considerable elevation, of high precipitous hills and deep narrow gulches. The command had followed the trail up a branch of the Rosebud to within, say, a mile of the summit of these mountains, which form the "divide." Not many miles to our right was the divide between the Little Big Horn and Tulloch's Fork. The creek that drained the watershed to our right and front is now called "Sundance," or Benteen's, Creek. The trail, very tortuous, and sometimes dangerous, followed down the bed and valley of this creek, which at that time was dry for the greater part of its length. It was from the divide between the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud that the scouts had discovered the smoke rising above the village, and the pony herds grazing in the valley of the Little Big Horn, somewhere about

twelve or fifteen miles away. It was to their point of view that General Custer had gone while the column was halted in the ravine. It was impossible for him to discover more of the enemy than had already been reported by the scouts. In consequence of the high bluffs which screened the village, it was not possible in following the trail to discover more. Nor was there a point of observation near the trail from which further discoveries could be made until the battle was at hand.

It was well known to the Indians that the troops were in the field, and a battle was fully expected by them; but the close proximity of our column was not known to them until the morning of the day of the battle. Several young men had left the hostile camp on that morning to go to one of the agencies in Nebraska. They saw the dust made by the column of troops; some of their number returned to the village and gave warning that the troops were coming, so the attack was not a surprise. For two or three days their camp had been pitched on the site where they were attacked. The place was not selected with the view to making that the battle-field of the campaign, but whoever was in the van on their march thought it a good place to camp, put up his tepee, and the others as they arrived followed his example. It is customary among the Indians to camp by bands. The bands usually camp some distance apart, and Indians of the number then together would occupy a territory of several miles along the river valley, and not necessarily within supporting distance of each other. But in view of the possible fulfilment of Sitting Bull's prophecy the village had massed.

Our officers had generally collected in groups and discussed the situation. Some sought solitude and sleep, or meditation. The Ree scouts, who had not been very active for the past day or two, were together and their "medicine man" was anointing them and invoking the Great Spirit to protect them from the Sioux. They seemed to have become satisfied that we were going to find more Sioux than we could well take care of. Captain Yates's troop had lost one of its packs of hard bread during the night march from our last halting-place on the 24th. He had sent a detail back on the trail to recover it. Captain Keogh came to where a group of officers were, and said this detail had returned and reported that when near the pack they discovered an Indian opening one of the boxes of hard bread with his tomahawk, and that as soon as the Indian saw the soldiers he galloped away to the hills out of range and then moved along leisurely. This information was taken to the General at once by his brother, Colonel Tom Custer. The General came back and had "officers' call" sounded. He recounted Captain Keogh's report, and also said that the scouts had seen several Indians moving along the ridge overlooking the valley through which we had marched, as if observing our movements; he thought the Indians must have seen the dust made by the command. At all events our presence had been discovered and further concealment was unnecessary; that we would march at once to attack the village; that he had not intended to make the attack until the next morning, the 26th, but our discovery made it imperative to act at once, as delay would allow the village to scatter and escape. Troop commanders were ordered to make a detail of one non-commissioned officer and six men to accompany the pack; to inspect their troops and report as soon as they were ready to march; that the troops would take their places in the column of march in the order in which reports of readiness were received, and that the last one to report would escort the pack-train.

The inspections were quickly made and the column was soon en route. We crossed the dividing ridge between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn valleys a little before noon. Shortly afterward the regiment was divided into battalions. The advance battalion, under Major Reno, consisted of troop "M," Captain French; troop "A," Captain Moylan and Lieutenant De Rudio; troop "G," Lieutenants McIntosh and Wallace; the Indian scouts under Lieutenants Varnum and Hare and the interpreter Girard; Lieutenant Hodgson was Acting Adjutant and Doctors De Wolf and Porter were the medical officers. The battalion under General Custer was composed of troop "I," Captain Keogh and Lieutenant Porter; troop "F," Captain Yates and Lieutenant Reily; troop "C," Captain Custer and Lieutenant Harrington; troop "E," Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; troop "L," Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden; Lieutenant Cook was the Adjutant, and Dr. G. E. Lord was medical officer. The battalion under Captain Benteen consisted of troop "H," Captain Benteen and Lieutenant Gibson; troop "D," Captain Weir and Lieutenant Edgerly, and troop "K," Lieutenant Godfrey. The pack-train, Lieutenant Mathey in charge, was under the escort of troop "B," Captain McDougall.

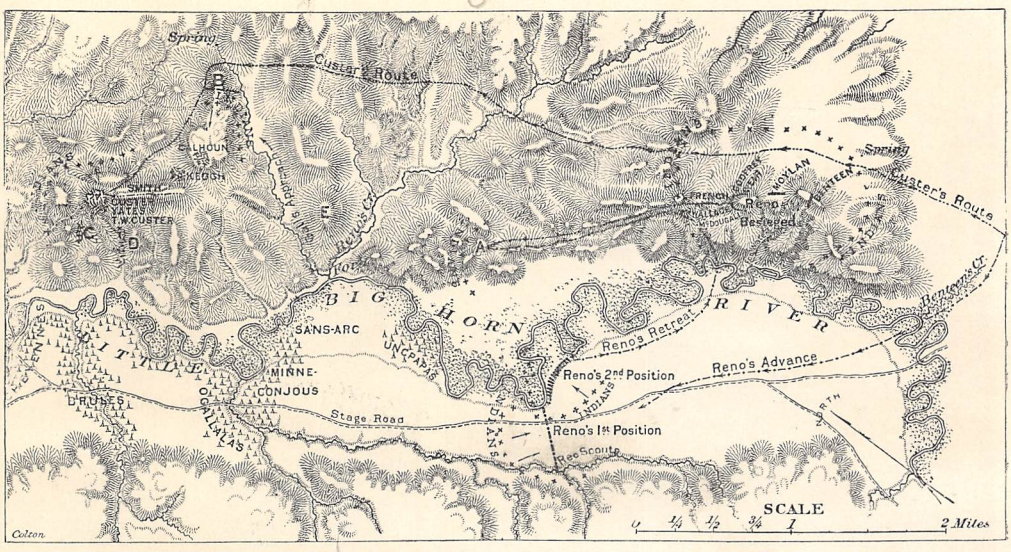
Major Reno's battalion marched down a valley that developed into the small tributary to the Little Big Horn, now called "Sun-dance," or Benteen's, Creek. The Indian trail followed the meanderings of this valley. Custer's column followed Reno's closely, and the pack-train followed their trail. Benteen's battalion was ordered to the left and front, to a line of high bluffs about three or four miles distant. Benteen was ordered if he saw anything to send word to Custer, but to pitch into anything he

"BOOTS AND SADDLES."

came across; if, when he arrived at the high bluffs, he could not see any enemy, he should continue his march to the next line of bluffs and so on, until he could see the Little Big Horn Valley. He marched over a succession of rough, steep hills and deep valleys. The view from the point where the regiment was organized into battalions did not discover the difficult nature of the country, but as we advanced farther it became more and more difficult and more forbidding. Lieutenant Gibson was sent some distance in advance but saw no enemy, and so signaled the result of his reconnaissance to Benteen. The obstacles threw the battalion by degrees to the right until we came in sight of and not more than a mile from the trail. Many of our horses were greatly jaded by the climbing and descending, some getting far to the rear of the column. Benteen very wisely determined to follow the trail of the rest of the command, and we got into it just in advance of the pack-train. During this march on the left we could see occasionally the battalion under Custer, distinguished by the troop mounted on gray horses, marching at a rapid gait. Two or three times we heard loud cheering and also some few shots, but the occasion of these demonstrations is not known.

Some time after getting on the trail we came to a water-hole, or morass, at which a stream of running water had its source. Benteen halted the battalion. While watering we heard some firing in advance, and Weir became a little impatient at the delay of watering and started off with his troop, taking the advance, whereas his place in column was second. The rest of the battalion moved out very soon afterward and soon caught up with him. Just as we were leaving the water-hole the pack-train was arriving, and the poor thirsty mules plunged into the morass in spite of the efforts of the packers to prevent them, for they had not had water since the previous evening. We passed a burning tepee, fired presumably by our scouts, in which was the body of a warrior who had been killed in the battle with Crook's troops on the Rosebud on the 17th of June.

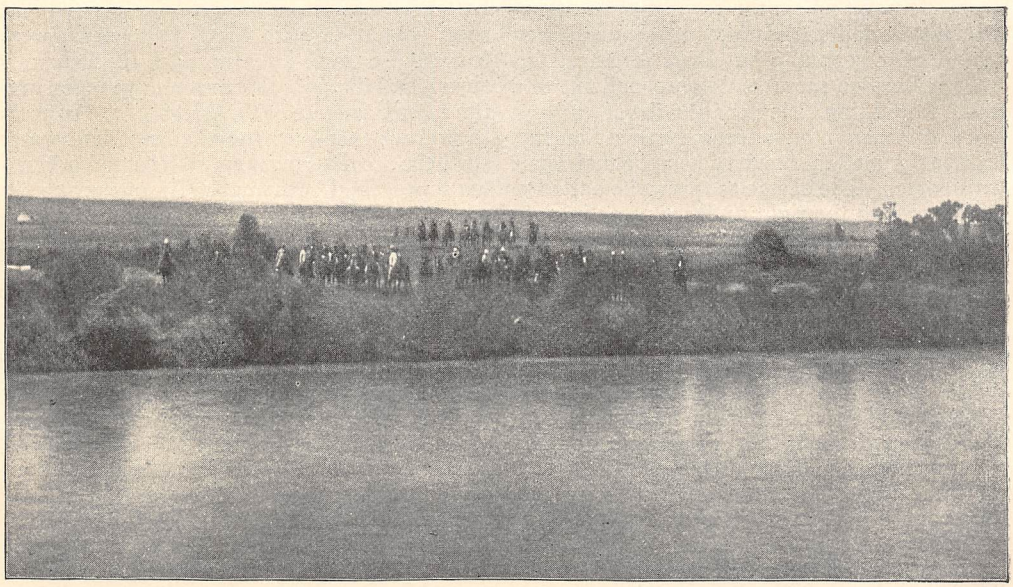
The battalions under Reno and Custer did not meet any Indians until Reno arrived at the burning tepee; here a few were seen. These Indians did not act as if surprised by the appearance of troops; they made no effort to delay the column, but simply kept far enough in advance to invite pursuit. Reno's command and the scouts followed them closely, until he received orders "to move forward at as rapid a gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterward, and the whole outfit would support him." The order was received when Reno was not very far from the Little Big Horn



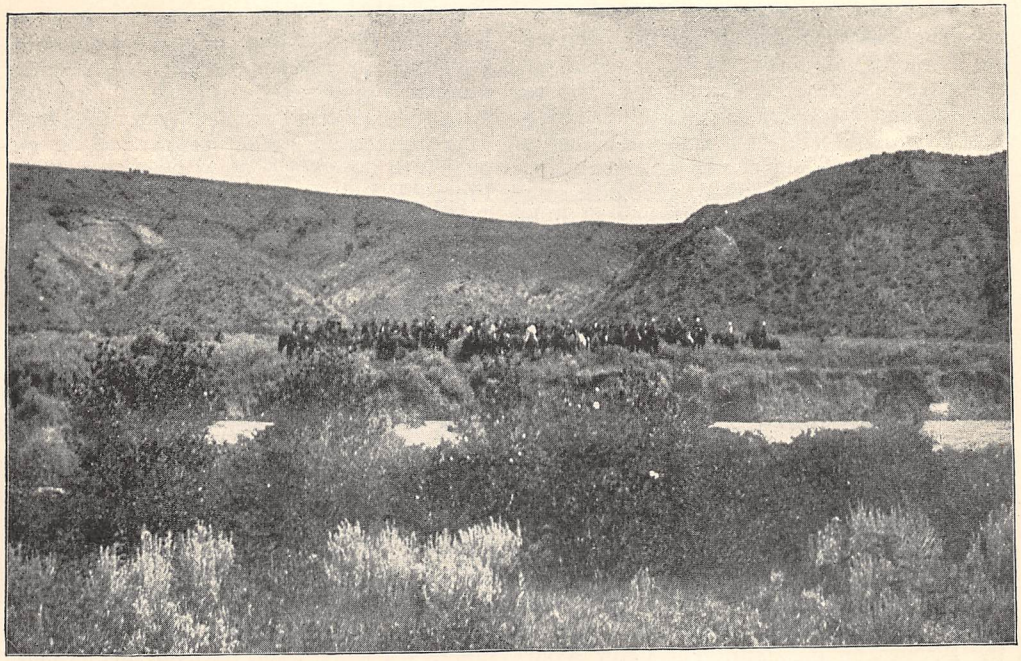
MAP OF CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

A — Hill where Custer was seen by some of Reno's men during the fight in the valley; also the point reached by Reno's advance after the retreat from the valley, from which he fell back to the position in which he was besieged. B — Here Keogh's and Calhoun's troops dismounted and advanced along the ridge to where the bodies of their commands were found. C — A few bodies mostly from the commands of Yates and T. W. Custer, who for the greater part died with General Custer on the hill above, now known as Custer's Hill, and on which stands the monument shown on page 383. D — Ravine where were found bodies of many of Smith's troop who had formed in line on the ridge between Custer's and Keogh's position; Lieutenant Smith's body was found on Custer's hill. E — Hill where Sergeant Butler's body was found; empty cartridge-shells lay about him. He belonged to Captain Custer's troop, and may have been carrying a message to Reno.

River. His battalion moved at a trot to the river, where Reno delayed about ten or fifteen minutes watering the horses and reforming the column on the left bank of the stream. Reno now sent word to Custer that he had everything in front of him and that the enemy was strong. Custer had moved off to the right, being separated from Reno by a line of high bluffs and the river. Reno moved forward in column of fours about half a mile, then formed the battalion in line of battle across the valley with the scouts on the left; after advancing about a mile further he deployed the battalion as skirmishers. In the mean time the Hostiles, continually reinforced, fell back, firing occasionally, but made no decided effort to check Reno's advance. The horses of two men became unmanageable and carried them into the Indian camp. The Indians now developed great force, opened a brisk fire, mounted, and made a dash



RENO'S CROSSING, IN RETREAT, SHOWING VALLEY TO THE WEST. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. F. BARRY.)



RENO'S CROSSING, IN RETREAT, THE BLUFF WHERE HE WAS BESIEGED APPEARING ON THE RIGHT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. F. BARRY.)

toward the foot-hills on the left flank where the Ree scouts were. The scouts ignominiously fled, most of them abandoning the field altogether.

Reno, not seeing the "whole outfit" within supporting distance, did not obey his orders to charge the village, but dismounted his command to fight on foot. The movements of the Indians around the left flank and the flight of the scouts caused the left to fall back until the command was on the defensive in the timber and covered by the bank of the old river-bed. Reno's loss thus far was one wounded. The position was a strong one, well protected in front by the bank and fringe of timber, somewhat open in the rear, but sheltered by timber in the bottom. Those present differ in their estimates of the length of time the command remained in the bottom after they were attacked in force. Some say "a few minutes"; others, "about an hour." While Reno remained there his casualties were few. The Hostiles had him nearly surrounded, and there was some firing from the rear of the position by Indians on the opposite bank of the river. One man was killed close to where Reno was, and directly afterward Reno gave orders to those near him to "mount and get to the bluffs." This order was not generally heard or communicated; while those who did hear it were preparing to execute it, he countermanded the order, but soon afterward he repeated the same order, "to mount and get to the bluffs," and again it was not generally understood. Individuals, observing the preparations of those on the left, near Reno, informed their troop commanders, who then gave orders to mount. Owing to the noise of the firing and to the absorbed attention they were giving to the enemy, many did not know of the order until too late to accompany the command. Some remained concealed until the Indians left and then came out. Four others remained until night and then escaped. Reno's command left the bottom by troop organizations in column. Reno was with the foremost in this retreat or "charge," as he termed it in his report, and after he had exhausted the shots of his revolvers he threw them away. The hostile strength pushed Reno's retreat to the left, so he could not get to the ford where he had entered the valley, but they were fortunate in striking the river at a fordable place; a pony-trail led up a funnel-shaped ravine into the bluffs. Here the command got jammed and lost all semblance of organization. The Indians fired into them, but not very effectively. There does not appear to have been any resistance, certainly no organized resistance, during this retreat. On the right and left of the ravine into which the pony-path led were rough precipitous clay bluffs. It was surprising to see what steep inclines men and horses clambered up under the excitement of danger.

Lieutenant Donald McIntosh was killed soon after leaving the timber. Dr. De Wolf was killed while climbing one of the bluffs a short distance from the command. Lieutenant B. H. Hodgson's horse leaped from the bank into

the river and fell dead; the lieutenant was wounded in the leg, probably by the same bullet that killed the horse. Hodgson called out, "For God's sake, don't abandon me"; he was assured that he would not be left behind. Hodgson then took hold of a comrade's stirrup-strap and was taken across the stream, but soon after was shot and killed. Hodgson, some days before the battle, had said that if he was dismounted in battle or wounded, he intended to take hold of somebody's stirrup to assist himself from the field. During the retreat Private Dalvern, troop "F," had a hand-to-hand conflict with an Indian; his horse was killed; he then shot the Indian, caught the Indian's pony, and rode to the command.

Reno's casualties thus far were three officers, including Dr. J. M. De Wolf, and twenty-nine enlisted men and scouts killed; seven enlisted men wounded; and one officer, one interpreter, and fourteen soldiers and scouts missing. Nearly all the casualties occurred during the retreat and after leaving the timber. The Ree scouts continued their flight until they reached the supply camp at the mouth of the Powder, on the 27th. The Crow scouts remained with the command.

CAVALRY OFFICER IN CAMPAIGN DRESS.

We will now go back to Benteen's battalion. Not long after leaving the water-hole a sergeant met him with an order from Custer to the commanding officer of the pack-train to hurry it up. The sergeant was sent back to the train with the message; as he passed the column he said to the men, "We 've got 'em, boys." From this and other remarks we inferred that Custer had attacked and captured the village.

Shortly afterward we were met by a trumpeter bearing this message signed by Colonel Cook, Adjutant: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs," with the postscript, "Bring packs." The column had been marching at a trot and walk, according as the ground was smooth or broken. We now heard firing, first straggling shots, and as we advanced the engagement became more and more pronounced and appeared to be coming toward us. The column took the gallop with pistols drawn, expecting to meet the enemy which we thought Custer was driving before him in his effort to communicate with the pack-train, never suspecting that our force had been defeated. We were forming in line to meet our supposed enemy, when we came in full view of the valley of the Little Big Horn. The valley was full of horsemen riding to and fro in clouds of dust and smoke, for the grass had been fired by the Indians to drive the troops out and cover their own movements. On the bluffs to our right we saw a body of troops and that they were engaged. But an engagement appeared to be going on in the valley too. Owing to the distance, smoke, and dust, it was impossible to distinguish if those in the valley were friends or foes. There was a short time of uncertainty as to the direction in which we should go, but some Crow scouts came by, driving a small herd of ponies, one of whom said "Soldiers," and motioned for the command to go to the right. Following his directions, we soon joined Reno's battalion, which was still firing. Reno had lost his hat and had a handkerchief tied about his head, and appeared to be very much excited.

Benteen's battalion was ordered to dismount and deploy as skirmishers on the edge of the bluffs overlooking the valley. Very soon after this the Indians withdrew from the attack. Lieutenant Hare came to where I was standing and, grasping my hand heartily, said with a good deal of emphasis: "We 've had a big fight in the bottom, got whipped, and I am —— glad to see you." I was satisfied that he meant what he said, for I had already suspected that something was wrong, but was not quite prepared for such startling information. Benteen's battalion was ordered to divide its ammunition with Reno's men, who had apparently expended nearly all in their per-

sonal possession. It has often been a matter of doubt whether this was a fact, or the effect of imagination. It seems most improbable, in view of their active movements and the short time the command was firing, that the "most of the men" should have expended one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per man.

While waiting for the ammunition pack-mules, Major Reno concluded to make an effort to recover and bury the body of Lieutenant Hodgson. At the same time we loaded up a few men with canteens to get water for the command; they were to accompany the rescuing party. The effort was futile; the party was ordered back after being fired upon by some Indians who doubtless were scalping the dead near the foot of the bluffs.

A number of officers collected on the edge of the bluff overlooking the valley and were discussing the situation; among our number was Captain Moylan, a veteran soldier, and a good one too, watching intently the scene below. Moylan remarked, quite emphatically: "Gentlemen, in my opinion General Custer has made the biggest mistake of his life, by not taking the whole regiment in at once in the first attack." At this time there were a large number of horsemen, Indians, in the valley. Suddenly they all started down the valley, and in a few minutes scarcely a horseman was to be seen. Heavy firing was heard down the river. During this time the questions were being asked: "What 's the matter with Custer, that he don't send word what we shall do?" "Wonder what we are staying here for?" etc., thus showing some uneasiness; but still no one seemed to show great anxiety, nor do I know that any one felt any serious apprehension but that Custer could and would take care of himself. Some of Reno's men had seen a party of Custer's command, including Custer himself, on the bluffs about the time the Indians began to develop in Reno's front. This party was heard to cheer, and seen to wave their hats as if to give encouragement, and then they disappeared behind the hills or escaped further attention from those below. It was about the time of this incident that Trumpeter Martini left Cook with Custer's last orders to Benteen, viz.: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. Cook, Adjutant. P. S. Bring packs." The repetition in the order would seem to indicate that Cook was excited, flurried, or that he wanted to emphasize the necessity for escorting the packs. It is possible, yes probable, that from the high point Custer could then see nearly the whole camp and force of the Indians and realized that the chances were desperate; but it was too late to reunite his forces for the attack. Reno was already in the fight and his (Custer's) own battalion was separated from the attack by a distance of two and a half to three miles. He had no reason to think that Reno would not push his attack vigorously. A commander seldom goes into battle counting upon the failure of

LIEUTENANT B. H. HODGSON, ACTING ADJUTANT.

LIEUTENANT DONALD McINTOSH. COMMANDING TROOP "G."

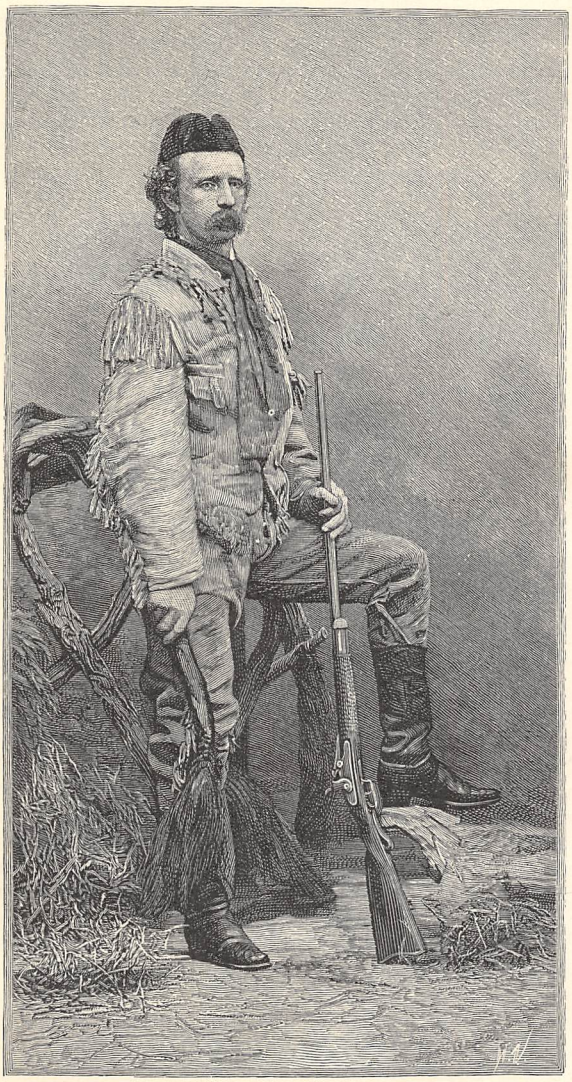
OFFICERS WITH RENO, WHO WERE KILLED.

his lieutenant; if he did, he certainly would provide that such failure should not turn into disaster.

During a long time after the junction of Reno and Benteen we heard firing down the river in the direction of Custer's command. We were satisfied that Custer was fighting the Indians somewhere, and the conviction was expressed that "our command ought to be doing something or Custer would be after Reno with a sharp stick." We heard two distinct volleys which excited some surprise, and, if I mistake not, brought out the remark from some one that "Custer was giving it to them for all he was worth." I have but little doubt now that these volleys were fired by Custer's orders as signals of distress and to indicate where he was.

Captain Weir and Lieutenant Edgerly, after driving the Indians away from Reno's command, on their side, heard the firing, became impatient at the delay, and thought they would move down that way, if they should be permitted. Weir started to get this permission, but changed his mind and concluded to take a survey from the high bluffs first. Edgerly, seeing Weir going in the direction of the firing, supposed it was all right and started down the ravine with the troop. Weir, from the high point, saw the Indians in large numbers start for Edgerly, and signaled for him to change his direction, and Edgerly went over to the high point, where they remained, not seriously molested, until the remainder of the troops marched down there; the Indians were seen by them to ride about what afterward proved to be Custer's battle-field, shooting into the bodies of the dead men.

McDougall came up with the pack-train and reported the firing when he reported his arrival



GENERAL CUSTER IN HIS BUCKSKIN SUIT.

This was his dress on his last campaign, with cavalry boots and sombrero added. The portrait is from a photograph of General Custer and the Grand Duke Alexis, taken at the time of their hunting expedition, not long before General Custer's death.

to Reno. I remember distinctly looking at my watch at twenty minutes past four, and made a note of it in my memorandum-book, and although I have never satisfactorily been able to recall what particular incident happened at that time, it was some important event before we started down the river. It is my impression, however, that it was the arrival of the pack-train. It was about this time that thirteen men and a scout named Herendeen rejoined the command; they had been missing since Reno's flight from the bottom; several of them were wounded. These men had lost their horses in the stampede from the bottom and had remained in the timber; when leaving the timber to rejoin, they were fired upon by five Indians, but they drove them away and were not again molested.

My recollection is that it was about half-past two when we joined Reno. About five o'clock the command moved down toward Custer's supposed whereabouts, intending to join him. The advance went as far as the high bluffs where the command was halted. Persons who have been on the plains and have seen stationary objects dancing before them, now in view and now obscured, or a weed on the top of a hill, projected against the sky, magnified to appear as a tree, will readily understand why our views would be unsatisfactory. We could see stationary groups of horsemen, and individual horsemen moving about; from their grouping and the manner in which they sat their horses we knew they were Indians. On the left of the valley a strange sight attracted our attention. Some one remarked that there had been a fire that scorched the leaves of the bushes, which caused the reddish-brown appearance, but this appearance was changeable; watching this intently for a short time with field-glasses, it was discovered that this strange sight was the immense pony-herds of the Indians.

Looking toward Custer's field, on a hill two miles away we saw a large assemblage. At first our command did not appear to attract their attention, although there was some commotion observable among those nearer to our position. We heard occasional shots, most of which seemed to be a great distance off, beyond the large groups on the hill. While watching this group the conclusion was arrived at that Custer had been repulsed, and the firing was the parting shots of the rear-guard. The firing ceased, the groups dispersed, clouds of dust arose from all parts of the field, and the horsemen converged toward our position. The command was now dismounted to fight on foot. Weir's and French's troops were posted on the high bluffs and to the front of them; my own troop along the crest of the bluffs next to the river; the rest of the command moved to the rear, as I supposed to occupy other points in the vicinity, to make this our defensive position. Busying myself with posting my men, giving direction about the use of ammunition, etc., I was a little startled by the remark that the command was out of sight. At this time Weir's and French's troops were being attacked. Orders were soon brought to me by Lieutenant Hare,

Acting-Adjutant, to join the main command. I had gone some distance in the execution of this order when, looking back, I saw French's troop come tearing over the bluffs, and soon after Weir's troop followed in hot haste. Edgerly was near the top of the bluff trying to mount his frantic horse, and it did seem that he would not succeed, but he vaulted into his saddle and then joined the troop. The Indians almost immediately followed to the top of the bluff, and commenced firing into the retreating troops, killing one man, wounding others and several horses. They then started down the hillside in pursuit. I at once made up my mind that such a retreat and close pursuit would throw the whole command into confusion, and, perhaps, prove disastrous. I dismounted my men to fight on foot, deploying as rapidly as possible without waiting for the formation laid down in tactics. Lieutenant Hare expressed his intention of staying with me, "Adjutant or no Adjutant." The led horses were sent to the main command. Our fire in a short time compelled the Indians to halt and take cover, but before this was accomplished, a second order came for me to fall back as quickly as possible to the main command. Having checked the pursuit we began our retreat, slowly at first, but kept up our firing. After proceeding some distance the men began to group together, and to move a little faster and faster, and our fire slackened. This was pretty good evidence that they were getting demoralized. The Indians were being heavily reinforced, and began to come from their cover, but kept up a heavy fire. I halted the line, made the men take their intervals, and again drove the Indians to cover; then once more began the retreat. The firing of the Indians was very heavy; the bullets struck the ground all about us; but the "ping-ping" of the bullets overhead seemed to have a more terrifying influence than the "swish-thud" of the bullets that struck the ground immediately about us. When we got to the ridge in front of Reno's position I observed some Indians making all haste to get possession of a hill to the right. I could now see the rest of the command, and I knew that that hill would command Reno's position. Supposing that my troop was to occupy the line we were then on, I ordered Hare to take ten men and hold the hill, but, just as he was moving off, an order came from Reno to get back as quickly as possible; so I recalled Hare and ordered the men to run to the lines. This movement was executed, strange to say, without a single casualty.

The Indians now took possession of all the surrounding high points, and opened a heavy fire. They had in the mean time sent a large force up the valley, and soon our position was entirely surrounded. It was now about seven o'clock.

Our position next the river was protected by the rough, rugged steep bluffs which were cut up by irregular deep ravines. From the crest of these bluffs the ground gently declined away from the river. On the north there was a short ridge, the ground sloping gently to the front and rear. This ridge, during the first day, was occupied by five troops. Directly in rear of the ridge was a small hill; in the ravine on the south of this hill our hospital was established, and the horses and pack-mules were secured. Across this ravine one troop, Moylan's, was posted, the packs and dead animals being utilized for breastworks. The high hill on the south was occupied by Benteen's troop. Everybody now lay down and spread himself out as thin as possible. After lying there a few minutes I was horrified to find myself wondering if a small sage-bush, about as thick as my finger, would turn a bullet, so I got up and walked along the line, cautioned the men not to waste their ammunition; ordered certain men who were good shots to do the firing, and others to keep them supplied with loaded guns.

The firing continued till nearly dark (between nine and ten o'clock), although after dusk but little attention was paid to the firing, as everybody moved about freely.

Of course everybody was wondering about Custer — why he did not communicate by courier or signal. But the general opinion seemed to prevail that he had been defeated and driven down the river, where he would probably join General Terry, and with whom he would return to our relief. Quite frequently, too, the question, "What 's the matter with Custer?" would evoke an impatient reply.

Indians are proverbial economists of fuel, but they did not stint themselves that night. The long twilight was prolonged by numerous bonfires, located throughout their village. The long shadows of the hills and the refracted light gave a supernatural aspect to the surrounding country, which may account for the illusions of those who imagined they could see columns of troops, etc. Although our dusky foes did not molest us with obtrusive attentions during the night, yet it must not be inferred that we were allowed to pass the night in perfect rest; or that they were endeavoring to soothe us into forgetfulness of their proximity, or trying to conceal their situation. They were a good deal happier than we were; nor did they strive to conceal their joy. Their camp was a veritable pandemonium. All night long they continued their frantic revels; beating tom-toms, dancing,

DISMOUNTED — THE FOURTH TROOPERS MOVING THE LED HORSES.

whooping, yelling with demoniacal screams, and discharging firearms. We knew they were having a scalp-dance. In this connection the question has often been asked "if they did not have prisoners at the torture?" The Indians deny that they took any prisoners. We did not discover any evidence of torture in their camps. It is true that we did find human heads severed from their bodies, but these probably had been paraded in their orgies during that terrible night.

Our casualties had been comparatively few since taking position on the hill. The question of moving was discussed, but the conditions coupled to the proposition caused it to be indignantly rejected. Some of the scouts were sent out soon after dark to look for signs of Custer's command, but they returned after a short absence saying that the country was full of Sioux. Lieutenant Varnum volunteered to go out, but was either discouraged from the venture or forbidden to go out.

After dark the troops were arranged a little differently. The horses were unsaddled, and the mules were relieved of their packs; all animals were secured to lariats stretched and picketed to the ground.

Soon after all firing had ceased the wildest confusion prevailed. Men imagined they could see a column of troops over on the hills or ridges, that they could hear the tramp of the horses, the command of officers, or even the trumpet-calls. Stable-call was sounded by one of our trumpeters; shots were fired by some of our men, and familiar trumpet-calls were sounded by our trumpeter immediately after, to let the supposed marching column know that we were friends. Every favorable expression or opinion was received with credulity, and then ratified with a cheer. Somebody suggested that General Crook might be coming, so some one, a civilian packer, I think, mounted a horse, and galloping along the line yelled: "Don't be discouraged, boys, Crook is coming." But they gradually realized that the much-wished-for reinforcements were but the phantasma of their imaginations, and settled down to their work of digging rifle-pits. They worked in pairs, in threes and fours. The ground was hard and dry. There were only three or four spades and shovels in the whole command; axes, hatchets, knives, table-forks, tin cups, and halves of canteens were brought into use. However, everybody worked hard, and some were still digging when the enemy opened fire at early dawn, between half-past two and three o'clock, so that all had some sort of shelter, except Benteen's men. The enemy's first salutations were rather feeble, and our side made scarcely any response; but as dawn advanced to daylight their lines were heavily reinforced, and both sides kept up a continuous fusillade. Of course it was their policy to draw our fire as much as possible to exhaust our ammunition. As they exposed their persons very little we forbade our men, except well-known good shots, to fire without orders. The Indians amused themselves by standing erect, in full view for an instant, and then dropping down again before a bullet could reach them, but of that they soon seemed to grow tired or found it too dangerous; then they resorted to the old ruse of raising a hat and blouse, or a blanket, on a stick to draw our fire; we soon understood their tactics. Occasionally they fired volleys at command. Their fire, however, was not very effective. Benteen's troop suffered greater losses than any other, because their rear was exposed to the long-range firing from the hills on the north. The horses and mules suffered greatly, as they were fully exposed to long-range fire from the east.

Benteen came over to where Reno was lying, and asked for reinforcements to be sent to his line. Before he left his line, however, he ordered Gibson not to fall back under any circumstances, as this was the key of the position. Gibson's men had expended nearly all their ammunition, some men being reduced to as few as four or five cartridges. He was embarrassed, too, with quite a number of wounded men. Indeed, the situation here was most critical, for if the Indians had made a rush, a retreat was inevitable. Private McDermott volunteered to carry a message from Gibson to Benteen urging him to hasten the reinforcements. After considerable urging by Benteen, Reno finally ordered French to take "M" troop over to the south side. On his way over Benteen picked up some men then with the horses. Just previous to his arrival an Indian had shot one of Gibson's men, then rushed up and touched the body with his "coup-stick," and started back to cover, but he was killed. He was in such close proximity to the lines and so exposed to the fire that the other Indians could not carry his body away. This, I believe, was the only dead Indian left in our possession. This boldness determined Benteen to make a charge, and the Indians were driven nearly to the river. On their retreat they dragged several dead and wounded warriors away with them.

The firing almost ceased for a while, and then it recommenced with greater fury. From this fact, and their more active movements, it became evident that they contemplated something more serious than a mere fusillade. Benteen came back to where Reno was, and said if something was not done pretty soon the Indians would run into our lines. Waiting a short

UNHORSED.

time, and no action being taken on his suggestion, he said rather impatiently: "You've got to do something here pretty quick; this won't do, you must drive them back." Reno then directed us to get ready for a charge, and told Benteen to give the word. Benteen called out "All ready now, men. Now's your time. Give them hell. Hip, hip, here we go!" and away we went with a hurrah, every man, but one who lay in his pit crying like a child. The Indians fired more rapidly than before from their whole line. Our men left the pits with their carbines loaded, and they began firing without orders soon after we started. A large body of Indians had assembled at the foot of one of the hills, intending probably to make a charge, as Benteen had divined, but they broke as soon as our line started. When we had advanced 75 or 100 yards, Reno called out "Get back, men, get back," and back the whole line came. A most singular fact of this sortie was that not a man who advanced with the lines was hit; but directly after every one had gotten into the pits again, the one man who did not go out was shot in the head and killed instantly. The poor fellow had a premonition that he would be killed, and had so told one of his comrades.

Up to this time the command had been without water. The excitement and heat made our thirst almost maddening. The men were forbidden to use tobacco. They put pebbles in their mouths to excite the glands; some ate grass roots, but did not find relief; some tried to eat hard bread, but after chewing it awhile would blow it out of their mouths like so much flour. A few potatoes were given out and afforded some relief. About 11 A. M. the firing was slack, and parties of volunteers were formed to get water under the protection of Benteen's lines. The parties worked their way down the ravines to within a few yards of the river. The men would get ready, make a rush to the river, fill the camp-kettles, and return to fill the canteens. Some Indians stationed in a copse of woods, a short distance away, opened fire whenever a man exposed himself, which made this a particularly hazardous service. Several men were wounded, and the additional danger was then incurred of rescuing their wounded comrades. I think all these men were rewarded with medals of honor. By about one o'clock the Indians had nearly all left us, but they still guarded the river; by that time, however, we had about all the water we needed for immediate use. About two o'clock the Indians came back, opened fire, and drove us to the trenches again, but by three o'clock the firing had ceased altogether.

Late in the afternoon we saw a few horsemen in the bottom apparently to observe us, and then fire was set to the grass in the valley. About 7 P. M. we saw emerge from behind this screen of smoke an immense moving mass crossing the plateau, going toward the Big

Horn Mountains. A fervent "Thank God" that they had at last given up the contest was soon followed by grave doubts as to their motive for moving. Perhaps Custer had met Terry, and was coming to our relief. Perhaps they were short of ammunition, and were moving their village to a safe distance before making a final desperate effort to overwhelm us. Perhaps it was only a ruse to get us on the move, and then clean us out.

The stench from the dead men and horses was now exceedingly offensive, and it was decided to take up a new position nearer the river. The companies were assigned positions, and the men were put to work digging pits with the expectation of a renewal of the attack. Our loss on the hill had been eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

During the night Lieutenant De Rudio, Private O'Neal, Mr. Girard, the interpreter, and Jackson, a half-breed scout, came to our line. They had been left in the bottom when Reno made his retreat.

In this narrative of the movements immediately preceding, and resulting in, the annihilation of the men with Custer, I have related facts substantially as observed by myself or as given to me by Chief Gall of the Sioux. His statements have been corroborated by other Indians, notably the wife of "Spotted Horn Bull," an intelligent Sioux squaw, one of the first who had the courage to talk freely to any one who participated in the battle.

In 1886, on the tenth anniversary, an effort was made to have a reunion of the survivors at the battle-field. Colonel Benteen, Captains McDougall and Edgerly, Dr. Porter, Sergeant Hall, Trumpeter Penwell, and myself met there on the 25th of June. Through the kind efforts of the officers and of the ladies at Fort Custer our visit was made as pleasant as possible. Through the personal influence of Major McLaughlin, Indian agent at Standing Rock Agency, Chief Gall was prevailed upon to accompany the party and describe Custer's part in the battle. We were unfortunate in not having an efficient and truthful interpreter on the field at the reunion. The statements I have used were, after our return to the agency, interpreted by Mrs. McLaughlin and Mr. Farribault, of the agency, both of whom are perfectly trustworthy and are familiar with the Sioux language.

It has been previously noted that General Custer separated from Reno before the latter crossed the Little Big Horn under orders to charge the village. Custer's column bore to the right of the river (a sudden change of plan, probably); a ridge of high bluffs and the river separated the two commands, and they could not see each other. On this ridge, however, Custer and staff were seen to wave their hats, and heard to cheer just as Reno was beginning the attack; but Custer's troops were at that time a mile or more to his right. It was about this time that the trumpeter was sent back with Custer's last order to Benteen. From this place [see A on map] Custer could survey the valley for several miles above and for a short distance below Reno; yet he could only see a part of the village; he must, then, have felt confident that all the Indians were below him; hence, I presume, his message to Benteen. The view of the main body of the village was cut off by the highest points of the ridge, a short distance from him. Had he gone to this high point he would have understood the magnitude of his undertaking, and it is probable that his plan of battle would have been changed. We have no evidence that he did not go there. He could see, however, that the village was not breaking away toward the Big Horn Mountains. He must, then, have expected to find the squaws and children fleeing to the bluffs on the north, for in no other way do I account for his wide detour to the right. He must have counted upon Reno's success, and fully expected the "scatteration" of the non-combatants with the pony herds. The probable attack upon the families and the capture of the herds were in that event counted upon to strike consternation in the hearts of the warriors, and were elements for success upon which General Custer fully counted in the event of a daylight attack.

When Reno's advance was checked, and his left began to fall back, Chief Gall started with some of his warriors to cut off Reno's retreat to the bluffs. On his way he was excitedly hailed by "Iron Cedar," one of his warriors, who was on the high point, to hurry to him, that more soldiers were coming. This was the first intimation the Indians had of Custer's column; up to the time of this incident they had supposed that all the troops were in at Reno's attack. Custer had then crossed the valley of the dry creek, and was marching along and well up the slope of the bluff forming the second ridge back from the river, and nearly parallel to it. The command was marching rapidly in column of fours, and there was some confusion in the ranks, due probably to the unmanageableness of some excited horses.

The accepted theory for many years after the battle, and still persisted in by some writers, was that Custer's column had turned the high bluffs near the river, moved down the dry (Reno's) creek, and attempted to ford the river near the lowest point of these bluffs; that he was there met by an overpowering force and driven back; that he then divided his battalion, moved down the river with the view of attacking the village, but met with such resistance

+ Billie Jackson: I met him in Browning Montana in 1900. and he told me all about this fight F.F. Daniel

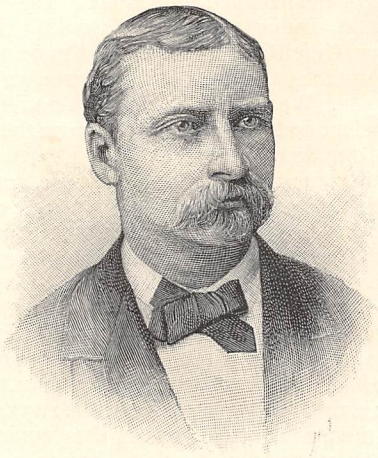
CAPTAIN M. W. KEOGH, COMMANDING TROOP "I."

from the enemy posted along the river bank and ravines that he was compelled to fall back, fighting, to the position on the ridge. The numerous bodies found scattered between the river and ridge were supposed to be the first victims of the fight. I am now satisfied that these were men who either survived those on the ridge or attempted to escape the massacre.

Custer's route was as indicated on the map, and his column was never nearer the river or village than his final position on the ridge. The wife of Spotted Horn Bull, when giving me her account of the battle, persisted in saying that Custer's column did not attempt to cross at the ford, and appealed to her husband, who supported her statement. On the battle-field, in 1886, Chief Gall indicated Custer's route to me, and it then flashed upon me that I myself had seen Custer's trail. On June 28, while we were burying the dead, I asked Major Reno's permission to go on the high ridge east or back of the field to look for tracks of shod horses to ascertain if some of the command might not have escaped. When I reached the ridge I saw this trail, and wondered who could have made it, but dismissed the thought that it had been made by Custer's column, because it did not accord with the theory with which we were then filled, that Custer had attempted to cross at the ford, and this trail was too far back, and showed no indication of leading toward the ford. Trumpeter Penwell was my orderly and accompanied me. It was a singular coincidence that in 1886 Penwell was stationed at Fort Custer, and was my orderly when visiting the battle-field. Penwell corroborated my recollection of the trail.

The ford theory arose from the fact that we found there numerous tracks of shod horses, but they evidently had been made after the Indians had possessed themselves of the cavalry horses, for they rode them after capturing them. No bodies of men or horses were found anywhere near the ford, and these facts are conclusive to my mind that Custer did not go to the ford with any body of men.

As soon as Gall had personally confirmed Iron Cedar's report he sent word to the warriors battling against Reno, and to the people in the village. The greatest consternation prevailed among the families, and orders were given for them to leave at once. Before they could do so the great body of warriors had left Reno, and hastened to attack Custer. This explains why Reno was not pushed when so much confusion at the river crossing gave the Indians every opportunity of annihilating his command. Not long after the Indians began to show a strong force in Custer's front, Custer turned his column to the left, and advanced in the direction of the village to near a place now marked as a spring, halted at the junction of the ravines just below it, and dismounted two troops, Keogh's and Calhoun's, to fight on foot. These two troops advanced at double-time to a knoll, now marked by Crittenden's monument. The other three troops, mounted, followed them a short distance in their rear. The led horses remained where the troops dismounted. When Keogh and Calhoun got to the knoll the other troops marched rapidly to



CAPTAIN G. W. YATES, COMMANDING TROOP "F."

the right; Smith's troop deployed as skirmishers, mounted, and took position on a ridge, which, on Smith's left, ended in Keogh's position (now marked by Crittenden's monument), and, on Smith's right, ended at the hill on which Custer took position with Yates and Tom Custer's troops, now known as Custer's Hill, and marked by the monument erected to the command. Smith's skirmishers, holding their gray horses, remained in groups of fours.

The line occupied by Custer's battalion was the first considerable ridge back from the river, the nearest point being about half a mile from it. His front was extended about three fourths of a mile. The whole village was in full view. A few hundred yards from his line was another but lower ridge, the further slope of which was not commanded by his line. It was here that the Indians under Crazy Horse from the lower part of the village, among whom were the Cheyennes, formed for the charge on Custer's Hill. All Indians had now left Reno. Gall collected his warriors, and moved up a ravine south of Keogh and Calhoun. As they were turning this flank they discovered the led horses without any other guard than the horse-holders. They opened fire upon the horse-holders, and used the usual devices to stampede the horses —that is, yelling, waving blankets, etc.; in this they succeeded very soon, and the horses were caught up by the squaws. In this disaster Keogh and Calhoun probably lost their reserve ammunition, which was carried in the saddle-bags. Gall's warriors now moved to the foot of the knoll held by Calhoun. A large force dismounted and advanced up the slope far enough to be able to see the soldiers when standing erect, but were protected when squatting or lying down. By jumping up and firing quickly, they exposed themselves only for an instant, but drew the fire of the soldiers, causing a waste of ammunition. In the mean time Gall was massing his mounted warriors under the protection of the slope. When everything was in readiness, at a signal from Gall the dismounted warriors rose, fired, and every Indian gave voice to the war-whoop; the mounted Indians put whip to their ponies, and the whole mass rushed upon and crushed Calhoun. The maddened mass of Indians was carried forward by its own momentum over Calhoun and Crittenden down into the depression where Keogh was, with over thirty men, and all was over on that part of the field.

In the mean time the same tactics were being pursued and executed around Custer's Hill. The warriors, under the leadership of Crow-King, Crazy Horse, White Bull, "Hump," and others, moved up the ravine west of Custer's Hill, and concentrated under the shelter of the ridges on his right flank and back of his position. Gall's bloody work was finished before the annihilation of Custer was accomplished, and his victorious warriors hurried forward to the hot encounter then going on, and the frightful massacre was completed.

Smith's men had disappeared from the ridge, but not without leaving enough dead bodies to mark their line. About twenty-eight bodies of men belonging to this troop and other organizations were found in one ravine nearer the river. Many corpses were found scattered

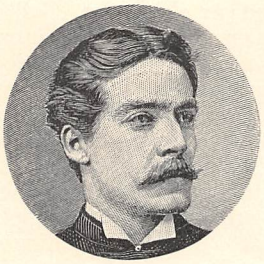
CAPTAIN T. W. CUSTER, COMMANDING TROOP "C."

over the field between Custer's line of defense, the river, and in the direction of Reno's Hill. These, doubtless, were of men who had attempted to escape; some of them may have been sent as couriers by Custer. One of the first bodies I recognized and one of the nearest to the ford was that of Sergeant Butler of Tom Custer's troop. Sergeant Butler was a soldier of many years' experience and of known courage. The indications were that he had sold his life dearly, for near and under him were found many empty cartridge-shells.

All the Indian accounts that I know of agree that there was no organized close-quarters fighting, except on the two flanks; that with the annihilation at Custer's Hill the battle was virtually over. It does not appear that the Indians made any advance to the attack from the direction of the river; they did have a defensive force along the river and in the ravines which destroyed those who left Custer's line.

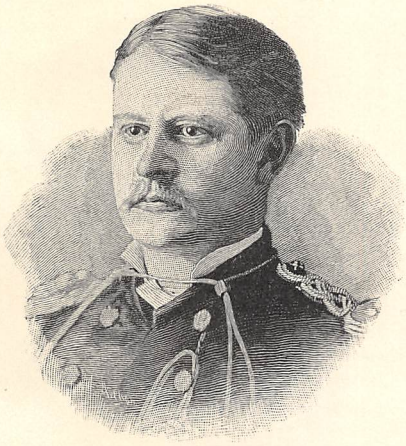
There was a great deal of firing going on over the field after the battle by the young men and boys riding about and shooting into the dead bodies.

LIEUTENANT W. W. COOK, ADJUTANT.



LIEUTENANT W. VAN W. REILY.

LIEUTENANT J. J. CRITTENDEN.



LIEUTENANT JAMES CALHOUN, COMMANDING TROOP "L."

LIEUTENANT A. E. SMITH, COMMANDING TROOP "E."

LIEUTENANT H. M. HARRINGTON.

LIEUTENANT J. E. PORTER.

LIEUTENANT J. G. STURGIS.

PORTRAITS (ON THIS AND THE TWO PREVIOUS PAGES) OF OFFICERS WHO DIED WITH CUSTER.

These portraits are from photographs, or copies, for the most part by D. F. Barry of West Superior, Wis., who has taken many pictures of the Custer battle-field. Those of Lieutenants Reily and Sturgis are by Scholten, St. Louis, and Pach, New York.

Tuesday morning, June 27, we had reveille without the "morning guns," enjoyed the pleasure of a square meal, and had our stock properly cared for. Our commanding officer seemed to think the Indians had some "trap" set for us, and required our men to hold themselves in readiness to occupy the pits at a moment's notice. Nothing seemed determined except to stay where we were. Not an Indian was in sight, but a few ponies were seen grazing down in the valley.

About 9.30 A. M. a cloud of dust was observed several miles down the river. The assembly was sounded, the horses were placed in a protected situation, and camp-kettles and canteens were filled with water. An hour of suspense followed; but from the slow advance we concluded that they were our own troops. "But whose command is it?" We looked in vain for a gray-horse troop. It could not be Custer; it must then be Crook, for if it was Terry, Custer would be with him. Cheer after cheer was given for Crook. A white man, Harris, I think, soon came up with a note from General Terry, addressed to General Custer, dated June 26, stating that two of our Crow scouts had given information that our column had been whipped and nearly all had been killed; that he did not believe their story, but was coming with medical assistance. The scout

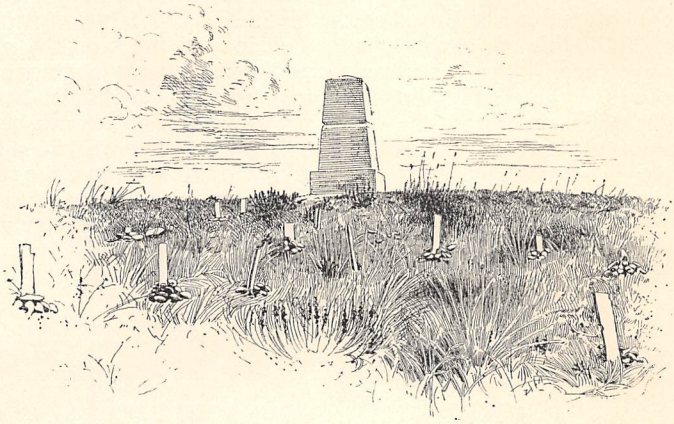
said that he could not get to our lines the night before, as the Indians were on the alert. Very soon after this Lieutenant Bradley, 7th Infantry, came into our lines, and asked where I was. Greeting most cordially my old friend, I immediately asked, "Where is Custer?" He replied, "I don't know, but I suppose he was killed, as we counted 197 dead bodies. I don't suppose any escaped." We were simply dumfounded. This was the first intimation we had of his fate. It was hard to realize; it did seem impossible.

General Terry and staff, and officers of General Gibbon's column soon after approached, and their coming was greeted with prolonged, hearty cheers. The grave countenance of the General awed the men to silence. The officers assembled to meet their guests. There was scarcely a dry eye; hardly a word was spoken, but quivering lips and hearty grasping of hands gave token of thankfulness for the relief and grief for the misfortune.

During the rest of that day we were busy collecting our effects and destroying surplus property. The wounded were cared for and taken to the camp of our new friends of the Montana column. Among the wounded was saddler "Mike" Madden of my troop, whom I promoted to be sergeant, on the field, for gallantry. Madden was very fond of his grog. His long abstinence had given him a famous thirst. It was necessary to amputate his leg, which was done without administering any anesthetic; but after the amputation the surgeon gave him a good, stiff drink of brandy. Madden eagerly gulped it down, and his eyes fairly danced as he smacked his lips and said, "M-eh, doctor, cut off my other leg."

On the morning of the 28th we left our intrenchments to bury the dead of Custer's command. The morning was bright, and from the high bluffs we had a clear view of Custer's battle-field. We saw a large number of objects that looked like white boulders scattered over the field. Glasses were brought into requisition, and it was announced that these objects were the dead bodies. Captain Weir exclaimed, "Oh, how white they look!"

All the bodies, except a few, were stripped of their clothing. According to my recollection nearly all were scalped or mutilated, but there was one notable exception, that of General Custer, whose face and expression were natural; he had been shot in the temple and in the left side. Many faces had a pained, almost terrified expression. It is said that "Rain-in-the-face," a Sioux warrior, has gloried that he had cut out and had eaten the heart and liver of one of the officers. Other bodies were muti-



VIEW, FROM THE SIDE TOWARD THE RIVER, OF CUSTER'S HILL AND THE BATTLE MONUMENT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. F. BARRY.)

lated in a disgusting manner. The bodies of Dr. Lord and Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis were not found, at least not recognized. The clothing of Porter and Sturgis was found in the village, and showed that they had been killed. We buried, according to my memoranda, 212 bodies. The killed of the entire command was 265, and of wounded we had 52.

The question has been often asked, "What were the causes of Custer's defeat?" I should say:

First. The overpowering numbers of the enemy and their unexpected cohesion.

Second. Reno's panic rout from the valley.

Third. The defective extraction of the empty cartridge-shells from the carbines.

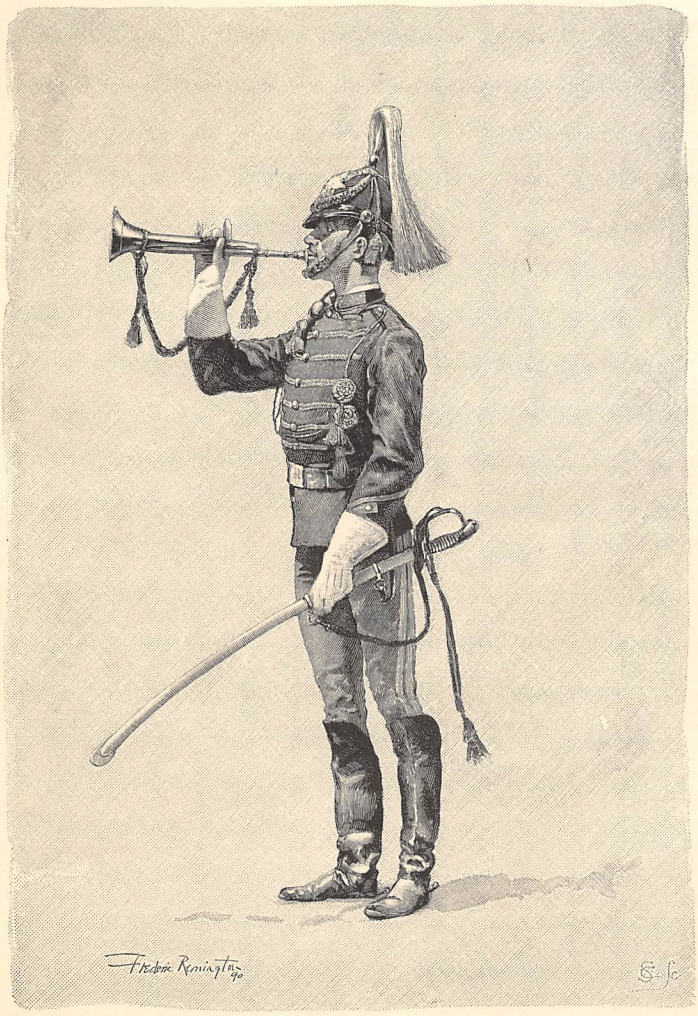
Of the first, I will say that we had nothing conclusive on which to base calculations of the numbers — and to this day it seems almost incredible that such great numbers of Indians should have left the agencies, to combine against the troops, without information relating thereto having been communicated to the commanders of troops in the field, further than that heretofore mentioned. The second has been mentioned incidentally. The Indians say if Reno's position in the valley had been held, they would have been compelled to divide their strength for the different attacks, which would have caused confusion and apprehension, and prevented the concentration of every able-bodied warrior upon the battalion under Custer; that, at the time of the discovery of Custer's advance to attack, the chiefs gave orders for the village to move, to break up; that, at the time

of Reno's retreat, this order was being carried out, but as soon as Reno's retreat was assured the order was countermanded, and the squaws were compelled to return with the pony herds; that the order would not have been countermanded had Reno's forces remained fighting in the bottom. Custer's attack did not begin until after Reno had reached the bluffs.

Of the third we can only judge by our own experience. When cartridges were dirty and corroded the ejectors did not always extract the empty shells from the chambers, and the men were compelled to use knives to get them out. When the shells were clean no great difficulty was experienced. To what extent this was a factor in causing the disaster we have no means of knowing.

A battle was unavoidable. Every man in Terry's and Custer's commands expected a battle; it was for that purpose, to punish the Indians, that the command was sent out, and with that determination Custer made his preparations. Had Custer continued his march southward — that is, left the Indian trail — the Indians would have known of our movement on the 25th, and a battle would have been fought very near the same field on which Crook had been attacked and forced back only a week before; the Indians never would have remained in camp and allowed a concentration of the several columns to attack them. If they had escaped without punishment or battle Custer would undoubtedly have been blamed.

E. S. Godfrey,
Captain 7th Cavalry.



"TAPS." (CAVALRY BUGLER IN FULL UNIFORM.)

COMMENTS BY GENERAL FRY ON THE CUSTER BATTLE.

CAPTAIN GODFREY'S article is a valuable contribution to the authentic history of the campaign which culminated in "Custer's Last Battle," June 25, 1876.

The Sioux war of 1876 originated in a request by the Indian Bureau that certain wild and recalcitrant bands of Indians should be compelled to settle down upon their reservations under control of the Indian agent. Sitting Bull, on the Little Missouri in Dakota, and Crazy Horse, on Powder River, Wyoming, were practically the leaders of the hostile Indians who roamed over what General Sheridan called "an almost totally unknown region, comprising an area of almost 90,000 square miles." The hostile camps contained eight or ten separate bands, each having a chief of its own.

Authority was exercised by a council of chiefs. No chief was endowed with supreme authority, but Sitting Bull was accepted as the leader of all his bands. From 500 to 800 warriors was the most the military authorities thought the hostiles could muster. Sitting Bull's camp, as Custer found it, contained some 8000 or 10,000 men, women, and children, and about 2500 warriors, including boys, who were armed with bows and arrows. The men had good firearms, many of them Winchester rifles, with a large supply of ammunition.

War upon this savage force was authorized by the War Department, and was conducted under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sheridan in Chicago.

The campaign opened in the winter, General Sheridan thinking that was the season in which the Indians could be "caught." He directed General Terry to send a mounted column under Custer against Sitting Bull, and General Crook to move against Crazy Horse. Bad weather prevented Custer's movement, but Crook advanced March 1. On March 17 he struck Crazy Horse's band, was partially defeated, and the weather being very severe, returned to his base. The repulse of Crook's column, and the inability of Custer to move, gave the Indians confidence, and warriors by the hundred slipped away from the agencies and joined the Hostiles.

In the spring Sheridan's forces resumed the offensive in three isolated columns. The first column under Crook, consisting of 15 companies of cavalry and 5 companies of infantry (total 1049), marched northward from Fort Fetterman May 29. The second column under General Terry, consisting of the entire 7th Cavalry, 12 companies (about 600 men), 6 companies of infantry, 3 of them on the supply steamboat (400 men), a battery of Gatling guns manned by infantrymen, and 40 Indian scouts, moved westward from Fort A. Lincoln, on the Missouri, May 17.

It happened that while the expedition was being fitted out, Custer unwittingly incurred the displeasure of President Grant, who directed that Custer should not accompany the column. Through his appeal to the President and the intercession of Terry and Sheridan, Custer was permitted to go in command of his regiment, but Terry was required to accompany and command the column. Terry was one of the best of men and ablest of soldiers, but had no experience in Indian warfare.

A third column under General Gibbon (Colonel of Infantry), consisting of 4 companies of cavalry and 6 companies of infantry (450 men all told), marched eastward in April, and united with Terry on the Yellowstone, June 21. When these columns started they were all some 200 or 300 miles from the central position occupied by the enemy. Gibbon was under Terry's control, but Crook and Terry were independent of each other.

The authorities believed that either one of the three columns could defeat the enemy if it "caught" him; otherwise isolated forces would not have been sent to "operate blindly," without means of mutual support, against an enemy in the interior of an almost totally unknown region. Indeed General Sherman said in his official report of 1876, "Up to the moment of Custer's defeat there was nothing, official or private, to justify an officer to expect that any detachment would encounter more than 500 or 800 warriors." The appearance of 2500 to 3000 in the Custer fight, General Sherman adds, "amounted to a demonstration that the troops were dealing, not only with the hostiles estimated at from 500 to 800, but with the available part of the Agency Indians, who had gone out to help their friends in a fight."

The utter failure of our campaign was due to underestimating the numbers and prowess of the enemy. The strength he was found to possess proved, as General Sherman said in his report, "that the campaign had been planned on wrong premises." Upon this point Gibbon said, "When these various bands succeeded in finding a leader who possessed tact, courage, and ability to concentrate and keep together so large a force, it was only a question of time when one or the other of the exterior columns would meet with a check from the overwhelming numbers of the interior body."

The first result was that Crook's column encountered the enemy, June 17, and was so badly defeated that it was practically out of the campaign.

In his official report Sheridan claims for Crook a "barren victory," but adds, "Next day he returned to his supply camp on Goose Creek and awaited reinforcements and supplies, considering himself too weak to make any movement until additional troops reached him."

On the 21st of June, Terry, with the column from the east, about one thousand men, was on the south bank of the Yellowstone, at the mouth of the Rosebud. Gibbon was with Terry, and his column from the west, four hundred and fifty men, was some fifteen miles up the Yellowstone on its north bank, nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Horn. The Rosebud and Big Horn flow from south to north about fifteen miles apart, with a high, broken "divide" or ridge between them.

A scouting party had found indications that the Indians were on the Big Horn or its tributaries, and they were found on the 25th about ninety miles away in the valley of the Little Big Horn, with some 2500 warriors. At that time Terry did not imagine them to be so strong, nor did he know that Crook had been defeated on the 17th. He heard nothing of Crook until July 4.

On the night of June 21, Terry held a conference with Gibbon and Custer, at which he says in his annual report in 1876, he decided upon a plan of operations, by which Gibbon was to move south up the Big Horn

valley, Custer was to proceed up the Rosebud and ascertain the direction of the Indian trail, and

if it led to the Little Big Horn it should not be followed, but that Custer should keep still further to the south before turning to the river, in order to intercept the Indians should they attempt to pass around his left, and in order, by a longer march, to give time for Gibbon's column to come up. . . This plan was founded on the belief that the two columns might be brought into coöperating distance of each other, so either of them which should be first engaged might, by a "waiting fight," give time for the other to come up.

Custer's disaster has been directly or by implication attributed to a departure from the "plan." No record of the conference appears to have been made at the time, but Terry's statement concerning it is supported by Gibbon, and no one would dispute it if it stood alone. But it is highly probable that the plan when Custer moved had neither the force nor importance which it subsequently acquired in Terry's mind. Terry made to Sheridan a full and explicit report, June 27, when the subject was fresh, in which he spoke of the conference, but did not say or intimate that a plan of operations had been decided upon in it. He did say, however, "I informed General Custer I would take the supply steamer up the Yellowstone to ferry General Gibbon's column over the river, that I should personally accompany that column, and that it would in all probability reach the mouth of the Big Horn on the 26th instant." If at that time Terry thought the plan of operations mandatory, he probably would have mentioned it in this report of June 27. It was, however, not until July 2 that he reported the existence of a plan. Then he said in his report to Sheridan made in his own defense, "*I think I owe it to myself* to put you more fully in possession of the facts of the late operations," and followed with the account of the plan, above quoted from his annual report, but did not say that he had issued any orders which Custer had disobeyed.

The plan decided upon in conference on the night of June 21 fixes no blame on Custer. His written instructions from Terry were made June 22, the day after the conference, and they were binding upon him. They made no reference to a plan, but said:

The Brigadier-General Commanding directs that, as soon as your regiment can be made ready for the march, you will proceed up the Rosebud in pursuit of the Indians whose trail was discovered by Major Reno a few days since. *It is, of course, impossible to give you any definite instructions in regard to this movement*, and were it not impossible to do so the department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate to you his own views of what your action should be, and he desires that you should conform to them unless you shall see sufficient reason for departing from them.

The order Custer received was to proceed up the Rosebud in pursuit of the Indians. Surely he did not disobey that. Everything else was left to his discretion. As Terry did not wish to hamper Custer's action when nearly in contact with the enemy, and found it impossible to give him precise orders, plainly Custer did not, could not, disobey orders in any blamable sense, and plainly, also, he was expected to come "in contact with the enemy."

Captain Godfrey says that the scouts were sent out on the right flank during the 23d and 24th, moving along the divide between Rosebud and Tulloch's Fork, from which the valley of the Fork was in view. It is true Custer does not appear to have examined the upper part of Tulloch's Creek, but there were no Indians there, and the omission if it occurred is colorless. He was directed to endeavor to send a scout through to General Gibbon's column with the result of his examination of Tulloch's Creek, and was informed that Gibbon would examine the lower part of the creek. Whether he endeavored to send a messenger cannot be ascertained (Captain Godfrey says that a scout named Herendeen had been selected for this service, and he is of the opinion that General Custer would have sent him during the day if the fight had been delayed until early next morning as he at first intended); but nothing concerning Tulloch's Creek was material in the campaign.

Even conformity to Terry's "views" was expressly left to Custer's discretion.

In his sermon at General Terry's funeral, December 29, 1890, the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger said:

Custer's fatal movement was in direct violation of both verbal and written orders. When his rashness and disobedience ended in the total destruction of his command, General Terry withheld the fact of the disobeyed orders and suffered an imputation hurtful to his military reputation to rest upon himself, rather than subject a brave but indiscreet subordinate to a charge of disobedience.

When called to account for the accusation which he made against one dead soldier at the Christian burial of another, Dr. Munger gave Colonel R. P. Hughes of the army, a brother-in-law of General Terry and for a long time his aide-de-camp, as authority for his defamatory assertion.

Colonel Hughes denies having authorized Dr. Munger to make the statement, though he admits he was the source of Dr. Munger's information. Called upon more than once, he fails to produce or specify any orders disobeyed by Custer. Indeed there can be no such orders. It is not credible that Terry issued orders which have never been produced by him or any one else, and that these phantom orders if obeyed would have prevented the Custer massacre. Terry was a strict and careful soldier. It was his duty to file with higher authority all the orders he issued in the case, and his orders have passed in due course to their places in the public records, and have been discussed above. Custer disobeyed none of them.

Returning to the conference plan of operations, it must be noted that, like the general plan of campaign, it was based upon a misconception of the enemy's strength. It required that a well-armed, wary, and vigilant enemy of unknown strength, some ninety miles away in a country well known to him but unknown to us, should be approached by two columns, the enemy, as it turned out, exceeding in numbers the two columns combined. Even if Custer had gone quite to the south and had not attacked, the plan put it in the power of the enemy to defeat at least one of the columns as he had defeated Crook. Custer no doubt thought if he was strong enough to go to the south and wait to be attacked, he was strong enough to make the attack, and Terry's instructions left the matter to his judgment.

Terry stated in his report that he believed his plan might have resulted in a "waiting fight" through which the column first engaging the enemy might hold him until the other came up, the implication being that advantage from a "waiting fight" was lost through Custer's action. The truth is that a "waiting fight" is exactly what was secured, but there was no advantage

in it. Custer's command, south of the enemy, kept him engaged from the 25th until the evening of the 26th, when the column from the north approached. Then the Indians quietly slipped away without the northern column being able to detain or injure them.

Godfrey gives the details of Custer's three days' march and of the fight on the 25th and 26th. When the command was nearly in contact with the enemy Custer directed one company to guard the pack-train, sent three companies under Benteen to the south, no doubt in deference to Terry's advice to see that the Indians did not pass that way, ordered Reno with three companies to charge northward down the valley upon the enemy's flank, and with the rest of his force, some 250 men, galloped down the river about three miles to attack in front. The result is known. It is not bad tactics to throw a part of the attacking force upon the exposed flank of the enemy, and support it by a front attack with the other part, and that is what Custer did. To "support" the flanking force is not necessarily to follow it. Custer's "pursuit" to the field where he "caught" the Indians was rapid, but his defeat is not to be attributed to fatigue of horses or men. The offensive is often more fatiguing than the defensive, but the loss of a battle is seldom, if ever, due to the fatigue of the attacking force.

During the Indian outbreak at Pine Ridge Agency, 1890, a battalion of the 9th Cavalry, under Colonel Henry, accompanied by a section of Light Battery E, 1st Artillery, marched as follows: December 24, between 2.30 P.M. and 3.30 next morning fifty miles and six miles further after daylight; scouted actively on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, made forty-four miles on the 28th, and starting at 9.30 A.M. on the 29th made ninety-six miles before 4 P.M. on the 30th; was all the time ready for battle, had a skirmish, and marched six miles after the skirmish, making 102 miles in thirty hours.[1]

The part taken by the companies under Reno proved that Custer's force was not too tired to go into the fight and maintain it until the evening of the 26th. The command was probably no more fatigued than cavalry usually is when it attacks in a vigorous pursuit.

Having marched leisurely from Fort Lincoln on the Missouri to the Rosebud on the Yellowstone, the men and horses were well seasoned but not worn, and Reno has stated that when the regiment moved out on the 22d of June "the men and officers were cheerful," the "*horses were in best condition.*" After Custer "caught" the Indians, their "escape," against which he was warned in Terry's written instructions, could be prevented only by attack. The trouble was their strength was underestimated. Terry reported July 2: "He [Custer] expressed the utmost confidence he had all the force he could need, *and I shared his confidence.*" Believing, as he and Sheridan and Terry did, that he was strong enough for victory, if Custer had not attacked, and the Indians had moved away, as they did when Gibbon's column approached on the 26th, Custer would have been condemned, perhaps disgraced. With his six hundred troopers he could not *herd* the Indians, nor, in that vast, wild, and difficult region, with which they were familiar and of which we were ignorant, could he by going further to his left, "south," drive them against Gibbon's column. His fight was forced by the situation. Believing, as Custer and his superiors did, that his 600 troopers were opposed by only 500, or at most 800 warriors, his attack shows neither desperation nor rashness. General Sherman said that when Custer found himself in presence of the Indians he could do nothing but attack.[2]

In relation to Reno's part, it is proper to state that General Sherman, in his official report, 1876, commends "the brave and prudent conduct of Major Reno," and in 1879 a Court of Inquiry was convened at Reno's request to examine into his conduct in the battle. The court was created by the President and he approved its findings. It reported the facts as it found them, and said "the conduct of the officers throughout was excellent, and while subordinates in some instances did more for the safety of the command by brilliant displays of courage than did Major Reno, there was nothing in his conduct which requires animadversion from this court." Conceding to Reno the right to the benefit of these indorsements, there are some facts which should be noted.

"About the same time that Reno's command was crossing the river in retreat" after it had been engaged only "half an hour or forty-five minutes in all," says the Reno Court of Inquiry, Benteen approached.

His three companies doubled Reno's force, giving him six companies, whereas Custer had only five. Another company with the pack-train arrived a little later. Custer's need of men and ammunition was shown by his last order which Benteen received before joining Reno. "Come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring pack." Under the circumstances Reno might well have treated this order as applying to him as well as to Benteen. As soon as the Indians had driven him back they concentrated upon Custer.

"During a long time" after Benteen joined Reno, says Godfrey, Custer's firing was heard, showing that his five companies were hotly engaged with the opposing force, which Reno had found too strong. If Reno had marched then with his six companies to the sound of Custer's carbines, it would have been conduct to commend, and might have enabled Custer to extricate the command. When he did move out it was too late; Custer's men had been killed, and the enemy was able to oppose Reno with his whole force and drive him back and invest him in his place of refuge.

Crook's and Terry's columns having been defeated, they were heavily reinforced; and on the 30th of July a staff officer from Chicago arrived at Terry's camp with orders for Terry and Crook to unite. After their junction — August 10 — there was much marching, but no fighting. The enemy could not be "caught."

James B. Fry.

[1] Lieutenant A. W. Perry, in the Journal of U. S. Cavalry Association.

[2] NEW YORK CITY, May 11, 1891. DEAR FRY: In reply to your note I cannot recall the whole conversation between General Sherman and myself. I remember distinctly that I was much distressed and greatly excited. The conversation took place not long after Custer's defeat. I condemned everything and everybody, and doubt not I spoke only words of passion without judgment. I think I said that Custer's command was in no condition to fight when he made the attack. To this, or something like it, Sherman said when Custer found himself in the presence of the Indians, he could do nothing but attack.

Very truly, etc., T. L. CRITTENDEN.

The only son of the gallant Union general who wrote the above note fell upon the field with Custer.

GOUNOD IN ITALY AND GERMANY.

REMINISCENCES OF A PENSIONNAIRE OF THE ACADEMY OF FRANCE.

By Charles François Gounod.

IN 1839 I won the Grand Prix for musical composition at the Institute of France. As a consequence, it was my privilege to occupy chambers for the ensuing two years in the palace of the Villa Medici at Rome. I was at that time twenty-one years of age. Fate gave me as fellow-prizemen in other departments the painter Hébert, the architect Lefuel, the sculptor Gruyère, and the medalist engraver Vauthier. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 5th of December, Lefuel, Vauthier, and I entered the mail-coach in the court of the old Paris Hôtel-des-Postes, in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Our first stopping-place was Lyons; thence we descended the Rhone via Avignon and Arles to Marseilles. At this point we took a vettura, which was to convey us to the end of our journey.

What memories that word "vettura" suggests to my mind! Poor old, broken-down trap, now crowded out of existence by the puffing of the steam-engine and the giddy dash of iron wheels! How it allowed you to stop, admire, and gaze at your ease on all those views through which or under which the screaming locomotive now transports you as a mere piece of luggage, projecting you through space with all the fury of a mortar-shell! The vettura bore you along tenderly, step by step, as it were, from one charming landscape to another; while this mortar-shell on rails picks you up fast asleep under the gray sky of Paris, and shoots you forth, waking, into the atmosphere of the Orient, without mental transition or change of temperature; roughly, like a bale of merchandise, or an invoice of fish sent by express, with the idea only that it should get to market fresh.

If Progress, that pitiless conqueror, would at least spare the life of the vanquished! But no, the vettura is no more! I bless it for having existed, for it allowed me to enjoy in every detail that admirable Corniche Road, which prepares the traveler so thoroughly for the climate and picturesque beauties of Italy, by unfolding to his gaze a series of enchanting sights — Monaco, Mentone, Sestri, Genoa, Spezia, leading up to Pisa, Lucca, Siena, Perugia, and Florence — that progressive and ever-varying exposition of nature which explains the masters, masters who themselves in turn show you how to study nature. For nearly two months we were tasting and enjoying all this at our ease, and on the 27th of January, 1840, we made our entry into Rome, which was to become our residence, our school, and the scene of our initiation into the grand and stern beauties of nature and of art.

M. Ingres, whom my father had known when he was young, was at that time the director of the French Conservatory at Rome. On entering his salon, we found that he had been informed of our arrival, and was there to give us a cordial welcome. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: "You are Gounod, I am sure! How very like your father!" and he talked of my father, of his talent as a draftsman, his character, the charm of his wit and conversation, in terms that made me proud, coming from the lips of an artist of his high repute, and that furnished the most genial welcome to a new-comer. We were installed at once in our chambers, and at dinner-time were made acquainted with all our colleagues gathered at the common board in that famous hall, which was hung with portraits of all the pensionnaires that had preceded us since the foundation of the Academy.

I must confess that Rome did not at first correspond to the dreams my fancy had conceived. I was still too young in years, and especially in character, to lay hold of and to take in at first glance the deep signification of that great and austere city, which struck me as cold, dry, cheerless, and gloomy, and which speaks with a voice so low that it can be heard only by ears trained to silence and solemn contemplation. Rome is itself so many things, and those things are wrapped in such profound calm, in such quiet and serene majesty, that it is impossible at once even to suspect its marvelous whole, and the inexhaustible store of its many-sided wealth. Its past like its present, its present like its future destiny make it the capital, not of a country, but of humanity. Any one who has lived there long knows this well; and whatever nation claims our loyalty, or whatever tongue is ours, Rome speaks a language so universal that it is impossible to turn our back upon it with-

out feeling that we are turning away from our native land.

That first impression of austerity threw me into a profound melancholy, and a very slight occasion would have been sufficient to put me back on the road to France and to my mother's fireside. However, little by little, every day contributed its sedative effect. I set to work, and among the musical ideas which marked the début of my existence as a pensionnaire I count two songs that have long remained unknown—the "Vallon" and the "Soir." Both of them were composed on verses by Lamartine, and the dreamy and contemplative accent of the music was in perfect accord with my feelings at the time. I wrote them a few days apart and soon after my arrival at the Villa Medici.

Some six weeks elapsed before my sadness took its flight, and I grew accustomed to the town, which had impressed me like a desert. Its very silence now began to charm me, to be in itself a blessing, and I found peculiar pleasure in visiting the Forum, the ruins on the Palatine, the Colosseum, and all those other remains of greatness and power now gone, over which has been extended for ages the august and peaceful crook of the Shepherd of Nations.

My stay was begun under most favorable auspices. M. Ingres had taken a fancy to me. He was passionately fond of music, of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; Gluck especially, by the nobility and the pathos of his style, seemed to him a Greek, a descendant of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. M. Ingres played on the violin. He was not a great proficient, still less a virtuoso; but he had in his youth belonged to the orchestra in the theater of Montauban, his native town, where he had taken part in the performance of Gluck's operas. I had read and studied the works of Gluck; as for Mozart's "Don Juan," I knew it by heart, and although I was not a pianist, I made a respectable enough show to be able to please M. Ingres with the remembrance of that score, which he adored. I knew likewise from memory the symphonies of Beethoven, greatly admired by him. We often spent together a portion of the night in this familiar association with the great masters, and in a short time I was wholly secure in his friendship. That was a genuine piece of good fortune for me. I owe more than I could ever express to the contact with such a solid mind, inflexible as he was in his fervent conception of the beautiful, simple and naïf as a child, and so wrongly and narrowly judged by those who did not know him well, although he was so transparent and easy to know. He was persuasive in his faith, because he allowed himself to be carried away by it even to enthusiasm and eloquence; sincerely humble and small in the presence of masters, but dignified and proud in the presence of self-assertion and the arrogance of fools; paternal to all the pensionnaires, whom he looked on as his children, and whose rank he maintained with jealous affection in the midst of the visitors of whatever category who were admitted to his drawing-rooms. Such was the great and noble artist by whose precious and fruitful instruction I was to have the good fortune to profit.

One must have associated freely with men of superior genius to comprehend how their conversation influences the development of our peculiar capacities by the lessons of their experience and the light shed by their general conclusions. M. Ingres let fall in my presence words, precepts, observations, aphorisms, which have given direction to my whole life. In giving me to understand what art is, he taught me more of my own art than numberless purely technical artists ever could have done; his ideas constantly revealed in him and awoke in his hearer the perception of the conditions and laws of beauty in art. It has been said, and many have mechanically repeated it, that he was exclusive; nothing is more false. I never saw any one admire more things than he, for the very reason that he saw better than any one where and why a thing is worthy of admiration. It is true that he was discreet. He understood how far enthusiasm lures young men to infatuation for certain personal traits of this or that master, without discernment or method; that those peculiarities which are the proper and distinctive characteristic of masters, their individual physiognomy by which they are recognized, as men recognize one another, are precisely the incommunicable properties of their nature; that, as a consequence, to be inclined to imitate them is but little short of plagiarism; and that, furthermore, such imitation tends to a fatal exaggeration of qualities which the imitator fashions into so many defects. That is M. Ingres's view, and the origin of the most unreasonable accusation against him on the score of exclusiveness and intolerance.

To show how sincere he was in modifying a first and superficial impression of prejudice, the following anecdote will suffice. I had just sung for him, for the first time, that admirable scene of *Charon* and the *Shades* in the "Alcestis," not by Gluck, but by Lulli. The first performance had produced in him an impression of stiffness, harshness, and uncouth roughness so painful that he exclaimed: "That is frightful! That is not music; it is iron." Being but a youth, I took good care not to oppose the impetuosity of a man for whom I entertained so high a regard; I waited for the tempest to pass by. Some time after, M. Ingres recurred to the impression made on him by that piece.

The impression seemed to me somewhat softened now, as he said: "Pray let us hear that scene by Lulli—*Charon* and the *Shades*. I should be glad to hear that again." I sang it anew, and this time, better acquainted, doubtless, with the primitive and rough style of this startling picture, he was struck with the irony and satire of *Charon's* language, and the power expressed by the lamentation of the wandering *Shades*, rejected from the Stygian bark because they were unprovided with the passage-money. Gradually he became so attached to the character of the scene that it came to be one of his favorite pieces, and he was constantly requesting me to repeat it. But his prevailing passion was Mozart's "Don Juan," over which we lingered occasionally till two o'clock in the morning, when Madame Ingres, tired out from loss of sleep, would feel obliged to close the piano to separate us, and pack us off to our respective beds.

My stay at Rome, which was my permanent and regular residence, was supplemented by authorized excursions to other parts of Italy. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by Naples at my first visit. The charming climate, which anticipates and suggests the sky of Greece; that bay, blue as sapphire, set in a circle of mountains and islands, whose slopes and peaks assume at sunset the ever-changing scale of magic hues which would defy the richest velvet or the most brilliant gems—all this produced the effect of a dream or a fairy tale. The environment of this wonderful scene—Vesuvius, Portici, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Castel-a-Mare, Sorrento, the islands of Capri and Ischia, Posilippo, and, farther off, Amalfi, Salerno, and, last of all, Pæstum, with its marvelous Doric temples bathed aforetime by the azure waves of the Mediterranean—all this seemed to me a vision indeed. It was the absolute reverse of Rome; I was at once in ecstasy. If to such seduction be added all the interest that attaches to a visit to the Museum of Naples, a unique storehouse of masterpieces of antique art, the greater part of which have been brought to light by the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the attractions that such a city must afford, and especially the pleasures that await the artist in such an environment as this, will be easily understood.

During my residence in Rome I had the good fortune to visit Naples on three distinct occasions, and among the most vivid and profound impressions which I bore away with me I give the first place to that wondrous island of Capri, all the more wild and charming by the contrast of its steep crags and its green slopes. I first visited Capri in summer; the sun shone brightly, diffusing a torrid warmth. During the day one was forced to shut himself up in a room or to plunge into the sea—an alternative which I often chose with delight. But what is difficult to portray is the glory of the nights in such a climate, and at such a season of the year. The heavens seemed literally palpitating with stars—a counterpart, as it were, of the sea, with waves of light vibrating along the infinite vault above. During the fortnight of my stay I often listened to the living silence of those phosphorescent evenings. I sat for hours on the top of some steep crag, scanning the horizon, occasionally watching large stones that I would start rolling down the almost perpendicular mountain, enjoying their crashing bounds to the sea, into which they would disappear with a cloud of spray and foam. From time to time a solitary bird passed over, uttering a plaintive note, leading my thoughts back to those fancied gulfs whose impression of terror has been so marvelously rendered by the genius of Weber in his immortal scene of "The Casting of the Bullets" in the opera of "Der Freyschütz."

It was on one of those nocturnal excursions that I had the first conception of the Walpurgisnacht in Goethe's "Faust." I had read that work at the age of twenty, and it never had left my mind. I bore it with me everywhere I went, and jotted down in scattered notes the different ideas which I imagined might serve me when the time should come to try this subject as an opera—an event not realized till seventeen years later.

But at length I was obliged to return to Rome and the Academy. However delightful and seductive a residence at Naples is, I have never lived there without feeling after a certain interval the need of going back to Rome. Something like homesickness now came over me, and without sorrow I withdrew from those scenes where I confess I had spent delicious hours. The fact is that Naples, with all its brilliancy and reputation, must be set down as a loud, vulgar, bustling, high-keyed town. From morning till night crowds push, scuffle, and quarrel on its wharves, where neither rest nor silence is known. Its normal state is one of contention. You are besieged, importuned, and beset on all sides by the untiring solicitations of porters, traffickers, hackmen, and boatmen, who would take violent possession of you if they could, competing with one another in cutting down their prices and fares.

Once more in Rome, I went to work. It was now the autumn of 1840. At this period it was customary for the musicians of the Conservatory to direct, each year by turn, the performance of a mass with orchestra specially composed for the fête of King Louis Philippe, to be celebrated on the 1st of May in the church of San Luigi de' Francesi. It fell to my lot to

write the mass to be performed in May, 1841. I composed and directed personally the performance of the piece, which gained for me the title for life of Honorary Maître de Chapelle. The more I prolonged my stay in Rome the more deeply I loved its mysterious charm, its incomparable peace. After the serrated, volcanic, and swelling lines of the Neapolitan crater, the placid, solemn, noiseless lines of the Roman Campagna, encircled with the Alban hills, the mountains of Latium and the Sabine district, the majestic Mons Januarius, Soracte, the hills of Viterbo, Monte Mario and the Janiculum, all impressed me with the calm, sweet air of an open cloister. One of my favorite positions in the environs of Rome was the village of Nemi, with its lake visible to the eye at the bottom of a vast crater surrounded with woods in admirable foliage. One of the most beautiful walks imaginable is around the lake by the upper road; a beautiful day, ending with such a sunset as I have witnessed there,—with a glimpse of the sea from the heights of Genzano,—leaves an enchanting and ineffaceable remembrance. Indeed, the environs of Rome abound in wonderful spots, which furnish the traveler and the tourist with an inexhaustible variety of impressions; such as Tivoli, Subiaco, Frascati, Albano, and a thousand other places so often explored by landscape-painters, not to speak of the Tiber, whose banks exhibit such noble and majestic outlines.

Among the wonders of art found only at Rome, it would be impossible in these reminiscences of my youth to pass over that work of indescribable beauty which shares with the Sistine Chapel the interest and glory of the Vatican. I mean those immortal paintings of Raphael grouped under the common designations of the Loggie and the Stanze. Two masterpieces, among so many others, due to the pencil of that unique artist, those inimitable works the "School of Athens" and the "Dispute of the Holy Sacrament," have carried so high the note of beauty that it would seem impossible ever to surpass them. And yet,—such is the irresistible privilege of genius,—that the man who never had his equal, whose name the centuries have placed on the summit of glory, was disturbed at the apparition of Michelangelo! He suffered the grasp of that Titan, he bowed under the crushing weight of that Colossus, and his last works bear traces of the homage he offered to the grandiose inspiration of that powerful genius, which exceeded human proportions. Raphael is the first, Michelangelo the only. In Raphael strength dilates and expands into grace; in Michelangelo grace, on the contrary, seems to discipline and conquer strength. Raphael charms you and allures you; Michelangelo fascinates you and overwhelms you. The one is the painter of the earthly paradise, the other seems to penetrate with an eagle's eye, like the prisoner of Patmos, into the very flaming dwelling-place of the seraphim and the archangels. One would say that those two evangelists of art had been put there beside each other in the fullness of esthetic time to the end that he who had received the gift of calm and perfect beauty should be a salutary protection against the dazzling splendors revealed to the singer of the Apocalypse.

In the month of April, 1841, M. Ingres left the Academy. His term as director had expired. He was replaced by M. Schnetz, a celebrated painter, who chiefly owed his success and his popularity to qualities of sentiment and expression. Under an easy and almost rustic exterior M. Schnetz veiled a refined and intelligent nature. He was very tall, of a dark, swarthy complexion, with black hair like an Italian's. His smile was very sweet, and his character had a charming gaiety. He was an excellent man. I spent my second and last year at Rome under his direction. M. Schnetz had a special fondness for Rome which was peculiarly favored by circumstances. He was for many years director of the Academy, and left there the very best impressions.

My stay was about to expire with the year 1841; but I felt unable to go away, and I continued there with the consent of the Director until my resources were exhausted and I was obliged to proceed to Germany to discharge the obligations of my third year, in order to draw the salary which I needed for my support. I shall not try to describe my sorrow when I was compelled to say farewell to the Academy, to my beloved companions, and to that Rome which had become a second home to me.

My companions bore me company as far as Ponte Molle (Pons Milvius), and after having embraced them, I got into the vettura which was to tear me away—yes, that is the word—from those dear years of the Promised Land. If I had been going direct to my poor mother and my excellent brother, the departure would have been less painful to me; but I was to live alone in a country where I knew no one, and of the language of which I was ignorant, and this prospect seemed to me cold and dark. As long as the highroad permitted, I kept my eyes fixed on the dome of St. Peter's—that "high place" of Rome, and center of the world; then the hills caught it away wholly from my sight and I surrendered myself, weeping bitterly, to my sad reflections.

On leaving Rome to proceed to Germany my route naturally led through Florence and the north of Italy, trending to the right by

Ferrara, Padua, Venice, and Trieste. I made a stop at Florence, but I will not undertake to present the inventory of its treasures. Florence, as well as Rome, throwing out of the account all attempt at comparison, is inexhaustible in works of art. The Uffizi, with its admirable Tribune, a true shrine of the beautiful, the Pitti, the Academy, the churches, the convents, are crowded with masterpieces. But there, too, in that delightful city of Florence, the scepter is in the grasp of Michelangelo, who dominates everything from the vantage-ground of that marvelous and striking Chapel of the Medici. There, as at Rome, his genius has left unique, sovereign, incomparable traces. Everybody knows this chapel by the admirable statues it contains, and which have been for years made common by copies or by photography. Wherever Michelangelo is found, he compels meditation. When he speaks, you feel that all must be silence; and that supreme authority of silence he has perhaps exercised nowhere with more power than in the terrible crypt of the Medici Chapel. What a prodigious conception is that of the "Pensiero," mute sentinel who seems to be watching over death and waiting motionless for the trumpet of Judgment! What repose and flexibility in that figure of "Night," or rather of Peace in Sleep, which forms the counterpart of that robust figure of "Day," lying there apparently chained until the dawn of the final Day of Days! By this profound feeling, and by the ideal, and at the same time natural, attitude, Michelangelo everywhere rises to that intensity of expression which is the peculiar mark of his powerful individuality. The amplitude of his style is as the channel wrought by the majestic river of his thought, and for this reason every imitation of his mere exterior is at once condemned as pompous and bombastic; he alone could fill and give life to the form peculiar to his own genius.

But I am on my way to Germany, whither time and money are urging me. I must slip rapidly over Florence and the noble associations that it leaves on my memory; I hasten through the waste of Ferrara; I stop at Padua a day or two to visit the beautiful frescos of Giotto and of Mantegna, and at last reach Venice.

Venice! Ah, that enchantress! She is the country of resplendent masters. Venice has thrown a sunny light over painting. She charms one's senses; and as a consequence her attraction is instantaneous. She intoxicates, but the intoxication that she excites is mingled (at least it has been so in my case) with an inexplicable melancholy, something like the sentiment of captivity. Is it the memory of those dark tragedies of which she has been the theater, and to which her very situation seems to have predestined her? It is perhaps so; although a long stay in that kind of amphibious necropolis does not seem to me possible without at last experiencing something of a smothered feeling, or falling into a state of mental depression. The sleeping waters whose gloomy silence bathes the feet of all the old palaces, that mournful shadow from the depths of which you seem to hear the groans of some illustrious victim, make Venice a kind of capital of Fear; she has preserved a sinister impression. And yet on a fair day what magic in that Grand Canal! How those lagoons flash as the waters seem transformed into life! What brilliancy in those remains of an antique splendor which seem to rival the beauty of their skies and to implore their aid against the gulf into which they are sinking farther and farther every day, to disappear at last forever!

If Rome possesses the Vatican and Florence the Chapel of the Medici, Venice has also her peerless treasure in the Church of St. Mark. Such a marvel cannot be described, it must have been seen to form an idea of it. The magnificence of those mosaics and of that gold whose dark iridescence streams down from the height of the cupola to the base is something absolutely unique in the world. I do not know anything to be compared with it in vigor of tone and power of effect. But I must bid farewell to Venice, and leave Italy at last. Shall I again see it some day? I hope so, God knows.

The steam-packet conveyed me to Trieste, where I at once took my seat in the diligence for Grätz. On the way I visited the curious and superb grottoes of stalactites at Adelberg, genuine subterranean cathedrals. I crossed the mountains of Carinthia, whose serrated outlines I perceived as we rode on. I arrived at Grätz, then went on to Olmütz, whence the railway transported me to Vienna, my first station in that Germany which I only expected to pass through in the greatest haste to shorten the exile which separated me from my mother's home.

Vienna is a stirring town. The people there seem almost more French than German, on account of the vivacity of their character. It is a spirited, easy-going, lively city. I knew nobody at Vienna, but a traveling companion had advised me to take board, if I could, in a private family. The occasion to carry out this advice soon presented itself. I went provisionally to a hotel, and one of the first things I did was to attend the theater, where I heard "The Magic Flute" of Mozart. The orchestra was directed by Otto Nicolai; I got permission to be presented to him. He gave me a very cordial reception, and at once put me into relations with the artists of the theater and the

orchestra. That was the first time that I had ever listened to that adorable score of "The Magic Flute." I was in raptures. The execution was superior, the part of the *Queen of Night* was admirably rendered by a cantatrice of very great talent, Mme. Hasselt-Barth; that of the High Priest, *Sarastro*, was sung by Staudigl, an artist of great reputation, with an admirable voice, which he controlled with great method and style. The other parts were all rendered with great pains, and I remember still the charming voices of the three lads who took the parts of the three genii.

Thanks to the acquaintance which I had just made with Nicolai, I felt no longer isolated at Vienna, and recovered my good spirits. Nicolai presented me to several artists of the orchestra; among others to a cornetist whose name was Lévy, the father of Richard Lévy, who was then a child of fourteen years, and who since then has held at the Vienna Opera the position of his father. Lévy made me promise to come to see him, and I received a most cordial welcome from the whole family. There were in the house three other children: the eldest, Carl Lévy, was a pianist of a good deal of talent and a distinguished composer; the second, Gustave, is to-day a publisher of music in Vienna; and the daughter, Mélanie, a charming person, is married to the harpist Parish Alwars.

After some weeks of residence I became acquainted with Count Stockhammer, President of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna, who gave me the opportunity of bringing out in the Church of St. Charles the mass that I had directed at Rome the year before on the occasion of the fête of King Louis Philippe. This execution was well received, and Count Stockhammer immediately proposed to me the composition of a requiem mass to be performed on All Souls' Day, in the same Church of St. Charles. Although it was then the 14th of September, and there were only six weeks to the 2d of November, I accepted resolutely, and went to work. I worked day and night, and was ready at the appointed moment. A single rehearsal was sufficient—thanks to the generality of musical education which is found in Germany only, and which is very agreeable to meet. I was especially astonished at the facility with which the boys of the schools read music at sight; they all read it as fluently as if it had been their mother tongue. As a consequence the execution of the choruses was perfect. I had among the soloists a superb basso Draxler by name, who was then quite young and shared with Staudigl the position of first basso at the theater. Since then Staudigl has died insane, they say; and Draxler, who replaced him, was still at the theater twenty-five years afterward, in 1868, when I returned to Vienna to bring out my opera of "Romeo and Juliet."

Some time before the performance of my requiem, Nicolai had put me in relations with an eminent composer named Becker, who devoted himself exclusively to chamber-concert music. At his house every week a quartet gathered, one of whom, the first violinist, Holz by name, had known Beethoven intimately, a circumstance which, aside from his talent, rendered his acquaintance very interesting. In addition, Becker was perhaps the most popular musical critic at this time in all Germany. He came to hear my requiem, and he made a very favorable report of it, which was encouraging to a young man of my age. He said, among other things, that this work, while it was that of a young artist who was still seeking his path and his style, revealed a breadth of conception that had become very rare in his day. This great labor that I had accomplished in a few weeks had exhausted me to such a degree that I fell ill with a very serious inflammation of the lungs and abscess in the throat. I did not wish to inform my mother of my state, fearing to alarm her, but I acquainted one of my friends in Paris with my situation. This friend, Alexandre Desgoffe, a landscape-painter of noble and severe style, was the pupil and friend of M. Ingres. I had met him on my first arrival in Rome, at the French Conservatory, where with his wife and daughter he occupied an apartment placed at his disposal by M. Ingres. I was not long in finding in this excellent family such cordiality as made me feel at once at home, and a lasting friendship was the result. Desgoffe was a man of rare nature, deep-hearted, devoted in his attachments, simple and transparent as a child, faithful and generous to the last degree. As soon as he learned that I was ill in Vienna, without a moment's hesitation he left his wife and daughter, laid aside the paintings he was preparing for the Salon, and set out to take his place by my side. At that period it required some five or six days to go from Paris to Vienna. It was the month of December, and the journey, naturally disagreeable at that season, was made far more so by a serious illness that attacked my poor friend on the way. As a consequence, he reached Vienna in a situation demanding a doctor's care for himself. Notwithstanding, he spent twenty-two days with me, sleeping on the floor on a mattress, with one eye open, watching with the solicitude of a mother my every motion, and refused to leave me to return to Paris until the physician had assured him of my complete convalescence. Such friendship is not often met with, and in this respect Providence has crowned my life, as I shall often have occasion to acknowledge.

Nevertheless the success of my requiem had modified all my plans, deciding me to prolong my stay at Vienna. Count Stockhammer gave me a new order in the name of the Philharmonic Society. The proposition was to write a vocal mass, without accompaniment, designed to be performed during Lent, in the same Church of St. Charles, my patron saint. I took good care not to let slip this fresh opportunity, first of keeping myself in training, and also of hearing my own pieces rendered—a thing of such rare importance to me at the outset of my career. It was my second and final work at Vienna, whence I set out soon after for Berlin, making but a short stop in Prague and Dresden. I was, however, unwilling to leave Dresden without having visited the admirable museum, in which, among other masterpieces, are found the celebrated "Madonna" by Holbein and the marvelous "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael.

On my arrival at Berlin, my first call was on a person I had become acquainted with in Rome. This was Mme. Hensel, sister of the illustrious composer Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and wife of M. Hensel, at that time painter to the King of Prussia. Mme. Hensel was an extraordinary musician, a remarkable pianist, a woman of superior ability, slender in form, petite in stature, but possessed of an energy which could be seen in her penetrating glance and the flash of her eye. She was, furthermore, endowed with rare faculties as a composer, and to her are due several of the "Songs without Words" which are found published in a work on the piano under her brother's name. Mme. Hensel had resided in Rome with her husband during the winter of 1841, and often came to the soirées of the Academy, where I frequently had the opportunity and the pleasure of hearing her. She knew by heart the music of the masters, and, thanks to her prodigious memory, it was an advantage as well as a treat to listen to her interpretation of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and her brother—Mendelssohn.

I therefore lost no time in calling on her, as in fact she had made me promise to do; but some three weeks subsequently I again fell ill, at the very moment I had written my mother that I was preparing to return home, after a separation of three years and a half. Mme. Hensel at once sent me her physician, and to him I addressed the following ultimatum:

"Sir: My mother in Paris is expecting my return, and is at this instant counting the hours. If she knows I am detained by illness, she will start for Berlin, and may go mad on the way. She is advanced in years. I must give her a reason for my delay; but it must be brief. I give you a fortnight to put me into the ground or on my feet again."

"Well," said the doctor, "if you are resolved to follow my prescriptions, you will be off in a fortnight."

And he kept his word; the fourteenth day I was *hors d'affaire*, and forty-eight hours later I found myself on the road to Leipsic, where Mendelssohn resided, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his sister.

Mendelssohn received me admirably. I use this word purposely to characterize the condescension with which a man of his powers welcomed the child who in his eyes could be but a school-boy. During the four days I spent at Leipsic, I may indeed say that Mendelssohn gave me his whole time. He questioned me about my studies and my works with the deepest and most sincere interest. He expressed a desire to hear on the piano my latest effort, and I received from him precious words of approval and encouragement. I shall mention but one, which has made me too proud ever to forget it. I had just rendered the "Dies Iræ" of my Vienna requiem. He placed his hand on a part consisting of five solo voices, without accompaniment, saying, "*Mon ami*, that might be signed Cherubini!" Such words are genuine decorations, coming from such a master, and are worn with greater pride than many a ribbon.

Mendelssohn was the director of the Gewandhaus. The orchestra did not meet at that time, the concert season having expired. He had the thoughtfulness to call it together for me, and allowed me to hear his beautiful Scotch symphony in A minor. He made me a present of the score, with a friendly word of dedication written with his own hand. Alas! the untimely death of that noble genius was soon to transform the souvenir he had left me into a precious relic. His death was followed, six months later, by that of the charming sister to whom I owed the honor of this acquaintance.

Mendelssohn did not limit his polite attentions to that convocation of the Gewandhaus orchestra. He was an organist of the first order, and wished to make me acquainted with several of the admirable compositions written by the great Sebastian Bach for the instrument over which he reigned supreme. To this end he had examined and put in order the old St. Thomas organ, on which Bach himself had played, and for more than two hours he revealed marvels of which I had never dreamed; then, to crown all, he presented me with a collection of motets by Bach, for whom he felt a religious veneration, in whose school he had been educated from childhood, and whose grand oratorio of "The Passion according to St. Matthew" he had directed and accompanied, from memory, at the age of fourteen!

Such was the extraordinary kindness I received from this delightful man, this great artist, this astonishing musician, taken away in the flower of his life—at thirty-eight—from the center of admiration which he had won, and from the masterpieces which he would have written had his life been prolonged. But strange destiny of genius—even the most attractive! These exquisite works, now the delight of those who attend the Conservatory, required the death of the composer to give them favor in the ears of those who once rejected them.

After my visit to Mendelssohn, I had but one thought, and that was to get back to Paris as soon as possible. I left Leipsic the 18th of May, 1843. I changed carriages seventeen times on the way, and out of six nights I spent four traveling, and finally, on May 25, I reached Paris, where a new life was about to open to me. My brother met me on the arrival of the diligence, and we both bent our footsteps at once in the direction of that dear house where I was to find again, and to which I was to bring back, so much joy.

Charles François Gounod.

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

TO approach the Jewish question is to be confronted with every great question of the day—social, political, financial, humanitarian, national, and religious. Each phase should be treated by an expert and specialist, for in each lies a deep, urgent, practical problem which requires the wisest and most skilled handling; but however discussed or dealt with, there is one point of view which should never be lost sight of—namely, the point of view of humanity. All other standpoints must be merged or held in abeyance. First and foremost we must be human if we would raise our voice on so human a theme, involving the lives and destinies of so many unhappy human beings. It is a sorry spectacle that the world presents at the end of our emancipated nineteenth century—hundreds and thousands of our fellow creatures, men, women, and innocent children, driven from their homes, helpless, destitute, and distracted, flying where? whither? No one knows, for in turn each nation threatens to shut them out as outcasts and pariahs. Who, then, are these alien wretches, with speech unlike our own, with ways and customs peculiar to themselves, and what is their crime? we ask. There are those who will tell us that they are usurers, eating the flesh and grinding the faces of the poor; others will say that they are traitors, plotting against their sovereign rulers; others will call them enemies of the Christ; and again others will lay at their door nameless cruel charges of ignorant fanaticism. Their crime is legion, and yet one word sums it up—they are Jews. "Hep! Hep!" It is an old battle-cry, old as Christendom, but it rings to-day fresh from the nations. Russia leads with brute violence, sweeping them from the soil; Germany follows with lofty phrases, pulpit and paper warfare; even liberal France takes the alarm, and occasionally a small British voice pipes in the chorus: "Christians, beware! The Jew is richer, is sharper, than you. Look to your interest and your purse. Royalty is at his feet, the stock exchange belongs to him, and the press is his organ."

But in justice to humanity let us hasten to add that there is another side. In all the countries we have named, Russia perhaps alone excepted, all earnest and right-minded Christians, no less than Jews, are aghast at the sinister revelations, and are doing what they can to stem the current and to enter their protest against so barbarous a reaction. But this new outbreak of hatred and antagonism, after centuries of progress and enlightenment, is a phenomenon so startling that it calls for examination more searching, and deeper comprehension, than it generally receives. Whether the tragic history of the Jews redounds more to their glory and martyrdom than to the honor of the Christians is not the point which will throw any special light upon the subject just now, but both Jews and Christians alike—whoever studies with impartiality the annals of the past—must be struck with the ever-recurring features, the mask, of this ugly monster of persecution, grown so familiar through the ages. History seems to move backward or in a circle; here are the same grievances as in the days of the Cæsars, the same jealous mistrust and animosity, the same cruel and exaggerated retribution. The classic writers of pagan antiquity are full of the most scornful and contemptuous references. A fair-minded writer of to-day[1] says of the Jew:

[1] Harold Frederic, in the "Times" of October 12.

Even his virtues are of the unsympathetic sort. Temperate, uniformly chaste and industrious, a faithful husband and marvelously good father, a peaceful and law-abiding citizen in whatever country he may be, yet no one wants him as a settler; and the miseries of the Russian Jew had to mount up in the scale until they suggested the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition before the world really took much interest.

To seek for the origin and explanation of so radical an incompatibility would be well-nigh a hopeless task; but much more useful and important would be to draw what lesson we could for the future which would help toward the solution, however distant, of so complicated and grievous a problem. Of all the schemes of colonization the one that appeals most to the imagination is the return to Palestine. On the spot where they once were a great nation, and amid surroundings that seem better suited to their traditions and highest destiny than our Western conditions, they might again put forth some great spiritual idea — some new blossoming of the genius which is surely theirs. But the object of the present study is not to offer any suggestion or panacea, but rather, if possible, to lift the subject upon a broader plane, to rise for the moment above the human drama of strife and suffering which is being enacted, into the region of pure ideas and principles,— for it is here that the warfare of Israel is truly accomplished,— and to discover, if we may, the spiritual facts and forces that are at play, the ultimate result to which they point, and the working of divine and eternal truth through so much human error and sacrifice.

And in endeavoring to do this it is to the Jews rather than to the Christians that we would address ourselves — to the advanced and liberated Jews of Europe and America; for it is with them that a great responsibility rests and a great opportunity. Thoroughly aroused to the material exigencies of the situation, collectively and individually giving their best energies, spending their money like water, the reproach can never be brought against the Jew that he has failed to respond to the cry of his brother in distress, or that prosperity has made him forget the endless adversity of his race. But in providing a home for his hapless comrade, in crowding him into the overcrowded ranks of the toiling masses, and initiating him into the fierce struggle of modern selfishness, has he done all his duty? Or even in holding out the hand of religious fellowship, and helping him to the full and free exercise of the immemorial customs and traditions of his race, is the free, untrammeled Israelite doing the best and the highest that his advantages and opportunities can suggest for this belated newcomer, who emerges, as it were, out of the middle ages into the bright light of a new day, and the broad rushing stream of Western ideas? And in order to answer these questions we must endeavor, if possible, clearly to understand the true status of the Jew in modern civilization: the moral and material conditions under which he is allowed to advance; the ideals and aims which he sets for himself — in other words, the true import and content of modern Judaism under its most favorable circumstances and environment. Broadly speaking, we come upon three classes of Jews in the community, sometimes sharply defined and again merging into one another. First, there is the remnant of orthodox Jews, mostly of Spanish and Portuguese descent, but with greatly enlarged contingent now of Russian and Polish immigration, who cling without shadow of turning to the primeval faith, strictly observing the rigid form of the Sabbath, the whole dietary régime, every text of the law, every feast and every fast that commemorates a religious or a national event. If we go into the most modern of their synagogues we shall find it exactly as in the ancient days, the entrance always facing the east; the reader's desk in the middle, with its tall candlesticks; the perpetual lamp burning before the tabernacle where the scrolls of the law are contained, wrapped in their silken mantles and overtopped with their silvery tinkling bells; the men and women seated apart, the women in their upper gallery, the men with covered head, and over their shoulders the white and blue-bordered silken scarfs, with fringes knotted according to custom to represent the Hebrew characters of the law; the service entirely in Hebrew, chanted by the reader with response by the congregation, and occasionally a chorus of male voices. No need to question these venerable believers. Their faith is as old as Moses, and their code, the one he formulated four thousand years ago, elaborated into a system more complete than anything that has ever been devised, a subtle interweaving of precept and practice so that every action of the life is regulated according to some Levitical command, and every command is externalized into some outward fact and observance. In the eyes of such conformists Judaism is a sacred trust, at once national, religious, and ancestral, to be handed down intact from generation to generation, and the Jews are a special, consecrated race, favored and chosen of God to be the bearers of this Word unto men.

Breaking away from this extreme formalism, with its excessive and difficult minutiæ, we find the second class — the reform Jews, who constitute an always increasing body, being constantly recruited from the orthodox ranks. Still following the traditions observing

the seventh day as the Sabbath, the solemn fast, and all the great holidays, they have generally emancipated themselves from much of the ceremonial law, especially the dietary restrictions, and the whole code and practice of life have more scope and freedom. In the synagogue—or temple, as they prefer to call it—the service is still for the most part in Hebrew; but there is an organ and a choir, and men and women sit together, the men with uncovered heads. Here again the principles are not difficult to define, although somewhat less stable and consistent, and opening the way to the third class, which reveals elements more complex and anomalous, and horizons infinitely larger but more vague. And in regard to this third class we cannot do better than freely quote from the pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"[1] by Leroy Beaulieu, whose masterly and comprehensive survey of the whole subject has nowhere been equaled. Rejecting, he says, as effete and outworn, the legal and ritualistic tradition, the Jews of this class fasten upon the race tradition, the Messianic hope, and belief in the destiny of Israel again to give a religion to the world, "but this time a religion without inconvenient customs, or unreasonable dogma, without miracles or any mysteries." In this case, however, so radical and complete is the separation from their orthodox coreligionists that the very corner-stone of the one becomes the stumbling-block in the eyes of the others, the obstacle which in all ages has prevented Judaism from arriving at its legitimate and universal supremacy. "Break your chains," say these disciples of progress. "Proclaim the Unity of God, the sanctity of the moral law, and you have a faith at once human and divine, both large and simple enough to satisfy all mankind." A beautiful dream, says Leroy Beaulieu, and entirely characteristic of the race. But will it truly satisfy any one, above all their brethren the Jews themselves, who look upon their very existence as conditioned upon precisely the things they are asked to give up? Without rites, without dogma and formal cult, can they have a religion at all? he asks; can they have Judaism, at all events? What remains when all outward form and semblance has departed from that which was built and buttressed upon outward form? What substance, what essence, is left of the Judaic idea, save an abstract and far-away deism, or a humanitarianism more delusive still, leading down the banal sliding-scale of unbelief?

Such a question is fully justified when we see foremost among the ranks of agnosticism, skepticism, and materialism so large a preponderance of Jews that this too is brought in reproach against them. For there is no more noteworthy and singular fact in the whole history of this singular people than the constant and uniform recurrence of the two opposite types—the extremes of idealism and materialism which the race presents. While their whole existence and survival are based upon a spiritual idea, there is no people whose kingdom is so absolutely of this world, and who are so prone, so apt, so eager, to take advantage of all its opportunities.

In the face of all these contradictions, where then shall we find the rallying-point, where the real unity, the central sun which shall illumine not Judaism alone, but all mankind? Not for an instant do we doubt that each of the sects we have described has vitality enough to survive for long years to come; but it can survive only as a sect, with all the limitations and disabilities that the name involves. And the world is breaking free from these narrow lines. Everywhere there are signs of a spiritual awakening and expansion which every religion must meet and fulfil or be found wanting. Even science leads now to the portals of "The Unknown God." Christianity is undergoing a profound modification, and a divine spark still lingers in Judaism.

But in order to kindle this into a flame a deeper current is needed, a more glowing impulse, and that quickening breath of the spirit which does not seem to animate modern Jewish life and thought. It is not enough to rehearse the glories of the past, nor to point to names, distinguished though they be in the world of to-day. The need of Israel in the present and its true greatness in the past consist in spiritual leadership. Above the inert mass, the dull crowd of Pharisees and Scribes dwelling within the lifeless body of the law, have arisen the divinely gifted men, the prophets and seers of the world, who saw God and spoke face to face with him. From Abraham to St. Paul they were men who threw off the idolatries and superstitions of the times, the bondage of the letter, and proclaimed the inner not the outer law, the spirit not the form. For they knew the Presence; "the burden of the valley of vision" lay upon them. And this is the lack with the Judaism of our day—the inward living voice, the heaven-sent message. Loyal to the word, to the faith and God of their fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they have nailed the law upon the door-posts, and bound it as a sign upon the brow and hands, and fringed their garments with it. More than this, they have kept the commandments and preserved themselves a pure and moral race. But even as a man may bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and give his body to be burned, and yet may not have charity, so a man may keep the law and the commandments and give his body to be burned and yet not have religion.

[1] For February 15, May 1, and July 15.

Who is blind but my servant? or deaf as my messenger that I sent? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?

Seeing many things, but thou observest not; opening the ears, but he heareth not.

For religion is not alone a doing, but a being, a quality of soul, a motive power and principle. It is the hidden force which binds the seen to the unseen, the finite to the infinite, the human to the divine; which solves and fuses the whole nature of man, lifting him beyond the boundaries of time and space, the illusions of matter and sense, into the realm of true and imperishable being. To enter this realm it is not necessary to pass away from earth, but simply to be freed from earthly considerations and limitations, to rise above earthly prizes and rewards, and to come into spiritual possession; for this is the kingdom of heaven, although we may be still upon earth, we may suffer, and even fall into sin. But, dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death, we may yet see light and life.

Deep in the heart of Judaism is enshrined a sacred, an immortal word — duty — which makes of man a moral being and links him to the moral source of the universe. Deep in the heart of Christianity is enshrined a sacred and immortal word — love — which makes of man a spiritual being and links him to the divine source of all life. Humanity needs both these words in order to become the perfect creation it was meant to be. The one gives the conscience, the other the heart of mankind; the one is the masculine, the other the feminine element of the world. Judaism gives the Ten Commandments, and Christianity the Beatitudes. But only the two together can yield the perfect ideal — the love that is simply the highest duty, and duty that is lost in love. And, in order to come into this closer, higher union, into the faith which makes humanity whole, and not a thing of parts, and the truth which makes men free, fixed and formal codes must disappear; the outer framework of history and theology must fall away, and spirit be left free to seek spirit. Then, and then only, will life have its whole meaning, as part of a larger life whose beginning and end are hidden from mortal vision. Religion will have its full sway, and yet there will be none who persecute, and none who are persecuted, "for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Josephus.

THE CLOUD-MAIDEN.

SHE folds about her shining form
The azure mantle of the skies,
And sendeth earthward, kind and warm,
The gentle lightnings of her eyes.

She drifts in gold and azure furled,
This sweet, mad demon of the air;
Her love the kindliest in God's world,
But when she hates, her hate beware.

She floats at heaven's gates when dawn
Spills in the east his rosy fires,
She comes at eve when day is gone,
Reviving all his dead desires.

All essences came to her birth,
The dews that drop, the airs that run.
She is the offspring of the earth,
The daughter of the flaming sun.

She is most kind to everything,
The thirsty grasses, buds, and flowers;
And to the poet's heart doth bring
Thought-blossoms from her skyey bowers.

The spirits of the upper space,
The swart, black genies 'neath the sea,
All for the glamour of her face
Are hers through all eternity.

They love, they hate, they wake, they sleep
Just as she waves her shining hands;
Just as she wills the deepest deep
Is stirred to do her heart's commands.

But when her mad, weird mood comes on
Her demons all go mad with her,
They shout the churning seas upon
And wrap the heavens in a blur.

She trails, a ragged witch in gray,
Across the heaven's wind-blown bars,
And in her ashen folds away
She hides the shuddering moon and stars.

And when she winds her ebon cloak
And leaps red leven from her eyes,
She rends the century-ringéd oak
And laughs in thunder as it lies.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE ALLIGATOR HUNTERS OF LOUISIANA.

IN THE LAGOONS OF THE TIDEWATER WILDERNESS.

MORE than thirty years ago information was brought from France to Louisiana to the effect that a large demand for the skins of alligators had sprung up in Paris. Occasional attempts to utilize this material had been made since the commencement of the century, but the alligator-hide industry had not materially advanced up to a date measured back by three decades.

The demand noted must have been inspired by some new application of the product in question. Whatever its cause, it proved to have been but a passing fancy among the Crispins of the French capital. It suddenly died out after a few thousand hides had been shipped from Louisiana. The alligator hunters, as a class, are not distinguished for their rapid acquisition of information. This fact I mean to demonstrate more clearly further on. They had been slowly convinced of the value of the products to be derived from this new pursuit, and consequently had been dilatory in reaping the harvest before them. Thus, after they had once started to reap it, when occasion required, they were also late in learning, or realizing, that their hard-earned spoils had lost their market value. They finally, under protest, appreciated the situation, and stopped their work of wholesale slaughter after the entirely unnecessary sacrifice of many thousand poor saurians.

During the civil war the supply of ordinary leather in the South was chiefly held by army contractors. Barefooted soldiers marched and fought in the Southern armies. Many of the women and children at home were unshod. There was of necessity another raid made upon the alligators down in the "Gulf States." They were again, by hundreds, slaughtered for their hides. But the alligator has meat, too. Raw, it is of a rich pinkish-white hue; in good condition, it is well streaked with layers of firm white fat. Bacon and beef were even scarcer at that time than leather. Finally those who began by hunting them for their skins actually learned to like their flesh. In Louisiana and the southern parts of other "Gulf States" this meat was, among the lower classes, largely used as an article of diet during the closing years of the late war. In Louisiana the taste then acquired has in many instances outlived the promptings of necessity. There are many people living in that State to-day who consider steaks cut from the thickest part of an alligator's tail as an especial *bonne bouche*.

With the cessation of hostilities, and the consequent free circulation of beef, bacon, and leather, the saurians were again left to enjoy a period of comparative repose. Their rest was, however, only temporary, as a few years later fickle Paris again called them from the modest seclusion to which they had willingly retired.

The French demand for their hides has grown apace. Now the scaly epidermis of the reptiles is manufactured wholesale into boots, shoes, trunks, traveling-bags, gun-cases, reticules, wallets, portemonnaies, and into every other form of objects in the construction of which leather composes the whole or a part. It seems difficult to understand why this material should supplant common leather except for some unaccountable freak of fashion.

As a matter of course an immense demand for the article has been created, and a large number of alligators are slaughtered every year. The market value of their hides is quoted in the daily commercial reports of the New Orleans papers. It is within bounds to say that, in Louisiana, more than five hundred men are busily engaged in killing and skinning alligators.

Before describing the alligator hunters, it would be well perhaps to give a short account of the habits and habitat of the reptiles themselves. It is probable that the name of our saurian was bestowed upon him by the old Spanish colonists, who termed him "el lagarto," the lizard.

The reptiles are found in every tidal bayou, dead lake and lagoon, and gloomy cypress swamp of Lower Louisiana. Their omnipresence in the region roundabout caused the first representative government of New Orleans to adopt the reptile as the chief figure in the seal of the city. For lack of proper engraving talent in Louisiana the authorities ordered the seal to be executed in Paris. The French artist cut a couchant *crocodile* basking on a bank, with hills in the background. The alligator is markedly different from his Oriental cousin; and New Orleans is ninety miles distant from the nearest hill; hence the seal was inconsistent. Yet it served its official purpose, and to this day is duly attached to the formal mu-

nicipal acts and contracts of the southern metropolis.

Eminent scientists had stated, I believe, that only one variety of the genus alligator existed in North America. It is now recognized, however, that there are two distinct varieties in Louisiana. One of these is extremely thick and stout for its length, smooth on the back, and covered with small octagonal scales about the size of a "nickel" coin. The other is knobby in the head and neck, with a horny, serrated back and rude diagonal-shaped scales; and its body is proportionately longer than that of the first. Doubting that these distinctions were simply sex peculiarities, in the summer of 1874 I called the attention of the late Professor Edward P. Fontaine to the subject. Professor Fontaine was a distinguished student of natural history, having devoted a lifetime to studying the fauna of the Southern States. On being furnished with the two specimens, he immediately pronounced the reptiles as belonging to markedly different classes. He was at that time busily engaged in preparing a work on natural history, illustrated by his own hand. He expressed great pleasure "at the prospect of correcting another of the many errors made in the classification of animal life in North America."[1]

I have seen numerous specimens of our saurian no longer than an ordinary lead-pencil; this was in the season of their hatching. I have also seen a few living specimens about sixteen feet in length. In the autumn of 1875 I obtained for the late Effingham Lawrence, Member of Congress, and Commissioner from Louisiana to the Centennial Exhibition, the dried skin of an alligator which, after at least fifteen inches had been cut from the snout and skull, and ten inches from the end of the tail, still measured seventeen feet ten inches in length. Allowing more than six inches for shrinkage in drying, this monster of his kind, alive, must have measured more than twenty feet. He was killed in the lower part of Bayou Lafourche.

Probably the largest alligator ever seen in Louisiana was killed in a small lake on the plantation of H. J. Feltus in Concordia Parish. According to the statement of Mr. Feltus, now of Baton Rouge, this specimen measured twenty-two feet in length. The great reptile had long been famous for miles around, having destroyed numbers of hogs and hounds owned in the neighborhood of his retreat. He had become so wary, from the number of ineffectual shots fired at him, as to be almost unapproachable. Finally he fell a victim to a long shot fired from a Mississippi rifle in the hands of Mr. Feltus, who had persevered in hunting him, having been the greatest loser by his depredations. The huge carcass of this reptile was towed to the bank by a boat. It required the strength of a pair of mules and a stout rope to haul it ashore, where the measurement was made with the result noted above.

In the marshes of Louisiana the reptile, before it lays its eggs, scrapes together a pile of dead grass and peaty soil about eighteen inches high, or just high enough to escape tidal overflow. On this mound the eggs are deposited, and after being lightly covered by a layer of the same material, are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun. These eggs are a little smaller than goose-eggs, and are inclosed in a tough, leathery, cream-white covering in place of a shell. The female appears to linger near the nest in adjacent waters. A "creole" negro can hardly be induced to rob one of these nests, as the race seems to have a traditional superstition that one of the eggs contains a small bell, whose sounding will call up the "mother alligator" and stimulate her to acts of ungovernable ferocity and frenzied power.

In the uninhabited wilderness our saurian preys upon any wild quadruped it may catch swimming in or drinking from the waters of its retreat; or it feeds upon fish, crabs, and crayfish, or even at times on the bulbous roots of flags and other marsh grasses. In an inhabited region their taste acquires an Oriental improvement. In a measure they become comparatively epicurean. Once having tasted canine flesh, they prefer dogs to any other diet; hence alligators are death to hounds led across their favorite bayous in the chase. Old hounds often learn to appreciate at its worth this undesired partiality, and will never swim a bayou infested by their foes. Young dogs are not, however, always so well informed or wise; or their superior ardor after the quarry impels them rashly to dare the known perils in the case; thus some of the finest packs of young deerhounds in this State have been destroyed by alligators.

It is even alleged that the reptiles have a *penchant* for negro children. I have never seen any direct proof of this grave accusation; though I have frequently been a witness of the fact that a large alligator will persistently pursue and drive to the bank negro boys bathing in the waters of this region, and have never seen any such hostile demonstrations made against white youths in the same predicament. A negro man fishing from a raft of logs fastened to Myrtle Grove plantation landing, about forty years ago, while dangling his legs in the current of the Mississippi River, was

[1] The Century Dictionary (1889) says: "A true American crocodile, *Crocodilus americanus*, long overlooked or confounded with the alligator, has lately been found in Florida and the West Indies."—EDITOR.

seized in the calf of one leg by a supposed alligator. He hung on to the logs and shouted for help. Assistance came in a short time, he was dragged up on the raft, his assailant relinquishing its hold before rising to the surface. The negro died from the injuries inflicted, but though his death was charged to the alligator race, no reptile of the kind ever rose to the surface of the water near at hand to confirm the validity of the indictment against its tribe. However, in that region its strange preference for colored humanity is traditional among all classes. On the other hand, governed by a presumed law of reprisal, negroes are often very fond of alligator. It would be very near the whole truth to state that there is not in Lower Louisiana a "creole" negro of mature age who is not intimately acquainted with the flavor of alligator meat. Many not only deem it delicious, but consider it a panacea for many of the diseases to which humanity falls heir, particularly for rheumatism and cognate affections. Our saurian shows a decided aversion to tainted or putrid meat, notoriously spurns carrion floating down the currents of the Mississippi, and would probably even despise game mellowed up to the perfection of creole gastronomy.

LANDING A MONSTER ALLIGATOR.

In the early fall of 1880 I started from the Myrtle Grove sugar plantation in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, on a hunting expedition in the tidewater wilderness of marshes, bayous, and lagoons near the Gulf Coast. The means of conveyance used was a fine Louisiana hunting "pirogue," just large enough to hold two hunters and their camp equipage, and light enough for two men to carry when occasion required. When loaded she required almost the skill of an Indian or Eskimo to keep her from upsetting. This boat was propelled by paddles. Her chief motive power on this trip, and many other similar expeditions, was Tom H——. Tom was in his way a peculiarity. He was a short, slim, sunbrowned mulatto, with a huge shock of nearly straight hair and a prominent Roman nose. About forty-five years of age, he weighed probably less than one hundred pounds, and could carry over two hundredweight of game and hunting effects, though fifty pounds were "too heavy to tote" in other work. He prided himself particularly on three things: the tendency of his hair toward straightness; "a little tech of Injin blood," which he confidentially claimed to me he possessed, and which claim was backed by such plausible characteristics as an inordinate fondness for whisky, a passion for hunting and fishing encouraged at the cost of agricultural pursuits, and a certain taciturnity of speech when the supply of whisky was not sufficiently liberal to suit his alleged requirements; and his third and chief subject for self-gratulation was that he was not a "creole nigger"—that is, he was not

one of the numerous race of descendants of French, Spanish, or West Indian slaves so numerous in Louisiana. He was brought from Virginia to this parish in Louisiana when a little boy. In 1863 his "apprenticeship" ceased, and Tom now "paddles his own canoe," and mine too — for a consideration.

From the back of the plantation, going southeast through a three-mile canal, we quietly paddled into a still bayou in the great tidewater wilderness, on our way to a large stream called Bayou Gros Loutre by professional hunters. This is a large, deep "dead" bayou, about ten miles from Barataria Bay. It is a part of the chain of the Bayous Dupont and Barataria leading from Barataria Bay up to the old "Portage" of the Lafitte Brothers, in Jefferson Parish on the Mississippi River, four miles above the New Orleans of 1812.

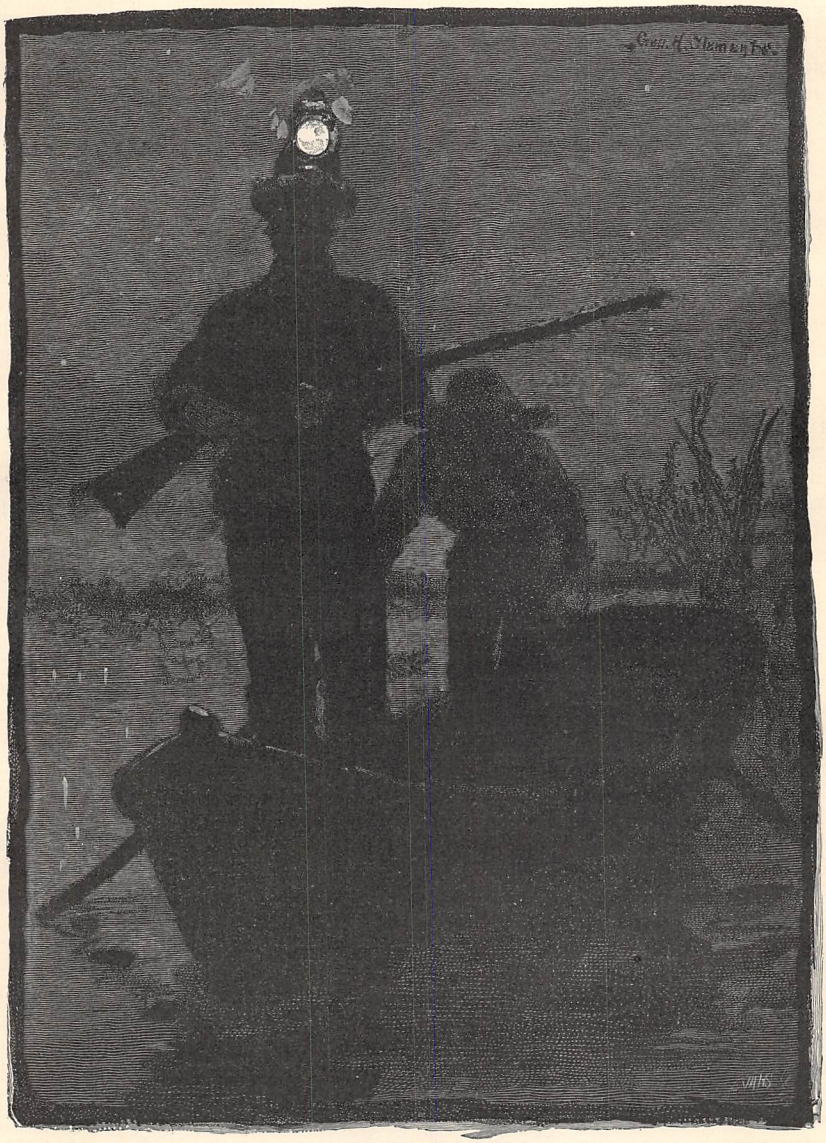
There are several bayous leading from the numerous bays and inlets on the Gulf Coast up to Barataria Bayou, fifteen miles below New Orleans; hence the difficulty of the revenue officers intercepting Lafitte, or his associates, who brought their contraband goods in small boats through any one of the dead waterways of this labyrinth. They were thus safely delivered near the "Portage," or scattered among the confederated smugglers along the river below the city; for all of the extensive plantations in this region were, and are, connected with the noted bayou system by their large drainage canals. In fact, many of these same plantations thus obtained a considerable part of their slave labor from the enterprises of Lafitte and his band. When unmolested Lafitte carried his goods up from Barataria Bay, first to the westward through Bayou St. Denis, thence through two lakes and an unnamed bayou to the Bayou Dupont, and from this into the Bayou Barataria, and up that stream to the place of debarkation above the old town. Rigault, Jean Lafitte's principal lieutenant, was often in charge of these small cargoes of contraband goods.

The writer has hunted in these same tidewater bayous with Rigault, a grandson, and with other descendants of the veteran smuggler and gallant warrior of 1800–15. I believe Rigault now resides on Grand Isle, near the mouth of Barataria Bay.

The sun was fast descending in the mellow October sky when Tom, tired probably of the monotonous though melodious "drip" of his paddle, pointed out some distance ahead a spacious shell-mound on the banks of the bayou as a very convenient place to camp. These mounds are peculiarities of the region, and its most striking feature. They are composed of immense piles of small shells shaped like clam-shells, but it is not now possible to find in these waters a living mollusk of their apparently departed kind. The mounds rise like oases in a desert waste of reeds and rank grasses which, growing from a marsh periodically submerged by the tide, reach on every side in limitless fields of faded green and yellow to the distant horizon. This mound was densely shaded by a group of live-oaks festooned with pendent Spanish moss. Beneath the oaks was scattered, in clumps and clusters, a grove of stunted palmettos, some of whose trunks were grotesquely human in shape, and whose fronds of dark-green foliage, reaching out broad and stiff, resembled leaves of painted metal. As the sun was setting, the dreary waste around this mound seemed more desolate than a sea without a sail.

When the boat's bow grated on the sloping shells at the shore we jumped out, fastening her light painter to the gnarled roots of an isolated live-oak standing near the water's edge. The bank of shells ascended in an even incline, about a hundred feet broad, up to the main group of live-oaks and palmettos. Between these and the bayou the mound was white and bare of herbage. Near the center of this open space was a dark spot, where a few charred fagots and a little heap of ashes and calcined shells remained from a fire which had apparently died out a long time since. A few yards to the left of the remains of this fire appeared a deep excavation in the mound, with no expected heap at its edge. About twenty feet to the right of the charred sticks were seven or eight long skeletons laid in a row. They were the bones of dead alligators, picked by buzzards and marsh-rats, and finally polished by ants. I turned to Tom, asking him what it meant. He paused in his silent work of unloading the camp equipage, looked first at the charred fagots and the row of skeletons, then absently gazed for a longer time far down the bayou. He then answered:

"Well, you know, sir, 'fore de war, when I fust seed sech a sight, after I come back home and tole it, dey said dat was an allergaters' buryin'-place; dat when dey knowed dey was gwine to die, dey jest creeped outen de water, and crawled up on one of dese lonesome shell-mounds and died peaceful-like. I did n't respute it, but I studied on it, an' arter dat I seed what it was for myself. I comed up on a camp of allergater cotchers, and seed what dey was doing. Yes, sir; I tell you de allergater cotchers done camped here 'bout two months ago." As to the excavation, Tom explained that shell scows had carried away, more than thirty years ago, shells dug from this mound to pave the walks around the grounds of the "Gret House" on the plantation, "in Mr. Theodore Pack-



HUNTING FOR ALLIGATOR.

wood's time." These replies being satisfactory to all parties, Tom pitched camp, and afterward quietly cooked our supper.

As the night advanced the darkness almost added a sense of oppression to the surrounding desolation. The sky was moonless. The low monotone of the surf beating on the beach at Barataria, miles away, heightened the effect of the solitude. Occasionally the endless moan of the distant sea was interrupted by the melancholy whoop of the great blue night-heron, sounded in the bird's lazy, unseen flight to some favorite lagoon; or by the sullen, gurgling plunge of a garfish in the waters of the still and deep bayou. These waters, smooth and black as the darkness itself where they remained unruffled, blazed with their characteristic weird phosphorescence, that shone and gave no light, when disturbed. The ripples and waves left in the track of large fish glowed with this light, that flashed forth so strange yet bore no reflection. The fading embers of our fire brought out in pale relief, from the dark-green foliage above, the long tresses and looped festoons of gray moss hanging on the live-oaks; while their dull-pink glow touched up with a coppery tint the broad, pointed, metallic-looking leaves of the palmettos, and made their contorted trunks assume more fantastic shapes against the background of black darkness be-

yond. The sense of loneliness is so great when camping out at night in the midst of this comparatively limitless and uninhabited waste that, by most people so situated, the hoot of an owl would be hailed as a sound of mirth.

However, we did not hear the bird of Minerva; but I started at the crack of a distant rifle. Tom, without turning from his seat, or rather squat, before the dying fire, whose embers he was then raking to get a coal for his pipe, said, "Dem 's allergater cotchers, 'way down de bayou." It was easy to distinguish the report heard as that of a rifle, for the boom of a duck-gun would have gone reverberating and rumbling over these marshes several seconds after the first detonation, while the small grooved bore fails to awaken an echo with its sharper report. After listening some time vainly for another shot, I proposed to Tom that we should paddle down the bayou to meet the "allergater cotchers." Without having much choice in the matter he quickly stopped puffing his successfully lighted pipe to give this proposition his eager assent. Soon the little boat, lightened of all its load of "plunder" except a "ten-gauge" breech-loader, was swiftly cleaving the waters of the winding bayou.

Two miles of this rapid and silent traveling brought in view a distant light hovering near the edge of the water. This mysterious yellow light grew at one moment into a circle half the size of the full moon when in the zenith; then it dwindled the next minute into the shape and appearance of a very small half moon with a broad, clearly marked band of light, like the tail of a comet, reaching out in the darkness. Afterward for a time it would disappear altogether, reappearing soon as a crescent with a comet's tail, going out at once or growing again to its full circular shape, losing its tail and gradually changing as before. Without any preface Tom quietly remarked, "Dat's a bull's-eye lantern"; then he suddenly shouted a shrill, prolonged hail, which certainly must have reached as far as the report of the rifle. He immediately afterward explained to me that this shout was "to keep dem allergater cotchers from shootin' our way."

The hail was duly answered, and going ahead for nearly half a mile, we were soon alongside a long skiff, against which Tom drew our smaller craft by holding the other boat's gunwale. This skiff was occupied by two men, who saluted us in Creole-French as we grated against the side of their boat. The man in the bow wore a "bull's-eye" or common deer-hunting lantern, containing a large convex lens in a tube a little shorter than its length of focus. The body of the lantern, standing vertically, was fastened to his cap by a band of leather, which passed through the metal handle of the light, and, passing completely around his headgear, was fastened at the back by a buckle. The tube of the lamp, with the lens, stood out horizontally over the hunter's nose. The lamp inside, placed within the focus of the lens, sent out a long, gradually expanding beam of bright light; of course, when we saw the light, as at first, pointing directly toward us, the beam was invisible.

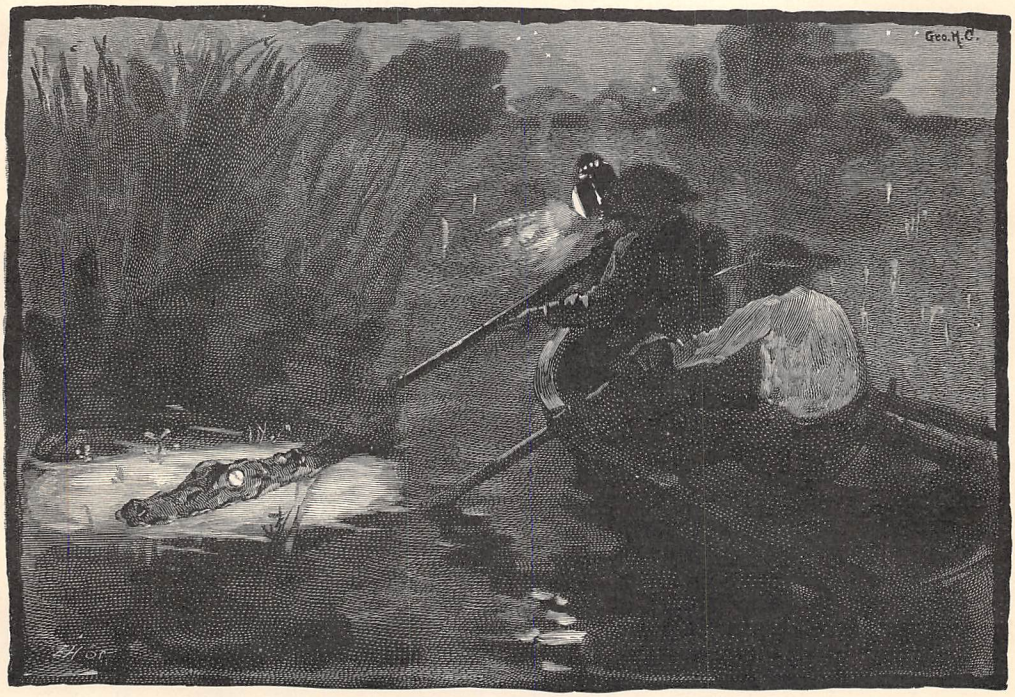
The light-bearer held in his hand a long small-bore rifle. His companion, sitting on a bench just aft of the middle of the boat, managed a pair of oars, with which he rowed face forward, thus shoving on his oars instead of pulling. His oars, instead of being placed in ordinary rowlocks, were lashed to single wooden thole-pins by a leather thong. This arrangement was to prevent noise in rowing, and served well the purpose of muffled locks. By the faint light reflected around from the changing beam of the dark-lantern it could be seen that both men were clad in the characteristic faded cotton-velveteen hunting-suits of the Louisiana swampers. Their Creole-French and broken English subsequently confirmed the first impression, that they belonged to that primitive Creole race of hunters and fishers who are as much the nomads of this wilderness as ever were the wandering Arabs in their own deserts.

The rifleman was a swarthy, grizzled old man. His countenance, in the dim, fitful light, would have fully justified a suspicion of lurking piracy in its possessor. He deserved it, however, no more than many of his ancestors, whose reputation, for half a century at least, was clouded by false and fabulous charges concerning the committal of the deepest crimes known on the highways of the sea. It would be a compliment to the intellect of the class to which he belonged to grant that it was even capable of the conception of such deeds. Time and tradition, however, will always place his community among the happiest, most ignorant, and most inoffensive in the world. The bolder bucaneers, with whom these people were once charged with collusion, lived on the sea-shore at Barataria Island, Grand Isle, and the coast to the westward, while these Creole hunters have always even been afraid of the sea. The younger man called his elder companion Paul. I have met many of the denizens of this marsh wilderness, and never yet heard one called by a second, or surname. Possibly the title may be superfluous. The rifleman termed the rower "Colan" (a Creole abbreviation of Nicholas) when he addressed him at all, which was seldom. The younger man was more loquacious. He was brown as to the skin of his face and bared arms, and black as to the heavy mop of hair hanging even down to his bushy eyebrows;

and he held in his mouth a cigarette wrapped in brown paper, whenever relaxation from rowing permitted him to roll one.

On being asked the object of their singular expedition Colan answered, in a mixture of English, French, and Creole, "For kill li caymans" (kah-ee-mar)—which meant in plain English to kill alligators. They readily consented to my joining them in this strange hunt if I and Tom would "restez parfaitement tranqui'." The reason for this extreme quiet, and especially for night-hunting, may be better understood when it is stated that the modern demand for alligator-skins has so stimulated the pursuit of these reptiles that, in many of their haunts, they have become wary and unapproachable by day.

I entered the skiff, taking a spare bench immediately behind the old alligator hunter. Tom, by request, remained in the pirogue, which was towed astern by a short line. The stout young oarsman resuming silence, as if by an effort, and vigorously puffing at a new cigarette, rolled during the interlude of conversation, gently lowered his oars in the water, and the long skiff crept slowly ahead, propelled by a noiseless power. The only indication that she moved at all was heard in the scarcely audible gurgle under her bow, or seen in the reflected stars dancing about where the blades of her muffled oars disturbed the water.



SHOOTING AN ALLIGATOR.

That was a night scene worthy of the pencil of Doré! A dim, desolate waste of marsh; dark and still waters, glowing here and there with streaks of pale phosphorescent light, where some ravenous fish pursued his prey, or dotted with the diamond brilliance of reflected stars; a silent, indistinct, gliding boat, rowed, without the sound of oars, by a figure speechless as the ferryman of the Styx; a tall, gaunt form standing in the bow, from whose head reached forth, far out over the black waters, a sharply defined beam of ghastly light, which only made the surrounding darkness darker. The only sound heard was that endless monotone of the sea, rolling its long, ceaseless waves on the sands of Barataria Island.

"'Coutez donc!" exclaimed Paul; we all listened, but I could hear nothing except that hoarse boom of the distant surf.

"Cayman est ça," muttered the grim old rifleman. "Moins entend li," ejaculated Colan. A few moments later I distinguished a sound like the grunt of a wallowing hog, followed by a long, low, guttural groan, which I instantly recognized as the "bellowing" of a full-grown alligator. Colan headed the boat in the direction of the noise. The beam of light shone far ahead in an oval glow over the surface of the water. The bellowing gradually grew louder; then it ceased altogether. Soon in the center of the broad, dim disk of

light, projected by the lantern some distance beyond the bow of the skiff, glistened two points of brighter light, like the sparks of marsh glow-worms. As we approached them the two faintly glowing spots seemed to grow farther apart. At last they seemed to be separated by about eight inches of space, and to be located near the end of some long, dark, yet indistinct body floating near the surface.

"Oh! C'est grand cayman," ejaculated Colan, in a loud whisper.

The two lights instantly disappeared, and the long, dark body had sunk out of sight. The old rifleman, turning around with a gesture of deep disgust, threw the contracted beam of the lantern full on the rower's face; the latter's countenance became a study: it was suddenly *shrugged* into a depiction of dejection, contrition, and despair. The old man again flashed forth his beam over the waters, mumbling an imprecation at the stupidity of his colleague in thus unseasonably breaking silence, and emphasizing his mutterings with an occasional deep-breathed "sacré-é-é!" The oars were stopped, resting in the water; the skiff half turned, drifting in the sluggish tide; the long beam of the lantern, with its oval disk of dim light resting far out on the surface, swept slowly around over the waters looking for the two lost lights. Ten minutes or more thus passed, and suddenly the two lost sparks gleamed back in a new direction. A gentle, noiseless push on the port oar headed the skiff toward them again. "Doucement!" whispered Paul. His associate, still more gently, guided the boat to the left, till only one light shone from the obscure object in the water. This showed that he had got on its side, as was desired, because a forward shot always glances. Cautiously the silent oarsman again turned his craft to the right. Paul raised his long rifle ready to fire. The disk of the lantern on the water, contracting gradually, grew proportionately more brilliant. As it contracted the solitary light shining back on the water from its center became larger and brighter, till at last the eye of the great saurian glittered as if he had the "Koh-i-noor" itself in his head. Slowly, silently, nearer, the boat moved, till within ten yards of the reptile. The glow of the lantern flashed along the barrel of the rifle for a few seconds; then came the ringing report. The light on the water instantly went out, and the glow of the lantern, now shining in a circle only a few feet in diameter over the place where it disappeared, showed only a few foamy bubbles and little whirlpools. Thirty seconds passed in silence; then an immense dark form bounded from the depths below above the surface of the water, and rolling over on its back, showed the broad, yellow-white belly of an enormous alligator. The shuddering reptile remained otherwise motionless for a few minutes; then, spasmodically stretching and stiffening its ugly legs and feet, and leaping half its length in the air, fell back again, beating the water with its tail in blows sounding as loud as the report of the weapon which had slain him. "Moi tué li," muttered Paul in an accent of quiet triumph. His associate, after a few exclamations of more voluble admiration, rolled another cigarette, and quietly turned his boat off in search of other game.

In a few hours of this hunting five alligators were shot. All were left in the water that night. Paul explained that their bodies would rise before morning; and, as his temporary camp was some distance down the bayou, he would catch them floating by in the slow, outgoing tide and tow them ashore.

Leaving the hunters, we returned to our own camp, which was reached shortly after midnight.

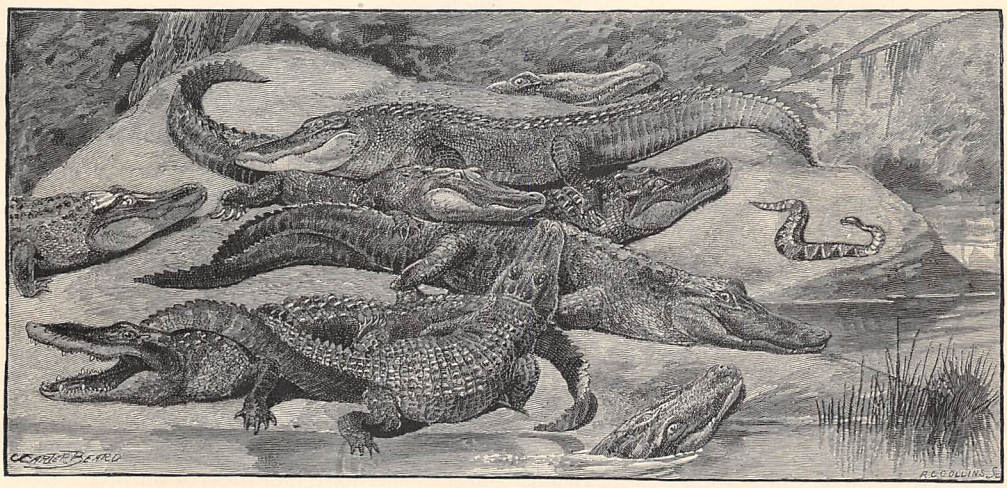
The next morning I visited the alligator slayers, who were encamped on a smaller shell-mound several miles distant. There I found that they had already secured all their game of the previous night. Some of the long carcasses lay floating in the water at the margin of the bayou, where they were secured by short lines tied to the stem of a stout mangrove bush or tree growing near the bank. Paul and Colan desisted from their work of skinning the largest reptile, which they had drawn ashore on the sloping shells, to salute us, and invite us to take some coffee. If the weather be dry, a small pot of hot coffee is at all times of day and night found near the embers of these hunters' camp-fires. Their place of shelter, in front of which they worked, was a temporary shed of newly cut palmetto-leaves raised on forked poles. Under the shed, protected from the dew, was part of a sack of salt, used for curing the hides — and some of the meat, too. All of the alligators had a hole in the head, immediately behind the eye, where the rifle-bullet had passed through the brain. The reptile they were engaged in skinning, Colan exultingly informed me, while wiping his bloody hands and wrapping another cigarette in brown paper, was the "grand cayman" of last night, which dived and rose again. It was apparently about sixteen feet long — as long as any living specimen I ever saw in Louisiana.

Slices of alligator meat, salted, were hanging around on the bushes, drying in the sun. The hunters explained to me that these were to be taken home and kept as bait for their crab-lines in the winter. This was plausible, for during the colder months they stretch long lines across the lakes and bayous in this region. At

intervals of a few feet, shorter cords, baited with pieces of alligator meat, are attached to the extended lines. The crab-fishers, in their boats, pass up and down these long lines, pulling in the baited cords with crabs attached. They soon thus catch a skiff-load of the prized crustaceans, which are at once transported to New Orleans, and there sold, "by the basket," to market venders. Tom looked incredulous, but said nothing. He afterward remarked to me alone, "I don't respute what dey say, sir; but I believes dey goes pardners wid de crabs eatin' dat meat, when game is sca'ce."

These men are alligator hunters only when the warm weather has driven game back to the breeding-places and feeding-grounds in the far north; or when the heated waters of the lakes and lagoons compel the fish to seek the more temperate currents of the open sea. They hunt alligators during the hot months. They live far up from the gulf, in rude palmetto-roofed shanties and huts made of split cypress boards, on the banks and bordering shell-mounds of Lake Salvador, Bayous des Allemands, St. Denis, Dupont, and Barataria, and numerous other sluggish tidal streams and lakes in the great tidewater wilderness of Louisiana. Paul and Colan informed me that they lived at the junction of bayous Dupont and Barataria and that this was their last alligator hunt for the "season," in which they had secured, salted down, and sold in the New Orleans market over three hundred hides.

When the first decided "norther" of the fall sets in, these hunters, in small squads, take to their lighter pirogues, and turn to hunting ducks and snipe, or to fishing and crab-catching. In the spring, after the game has gone, they cultivate small truck-patches around their humble dwellings. Their summer occupation has already been pictured.



A PEACEFUL HAUNT.

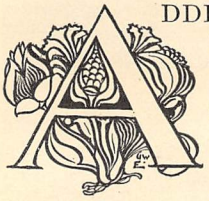
If these simple people were educated, the sphere of their wants would probably be enlarged, and they might be impelled to practise to some extent, in connection with small seagoing vessels coming near the coast, the "free-trade" methods so long successfully followed by bolder men on the coast islands, and carried on through the labyrinthian waterways of this same wilderness. But they are neither educated nor adventurous, and their wants are few. The region in which they reside is uninviting to more civilized communities. So they will remain, as they have been, for ages, unmolested by the inroads of a superior race, and in undisputed possession of their dismal, moss-draped cypress swamps; their lonely shell-mounds and live-oak groves; their desolate wastes of sea marsh; and their dead lakes and silent lagoons.

Andrews Wilkinson.

WITCHCRAFT.

By the author of "Astrology, Divination, and Co-Incidence," "Faith-Healing and Kindred Phenomena," etc.

The art is old and new, for verily
All ages have been taught the matter.
GOETHE.



ADDISON says that among all the poets who deal with fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits, the English are much the best, "and among the English Shakspere has incomparably excelled all others. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in his speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, . . . and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable that they would talk and act as he has represented them."

As Addison saw his fatal day thirty years before Goethe's natal star arose, he could not compare the prince of German poets with others; but if the ruling sentiment of modern critics may be accepted, Shakspere's ghosts and witches still maintain their superiority. These are "the secret, black, and midnight hags" that brewed the charm for Duncan's murder, and the familiar but ever awe-inspiring ghost of Hamlet's father:

I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night.

But the fancies of poets can give no help to him who deals with one of the darkest tragedies of humanity, the only stain on the ermine of Sir Matthew Hale,— whose fame without it would rival that of Daniel for wisdom, as it does for integrity,— and the chief stigma upon the early history of New England. Nor is witchcraft of the past only: for by many theologians it is believed to reappear in modern spiritualism, and by a multitude of Christians to be a reality, because, as they suppose, it is plainly asserted in the sacred Scriptures; and its baleful spell still holds four fifths of the fifteen hundred millions of the human race "fast in its slavish chains."

DEFINITION.

FROM the earliest ages religions, true and false, claimed divine aid, and their production of effects by other than natural causes was considered by all except avowed unbelievers to be lawful. The supernatural is occult; but the latter word is used only to apply to the illegitimate, and to the imaginary sciences of the middle ages. As the terms at first employed were descriptive, rather than definitive, they came naturally to be used promiscuously, one word sometimes standing for everything preternatural exclusive of religion, and at others for a single form of such action. In an English book dating from the middle of the sixteenth century most of these ancient terms are included in a single sentence: "Besides the art magyck, sortilege, physnomye, palmestrye, alcumye, necromancye, chiromancy, geomancy, and witchery, that was taught there also." (Bale, "English Votaries.")

Magic, applied by the Greeks to the hereditary caste of priests in Persia, still stands in the East for an incongruous collection of superstitious beliefs and rites, having nothing in common except the claim of abnormal origin and effects. Astrology, divination, demonology, soothsaying, sorcery, witchcraft, necromancy, enchantment, and many other systems are sometimes included in magic, but each term is also employed separately to stand for the whole mass of confused beliefs which, outside of the sphere of recog-

nized religion, attempt to surpass the limitations of nature. For this reason the title of a work on this subject seldom indicates its scope.

But witchcraft has been restricted by usage and civil and ecclesiastical law until it signifies a voluntary compact between the devil, the party of the first part, and a human being, male or female, wizard or witch, the party of the second part,— that he, the devil, will perform whatever the person may request. The essential element in witchcraft as an offense against religion and civil law is the voluntary nature of the compact. Possession by the devil against the will, or without the consent of the subject, belongs to a radically distinct idea. The sixth chapter of Lord Coke's "Third Institute" concisely defines a witch in these words: "A witch is a person which hath conference with the *devil*, to consult with him to do some act." English laws in 1655 define witchcraft as "Covenant with a familiar spirit, to be punished with death."

CURRENT BELIEF.

WITCHCRAFT is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States. The larger number of immigrants from the continent of Europe are more or less in fear of such powers. To these must be added no inconsiderable proportion of persons of English and Scotch descent; for a strong vein of superstition is discernible in many Irish, Scotch, and some English, whose "folk-lore," diffused in nursery tales and neighborhood gossip, has entwined itself strongly about the fibers of spontaneous, subconscious mental imagery. Among the more ignorant members of the Catholic Church of every nationality the belief produces a mysterious dread, against which men and women cross themselves, and resort to various rites supposed to be efficacious.

Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The interior of Pennsylvania affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale, than any other State. It has been but two or three years since suit was brought by a man against his mother, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, to recover damages for a dog which he charged her with having killed by witchcraft; and he not only brought suit, but obtained judgment from a justice of the peace. Various witnesses testified as to their experiences in witchcraft, and only one said that he had never had a friend or relative who was bewitched.

In divers villages in Pennsylvania, some of them in the Dunkard settlement, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewd enough not to apply their arts for strangers, but to those whom they know, as stated in an article in the New York "Sun" some years ago, they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells of the enemies of applicants, force cows to give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, destroy beauty, separate man and wife, and reunite estranged lovers.

In the interior parts of the Southern States, where a large proportion of the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "witch-doctors," who, assuming that all disease is caused by witches, secure thriving practice in counteracting their influence. The Philadelphia "Times," on the authority of a reputable correspondent, who gives many facts to sustain his representations, says: "For generations the poor whites have believed in witches, and the belief is deep-seated and incurable."

The African population brought this belief from the Dark Continent, and it persists among them to this day, though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

I have recently noted in various parts of the United States more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who they claimed had bewitched them; but under existing laws the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.

During pedestrian tours in New England, in various parts of the West, and in every Southern State, I have frequently stayed for the night at the houses of poor farmers, laborers, fishermen, and trappers. In such journeys I have invariably listened to the tales of the neighborhood, stimulating them by suggestion, and have found the belief in witchcraft cropping out in the oldest towns in New England, sometimes within the very shadow of the buildings where a learned ministry has existed from the settlement of the country, and public schools have furnished means of education to all classes. The horseshoes seen in nearly every county, and often in every township, upon the houses of persons, suggested the old horseshoe beneath which Lord Nelson, who had long kept it nailed to the mast of the *Victory*, received his death-wound at Trafalgar.

In Canada the belief is more prevalent than in any part of the United States, except the interior of Pennsylvania and the South. In the French sections, exclusive of the educated,— a relatively small number,— the belief, if not universal, is widely diffused. But it is by no means confined to Canadians of French extraction. Until within a few years the descendants of the English and Scotch in many parts of British

America were more widely separated from each other and from the progress of modern civilization than the inhabitants of the United States, or the settlers of the more recently populated continent of Australia, making due allowance for certain sections of New Zealand and Tasmania. In all these regions the educated generally dismiss it as a mystery, or repudiate it as an ancient superstition. Nevertheless it is often found in the more isolated communities, hamlets, and rural districts, liable on slight provocation to manifest itself in superstitious fears, insinuations, and accusations.

In the West Indies this belief prevails among the negroes, and is not unknown among the more ignorant whites. Of South America and Mexico travelers, missionaries, and foreign residents bring similar accounts.

In Italy those of the people who are not Protestants or free-thinkers generally believe in the possibility of witchcraft, and to the peasants it is a living reality. Nor are all who reject the Catholic Church or avow irreligion free from credulity as regards occult influences. Modern Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and the neighboring States abound in similar superstitions. The common people of Hungary and Bohemia fear witchcraft, and it still dominates a considerable part of the rural population and the allied classes of Germany, and particularly of Austria.

French peasants are afraid of evil eyes, warlocks, ghosts, spells, omens, enchantments, and witches; not in every part of the country, but in the more primitive sections. In France their persistence is promoted by dialects, kinship, and other influences peculiar to the country. It has been but a few years since the world was shocked by the burning of an old woman as a witch in the district of Sologne, cupidity and superstition leading to the crime. Having softening of the brain, she did and said strange things, from which her children concluded that she was a witch and determined to burn her to death. When the time decided upon arrived, they sent for a priest, who confessed her. Soon after his departure her daughter screamed, "It is greatly borne upon me that now is the time to kill the hag; if we delay she may commit a sin in thought or deed, and the confession will go for nothing." As she burned, two of her three children cried, "Aroint thee, witch!" I do not refer to this to intimate that the French people sympathize with such things, for all France was filled with horror, and the murderers were brought to justice, but as an illustration of the persistence of the belief.

In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark witchcraft still throws a spell over many of the sailors, fishermen, and solitary farmers. In Lapland sorcerers and witches abound, the witches claiming the power of stilling the wind and causing the rain to cease. It has been a comparatively short time since English seamen trading in Archangel were in the habit of landing and buying a fair wind from the witches.

But it is in Russia that the popular belief more generally resembles that of the whole world many centuries ago. Ralston, in "Songs of the Russian People," states: "But a little time ago every Russian village had its wizard, almost as a matter of course, and to this day it is said there is not a hamlet in the Ukraine that is not reported to keep its witch." When I was traveling in the interior of that country, accompanied by a master of the Russian language, I found that the peasants still believe that witches and wizards can steal the dew and the rain, send whirlwinds, hide the moon and the stars, and fly through the air on brooms and tongs. Their chief meetings take place three times a year, on "bald hills," and there are thousands of stories of witches going up chimneys and flying through the air; an analogy exists between these and the ancient German legends on the same subject. They chalk crosses on their huts and windows, hang up stove-rakes for protection, tie knots, and wear amulets. Plagues in men and cattle are popularly attributed to witches. Epileptics, and those afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, are supposed to be bewitched. According to popular belief in Russia, witches assume the form of dogs and cats and owls; but the shape they like best is that of a magpie. The Metropolitan Alexis solemnly cursed that bird, "on account of the bad behavior of the witches who have assumed its plumage."

In Scotland, Ireland, and England the belief in witchcraft lingers, and only those who are at the pains to inquire how far it extends, and how strong the impression is, can form an adequate idea of either.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

It is important to notice how late in the Christian era individual belief, popular excitements, and judicial proceedings have been sufficiently conspicuous for permanent record.

In "Reports of Trials for Murder by Poisoning," by Browne, a barrister at law, and Stewart, senior assistant in the laboratory of St. Thomas's Hospital, a standard work for physicians, chemists, and jurists, published in London in 1883, I find the case of Dove; and that in the said trial various references were made to the prevalence of the belief in witchcraft among persons of the prisoner's class. It appears from the evidence that his interviews with the witch-man on the subjects of lost cattle, removing strange noises from his house, the bewitching of his

live stock, and the deaths of persons inimical to him, and the promise of the witch-man to get him out of all difficulty, which led to the murder, were in the summer and autumn of 1855 and the spring of 1856.

In 1846 in England, and in 1845 in Scotland, cases of witchcraft attracted much attention.

The following case of witchcraft occurred in England about fifty years ago, and the son of the subject, now one of the most highly respected and well-informed clergymen west of the Alleghany Mountains, noted for his devotion to the physical sciences, writes me concerning it:

My father, like many others, fully believed in witchcraft. In a little ancient cottage about a mile from my father's lived an old woman who had the reputation of being a witch. One spring, as my father was planting potatoes in his field, the old lady came to him to beg a piece for a garden. This he said he could not grant, as he needed all for himself. She left the field muttering something, which I suppose my father understood to mean mischief. That evening, when still in the field, he was seized with a strange nervous sensation, and an utter inability to speak. Later in the evening he had a severe fit. This state of things continued for some years. Mother always sent one of the boys with him to render help or report his condition. Another phase of the witchcraft superstition was a belief in white witches, or those who could neutralize or destroy the work and influence of witches. My father heard of one living many miles away, and at once went to see him. I shall ever remember the interest with which we listened to his story. He said the white witch told him that he had been bewitched, as he supposed, by the old woman, but that her influence could be entirely destroyed. He then gave my father a little piece of paper upon which was written a charm which would in all future time protect him from all influence of witches. This paper must be worn over the breast, suspended by a piece of tape from the neck. It must never be opened, never touch wood, stone, or iron, nor be handled by any one but himself. Said my father in concluding his story: "The white witch told me to always wear this over my breast, and that inside of three days I shall have one fit more, but after that I will never have another symptom of the kind." The following evening when at supper he had another severe attack of his old trouble, but sure enough it was the last. He lived more than twenty years after that, but never had another symptom of fits, or nervous difficulty of any kind. He was absolutely cured, as I know.

In March, 1831, the case of an old woman in Edinburgh came before the court on account of her being attacked.

In 1827 a man was burned as a wizard in southwestern Russia; and in 1815 a person in northern Russia was sentenced by a legal tribunal to undergo thirty-five blows of the knout, as well as a public church penance, for witchcraft.

In 1815 Captain Samuel Wardwell of Maine, captain of the schooner *Polly*, desiring to excel all his competitors in the number of trips made between Boston and Penobscot in one season, hired Mrs. Leach, a reputed witch, for a bushel of meal a trip, to guarantee him fair winds.

"Moll Pitcher," so famous that for more than fifty years "to her came the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the accomplished and the vulgar, the brave and the timid," died April 9, 1813, in Lynn, Massachusetts, aged seventy-five years.

Contemporary with her lived a woman in Newburyport, who came originally from Scotland in 1759 or 1760. Her career for many years was such as to command the respect and fear of the people. Mr. Samuel L. Knapp, who wrote in 1825, speaks of another supposed witch in Massachusetts named Danforth, who lived in a gloomy, hollow glen. On this Mr. Samuel G. Drake, writing in 1869, says:

The writer is not as old as he from whom the above extracts are made; but it was his fortune in youth to be acquainted in many towns, in nearly all of which there was a reputed witch.

In 1751, in Hertfordshire, two harmless people were mobbed, the woman beaten to death, the man nearly so. A similar incident happened as late as 1776 in Leicestershire. In Burlington, New Jersey, in January, 1731, a man and woman suspected of bewitching cattle were tried in the presence of the governor, by being weighed against a large Bible.

In 1728 Rhode Island reënacted its laws against witchcraft, which implies some agitation upon the subject; in 1720 there was a case in Littleton; prosecutions occurred in South Carolina in 1712; in 1706 there were disgraceful scenes, persons being subjected to ordeals and various barbarous tests; and in the year 1700 an execution for witchcraft took place in Albany, New York.

In noting these events we have reached the period of the dreadful outbreak in New England, which was separated by but a few years from a yet more dreadful frenzy of human nature in England, Scotland, and on the continent of Europe.

REVERSING THE POINT OF VIEW.

WHENCE came witchcraft? Writings, pictures, monuments, ruins, and traditions preserve the history of mankind; but man himself, in color, configuration, unconscious gesture, language, rites, customs, and unwritten laws, is a true encyclopedia of humanity more valuable than the contents of libraries.

As a general proposition, the uncivilized tribes of the world may be said to have been, from prehistoric times, what they are now. Mounds and other remains of uncertain date indeed often show a higher degree of development than at present exists among the inhabitants of particular regions; but this is not conclusive proof of degeneration, because of the vastness and complexity of ancient migrations of which no adequate history remains. The state of primitive uncivilized mankind, when widely scattered and numerous in population, may therefore be inferred from the present condition of barbarous tribes. In all these witchcraft is believed in, producing a mortal dread, and its practice punished by death in the most horrible forms. In China, India, and Japan it has always existed and still prevails.

Of the ancient empires, the Magism of the Median court, with its incantations, divining-rods, omen-reading, and dream-expounding, became closely allied to witchcraft, as in Scythia in previous ages, and subsequently in Persia. Many of its practitioners openly avowed the aid of evil spirits. While both Magism and Zoroastrianism had an essentially religious basis, witchcraft hung upon their skirts continually endeavoring to rival them. In Babylon the Magi included the scientists and philosophers of the age; but as quacks are parasites upon modern scientists, deriving from general names held in common with those entitled to them a particular reputation with the common people while practising the most shameless delusions, so many of the Babylonian astronomers were astrologers, and others of the Magi dealt avowedly with spirits.

In Egypt, notwithstanding the sublimity of the religion which taught a system of morality based upon a final judgment, a swarm of the basest superstitions and the most demoralizing influences counteracted its influence; and witchcraft prevailed among the people at the very time that Egypt was surpassing the world in science. In Benjamin's sack was found Joseph's cup, "whereby, indeed, he divineth"; and his own words, "Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?" reveal the custom in Egypt.

The various forms of consulting evil spirits, of seeking illegitimately preternatural help or knowledge, were all practised by the Canaanites and their descendants the Phenicians. Isaiah traces the existence of such things back to the Chaldeans and the Babylonians.

The answer of the Chaldeans to Nebuchadnezzar showed that throughout the world such a class existed; for they said, "There is not a man upon the earth that can show the king's matter; therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer or Chaldean."

THE ISRAELITES AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE Israelites came from a people surrounded by idolatry, and addicted to sorcery. They appear to have believed for a long time in the reality of the gods of the heathen, considering them inferior, however, to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and were continually lapsing from the true faith into idolatry and sorcery. During the hundreds of years that Jacob's descendants were in Egypt their faith was greatly corrupted; when Moses tarried long in the Mount, they compelled Aaron to make a golden image to represent God. Surrounded by the Egyptians, and in the midst of the Canaanites, who were not wholly driven out for centuries, their kings and many of their people frequently relapsed into witchcraft and idolatry.

Solomon, according to all the traditions of antiquity, as well as the testimony of the Bible, turned both to idolatry and magic. In D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" (Rabbinical Stories) it is said, "He is a favorite hero of the Talmudists, and the Arabs also speak of him as a magician." The son of the godly Hezekiah, Manasseh, "practised augury, and used enchantments, and practised sorcery, and dealt with them that had familiar spirits, and with wizards." There never was a time in the history of Israel that among its people were not those who practised every form of divination, astrology, magic, and witchcraft.

WITCHCRAFT AND CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY originated among the Hebrews, who were firm believers in the reality of witchcraft. It was immediately brought into contact with the Romans, of whose empire Syria was a province; and with the Greeks, among whom it spread during the apostolic age. Among the Greeks and Romans the same general belief, with the corresponding practices, existed. Homer is said to have derived many of his verses from Daphne, the daughter of Tyreseis the Soothsayer, who was considered to surpass all women in the art of divination. Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," gives extended extracts, among others the passage in Ovid:

Witches can bleed our ground by magic spell,
And with enchantment dry the springing soil;
Make grapes and currants fly at their command,
And strip our orchards bare without a hand.

Virgil and Horace make similar references. Lecky affirms that "Sorcery could say with truth that there was not a single nation of antiquity, from the polished Greek to the rudest savage, which did not admit a real art enabling men to foretell the future."

In Asia Minor and adjacent Oriental countries Christianity was saturated with superstitions of every kind, the entire mass directly or indirectly affecting Christians of every nation. The New Testament shows that Christianity did not at once eradicate preëxisting superstitions. It required a renunciation of the worship of idols, faith in God as superior to all antagonistic forms, natural and supernatural, and obedience to the precepts of Christ and his Apostles; but there is no reason to believe that it distinguished concerning the natural or supernatural origin of many superstitious beliefs not essentially incompatible with submission to the Gospel. The credulity of the early Christians is apparent in the writings of most of the ante-Nicene fathers. They believed in the supernatural origin of many of the alleged pagan miracles, some of them in the fable of the phenix, and were prepared to accept any incredible tale which could be credited to the devil or his agents. Extraordinary knowledge, devotion to philosophy, and the practice of arts not understood by the people, especially by persons suspected of heresy, were made the foundation of social persecutions and legal executions for witchcraft.

Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, was charged with witchcraft on account of his scientific attainments, denounced by name by the Pope, and several times imprisoned. From time to time trials for witchcraft are recorded in Roman history. In the fourth century ecclesiastical decrees against it were made, and at various periods prosecutions took place under them. The whole of Europe was filled with the superstition.

The early Christian laws partake largely of the nature and of the spirit of the enactments of the same races when in paganism. The Ostrogoths punished it with death; the Visigoths with stripes, shaving the head, and exposure. The pagan Saxons burned witches and sorcerers, and even ate them. The Anglo-Saxons placed them under penalty of death; the ancient law of Scotland burned them at the stake. In Hungary they were first handed over to the bishop, then branded on the forehead, neck, and back in the form of a cross.

The charge of witchcraft was frequently used against societies, such as the Templars, from 1307 to 1313. It was on this charge that Joan of Arc was burned to death. In 1429 by means of it the Stedinger, who had fought for nearly thirty years against the Archbishop of Bremen and the Count of Oldenburg, were with the help of the Pope suppressed.

In 1488 Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull establishing commissions of inquisitors, and succeeding popes appointed other commissions. Sometimes the suspects were accused of heresy aggravated by witchcraft, and again of witchcraft leading to heresy. But witchcraft was the charge that especially inflamed the populace, and was pursued with the greatest zeal by the inquisitors. The epidemic raged in France so that by the end of 1320 fires for the execution of witches blazed in nearly every town. The more fires the more witches, accusations, and trials; so that the priests began to despair, wondering how it could be explained that it was impossible to commit "so great a number of the Devil's slaves to the flames, but that there shall arise from their ashes a sufficient number to supply their places." Seldom were there any acquittals.

Luther and the reformers believed as firmly in the existence of witchcraft as the Roman Catholics, though the latter charged that the Hussites in Bohemia, and the followers of Luther, deceived the people by magic and witchcraft. A Jesuit theological professor declared that Albert of Brandenberg was the king of wizards, a famous magician who laid waste the country with fire and sword. The same Jesuit affirmed that wherever the heresy of Calvin went in England, Wales, or Ireland, the "black and diabolical arts of necromancy kept pace with it." Professor Charlton T. Lewis, in his history of Germany, says, "Protestants and Catholics alike carried on their judicial barbarities, which desolated whole tracts of country. Neither age, sex, nor rank was a protection against this persecution. Counselors and scholars were sent to the stake, though women were the especial objects of vengeance; and the trials did not end until the reign of Frederick the Great."

In England laws, both ecclesiastical and civil, were enacted against witchcraft. Various changes were made in the phraseology of the law down to the time of Elizabeth, when sorceries, enchantments, charms, and witchcraft were made punishable with death when death ensued from their practice; in other cases, for a first offense, a year's imprisonment, and for a second, death. James I. was not satisfied with any previous act, as he was "an expert and specialist in the matter." In his time a law was passed making various distinctions. In Scotland similar acts were passed, the chief of them dating from 1563. In Ireland trials took place as early as 1324 in ecclesiastical courts.

THE PROBLEM.

THE history of witchcraft exhibits features common to all forms of mental and moral contagion, and its characteristics are similar everywhere; so that the study of its phenomena in New England, where the information is full, the date recent, and the habits, language, re-

ligion, and institutions analogous to those of all English-speaking races, will have special advantages.

The first settlers of New England brought across the Atlantic the sentiments which had been formed in their minds in Great Britain and on the Continent, as well as the tendencies which were the common heritage of such an ancestry. They were a very religious, and also a credulous people; having few books, no papers, little news, and virtually no science; removed by thousands of miles and months of time from Old-World civilization; living in the midst of an untamed wilderness, contending against a climate unlike anything they had experienced, surrounded by Indians whom they believed to be under the control of the devil, and whose medicine-men and soothsayers they accounted wizards. Such a mental and moral soil was adapted to the growth of witchcraft, and to create an invincible determination to inflict the punishments pronounced against it in the Old Testament; but the coöperation of various exciting causes was necessary to a general agitation and a real epidemic.

Samuel G. Drake's "Annals of Witchcraft in New England and Elsewhere in the United States, from their first Settlement," which I here epitomize, enables us to trace the sporadic manifestations of witchcraft step by step to the fearful explosion of 1692. The Pilgrims landed in Plymouth in 1620. In 1636 they included in the summary of offenses "lyable to death," "the solemn compaction or conversing with the Divell by the way of Witchcraft, conjuration, or the like." The colony of Massachusetts adopted the Body of Liberties, which contains a similar clause. In 1642 Connecticut included this in its Capital Code: "Yf any Man or Woman be a witch, that is, hath or conforteth with a Familiar Spirit, they ſhall be put to death."

It is believed that the first actual trouble from witchcraft occurred in New Haven, and the first execution was in 1646 in Hartford. In 1647 Rhode Island made the penalty "Felone of Death."

The first execution for witchcraft in the colony of Massachusetts Bay was that of Mrs. Jones in Boston in 1648. Another woman was executed in Hartford in 1648.

From the settlement of Springfield in 1636 there was more or less trouble about witchcraft.

Mrs. Knapp suffered death in the New Haven colony in 1653. The troubles continued through 1654 and 1655. In 1656 Mrs. Ann Hibbens was executed in Boston. In the same year there was a trial at Portsmouth, but no conviction. In East Hampton, Long Island, in 1657, Mrs. Garlicke was tried for witchcraft.

There were troubles in 1659 at Saybrook, Connecticut, and Andover, Massachusetts. In 1660 at Scituate, Plymouth, and at Oyster Bay, Long Island, there were disturbances, but no convictions. In 1662 Mr. and Mrs. Green Smith were executed at Hartford, and in 1665 the Court of Sessions in the State of New York tried Ralph Hall and his wife Mary. They were finally acquitted after three years' imprisonment. In 1669 Susannah Martin was prosecuted. She was one of those afterward executed at Salem. Catharine Harrison of Wethersfield was convicted, but the special court reversed the decision.

Mrs. Mary Parsons, of the highest social standing in Northampton, was charged with witchcraft in 1674, kept in prison several months, and acquitted. At that time three of the most enlightened men of the age, Governor Leverett and Generals Gookin and Dennison, had charge of the administration.

In 1675 a queerly worded law was enacted to regulate the Pequot Indians: "Whoſoever ſhall Powau or vſe Witchcraft, or any Worſhip of the Devill, or any fals Gods, ſhall be convented puniſhed."

In 1681 and 1682 in Massachusetts there was much excitement, and cases arose in 1683 which show a descent to the lowest depths of barbaric superstition. In 1684 Margaret Matson was tried in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, before William Penn. Philadelphia was then only three years old. The court brought in the verdict that she was "guilty of having the common fame of a witch, but not guilty in manner and form as she stands indicted." Tradition says that Penn said to her "Art thou a witch?" and "Hast thou ridden through the air on a broomstick?" When she answered yes, he said that she had a right to ride on a broomstick, that he knew no law against it, and thereupon ordered her discharge.

In 1685 Mary Webster, who had been acquitted in Boston in 1683, was accused of killing William Smith by sorcery. She was acquitted, but harassed by the people and often mobbed until her death in 1696. The famous case of the Goodwin children in Boston occurred in 1688. Mary Randall was arrested in Springfield in 1691, and kept in jail for a while, but there was no trial.

Thus it appears that, from the settlement of New England, wherever unaccountable events took place,—if horses and cattle were sick in an unusual manner or acted strangely; if adults or children were attacked by incurable or mysterious diseases; if lightning struck men, animals, or buildings, or storms disturbed sailors,—the cause was attributed to witchcraft. Under such circumstances any woman who had incurred the animosity of neighbors, especially if she had made threats against "afflicted" per-

sons, was liable to the suspicion of complicity with the devil. But as there had been only two or three executions at most in any one part of the country, and intelligence of the trials spread slowly, no great excitement arose until 1692.

In view of the preceding history, the events in Salem, Salem Village, and vicinity might have been expected in any community in New England where many social feuds existed, and where strong superstition, great energy, and force of will, with an entire want of discretion, were united in the character of the minister of the parish. All these conditions existed in Salem Village, where the epidemic originated.

Upham, in "Salem Witchcraft," has portrayed in a masterly and convincing manner the influence of local feuds upon the investigation of charges. But if the people of New England had not believed in the reality of witchcraft, and if their laws had not decreed the penalty of death, personal, social, and ecclesiastical animosities could not have caused such terrible deeds.

Salem witchcraft thus arose: The Rev. Mr. Parris, minister of the church in Salem Village, had formerly lived in the West Indies, and brought some negro slaves back with him. These slaves talked with the children of the neighborhood, some of whom could not read, while the others had but little to read. In the winter of 1691–92 they formed a kind of circle which met at Mr. Parris's house, probably unknown to him, to practise palmistry and fortune-telling, and learn what they could of magic and necromancy. This circle consisted of two or three negro slaves; Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Parris, aged nine; his niece Abigail Williams, eleven; Ann Putnam, twelve (Upham says that the last-named was the leading agent in all the mischief that followed); Mary Walcot, seventeen; Mercy Lewis, seventeen (she was one of the worst, and fairly reveled in murder and misery); Elizabeth Hubbard, seventeen (almost as bad); Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each eighteen; and two servants, Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill, each twenty years of age. These servants hated the families of John Proctor and George Jacobs, with whom they lived. Besides these there were three married women, one the mother of Ann Putnam.

Before the winter was over some of them fully believed that they were under the influence of spirits. Epidemic hysteria arose; physicians could not explain their state; the cry was raised that they were bewitched; and some began to make charges against those whom they disliked of having bewitched them. In the end those of stronger mind among them became managers and plotters, directing the rest at their will. By the time public attention was attracted Mr. Parris had come to the conclusion that they were bewitched, and, having a theory to maintain, encouraged and flattered them, and by his questions made even those who had not believed themselves bewitched think that they were.

From March, 1692, to May, 1693, about two hundred persons were imprisoned. Of these some escaped by the help of friends, some by bribing their jailors, a number died in prison, and one hundred and fifty were set free at the close of the excitement by the proclamation of the Governor. Nineteen were executed, namely: On July 19, Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth Howe, George Jacobs, Susannah Martin (who had been tried and acquitted in Boston about twenty years before), and Rebecca Nurse; on August 19, John Proctor, Bridget Bishop, George Burroughs, minister of the gospel, Martha Carrier, and John Willard; on September 22, Martha Corey, Mary Eastey, Alice Parker, Mary Parker, Ann Pudeater, Willmet Redd, Margaret Scott, and Samuel Wardwell. Giles Corey, a man eighty years of age, when charged refused to plead, and was pressed to death — the only instance of the application of this ancient law on this continent.

When it is remembered that a number of these persons were among the most pious and amiable of the people of Salem, Salem Village, and other parts of Essex County; that they were related by blood, marriage, friendship, and Christian fellowship to many of those who cried out against them, both as accusers and supporters of the prosecutions, the transaction must be classed among the darkest in human history.

DOES THE BIBLE TEACH THE REALITY OF WITCHCRAFT?

SIR MATTHEW HALE, in his "Trial of Witches," 1661, basing the conclusion upon the Scriptures, affirms that there is a real supernatural operation of the devil at the request of a witch. John Wesley, who was born only twelve years after the scenes in Salem, wrote in May, 1768: "They well know [meaning infidels, materialists, and deists] — whether Christians know it or not — that the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." In a letter to his brother, written some years afterward, he declares that he believes all Cotton Mather's stories. His opinions upon these subjects were those of the age, but did not convince his brother Charles, who frequently expostulated with him for his credulity. With the same spirit and in the same way he affirmed it a giving up of the Bible to question various ideas now rejected by the most devout Christians, and did himself repudiate in later periods of his life what in similar language he had condemned others for disbelieving.

An examination of the references to witchcraft shows that only the existence and criminality of the *attempt* to practise it are to be concluded from the words of the Scriptures. The conclusion is not well founded that if there were no reality in witchcraft the prophets and apostles must necessarily have known it; for the Scriptures show that the prophets were limited in knowledge upon a variety of points, many of them closely allied to the religious truths which they taught. They drew illustrations from supposed facts of science, medicine, and natural history, which served their purpose for the time; and in *such particulars* wrote exactly as authors of to-day, who find their illustrations in the state of knowledge in the age in which they live. Moses declares that "the man or the woman who hath a familiar spirit, or is a wizard, shall be put to death"; and "thou shalt not suffer a witch [Rev. Ver. *a sorceress*] to live." It is clear that the same law would be needed and the same language would be employed if the *pretense* of having a familiar spirit, or the *attempt* to *practise* witchcraft were in question. In Deuteronomy xviii., Moses attempts to enumerate all possible forms of occult practices, when he warns the Israelites against the practices of the nations whose land the Lord had given them, condemning "divination," one that practiseth augury, or an "enchanter," or a "sorcerer," or a "charmer," or a "consulter with a familiar spirit," or a "wizard," or a "necromancer."

In the forty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, the Israelites are taunted with the multitude of their enchantments, and the multitude of their sorceries, and they are told to call upon "the astrologers, and the star-gazers, and monthly prognosticators" to save them if they can. The astrologers in this passage are "the dividers of the heavens"; the star-gazers, "the reviewers of the heavens"; the monthly prognosticators, "those who give predictions from month to month." The word translated "a consulter with familiar spirits" is from a term whose literal meaning is equivalent to that of our ordinary word ventriloquist, drawn from the fact that such persons chirp, mutter, speak as one from the ground, or from the abdomen. The only place where the word "witchcraft" occurs in the Revised Version of the New Testament is Galatians v., 20, where among the works of the flesh are named "idolatry and witchcraft." Witchcraft is there translated from φαρμακεία, signifying "enchanters with drugs."

The laws of Moses and the maledictions of the prophets show an attempt to prohibit, punish, and extirpate the whole host of occult practices of Egypt, Babylon, and Media, Persia, Phœnicia, and every other nation with which the Israelites came in contact. The theocratic nature of the government of God as set forth by Moses could not allow any rival; the attempt was rebellion and treason, the punishment death.

Against the conclusion which we draw that the attempt, and the attempt only, was to be considered in the trial of a case, it is said, "How, then, could an Israelitish judge decide the case of a person arraigned under this law? Would not the whole issue of the case depend upon the proof that the accused really had an attendant spirit? And is not the law an express declaration, not merely of the possibility, but also of the actual occurrence of such connections?" Not at all. Unless the Israelite judges had the power of supernatural perception, the only thing that they could take cognizance of would be the *attempt*.

Those who reject this conclusion, if they would be consistent, must believe all the forms of imposture comprehended in the common law of Israel to be supernatural; they must believe in astrology, augury, and charms; and that the heathen gods were actual supernatural devils. St. Paul says, "We know that no idol is anything in the world"; and though when warning the people to flee from idolatry, he says that "the things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to *devils* and not to God," it is a strained and long-drawn inference that he means to say that beyond the heathen gods there are real demons which they worship. If that were so the prophet Jeremiah was deceived himself, and deceived the people when he said, "Be not afraid of them [the heathen gods], for they cannot do evil, neither is it in them to do good."

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

THE case of the Witch of Endor is the only instance in the Bible where a description of the processes and results is given. Whether any one appeared to the witch, and if so who it was, has caused endless debate. Lange gives a summary of the different views. The Septuagint and the Apocrypha represent that it was Samuel, and Justin Martyr held the same; Tertullian that it was a *pythoness*, exclaiming, "Far be it from us to believe that the soul of any saint, much less a prophet, can be drawn forth by a demon"; Theodoret, Justin, Origen, Ambrose, Augustine, and some Jewish rabbis held that the "appearance of Samuel" was produced by God's power; and Delitzsch, Hengstenberg, and other moderns support it. Luther held that it was "the Devil's ghost"; Calvin that "it was not the real Samuel, but a spectre." Grotius thought that it was a deceptive spirit.

Amid the conflict I also will show "mine opinion." Saul, who was a man of strong pas-

sions, feeble judgment, and little self-control, had sinned, and God refused to hear him. With the Philistines visible at a distance of four miles, encamped in a better position than his own, being forsaken by God, his heart sank within him, and he determined to know the worst. Taking his servants into his confidence, he sought out a professed witch, or necromancer. After getting an oath that she would not be punished, she began in her usual way. "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" This was her professed business. "Bring me up Samuel!" Immediately afterward the woman cried with a loud voice, and said to Saul, "Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul?" There is a strong presumption that she would have known him under any circumstances. He was "head and shoulders above all the people"; his face must have been familiar; his camp was less than twelve miles from her cave. It is incredible in that small country, with Saul ranging over it, and great public processions, that the witch had never seen him. Said he, "Be not afraid." She said, "I see gods ascending out of the earth." "What form is he of?" "An old man covered with a mantle." Then Saul, who never saw anything, but depended upon her description, "perceived that it was Samuel."

What such women did in those times they are doing now in the East. She had retired — her cave, according to the Oriental custom, being divided by a curtain — and had been performing her incantations and muttering. It has often been remarked that when such a giant as Saul appeared and said, "Bring me up Samuel," the witch must have been indeed a foolish woman not to suspect who he was that made such a strange request. Before Samuel is represented as speaking she knew that her interlocutor was Saul. Her motive for pretending not to know him at first was to increase her influence over his mind — a common resort of such performers.

In Saul's address to Samuel, before the witch gave the alleged answer, he had given her all the facts that she needed to form that answer. "I am sore distressed, for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

The answer plainly consists of things which Samuel had said while living, and of things that could be conjectured from the situation. It is not necessary to assume that the woman was wholly a deceiver. Possibly she believed that her incantations brought up the dead, and she may have been wrought up into a species of trance in which she imagined the character suggested by her applicant. If so, she would naturally personify the tone of another person, and would speak to a great degree in harmony with what the character might be expected to say under the known circumstances. The narrator, as certain ancient Church decrees, according to Reginald Scot, declare, "set foorth Saule's mind and Samuel's estate and certeine things which were said and scene, omitting whether they were true or false."

TRIAL OF CASES.

LITTLE aid in the understanding of the trials of witches in New England in 1692 can be derived from courts as now conducted. The Honorable William Sullivan, in an address before the Bar of Suffolk, Massachusetts, in March, 1824, says that in Massachusetts the governor and assistants were the only depositaries of power, exercising legislative, judicial, and executive authority. They inferred from the charter the rights to exercise whatever power the welfare of the community required; when that was silent the Scriptures were the resort, the clergy and the elders being the expounders in all new emergencies. Hutchinson says that for a number of years "the jury, if not satisfied with the opinion of the court, were allowed to consult any bystander." For several years there were no lawyers, though there were a few attorneys, in the country. According to Mr. Sullivan, the importation in 1647 of two copies each of several law-books, including "Coke on Lyttleton," "Magna Charta," and "Coke's Reports," was probably the first introduction of the common law into the colony. Few or none of the judges were professional lawyers.

On the 8th of December, 1885, the Honorable William D. Northend delivered an address before the Bar of Sussex County, which is to be found in the twenty-second volume of the "Historical Collections of the Sussex Institute." His estimate of the judges is that there was not a regularly educated lawyer on the Superior Court Bench of Massachusetts until 1712, long after the witch trials were over. At that time, and for many years afterward, counsel were not assigned or allowed in capital cases, except on questions of law when the court was in doubt, the theory being that the judges were counsel for the prisoner. On May 14, 1692, Sir William Phipps arrived, bringing the new charter. He was a weak man and a believer in witchcraft. One of the first things he did officially was to appoint seven persons of Oyer and Terminer to try the prisoners who had been committed under suspicion of witchcraft in Essex County.

The kind of evidence admitted appears from the records, which are now accessible. One

case may serve to illustrate all. Against Rebecca Nurse there were four indictments. The first sets forth that "she has afflicted Ann Puttnam, Jr., by certain detestable arts called witchcraft, and sorceries, wherewith she has hurt, tortured, afflicted, wasted, and tormented."[1] The other indictments use nearly the same language.

Mrs. Nurse was an aged woman of unspotted reputation, and was more tenderly treated during a portion of the time than any of the rest. The jury at first acquitted her, but the judges sent them out again, and practically forced them to bring in a verdict of guilty, notwithstanding Mrs. Nurse's assertion that she had failed to answer a question (which failure was used against her) because, being deaf, she did not hear it. The judges appeared to be convinced of the guilt of all from the time the afflicted declared them guilty, and badgered prisoners in a manner almost incredible. Most of the examinations were written down by the Rev. Samuel Parris; one of the strongest proofs of the utter blindness of the times being the frank and unequivocal manner in which the record is prepared.

The prejudices of the judges and the spirit in which they dealt with the defendants appear from the account of the examination of Elizabeth Cary, of Charlestown, given by her husband, Captain Cary, a shipmaster.

His wife, being conscious of innocence, went to the church. The girls came in, fell in fits, and cried out, "Cary! Cary!" Mrs. Cary had never seen nor heard of one of them in her life. As at every motion of the defendant the afflicted made the same, Mrs. Cary was ordered to stand with her arms stretched out. Mr. Cary says, "I requested that I might hold one of her hands, but it was denied me; then she desired me to wipe the tears from her eyes and the sweat from her face, which I did; then she desired that she might lean herself on me, saying she should faint. Justice Hathorne replied, 'She had strength enough to torment these persons, and she should have strength enough to stand.' I speaking something against their cruel proceedings, they commanded me to be silent or else I should be turned out of the room."

Mrs. Cary was committed, but escaped from jail, went to Rhode Island, and finally to New York, where the governor of the State interested himself in her and protected her. Captain Cary, after describing her sufferings, says: "To speak of their usage of the prisoners, and the inhumanity shown to them at the time of their execution, no sober Christian could bear."

No testimony as to previous good conduct and character availed anything. This may be illustrated by the case of a woman of whom the Rev. William Hubbard, one of the most honored ministers in New England, characterized by Hutchinson as "a man of learning, and a logical and benevolent mind, accompanied with a good degree of catholicism," certifies:

I have known the wife of William Buckley of Salem Village, . . . ever since she was brought out of England, which is above fifty years ago. . . . She was bred by Christian parents, . . . was admitted as a member into the Church at Ipswich (of which he was the pastor) above forty years since. I never heard from others, or observed by myself, anything of her which was inconsistent with her profession, or unsuitable to Christianity.

But on evidence similar to that which convicted the others, and mostly from the same witnesses, she was hurried off to prison.

John Proctor went with his wife to support her under the charges; the "afflicted" cried out against him, and though many of the citizens testified as to his good character, as well as to hers, he was executed. But the children cried out that they could see "his shape afflicting them."

Against George Burroughs, a graduate of Harvard College and former minister of Salem, the principal evidence was that though a puny man he was remarkably strong physically; that he made nothing of carrying barrels of sugar, flour, etc., from one place to another, and that he could hold a gun straight out at arm's-length by taking hold of the end of the stock; that his wife told some one that he said "he knew all secrets, and made her promise to reveal none of his"; and that he accused his brother-in-law and his wife of talking about him on one occasion.

In his address Judge Northend remarks, "No better illustration can be given of the fallacy of the views of those who look upon legal rules as only a clog and hindrance in the administration of justice. Under the rules of laws now fully established, none of the evidence upon which the convictions were found would be admitted; spectral and kindred evidence could not be allowed, and without it not one of the accused could have been convicted."

EXPLANATION OF CONFESSIONS.

MANY persons acknowledged themselves witches, both in Europe and America, and gave detailed accounts of their interviews with the devil. This has led various writers to suppose that witchcraft has an objective reality; and certainly the problem is complicated by the fact that some of those who confessed were persons of undoubted piety. Yet it is not difficult of explanation.

In Europe tortures of the most terrible character were resorted to to compel confession. In his "Superstition and Force," Mr. Henry C. Lea quotes Rickens, a magistrate during an

[1] From the "Records of Salem Witchcraft," copied from the original documents, and privately printed for W. Elliott Woodward. Volume I.

epidemic of witchcraft at the close of the seventeenth century, as complaining that no reliance could be placed on legal witnesses to procure conviction. Del Rio avers that torture is to be more readily resorted to in witchcraft than in other crimes, in consequence of the *extreme difficulty of its proof.* This, Mr. Lea says, was the common opinion of the time. Constantine issued a decree in 358 A. D. that no dignity of birth or station should protect those accused of sorcery or magic from the severest application of torture. Old German records are full of accounts of men and women yielding and confessing, usually in language put into their mouths by the inquisitors.

In New England *none* of those who confessed themselves witches were executed, and every effort was made to induce them to do so. If any one confessed to being a witch, and afterward, driven by conscience, retracted, he was certain to be executed. This was the case with Samuel Wardwell, who confessed, retracted his confession, and died upon the gallows protesting his innocence.

But why did some religious and spiritually minded persons confess? Because they were saturated with erroneous views of the power of the devil, and his mode of exercising it. They believed that he was very near them all the time, endeavoring to effect an entrance; and when they were accused and saw "the afflicted," and realized that the magistrates and ministers thought they were guilty, their minds being weakened by the terrible pressure upon them, they came to the conclusion that in some unguarded moment the devil had gained an advantage over them; and that, though "they were unconscious of having done such things, their *spirits* must have committed them," and they therefore confessed.

Many thousands of persons in former centuries concluded in the same manner that they had committed "the unpardonable sin"; while of these very few had any clear idea of what the sin is. The pressure of the doctrinal beliefs of the age upon morbid conscientiousness, with a natural distrust, antagonized all the promises of the Gospel, and they despaired.

Many abandoned persons who believed in witchcraft and sought to obtain the power could easily find coincidences seeming to prove the truth of their claims, and in this way thought themselves to be wizards and witches.

EXPLANATION OF PHENOMENA.

In the progress of science principles have been established and illustrative facts accumulated whereby the greater part of the authentic phenomena can be fully explained. There was a large amount of fraud and jugglery. Dr. Hutchinson of England, the second edition of whose work appeared in 1720, has a chapter on "Seven Notorious Impostures Detected."

Seventy-eight years after the Salem witchcrafts, at Littleton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, a case involving three children whose performances were fully as remarkable and mysterious as those of the Goodwin children attracted great attention. But several years later the oldest girl offered herself as a candidate at the Rev. Mr. Terrell's church in Medford. "Her experience was considered satisfactory, but the minister chancing to preach against *liars*" (though he had not the least idea that she was an impostor), his sermon so powerfully affected her that she went to him and confessed the whole imposture, and showed how her sisters were drawn into it, "by love of mischief, imitation, vanity, and *necessity of going on after they had begun.*" In the case of "the afflicted girls" of New England there is positive evidence that some were consciously and intentionally performing a part. Their conduct needs no explanation.

If those who were not performing a part believed that they were afflicted by the accused, their evidence and actions become simple. If the accused moved her head, they would move theirs automatically. The hypnotic performances, now well known, furnish a perfect analogy. Every hypnotizer has to be constantly on his guard lest all with whom he is experimenting should do whatever is done by one. That this is an adequate explanation appears from the fact that in those parts of the world where witchcraft is still believed in, and where a scientific knowledge of epidemic hysteria and of hypnotism does not exist, such attacks are believed to be produced by witchcraft.

The "London Medical Record" has recently published an article quoted from an Italian medical journal, giving an account of an epidemic of hysteria among the peasants of Albania. The priests had tried to exorcise the evil spirits, but without success. Fourteen girls under twenty years of age, one boy of eleven, a woman of fifty, and a robust peasant of nineteen were carefully studied. The muscles of the face and neck became rigid, and afterward those of the limbs. The woman went through the most violent contortions and muscular motions, beating her chest with her hands and then falling motionless. This was sometimes repeated again and again. She said that during the attacks she "saw the figure of the woman who bewitched her." The origin and history of the case are here given in brief:

A band of seventy girls had agreed to work for an old woman in rice-fields. Thinking that they could make a better bargain, they broke their

engagement. The old woman was angry, and as she was generally supposed to possess the power of witchcraft, the girls were constantly in dread of being bewitched. As they worked eleven hours a day, standing in water in the hot sun, living chiefly on unsalable beans, bad bacon, and decaying rice, they were reduced "to a state of very unstable mental equilibrium, which was completely upset by seeing the hystero-epileptic fits of the first patient." The medical men sent them off to their own homes, thus isolating them, and they were speedily cured.

The imitative principle in such cases sometimes goes so far that what one thinks he sees hundreds will think they see; what one does scores and hundreds will do. The precise manner of dissemination of the dominant idea is well known.

Testimony to marvels of a different kind is occasionally introduced, such as mysterious noises, the fastening of doors, overthrowing of chairs, tables, crockery, the extinguishing of lights without apparent cause, the entrance of hogs and other animals into a house, the appearance of lights the origin of which is not understood. A case of this kind occurred in New England in 1680, and was before the courts at Ipswich. William Morse and his wife, with whom in the house no one but a grandson lived, were disturbed by such occurrences. A neighbor, Caleb Powell, looked into the matter, and declared that the boy played the tricks; that he had seen him fling things at his grandfather's head while the old gentleman was at prayer. But the mere attempt to explain the mystery nearly cost Caleb Powell his life, for he was arrested on suspicion of witchcraft, and many witnesses were brought to swear that he said that by astronomy and astrology he could find out, as he "knew the working of spirits, some in one country and some in another." Little investigation could take place in any country where the investigator was liable to be accused of witchcraft and to lose his life for denying the reality of it.

Scientific investigation, with the meaning which is now given to these words, was never applied to the phenomena. Drake does not exaggerate when he declares that, during the period, "if anything occurred, the origin or reason of which was neither understood nor comprehended, and appeared stranger than usual, the mind instead of investigating fell back upon the ever-ready and easy solution that such was caused by witchcraft." There were, of course, a few doubters; but they seldom obtained access to primary sources of information, and when they did were denounced as "Sadducees," "defenders of witches," or "agents of the devil." So strong was this influence that certain clergymen, who plainly did not approve the proceedings, were compelled to reaffirm continually their belief in witchcraft, and to protest against being considered defenders of witches. If persons became aggressive in the defense of the accused they were cried out upon by the accusers, and a mortal terror of the consequences led many to avoid being present at the investigation.

Electricity, magnetism, and the action of gases, as well as meteorological phenomena, were imperfectly understood in the times of the epidemic of witchcraft. Many mysteries then inscrutable could now be easily explained. The science of bacteriology, a discovery of the present generation, illustrates many of the facts which, being misunderstood, were supposed to indicate the presence of the devil, and to be the results of witchcraft. Dr. Prudden's "Story of the Bacteria, and their Relations to Health and Disease" gives many instances, and a circumstance easily explained recently occurred which two hundred years ago might have been the means of the death of many persons. Some time since there was brought to the physiological and pathological laboratory of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York for examination "a cluster of sausages which had been destined to grace a boarding-house breakfast-table. To the consternation of the maid who went into the dark cellar for them in the early morning, there hung in the place of the sausages a fiery effigy, which seemed to her more like the quondam spirits of their mysterious ingredients than the unctuous, homely friend of the homeless boarder." The microscope revealed at once the bacteria which produced the effect.

REACTION FROM THE FRENZY.

A DEEP conviction of the fallibility of spectral evidence arose in the minds of many. The recollection of the characters and good deeds of several who had been executed, of their dying protestations of innocence, and their religious bearing at the place of execution, and the recognition of the fact that if they had confessed they might have saved their lives, were powerful causes of the reaction.

But there were two others of still greater influence. The "afflicted" began to accuse persons of such high standing that the community instinctively felt that the charge was false. The Rev. Mr. Hale of Beverly had supported the prosecutions; but when his own wife was accused, he saw that they were going too far, and turned against them. Her case was but one of several: spiritual, devout, and consistent, she was not better than some of those to whose condemnation and execution her hus-

band had consented, upon evidence similar in all points to that alleged against her. But they were without such social relations as could effectually stem the tide, and were accused before a suspicion of the trustworthiness of the evidence had been engendered.

The other cause was the *retraction of the confessions.* In all fifty-five confessed. Some of them retracted, though they knew it would be certain death. Such was the case of Samuel Wardwell, who was executed protesting his innocence. Margaret Jacobs, who had testified against her grandfather in her confession, was so overwhelmed with grief and shame when she came to herself that she took it back, and addressed the court, saying:

> They told me if I would not confess I should be put down into the dungeon, and would be hanged; but if I would confess I should have my life; the which did so affright me with my own vile, wicked heart, to save my life, made me make the like confession, I did, which confession, may it please the honored Court, is altogether false and untrue. The very first night after I had made confession I was in such horror of conscience that I could not sleep for fear the Devil should carry me away for telling such horrid lies.

The entire confession is one of the most touching compositions in literature. She was afterward tried and condemned to death, but escaped because her case was not disposed of until after the reaction.

Six of the women of Andover who had confessed signed a declaration retracting, and fifty of the inhabitants of that town testified to their good character. They say that their nearest and dearest relations told them that there was no hope of saving their lives but by confessing themselves to be witches; that the confession which they made was suggested by some gentlemen,

> they telling us that we were witches and they knew it, and we knew it, which made us think that it was so; and our understanding, our reason, our faculties almost gone, we were not capable of judging of our condition. . . . And most of what we said was but, in fact, consenting to what they said. Some time after when we were better composed, they telling us what we had confessed, we did profess that we were innocent and ignorant of such things; and we learning that Samuel Wardwell had renounced his confession and was quickly after condemned and executed, some of us were told we were going after Wardwell.

Andover was "the first to recover its senses"; juries began to acquit; the governor of the State issued a proclamation opening the prisons, and a general fast was ordered. The jurors who had convicted the accused signed and circulated a document confessing that, "for want of knowledge in themselves and better information from others, they had taken up with evidence which on further consideration and better information they believed was insufficient for touching the lives of any"; and they "humbly asked forgiveness of all and the surviving sufferers in special," and declared that "*according to our present minds we would none of us do such things again on such grounds* for the whole world."

In 1697 the Rev. Mr. Hale wrote a book to show that the proceedings were erroneous. Memorials were sent and the ministers of the County of Essex presented an address to the General Court under date of July 8, 1703, expressing their belief that innocent persons had suffered, and finally the General Court, October 17, 1711, only nineteen years after the executions, and while the majority of the people were still living, reversed "the attainders of George Burroughs and others for witchcraft." This act declares that "some of the principal accusers and witnesses in these dark and severe persecutions have since discovered themselves to be persons of profligate and vicious conversation," and reversed the convictions, judgments, and attainders against all that died. The General Court reimbursed survivors and their heirs for expenses incurred. The petitions of such heirs duly proved and admitted are found in Woodward's "Records of Salem Witchcraft," and are valuable as testimony to the characters of the accused, apart from the impossible crime with which they were charged.

Judge Sewall, on the day of the general fast, arose in the old South Church in Boston and sent up to the pulpit a written confession of his error. This scene Whittier describes in the lines beginning, "Touching and sad a tale is told." To the day of his death this conscientious man set apart one day of every year for humiliation and prayer on account of the part he had taken.

The clergy of Salem and vicinity in the beginning fostered the delusion. Mr. Parris and Mr. Noyes, especially the former, must be classed with those representatives of any religion, true or false, who will stop at nothing to destroy those whose orthodoxy they doubt, or whose persons or characters they dislike.

There is evidence that many of the clergy of Massachusetts disapproved the proceedings, but because of the sentiments of the ruling civil authorities of Massachusetts they were not able to exert a restraining influence. In a petition drawn up by the opponents of Mr. Parris in Salem Village, they say that the reason they would not hold communion with him is "his declared and published sentiments referring to our molestations from the invisible

world: differing from the *opinion of the generality of orthodox ministers of this whole country.*" This was under date of April 21, 1693.

The terrible consequences of the belief forced the issue upon mind and heart; common sense and common humanity reasserted themselves. The horrid fiction was cast off; some denying the reality of witchcraft, others admitting it possible in the *abstract*, but affirming that it was impossible to prove it. As soon as the prosecutions ceased there was no further trouble. The transactions in New England exerted a great influence on the other side of the Atlantic against witchcraft, and in 1736 the English statute was repealed.

The investigation justifies the conclusion that where witchcraft is not believed in there are no cases of it; where it is believed there are many, and in proportion to the intensity of the belief. It must be remembered that medical men generally were ignorant and superstitious, and the scientific practice of the healing art unknown. The press did not exist; there was no opportunity for the kind of investigation now made by reporters, or for the free utterance of adverse opinion, or for any proper or generally circulated report of trials. If the clergy of this country generally believed in witchcraft, they could find an abundance of the kind of evidence that was admitted in 1692; and were there no press, free, active, and intelligent, it would be possible to originate an epidemic in a few weeks which would parallel any in the past.

The crucifixion of Christ, the cruelties of the Inquisition, the burning of Servetus, the atrocities of the first French Revolution, the hanging of witches and Quakers are but manifestations of the possible excesses of human nature when governed by false and deeply rooted ideas, when strong passions are excited, and no adequate force, either of authority or of public opinion, restrains.

The solemn words of Longfellow are true of New England's part in the universal tragedy:

Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone;
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time,
When in all lands that lie beneath the sound
Of Sabbath bells a witch was burned or drowned.

If mankind as a whole had not been stronger than any of its passions, the race would long since have annihilated itself. Superstition and barbarism, though ostensibly expelled by modern civilization, lurk in the shadows stealthily seeking an entrance; and the united forces of reason, science, religion, law, self-interest, freedom of speech and of the press, with "eternal vigilance," are needed to prevent them from regaining a direful ascendancy.

J. M. Buckley.

A PARTING GUEST.

DEAR world, how shall I say farewell to thee
As from thy friendly house I go at last?
Let me not like an unloved wanderer be
From thy door cast.

No, I have been a little while thy guest;
Still there are light and music, down thy halls
The laughing recognition of a jest
Rises and falls.

Thou hast with love and bread my wants supplied,
And hurried on my hours in joyous flight;
But longer with thee now I cannot bide,—
I come to say good night;

But leave not other friends who need thee here,—
Give me thy hand and I am quickly gone;
Thy lamps will light me with their genial cheer
Until I meet the dawn.

Meredith Nicholson.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

III.

I WAS now again at ease as to the future, and without occupation. A man of some thirty-six years of age, I was master of three languages, well read in a general way, and, as may have been seen, a practised and interested observer of my fellow men. Moreover, I had had the experience of a long illness, and found, therefore, renewed pleasure in outdoor life as well as in a myriad of things which are to be seen in field and wood, and air and water. Mere science had in it for me little that I liked, and it was clear to me that only in my own profession was there what I desired — a combination of ever-changing science, and its constant applications to medicine as an art.

Having no wish to increase my fortune, I took chiefly to consulting practice, declining cases at will, and was lucky enough to obtain a good hospital position.

Contented with my daily work, and the constant problems it set before intelligent curiosity, I lived at tranquil ease, my friends making for me a large part of the pleasure of life. Some of them I loved for groups of moral qualities, some for the mental food with which they stimulated me. There were others who were dear because they found something in me to like and to trust and to use, and who themselves were not in any way remarkably attractive except for having a notable capacity to love. Undoubtedly there are folks whom one loves as one does some quite useless pleasant dog. From all of which it may be clear that I had many friends. Some of them were always interesting, and this is rare — although I may as well confess here that more people have interest for me than is the case with educated men in general. Even those who are generally looked upon as commonplace often find a warm corner at the hearth-side of my heart. When friends die or drift away, I like to fill their places, and hope when life ends to find the ranks as full as in the mid-flow of existence. Mrs. Vincent says that I collect friends as a naturalist does flowers. The only rational limit I can set to an increase of the number of those whom one qualifies as friends lies in the fact that one must contribute more or less in the way of time, letters, and pleasant service. Some need little; others insist on constancy of relation — for there are genera and species in friendship. Of one of them, Vincent, already mentioned, I should feel as sure if we were parted for half a life. He was of the rare men who have intellectual apprehensions so swift as to seem instinctive. While in some matter of social difficulty, or of tangled business, I should have slowly reasoned out my conclusion, he attained the same result apparently without effort, and yet could afterward give you his reasons. He was a man too sensitively reserved to admit many to his friendship, too silent as to his charities to be known to the world as generous. His character was indeed throughout the more beautiful for the modesty which hid its values. He was one of the few I ever knew who had the art of giving, even money, with graciousness. Also, he was master of himself, body and mind. To me he seemed the ideal of modern common sense, with ever a present possibility of chivalric action carried to the verge of the quixotic. Of this man, in company with a sculptor, now very famous, and a scholar, also of the upper rank, and already mentioned, I saw much. Among them Frederick Vincent attracted me most. While these others had attained in life all, or nearly all, of what their capabilities made possible, he alone appeared to me never to reach the success which seemed within the command of his qualities. When I came to know that it was his frail physical state which set limits to a boundless ambition, I loved him more than ever, because there was never on his part the least unmanly repining. In fact, life — active life — was only possible to him on condition that he lived with care and spent much time out of doors.

One evening we met, as was often the case, at my own rooms. Three of us being bachelors and only Vincent married, these meetings were easily and often possible.

Detained by a consultation, I came in late to find two of my three friends gathered about the blazing hickory logs of my study hearth. The third, Clayborne, was as usual wandering about, now along the coast of my bookcases, now knocking against chair or table, a great drifting hulk of a man.

"And what have you been discussing?" I said.

"We began," said Vincent, "with a long screed from St. Clair. He is laughing at Mrs. B—— for having her girls trained by a drill-

sergeant to have flat backs—like West Point cadets. He insists that no antique statue of woman is erect, and he declares that they all droop like flowers."

"It was n't a fertile text," said Clayborne, "and we soon got through with it. There is one comfort about that boy St. Clair's futilities of speech. If he talks often he does n't talk long at a time."

"Thanks," said St. Clair. "It was Clayborne who digressed; I could have gone on for an hour about the flat backs of what they call 'women' in these days. I wonder would Eve know her modern sisters. Clayborne went off for an unbroken half-hour on the ancients as realists. He thinks the Laocoon the finest thing in plastic art, old or new. He meant, I fancy, to start on that as a text, but the text got in only at the end of the sermon. Realism—I loathe the word, and he calls the Laocoon realistic."

"I do."

"What, to carve a snake as a round rope, and to give a constrictor serpent fangs? Any boy knows better than that."

"Those snakes have no fangs," returned Clayborne.

"Yes, they have," I said; "and in the upper jaw, in the right place, and one on each side."

"I don't believe it," said Clayborne.

"And still it is so," returned St. Clair. "Moreover, Clayborne, although the old sculptors were fond of carving serpents, I never saw another example of the venomous fanged snake in any art museum."

"And snakes are not round?" said Clayborne, appealing to me.

"No; a section of a snake in motion or constricting would be like a half moon, and flattened on the belly side."

"I give up," said the scholar. "I am always ready to yield to real knowledge; but—"

"Oh, come now!" cried St. Clair. "When you do eat your humble-pie don't growl because it gives you a mental colic."

"I am not sure about it yet," urged Clayborne. "However, we got off next on to weariness, or rather fatigue of mind. Vincent happened to say that his head was tired—his brain, I mean. St. Clair and I can't understand what that means. We do agree now and then."

"Then," said St. Clair, "we remembered what some one has said, that scholars who have lived much in Europe believe work to be possible there at less cost to one's nervous system than in our climate."

"I said that was absurd," said Clayborne. "So much thought, so much product, so much tissue wasted."

"Try to climb in our summer climate, and on a Swiss mountain," returned Vincent, "and see whether or not more effort is needed here. It seems to me that the same may be true as to the use of the mind."

"I think that a fair reply," I said. "But also, to generalize, I fancy that any given thousand Americans do more work in a year than as many of a like group of English, we may say."

"As to this whole question," said Clayborne, "I am a bad witness. I cannot understand what a man means when he says his brain is tired."

"You must have strained it badly to know," I returned. "Sense of fatigue as referred to the brain, and not merely to eye, hand, or back, is hardly a normal sensation."

"I wonder is it wholly modern," remarked Vincent; "and did we Yankees really invent neurasthenia?"

"If I had Sydenham here," I replied, "I would show you what that master in medicine said of overwork, and the consequences, in Charles II.'s time. While I am sure we have only too many breakdowns from excesses in work, and above all from anxiety with work, I know well enough that since we discovered, described, and named the condition of nervous exhaustion it has been found to exist everywhere in Europe."

"And the remedy?" said St. Clair, who had merely listened.

"Turn beast," cried Clayborne. "Who ever saw a horse with neurasthenia?"

"Go back to nature, I suppose," said St. Clair. "Live out of doors. Turn cowboy. Get near the soil again. Imagine a neurasthenic Sioux chief."

"The remedy would destroy me," said Clayborne. "I once camped out with Owen. Never was man so wretched. My own remedy would be change of occupation for a time. Some hobby is valuable. If I weary of my work I simply go and fuss over my coins. There is Vincent; why doesn't he write a play when he is tired, or hunt butterflies?"

Vincent smiled, but made no reply. I well knew why. His fund of physical energy barely sufficed for the week's work, and left him no available reserve.

"Once," I said, "a lawyer or a doctor could not afford to go against the public opinion which decreed that he could not be anything else but mere lawyer or doctor. Now, in our great towns at least, these limitations are passing away. We have more freedom, and certainly what Clayborne says is true: one can't run away always, and a little canter on a hobby of literature, science, or art is usually possible."

"What is too often wanting to the tired man," said Vincent, quite sadly, "is the energy to saddle and bridle and mount his hobby. Rest is what I want. I stay in bed of a Sunday."

"It is rather odd," said St. Clair, who was apt to be discursive, "that in literature the doctor so often appears. There are Rabelais, Keats, Goldsmith, Holmes, Akenside, and more, if one chose to think them over. But among notable poets who have had legal training one recalls only Goethe."

"I think that is true," remarked Clayborne, who, as was common with him, was still moving about, and now and then glancing at a book on my shelves.

"But no great poet," urged St. Clair, "ever could be long or seriously anything else. None of those men continued to be doctors. Akenside one need hardly consider. Poetry is an inexorable mistress."

"I have often wondered," said Vincent, "what forms of pursuit give on the whole the largest bounty in the way of happiness."

"The naturalist's, I should say," I returned.

"The artist's," cried St. Clair. "I am supremely happy."

"And you?" said Clayborne to me.

"My life contents me," I said. "Yes; I am happy in my work. It admits of so much intellectual variety, and there is too the persistent daily work which, like a great fly-wheel, steadies all the machinery of life."

"I wish," said Vincent, "I could get inside of any other man's life."

"It would not explain or make easier your own life," said Clayborne. "After all, joyousness is a question of temperament. But, over and above that, there is something to be said as to the pleasurable quality of men's pursuits."

"Are poets happy as a rule?"

"No," returned St. Clair; "they are the very bondsmen of common sense, and that is always unpleasant in its influence. They see too clearly to be happy, and feel too acutely."

"Stuff!" cried Clayborne. "The rule would work both ways. The trouble is that most of them were fools and suffered for their nonsense. The best of brains cannot always shut the door on folly. If a man enjoys nature too much to go indoors when it rains — morally or physically rains — need he growl at the consequences?"

"And yet the notion," I returned, "that poets, artists, and men of science are wanting in every-day common business sense appears to me negatived by the lives of many. Really, the great poets and foremost men of science are always variously capable. They fail in business matters merely because they care more for other things. Whenever they have been forced to conduct affairs they have shown no want of capacity. There is Goethe again, and Shakspere, and Emerson, and in science the noble list of men who have managed the vast Smithsonian business."

"How we drift in our talk," said Clayborne. "I think you may be correct. But let me go back and recall the talk to —"

"Recall it!" interrupted Vincent. "You can't anchor a conversation. It is only when it drifts that I like it. Your serious talkers are too tiresome. How very few good things they say. How often they must re-say them. Look at any table-talk, even Coleridge's. Imagine these things said to you gravely. Nobody talks that way now; no one should. Think of the long, dull fuses that fizzed gently between their brilliant firecrackers. These professors of conversation are things of the past. As a rule, for good talk, you must have people used to talk and to listen. They must want to amuse and be amused. You can't have good talk without good manners. For my part, I would rather take my chance at table beside some woman of the world than beside most of the literary or scientific folks I have known."

There was silence for a moment while St. Clair rose and filled a pipe, saying as he dropped the match, "That is the reason why the forests are so agreeable."

"If you want to destroy conversation toss a conundrum into it," cried Clayborne. He detested lack of clearness in verse, prose, or the talk of man.

St. Clair started up. "And you call that a conundrum? Do you know any one with the breeding or manners of a pine tree; and who talks better?"

Vincent looked up at our poet-sculptor with a smile which for a certain dignity and sweetness I never saw the like of. "My manners are better and my talk more amusing," he cried, laughing. "What stuff is all this modern nonsense about the relation of man to nature! It is all manufacture, all conventional. I love the pleasant noises of trees, and wind, and waters. I like them as a child likes music — in a vague way.

> I am it, and it is me,
> Earth and water, air and sea;
> I am them, and they are me.
> In my soul the poplar shivers,
> In my heart the ash tree quivers,
> And a philosophical search
> Readeth anguish in the birch.

We all laughed and laughed again, except St. Clair.

"Does it seem to you really so absurd," he said, "that the man and the tree should have mysterious relationships? Once they were both atoms somewhere in the slime of what you call chaos." Our friend was just now wildly, delightedly puzzled over the theories of evolution. "This unity of original product explains to me a good deal," he added.

"Does it?" said Vincent.

The sun and moon shall fall a-main
Like sower's seeds into his brain,
There quickened, to be born again.

St. Clair was now really vexed. He had a keen sense of humor, but also a childlike sense of annoyance when it was used against him. "It is easy," he cried, "to spoil a man's dreams, to bruise his ideals."

"Oh," exclaimed Vincent, "that is true, and you may be right. The relation of nature and its voices to man — not to all men — may be like the relations of music to some. I say it as a verity because I have no such relation to music. I have seen my wife with tears in her eyes, or light of joy in her face, when L—— played Beethoven. It was a closed door to me. I sat and wondered at her passionate pleasure. It was to me as are to you the murmurs of brooks, the wind in the pines. I marvel at it. I am like the beggar on the door-step. I see the house lighted up; I hear merriment within. It is not of my world; I gather up my rags, and go on."

"There is no real music in nature," said Clayborne; "really none, and rhythm too is of purely human begetting. Emerson guesses at the heart-pulse as its origin. Holmes says the easier rimes are born of the accidental length of respiration."

"Do you suppose," said I, "that verse is ever a birth-gift? Music may be, as it seems to me. Some idiots can sing distinctly. I wonder if many of the great poets had in very early childhood the tendency to rime or to speak rhythmically. Apart from its intellectual aspects, poetry does seem to me like a distinct means of expression, almost a distinct language, easy for some, impossible for others."

"There is the puzzle," said Vincent. "You can't separate the form-power from the informing intellectual capacity in poetry. The greatest poets are always the greatest masters of verse; the lesser ones may be melodious, but are never capable of the higher music of verse. The architects of thought are the master builders. Then, too, it is a curiously dominative temperament. I never shall believe there was ever a 'mute Milton.' Perhaps great creative musical power is as despotic in its order to the man to utter himself. What I envy either is the creative act. They must enjoy the making of a poem or a sonata with an intensity past our conception."

"And now I am out of my depth," said Clayborne.

"I think," said I, "that the pleasure of some revolutionizing discovery must be the equal of any joy which either poetic or musical creativeness affords. To know of a sudden some far-reaching law, some fact hidden in solar space, or time-buried; to come on its conception abruptly, as between two breaths — well, I would as gladly experience that as to have written 'Comus.'"

"Not I," said St. Clair.

"Nor I," said Vincent; "but, like Clayborne, I have not imagination enough to enable me to conceive of either as possible. I am quite sure that as yet the psychical share of imagination in great material discovery has not been fully appreciated. In Goethe's scientific work it shows remarkably. The other side is seen in his poetry, and in Dante."

"How?" cried St. Clair.

"You, at least, ought to know. Talk about glory and rewards for these men of many crystalline facets, each with its light and colors. They must needs be glory and joy enough to themselves."

"It is an awfully human fact," I observed, "that they all craved recognition."

"And when," returned Clayborne, "we see how little most men can do, the absence of limitations in some men of genius appears incredible. I suppose none of them equaled Da Vinci in the wonderful variety of gifts — painter, sculptor, poet, architect, hydraulic engineer, anatomist, physiologist. What a life! One marvels most at the memory of a man like that. It must have been perfect."

We all laughed; the speaker was a wonder of memorial strength. He went on, "Oh, I remember well enough; but — my last word makes me ask if there ever was a man with an absolutely perfect memory."

"That is rather droll," said I, "because I was consulted yesterday by a queer fellow who says that his memory is too good. In a day or two he is to bring me a written statement of his case. If you like I will read it to you the first time chance brings us together."

"I should like to hear it," returned Vincent. "Nothing seems to me more improbable."

As they went away, he lingered. "I wish," he said, "you would do for me as you some time ago said you would, and let me see the inside of a doctor's life. I mean as much of it as one can see. We have talked it over so often."

"That is in part possible," I returned. "Meet me to-morrow. It is Sunday. I am due at St. Ann's Hospital at eleven."

"Agreed," he said, and left me.

IV.

VINCENT was waiting for me next day in the manager's room of the hospital. I said to him, "If you are to excite no remark, look as wise as nature allows, and let me call you doctor."

He nodded, and followed me. At the head of the stairs a young resident physician met us. He carried my case-book, a stethoscope, and a percussion-hammer. The walls, like the floors, were

of exquisite cleanliness, and unornamented save by portraits of physicians who had gone their rounds for years in these wards, and at last followed their many patients out of the world.

The young doctor, a favorite of mine, opened a door, pausing a moment to say, "Joe is worse, sir."

"And Johnson?"

"Oh, better; much better."

I said to Vincent: "My young friend and I differed a little as to a case. It looks now as though he were right." The young man glanced up flushed and glad, and we went into the ward.

Here were some twenty beds, all full. Beside each was a little table, and, now, neatly tucked back, clean fly-nets, it being near to summer. The floor was of spotless boards; the walls were of a pleasant gray tone, and there was ample light, and, of course, abundant air, so that the atmosphere was without odor. Four neat, white-capped, white-aproned young women, their arms covered with protecting white over-sleeves, moved to and fro noiselessly. An older woman came up to us, smiling. I presented her to my doctor.

"I like my head nurse to make the round with me," said I. "Come, and ask what questions you please, doctor. I hope not to tire you; my Sunday visits here are long ones. Here is a case not clear to me; perhaps you can help us." Vincent preserved a perfect gravity.

"How are you, John?" I said. A great stalwart lumberman lay stretched out in bed his full six feet two.

"Look at his face," I said in an undertone.

"I am no better, sir, and I won't never be."

"A case of pneumonia, doctor, and not a bad one. He is on the way to health: no pain; no cough; pulse good; won't eat; thinks he will die. What would you do for him, Doctor Vincent?"

He replied without hesitation, and to my surprise, "Pitch a tent; put him out in the sun; give him a penknife and a shingle." The man looked up, a quick response in his face.

"Could n't we manage it?" I said to my young aid. "I will speak to the steward."

"I hate," said I aside to Vincent, "to see a man bent on dying. They sometimes go unaccountably to death. I once saw in Paris a man from whom Roux had removed a small tumor of no moment. The man said that he would die, and the old surgeon remarked to us that he did not like that. The patient was dead in two days, and no man could tell then, or on examination, what killed him."

"Did you ever," said Vincent, "see a man die because he willed to?"

"No," I replied; "nor escape death by mere decision not to die. The resolution to do whatever is needful to get well, the belief in its possibility, help men; that is all. I once heard a man with cholera—a sturdy mechanic—declare that he did not mean to die, and would not. He tried to make himself think he must get well. The thing was most painful."

"And he died?" said the nurse.

"Yes; he died."

In the next bed a young carpenter lay ill. He had the clearly cut American features, neat mustache, and Vandyke beard so much worn by his class.

"How are you, Joe?" I said.

"Oh, better; a lot better."

I went over his case with care. "Listen here," I said to Vincent. My friend bent down awkwardly, listened a moment, and then followed me away.

"What was that I heard like a rattle?"

"Yes, a death-rattle—a sentence of death in clear language," I answered.

"It is strange to have a man's lungs talk to one. It is a language. Shall you tell him?"

"Not unless he asks me. I have told his relatives."

"And will he ask?"

"Probably. A hundred years hence or sooner we shall cure such cases. I hate these inevitables in medicine—cancer, consumption. Come, here is something better."

"Good morning," I said to a pale, sallow creature in the next bed but one. He shook his head. I took a slate off his bed, and wrote, "How are you?"

"Oh, better," he said. "I understood twice yesterday. Then it went."

"Back better too? Have you books enough?" I wrote.

Vincent lifted one from his table; it was a harrowing tale of piracy—poor trash.

"I will send him 'The Three Musketeers,' if you will let me," said my friend.

I went on: "He is word-deaf. He hears but cannot interpret. The connecting nerve-threads between word-memory (I mean ideas gotten by hearing) and his receptive organs are broken, but he has word-vision; words which he reads are still usefully dealt with by the mind. He fell a hundred feet from a scaffold, and broke his back. He is going to recover. It is curious that he has no memory of the events which preceded his fall for two hours. It seems as if time were needed to fix the records of memory. I have seen this often. Some physical shock interferes with the permanence of the delicate impression made on the brain-cells. It is like interrupting the fixation of a photo picture. It is so in battle. The hurry of emotions, the swiftness of the march of events, the mad fury of fight, have a like effect, and hence with the coolest the memory of the details of a battle are apt to be imperfect.

But let one of these men be wounded so as to make him a passive spectator, and thenceforward he remembers all that goes on."

"I wonder," said Vincent, "if death, too, is like the shock of a fall, and crushes out all remembrance of the past?"

My young resident doctor looked up at him with a quick glance of curiosity, and said, "Do you recall, Dr. North, that girl we had here last year who forgot only people, and ceased to know even her lover?"

"Yes; and everything else remained as before."

"Too much memory, or too little," said Vincent. "Who could choose?"

"I would take too much," said the resident.

"Wait till you are forty," said Vincent.

"Come, doctor," I said, "it is not the curiosities we came to see; you will find them in every ward. They have their own value to us; but now we can't talk of them." So saying, I turned to a bed near by. On the table were several books—a volume of Shakspere, and a novel or two from the hospital library, the Bible (as on all the tables), and some magazines. The sick man was about thirty-five years old, clean-shaven, large of feature, but very pale, and huge of limb and hand. As we came near a smile of singular sweetness welcomed me. "My friend Dr. Vincent," said I.

The sick man put out his thin hand and greeted us in turn, saying, "I 'm what they call an interesting case, sir." I sat down beside him.

"Mason, doctor, is a workman in iron. He made the beautiful hammered-iron fire-screen in my study."

"I was a good workman," he said, "but I shall never strike iron again, sir—will I, doctor? Oh, I have asked that so often, and I ought not to. I beg pardon." There was fitness, almost grace of manner, in the apologetic checking of himself.

"Mason was hurt in the back, doctor, by the fall of a bar of iron. He knows how much I want to help him, and I am not without hope; but it may be long."

"Oh, I could wait, but I am that savage and irritable—I—"

"His wife was here yesterday," said my aid in an undertone.

"Books enough, Mason?" I said.

"Yes; and to spare, sir, and flowers too. Mrs. L—— takes care of that."

"Sit down," I said to Vincent, "and talk to him while I see a case or two. He has made friends with books since he has been in bed."

"That 's true, sir. It seems to me so queer now that I never heard of Scott before; and Hamlet, I know a man just like him. Ever read Hamlet, sir?"

Vincent sat down as I moved away, and while I examined two new cases I noticed that he was deep in interested talk with Mason. By and by I saw him shake hands with the sick man and heard him say, "Yes; I will come again," and then he joined me as I sat down by the bed of a lad of twenty.

"Is this a new case?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then let me hear how you go to work."

"I will try to tell you; it is not very easy without too much talk. Give me the bed-card," I said to my resident doctor. "Here. This lad came in yesterday; on his card you see his name, date of admission, a place for the diagnosis, and, below, lines left for diet and change of treatment; also here is a chart of the heat-curves. In this ward-book the resident has written out every detail as to his habits, inheritance, illness. Take this card and run your eye over it. It will save time. It is a guide to the note-takers so that a certain order may prevail in our histories of cases."

"I see, I see. No organ is left unexamined. But how can you get the time? And you must have a whole arsenal of tools, if I may judge by the recent survey made of my own throat and eyes."

I laughed, and my resident doctor regarded this other physician with suppressed amusement, being himself a youngster who, by habit, eased the frictions of life with the precious ointment of mirth.

"Yes," I said; "I can, of course, make personally the whole study of a case. As a rule, here, where there is so much to be done that has to be done thoroughly and rapidly, one man goes over the eyes and other sense-organs, and one over the secretions, which may exact hours of work."

"And," added Vincent, "there are electric testings, I see. And reflexes! What on earth are they?"

This doctor who asked what a "reflex" meant was fast becoming too much for my resident, whose eyes were flashing with mirth, and narrowing to imminence of laughter. I touched his arm, as a warning, and went on: "Reflexes? Oh, reflex acts. I strike on a spot, say, below the knee, and a certain muscle instantly and in health always replies by a movement. There are many such. I might call them muscle-instinct acts."

"I see," returned Vincent. "It becomes clearer to me if I think of some of our instinctive acts as intellectual reflexes. There ought to be a new word—instinctions."

And now my resident cast a look of solemn wonder at this reasoning ignoramus.

"Let us put that to Clayborne," I said. "I want to show you how complete, how pains-

taking, is our work; how efficient it is. If that sick boy were lord of a guinea a minute no more could be known of his case, no more could be done for it. Let us talk about this again when we meet. A hospital is a fertile text. We are at our best here. Illness in a private dwelling loads one at times with needless perplexities."

"One word more, North. I had an idea that you often made — well — made what people call a diagnosis by intuition; at least one reads of such things."

"Rather by tuition so complete that the intellectual act for the moment escapes analysis. Your idea belongs to the medicine of fiction. We do something like that, of course. A man walks in, and we guess at a look by his walk that he has disease of certain columns of the spine. It appears like magic to a layman, but after that comes the real and careful work. What is the cause, the man's history, his general state of health — these are the valuable things at which one cannot merely guess and rest tranquil. It is true that often we reason from dubious premises to conclusions as doubtful, and that requires a mind of very peculiar type. It is quite remote from the mathematic faculty."

"Yes; I do not well understand how a great mathematician could ever be a physician of force. Galileo gave up medicine, I believe."

"The present case seems clear to me," I said, and, as we moved away, "I wish it were not. He has an aneurism of the arch of the aorta, the great artery. It compresses nerves that give motor activity to the muscles of speech."

"Then death is certain?"

"No; not quite. There is a chance, a small one; and he is young. That will help, except that it will make him impatient, and he must have six months of absolute rest in bed, and heroic doses of certain saline medicines."

"I see. And, pray tell me, do the young or the old bear sickness, long sickness, best?"

"Oh, that is a matter of temperament, of moral construction. Children well, I think; women too well."

"Too well?"

"Yes; to get a man into bed and a woman out of bed is almost equally difficult. But come; I am through. What about Mason, Vincent?"

"Oh, that poor fellow. You know people talk to me about themselves. It is a doubtful privilege."

"Yes; and he is as reserved and self-contained as a well-bred lady," I said.

"He told me of the wife, who is weak and giddy-minded; of his six children, like to starve or to go to the poorhouse. I shall see them to-morrow. Who is this Mrs. L—— he talks about?"

"Oh, an angel, a heart of gold. I wish we had a hundred like her."

"It is awful, is n't it, to see these many cases which only money can help? A mere question of money."

"Not altogether, but largely; yes, very largely. Look down this ward. I could point you out a dozen whose cases could be helped by money. This man needs a few weeks in the country to complete his cure, that man a month of salt air. Here is one so troubled because he will lose his place that cure becomes difficult. Here we are like to fail with another because he does not know how to feed his children while he is ill. The beneficiary associations help. Women like Mrs. L——, or as like as God allows, come between these people and their wants — wants which in illness you and I do not know. These wrecks of sturdy men talk to such women as they rarely talk to us. Women are the natural confessors of men; but, after all, there is always the lack of money. If I could do it, I would give every hospital a contingent fund — some thousands a year — for just such wants. And the people you see here are mostly mechanics — rarely mere laborers — proud as only the American is, loathing charity, and having to be taken with tact. And now good-by; I must have talked you tired, and said but half."

"No; you have brought me close to many things of which I had no clear conception. But it does seem to me that yours, my dear Owen, must be of all modes of usefulness the saddest."

"No; we were not sad in war, or we were rarely so, with comrades falling around us every month, and this seems to me much like it. One gets used to it. Who is permanently saddened by the ever-repeated inevitable? None but the morbid, I fancy. What I personally hate is defeat, by death, by incurable ailments. I have the feeling, which all physicians ought to have, that every one should get well; that all disease is curable somehow. It is, I suspect, the intellectual defeat I so dislike; but there is a host of compensations."

"Thank you. You have really opened to me a vista of the physician's life which is worth a good deal."

V.

A WEEK later I met Vincent one evening in the street. "Come," he said; "I am going to see Clayborne. I fancy we shall find St. Clair also. Have you seen our iron-worker to-day?"

"Yes; and he is really better; your talk did him good. What a tonic is hope. I fancy you helped him more than you know. He tells me that you are about to secure a patent for him. Is it worth while?"

"Yes; I have submitted his model to S——. He tells me it is a very novel invention, and

will bring him a good deal of money. It has been a pleasant task for me. The American of his class is so interesting, so self-respecting, and so just; I may add, so well-mannered. But here we are."

Clayborne was a bachelor, older than the rest of us, and a man of large fortune. We were shown upstairs to the top of the house, the whole area of which (and it was large) was occupied by his library. From floor to ceiling, all around, were books. They overflowed on to the floor, the chairs, the many tables. Although he was as to his writings a historian, his tastes in literature were nearly limitless, and it seemed to me that he read everything save modern verse. The last novel, the last magazine, the newest work of travel, even science, seemed to interest him. For modern poetry alone he had no strong liking. A slow thinker, he was also defective as to his power to enjoy wit or humor, and was apt laboriously to analyze a jest. I should prefer to say that he enjoyed mere rollicking fun, examined wit with a kind of scornful indifference, and was simply inaccessible to humor. Although a kindly man, he lived too much alone with his own very keen intelligence. He was apt to reason himself out of all beliefs in the need of attending to the duties of social and public affairs with an ease favored by his liking for books and a lonely contemplative existence. He had had fancies for several women, but, as Vincent once remarked, he was apt to set his cool brain to hatch the eggs of a warm heart, and then was surprised to find his eggs addled.

When we entered the great, airy room, with its busts of philosophers and its legions of books, St. Clair was seated at an open window, and the stalwart owner was walking to and fro with his hands behind his back. He was discoursing volubly to the sculptor on Greek and medieval art. Now and then he paused to turn up a gas-jet; for he enjoyed a superabundance of light, and even on a hot night in July, despite our entreaties, delighted to illuminate his study as if for a winter ball.

Both men greeted us with the conventional "How are you?" Vincent had a mental habit which in some men would have looked like affectation. He was apt to pick up for examination any usual word or phrase, and say about it something most unusual. It made him as a talker very suggestive to quick-witted people; but to others this habit was apt to bring embarrassment, silent dismay, or one of those acquiescent phrases which kill conversation.

He said now, "Why does everyone say, 'How are you? How do you do?'"

"Why not?" said St. Clair.

"Why not?" cried Vincent, dropping into a chair. "Am I always to be reminded that I am mortal? that I may be ill any day? It is a bit of universal bad manners."

"Of good, I should say," returned Clayborne.

"I do not agree with you," cried Vincent. "It is my friend's business to say how well I look; certainly it is an impertinence in a mere acquaintance to enter into the question of my health. I wonder how it began? I should like to know if an Indian or a Hottentot asks how his savage neighbor is."

"The mass of humanity must like it, or the custom would die," said our host, reflectively.

"Bad manners never die," returned Vincent, smiling.

"And what is the best test of good manners?" I said.

"Capacity to listen agreeably," said Clayborne. We all laughed, for the speaker was at times given to discourse.

"I don't see why you laugh," he continued. This provoked a new outbreak.

"The hardest test of manners is the capacity to submit to an obligation with graciousness," I ventured.

"I should say," said St. Clair, "the power to oblige with grace."

"I can do neither," cried Clayborne. "I hate being obliged, and I hate to oblige, because there is no end to it. The man who obliges gets in debt. There is nothing obliges like obligation."

"Oh!" ejaculated Vincent.

"Yes; both embarrass me — to oblige and to be obliged."

Said Vincent: "It is the complexities of life which annoy us. The man who gives with joyous simplicity gives, as we all should give, for his own sake. The simply imaginative, kindly man expects to do his own thankfulness. 'The Lord assisteth the simple.' It is self-analysis which breeds annoyance. I was walking in the Tyrol years ago, and found a charming wayside fountain over which the giver had set the words — I can translate them roughly —

'Ye who drink
Pause and think.'

An old Englishman who came up as I contemplated the inscription said to me, 'That man had bad manners.'"

"The point is too fine for my use," growled Clayborne.

Said St. Clair: "There is an equally odd inscription on the marble floor of a lovely spring in an English wood I know. It puzzled me."

"And now the talk has gone astray," said Clayborne, discontentedly.

"And so it should," I replied.

"But St. Clair always gets adrift."

"He 's a poet," laughed Vincent. "I should define a poet as a man with buttons to his mental

garments and no buttonholes. He is always fumbling at the impossible."

"Now, wait a little," cried the poet, mildly wrathful. "Who 's adrift now?"

"Oh, your fountain," said I. "What was the inscription? Never mind these fellows."

"It is not worth quoting," said St. Clair.

Clayborne had, without intention, a special power to annoy him. Looking up, however, St. Clair caught Vincent's appearance of utmost interest. It seemed to say, "You are just now the only person in the world worth hearing." It was an inherited trait of manners—a family jewel.

St. Clair went on: "I make too much of a trifle. On the marble-floored spring, in letters of red stone, were the words, 'Tell us your secrets.' At each side the spring rolled forth a bountiful volume of water, which, as I looked, seemed to contort and shake, and at times to hide the legend."

"What did it mean?" said Clayborne.

"Was it," I returned, "advice to confess to the waters? That were safe indeed."

"Or," said St. Clair, "was it a mere pretty, fancy-born appeal to them to tell us their secrets?"

"Ah, if they but would!" murmured Vincent. "I am for St. Clair's idea of it. When you make a fountain, master sculptor, set around it that verse of the 19th Psalm. It is not there applied to the waters, but, like all high poetic thought, is capable of many applicative uses. I quote the Prayer-book version. It is, I think, 'There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them.'"

"That would be charming," said St. Clair.

Clayborne picked up his unwieldy length, and, as Mrs. Vincent liked to say, added on his legs last, and, having put himself together, went to a corner, whence he took two or three books in turn, and while we went on with our chat looked them over. Presently he came toward us, for we had dropped at last into cane easy-chairs, and were all smoking together near the window. "Vincent is apt to get his quotations incorrect," he said. "The words apply, of course, to the verse before, 'One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another,' and also to the preceding verse. I should hesitate to use it as Vincent suggests."

"But I should not," cried St. Clair.

"King James's Bible," Clayborne went on, "says, 'There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.' And here, this will interest you. My old friend, Leeser's translation for use among Hebrews, has it, 'There is no speech; there are no words; their voice is not heard: but their melody extendeth through all the earth, and to the end of the world their work,' and so on. For force, beauty, and clearness this is better than our version."

"Let me look at it," said Vincent.

"This is the octavo," said Clayborne; "the quarto edition is full of notes, and more interesting."

"I see," returned Vincent, as he glanced over the book. "The renderings of the poetic forms of Deborah's grand ballad-poem are admirable. I will borrow it, Clayborne."

"I have had it bound in two volumes," returned the scholar. "I dislike thick books, fat books, books which do not lend themselves to the hospitality of the hand. I hate to lay a book open on the table and see it shut itself up. If a man lives with books, he gets sensitive about their dress and their manners."

"How poetical he is!" said St. Clair, who was apt to have a long memory for small annoyances.

"Is that your idea of poetry?" growled our host. "Take both volumes, V."—he had a fashion of calling us by the initial letter of our names,—"both, please. And don't forget to return them. I hate to lose books; but to lose one volume and to have the other as a perpetual reminder of the baseness of mankind is unendurable."

"Do you remember," said I, "S——'s keeping one of your volumes of 'Cardan,' two years ago, and your sending him the rest with a note to the effect that if he would not return volume one, it were better that the family were kept together?"

"Oh, I do, indeed. And then he sent them all back. I knew he would, but the volume he had kept so long was horribly abused. Actually the man had made penciled comments on the margins."

"That does seem incredible," I said.

As to Vincent, he smiled in his quiet way when requested to be sure to return the books.

"What did a man like S—— want with the book?" said St. Clair. "I know of Jerome Cardan in a dim sort of way. He was a doctor, I think."

"Oh, but he was a master of algebra too," said I, "and S—— is a mathematician. And a banker, too, by all that is strange. Mathematics is his hobby. He is a common fellow, coarse of grain, strong of head. A hard business man, and horribly exact in his dealings; full of prejudices; full even to hostility for those who differ with him, but very generous. I know him well."

"I should like to know your full estimate of us," cried Vincent, with a laugh. "I can understand the perfect compatibility of generosity with exactness, even cruel exactness, in business. It is not a rare type."

"And to me," said St. Clair, "it is incomprehensible."

"I can at least illustrate it," I returned. "On one occasion I knew him to ruin a man by insist-

ing on the return of money lent. He declined to wait, took the last cent of what was due, and a month later lent the penniless man a really large sum on easy terms to start him in business again."

"I know of a case quite as illustrative," said Vincent. "A friend of mine, a physician, did a rich manufacturer a vast service in the way of his profession. When the obliged man asked for his account, he requested a deduction for prompt payment, and this being declined, grumbled over the amount. The doctor was immovable. 'You are at liberty,' he said, 'to pay nothing or all.' 'But this is business,' answered the other; 'why not discuss it like any other business?' 'I am not a business man,' said my friend; 'I belong to a profession. I sell that which no man can weigh or measure.' Finally the bill was paid, and then the manufacturer, suddenly changing his tone, said, 'Well, now that the business is completed, I should like you to accept this as a slight proof of our gratitude.' It was a check for thrice the amount of the debt. The doctor said, 'No; I never allow a man to overpay me.' The next day the check was sent to a hospital in which the physician was interested."

"I like that definition of a profession," said Clayborne. "I think I can guess who the doctor was."

Vincent looked up with a faint smile.

"The story is true," I said. "How difficult it is for us to comprehend these men who are born and bred in a commercial atmosphere. The type of mere business men, devoid of this man's generosity, is a more unpleasant one."

"Oh, I know them," cried Vincent, "and I see them, too, as you do not, on the business side. They have set ideas and utter absence of tastes or pursuits outside of the game of money-making. I mean that they have in life no other game. They do not read, or shoot, or fish, or even ride. They have no liking for books, or art, or music. Travel soon bores them, and brings no new resources."

"The nemesis comes with loss of health," said I, "or with some threat of incapacity to work. Then the doctor says, travel, and either the man does not care for that, or will not obey, or goes like a bird in its flight from land to land, and comes back to his desk unutterably weary. It is useless to say, shoot, fish, ride. He has but one taste in life, and habit has made all else impossible."

"To do him justice, it is not always the money but the game he loves," remarked Vincent. "I think the gospel of play needs to be preached in this land of ours."

"The moral is," said Clayborne, "have a hobby."

"And learn to ride it early," said Vincent, rising. "I must go." And he left us.

For a few minutes we smoked in silence. Then Clayborne said, "V. has left his books."

"Yes," I returned; "when he put them on the table I saw, as he pushed them aside, that he would not take them."

"Why?"

"You asked him to be sure to return them."

"I did. What then? What of that?"

"He did not like it. He is as sensitive as a girl, and as reserved as a man can be."

"And I annoyed him. I will send him the quarto to-morrow, and ask him to keep it. How queer for a man of his force."

"His sensitiveness is a part of his force. He sees and feels as by instinct all the shades of difference in men's ways and conduct. His reserve hides the effect on himself. He is master of his moods, however they are caused. Socially, as now, he may act on his too ready sense of the meaning of a word or a phrase lightly dropped; but even this is rare, and in his profession his fineness of perception never does him harm or injures his value."

"I see," returned Clayborne, thoughtfully. "Go on; it interests me, well as we know him."

"I could wish that he had the art to appear unreserved," I said. "Reserve is disliked by men in general. Familiarities, even from friends, I fancy Vincent finds it hard to bear."

"And yet, what friend can compare to him?" said St. Clair, who was like a child with those he loved. "He is manly, brave, and generous as few men are. And what I like, too, is a slight old-fashioned quaintness about him quite undefinable."

"His ears should burn by this time," said I. "And where, indeed, as he would say, did that familiar phrase arise?"

"Do one's ears burn at praise?" said Clayborne.

"Praise me a little, and try," said St. Clair. "Come, North, it is time we went home. I wanted to go back to that fountain, but it is too late."

"I meant," said I, "to add a word to what you said of Vincent's manners. It is the manner of his manners which makes him so charming. Many men have good manners; few men have manner."

"Too fine for me, that," cried Clayborne. "What is manner?"

"The grain of the wood under the polish," returned St. Clair.

"The modification which character gives to manners," said I.

"Shade of Chesterfield, help me!" laughed Clayborne. "Get ye gone, both of you, or I shall go mad."

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

PAINTED BY WILL H. LOW. (SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

OWNED BY J. M. LICHTENAUER.

A GARLAND.

LET me a garland twine
For poets nine,
Whose verse
I love best to rehearse.

For each a laurel leaf,
One stanza brief,
I make
For memory's sweet sake.

First, then, THEOCRITUS,
Whose song for us
Still yields
The fragrance of the fields.

Next, HORACE, singing yet
Of love, regret,
And flowers:
This Roman rose is ours.

OMAR-FITZGERALD next,
Within whose text
There lies
A charm to win the wise.

Then SHAKSPERE, by whose light
All poets write:
The star
Whose satellites they are!

HERRICK then let me name,
Whose lyrics came
Like birds
To sing his happy words.

Then KEATS, whose jewel rhyme
Shines for all time,
To tell
Of him the gods loved well.

LONGFELLOW next I choose:
For him the muse
Held up
Song's over-brimming cup.

Next TENNYSON, whose song,
Still clear and strong,
Soars high,
Nearing each day the sky.

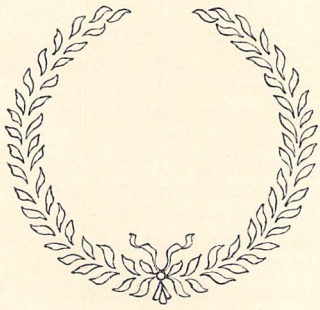
Then ALDRICH—like a thrush
In the dawn's flush,
Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

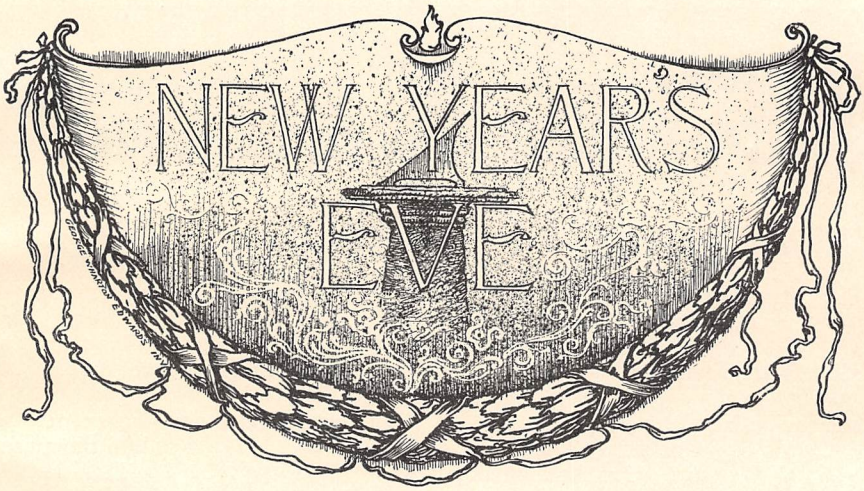
These are the nine, above
Whose leaves I love
To lean,
My happiness to glean.

Theirs are the books that hold
Joy's clearest gold
For me,
Wrought into melody;

Theirs are the words to start
Within my heart
The fire
Of song and song's desire!

Frank Dempster Sherman.





NEW YEAR'S EVE.

SEEMS like the years go spinnin' by to reg'lar quickstep time
As soon as ever oncet a man has got beyond his prime;
An' here 's the Old Year goin' out before it 's fair begun!
Heigh-ho!—Well, here 's a Happy New Year to ye, all an' one!

Days uset to go too slow for me, the time I was a boy,
An' first an' last they evened up less misery than joy;
But now—well, well, I won't complain; of joy I 've had my part,
An' winter's frosts ain't stopped the springs of laughter in my heart.

One thing the Old Year 's brought to me, an' that 's a real good friend.
Who 'd thought that neighbor Gurley, now, could ever quite unbend?
Three years we 've lived here side by side, the calendars aver,
An' not a word had we exchanged except "Good evenin', sir!"

Well, I met him Chris'mas mornin' as we came along the street;
I was just a-reachin' my door, an' he his, we chanced to meet.
So I tried him with a smile. Says I, "Well, neighbor, howd'y' do?
Merry Chris'mas!—an' I 'm thinkin' I 've got *Chris'mas gift* on you!"

Thought a minute he 'd 'a' fallen, the way his features twitched.
Then he give a hearty chuckle, an' says he, "Well, I 'll be *switched!*
Why, that takes me forty *year* back!" An' he give my hand a shake
Till my arm from wrist to shoulder for a good hour felt the ache.

So we chatted for a little, an' at last he says to me,
"I 'm a pretty lonesome fellow; can't you come an' dine with me?"
An' that evenin' I went over. (Susie's children had a "hop,"
An' them young folk made a bedlam where I did n't care to stop.)

I 'd a mighty pleasant evenin', an' I found out—well, it 's strange
How you can't size up a neighbor when you meet him just on 'change!
I 've heard from other parties—he 'd have never told himself—
Gurley 's got some square ideas about other things than pelf.

He had just that very mornin' sent the Children's Home a check,
An' had helped an old-time schoolmate of whom drink had made a wreck.

Beats all *how* some folks can do such things an' keep their faces tart —
What 's the open hand at Chris'mas, though, without the *open heart?*

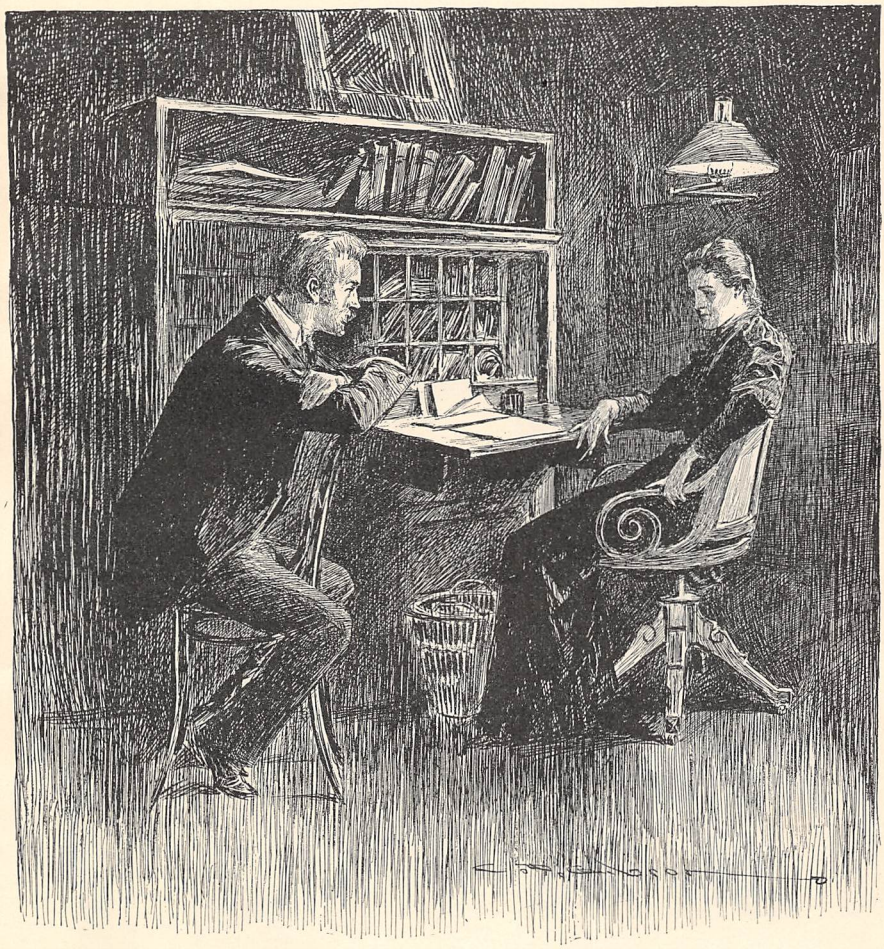
Kind o' cast-iron grin his smile was, but he thawed out when I spoke,
An' to make things kind o' easy I worked off a little joke;
Why, he fairly *keeled* with laughin', an' he slaps me on the back,
An' before an hour was over we was callin' Seth an' Jack.

Settin' cheek by jowl an' tellin' 'bout the times when we was young,
The huskin's an' the quiltin's, an' the old-time songs we sung,
The coastin' an' the sleigh-rides, an' the dancin' in the barn;
An' at tellin' old-time stories he could cap me, every yarn.

There we set a-swappin' chestnuts till the wood fire died away,
An' the bells a-chimin' midnight ushered in another day.
But before I left we made it up to meet to-night ag'in —
For we 're bound to set the Old Year out, an' see the New Year in.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

BENTLEY'S SYSTEM.



I WAS at work in my little den at the "Evening Appeal" office. The paper had just gone to press, but I was hurrying to finish before going home a "special" for the next day's issue.

Through my open door I could see the dingy desks of the so-called editorial room, most of them vacated now, and from the farthest corner came the drone of a proof-reader. Glancing at this familiar scene, I stopped my writing a moment as my eyes rested on his copy-holder. Instead of the rough young hobbledehoy who usually filled that place, there sat the most young girl-like of young girls, making a sunshine in the grimy place. She had soft light-brown hair drawn smoothly back into the decentest of little knots; she turned toward me the neatest of little profiles; and she devoted herself to her copy with the gentlest bend of her small head. Just as I was idly recalling the fact that old Martin the proof-reader had once confided to me his desire to get this position for a daughter of his, Bentley, the "star" reporter of the "Appeal," came striding in and toward me.

"Spare me a minute from the tariff?" he questioned, standing in my doorway, pushing his silk hat to the back of his red head with one hand, and resting the other, which held a lighted cigar, against the door-frame.

When I had declared my willingness to lay aside for a time those political labors with

which it pleased Mr. Bentley to imagine me always occupied, he took off his hat and laid it with his cigar on the steam-heater outside, came in and seated himself astride my vacant chair, and for a moment stared at me in silence over the back of it.

When he spoke he said: "I 'm going to ask a favor of you, Miss Addington, and I wish by a large majority that it was you going to ask one of me. Oh, yes, I know; you 're a mighty nice, pleasant, accommodating little girl,— that 's aside from my wanting something out of you just now,—but you don't have it any too soft down here, anyhow, and now I 'm going to ask you—I 'm ashamed of myself. But —well, let me open with the curtain-music, and work up to the last farewell by degrees. The beginning is"—He stopped, waited an instant, got up and turned his chair around, sat down properly, and took up his sentence again as if he had never dropped it—"that I 'm in love with and want to marry that little nimini-pimini, white-faced girl of old Martin's out there,"— then relaxing a little from the uncommon seriousness with which this was said,—"and I 'd give a hundred dollars to be able, without arousing suspicion, to get hold of that seat that Calvert has there by her. That ain't sentiment, 'I-would-I-were-a-glove-upon-that-hand' kind of business; it 's pure science. That desk is the strategic key to the whole campaign. I 'm not in with Calvert; we 've been hating each other too long for me to be able to work up intimacy with him now just previous to asking him to give me his desk, and it would be too thin, anyhow. There is no way to get that desk — here comes the climax,"—Bentley stopped, and looked at me deprecatingly, appealingly; I was amused to see that he could command such an expression,—"unless"—he stopped again, scowled, and drew a long breath in burlesque of his own discomfort and his resolution, and, as he would have said, took the plunge— "you 'd be so angel white as to let him come in here. He 's been wanting to do that this long time, not altogether because of his secret desire to be near you, but he thinks it would be nice to be in here away from the lower orders, and convenient to the encyclopedias that he gets his little pieces out of."

The "Appeal's" limited library was in the room I occupied. Expression of my willingness to share my seclusion with Mr. Calvert did not still Bentley's desire further to explain and justify himself.

"You see," he went on, "I 've got the campaign all planned out, though I can't explain it in a word. I 'm perfectly willing to explain it, however. I 'm even willing to admit that it would be a pleasure to me to do so. I 'm too old and tough to talk about this kind of thing to a man, but there 's a sensible diminution of a dangerous pressure in letting off to you a little."

I shall utterly fail in giving any idea of Bentley unless I am able to convey an impression of the personal unconsciousness that characterized his conversation. He expressed himself in the way that was easiest to him—that is to say, as much as possible by established formulas intelligently applied, sometimes slang, sometimes quotations that became slang in his mouth; but though he often felt the humor of his own ideas, his verbal clothing of them rarely enough attracted his attention.

He turned a look at once grave and quizzical—and several other things—through the door and upon the copy-holder.

"Nothing 's going to change me about wanting that little piece of propriety out there but getting her," he remarked.

"No, not altogether quite so sudden as you might think," he said when I expressed my interest in the speed with which he had discovered his intentions; "she was here last month for a week—when you were off doing the woman's convention. I have n't ever gotten her out of my head since. It was sudden enough, and I 'm hit hard enough. I 'm going to put my system to work now for all it 's worth." He turned back to me, hitched his chair half around so that the distracting picture in the other room was out of his range of vision, and went on:

"You 've heard that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Well, my system is the one right way of going courting—when you 're courting a woman, that is; I 'm sorry it 's not fitted to be more use to you. I 've got faith in it, or I 'd be—" He shook his head slowly in a manner significant of a most uncertain frame of mind. "You can see with half an eye," he continued in a moment, "that that little thing there has n't been put through any mill that would make her think—put her on the lookout to get married. She is n't that kind, anyhow. That 's why—one why—I want her, and of course that 's the very reason I ain't likely to get her. This world 's run that way."

Bentley gazed far out of the window, his upright red hair looking even more astonished than usual as the countenance it surmounted took on an uncommonly grim expression. Then, without moving his head, he brought his eyes back to mine, looking at me sidewise with a return of something of his usual twinkle, a twinkle in eclipse, and declared:

"It 's the system I 'm asking you to pay tribute to. I 'm free to confess, Miss Addington"—here a faint, incredible shade of embarrassment seemed to cross Bentley's counte-

"SHE SPOKE OF HER ENGAGEMENT."

nance—"that I never truly loved before; but yet—" Bentley lifted and knitted his brows as he scratched his head with one finger, and looked silently at me.

I was constrained to say, "Why, yes, Mr. Bentley; 'but yet—'"

"Egg-zactly," he answered heartily; "you are the sort of person that I like to talk to. Well, now, my system is applicable in dealing with any young lady whose good will you wish to gain — whose good will you wish to gain," Bentley repeated, brightening with enjoyment of the felicity of this phrase.

"I 've had it in shape pretty nearly ever since my coming-out sociable at Cranberry Center. Not with unvarying success; I don't say that; but it 's done its part, it 's done it well. Is n't as if a professional beauty were using it exactly; I know that. I have faith in it — I always have had, that is; but now the sight of that white mouse out there takes all the starch out of me. Curious, is n't it, though I don't suppose —"

"I think, Mr. Bentley," I interrupted, "that you are talking against time to put off telling me what your system is."

"Get there every time, don't you?" said Bentley, admiringly. Then fixing a queer look upon me in which again appeared that amazing suggestion of shyness, he said slowly:

"Hang around, and say nothing; hang around industriously" — pause — "and say nothing, till more or less urgently invited to. You press the button and we do the rest; these directions are capable of fifty different adjustments to suit the most complicated case." Bentley was speaking these last sentences half abstractedly, and watching my face anxiously.

As the mystic significance of this formula penetrated my brain I was moved to mirth — mirth that was not lessened by the fact that I was visited by a sudden illuminated vision of the system's possible workings in practice — a vision which at once convinced me of its value.

I wiped my eyes, and gave my hand to Bentley, assuring him that I believed he was master of a great secret.

"You do really?" he broke forth eagerly

and seriously. "Say, Miss Addington, you would n't guy a fellow in my fix now, would you? That 's only the opening of the campaign, but that 's the great critical period, don't you think? That 's the merit of the system, it attacks the opposing sex (opposing sex — not bad, is it?) through their curiosity, see, and they quit being so all-fired opposing, early. Generally you can count on 'em to become helpful pretty soon — helpful in some degree; then 's the time for the next move. I 'm not much at explaining these psychological phenomena, but the system 's all right. 'This conviction is arrived at through *a priori* reasoning, and is confirmed by subsequent observation.'" Bentley stood up as he delivered this last sentence, and looked down upon me with a pleasant combination of sad appeal and humorous patronage; he was quoting from my maiden editorial, a document that had filled him with mysterious mirth.

I began to arrange my papers for departure, assuring him in the mean while of my good will toward his enterprise — that seemed the right word for it.

He apologized for taking so much of my time, and yet further explained his needs and plans, as, for instance, his "scheme" for letting Calvert know that the way was clear for him to change his desk, while he was standing feeling for a match, and I was putting on my hat and coat.

"You see," he said finally, barring my way a moment at the open door, "it is hopeless for me to try to hang around in Hoboken — that 's where old Martin lives. I don't say I 'm sorry; anything but Hoboken. But there it is; it is perfectly clear that however I might walk in the letter I 'd blow the whole spirit of the system the minute I stepped my foot into the parental flat. It 's too late to do the Damon and Pythias act with old Martin. I 'm forced to abuse your generosity. Thank you, thank you; it 's been a boon to talk to you, it has indeed. I 'll work the racket with Calvert a little slow; maybe a day or two before I get it around to him that the coast is clear. Then I 'll have to wait upon occasion for a good excuse to jump down there and take his place. If the office gets on to me there 's no telling what 'll be to pay. Good day, good day; I 'd jump at the chance to help you get married."

Bentley picked up his hat and his cigar, put the one on the back of his head and the other in his mouth, just as he gave me what was in spirit a courteous, grateful little nod of farewell.

Old Martin's little girl still bent her pretty head studiously over her copy without a hair's-breadth's variation of attitude.

Calvert had just come in and seated himself in scowling introspective preoccupation at his desk.

That was the last I saw of the office for three months. On the way home, through the untimely movement of a car, I sprained my ankle, and for a weary while was confined to the house.

In a few days, however, I began work again, writing as I lay on a sofa, and depending on messenger-boys and visits of mingled business and condolence from other members of the staff to keep me in touch with the office.

I had been at home perhaps a month when one day Mr. Maloney, a gentleman who filled by turns many different positions in the "Appeal" office, each, as a rule, being less important than the last, was ushered in. The joy of gossip lighted up his bleary blue eyes.

"And how are you, Miss Addington?" he began — he had a charming touch of brogue — "And indeed it 's enough to make the Old One himself sorry for you to see what a good time you get out of the worst of occasions. That is a bit of a paradox, you are saying, and so is every other true thing that ever was remarked in this topsyturvy world; and you are the one that 's got the philosophical head on your shoulders to find that out long ago, without waiting for an observant old blind mole like me to tell you. Yes; I 'm an illustration,— allow me." — Maloney shakily stooped to pick up my pen.— "I can serve as an illustration when you write your celebrated treatise on the paradoxical. And now don't interrupt me for the space of a minute; you 're a sad chatterbox, Miss Addington." He stopped and laid an unmanicured forefinger against his grizzled temple. "I 'm preparing the way to a graceful transition; I would be telling you something that is for your amusement. I am an observant old mole, I was saying, and now I can't be giving you one particle of useful information as to whether or no the boss is going to sell the paper out to the Republicans next week, nor as to what will become of you and me if he does, though I dare say there are other blind moles that have discovered all that; but I 'm about to tell you that that big brute Bentley is in love with that old proof-reader's little girl, and none in the office knows it but me and him, and it 's ten to one I know it best! Yes; sure I thought you 'd be grateful to me for a little diversion like that. It 's not every day you can see, or even hear, what a brass monkey 's like when it 's in love. Its experience much more resembles that of a white man than you would ever imagine, and that 's the truth. No; he 's not trying, as he would say himself, worse luck to him — he 's not just trying to mash her; he 's in love, I 'm telling you, and his feelings are not dissimilar

to those depicted by Tom Moore and other poets that the hulking ignoramus never heard of—and there is the paradoxical for you. Me bald spot was bigger than a trade dollar before I could have believed such a contradiction possible; so think what an inexplicable surprise it must be to him, that has no more power of ratiocination than me blackthorn there. I have been industriously gathering the evidence for days, till me conviction was complete, before I 'd come to tell you."

"Well, now, the first I noticed was the way he went white and red when she came to speak to him about his copy one day. It fills me with rage to think of that, it does indeed. To think of him having the additional impudence to exhibit a capacity for changing color like a girl!"

Maloney stayed an hour, and I am sure missed an assignment, telling me with infinite relish of detail all the ins and outs of Bentley's manœuvers.

"He used to write exceptionally clear copy, you know," said he; "he has no more education than me pet cat, but he can write like a grocer's clerk, and he used to do it. I 've edited his copy for all he makes such big money. When old Sheffield was managing he used to call on me to help him out when he was incapacitated with drink. He said—but it 's no matter what he said; his betters have said more. But I 've edited Bentley's copy when it was clear as print, and now, if you 'll believe me, it looks little better than your own, begging your pardon. That makes business now and again with the proof-reader, you understand, and somehow he 's hocus-pocused things till it seems as if Martin read nearly all his stuff; but I 've not found out how he manages that." Maloney added the last sentence in a tone of apologetic regret.

"Does the little girl notice all this, do you think?" I asked.

"Indeed and I wish you were down there to say yourself. How can I tell? The little white still ones like that—the Old One himself can make out nothing about them. And Bentley 's sly, wonderful sly, all around. I don't understand him, though; how should ever an Irishman comprehend the way of the likes of him with his brass and his slyness? Why don't he go at it like a man, and display to all the world that he 's in love up to his eyes, and he 's proud of it? That 's what a woman likes, be she old or be she young."

Overweighted as I was with Bentley's secret, I was tempted to edge upon it by discussing this point, and I said that undoubtedly a woman was apt to like that kind of tribute, but I was not sure that it always followed that it made her like the man equally.

"And if he can give her what she likes, ought not he to be satisfied, I say, and if she does not like him so ardently, is n't there the less chance that he 'll marry her to the sorrow of both of 'em?"

I told Maloney that he made my head ache, and he went away, pledging me to secrecy about Bentley. Nevertheless I was not wholly surprised when the next visitor from the office quoted Maloney as authority for the news that Mr. Bentley "was making—that is, he was paying attention, not exactly paying attention, but Mr. Maloney thought he was going to pay attention to that Miss Martin."

This visitor was the managing editor's type-writer, an elderly young woman, not bad-looking, but with a constrained manner, grayish hair, and a deep-lying desire for human intercourse that should be labeled intellectual, or, in her own phrase, to be sociable and improve herself with literary people—literary people being, in her opinion, any who earned a living by either the use or abuse of the written symbols of language.

"Mr. Maloney says that Mr. Bentley is—that he cares about her," she said tentatively, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of her chair.

I conquered the inevitable throb of resentment that I felt at the discovery, faintly expected though it was, that Maloney was just as confidential with the type-writer as with me; as I had felt myself rarely gracious in appreciating Maloney's out-at-elbows charm, and had credited him with a becoming sense of my kindness, this required an instant's communion with my higher self, and then I was rewarded by a delighted perception of how utterly like Maloney it was to lapse into intimate conversation with any petticoated object within his orbit. The appeal that these storied garments would always make to him was now reinforced, too, by that false sense of masculine dignity which makes men slow to gossip of familiar personalities with one another; even Maloney felt constrained for a time to give his really interesting and curious news only to the patronized sex, though, to do the staff of the "Appeal" justice, the time soon came when the artificial ice was broken, and Bentley's hopes, fears, and prospects seemed to occupy them night and day, to the manifest gain in color, vivacity, and value of their conversation.

Bentley had not been to see me since my accident, though he had sent me a bottle of champagne. I am sure I don't know how Bentley's sympathy ever found vent on occasions when a gift of champagne could not express it; perhaps such occasions never arose. Soon after the type-writer's call I got a letter from him. He said:

Have thought about elevating up to your maiden bower to see how you are, but I hear, anyhow, every day, and, judging by the way old Maloney blows about cheering your fevered brow, I conclude you get about as much "Appeal" office as you can stand. Then I 've got that girl on the brain so bad that I 'm no good. If I saw you I 'd talk about nothing else. I 'm working the system for all it 's worth. There 's nothing else for me to do. I 'll send you a bulletin semi-occasionally. I lose so much sleep about the thing myself I feel as if the suspense were holding you back too.

I gave her my buttonhole bouquet day before yesterday. I 've come down to dressing like a regular cane-sucker. She put it in a glass of water. Then I never let on I knew she was alive for thirty-three hours and a half. To-day I broke out in a fresh place, and asked her to have a glass of beer when the men got some at noon. That was coming things too close together, but I was nearly laid up with the strain of not looking at her for so long, and that type-writing girl, the old one, was here, and I gave her a drink too. You see this is all according to the system intellectually interpreted, the principle at the core of the system being to keep yourself before the public and not show your hand. That white rabbit did the unconscious act as if she 'd been born before the footlights. She 's a tough one. It must be put on; she must have her little attention turned my way some, don't you think? I 've been keeping this thing up steady, but I 'm afraid I 'm losing my fine touch, and she not breathed yet. It makes my head swim, Miss Addington.

I guess you 're putting up a thanksgiving prayer by this time because I have been keeping away from you. All right, put up another while you 're about it on account of the fact that I 'm going to stay away. And I 'll make my other bulletins shorter; so there 's another item.

If you 'd think of something I could do for you it would be the best assignment I 'll get this month. I 'm in just as bad a fix as to obligations as if you were being bored by Calvert every day. You 'll have it all the worse in the end; by the time you get back he 'll believe he owns that room, and he 'll only let you in as a thundering favor.

Bentley's next bulletin was made out in orthodox form.

SLIGHT VICTORY.

THE Besieged weakens so far as to snub Besieger. After the beer Besieger went into his shell. Forgot to say good morning. Opened the window without asking permission. Besieged in subsequent conversations was sternly business-like in a mousey manner.

N. B. After all, that 's about her usual act, so probably there 's nothing in it, after all. I wish a sprained ankle was all there was the matter with me. Yours truly,

B. BENTLEY.

The next voiced a surprising proposition.

I am thinking [it read] of doing the ancient honorable and saying something to old Martin. I don't know anything more about the little clockworks that run that tame lamb of his than I did at first. You might as well try to agitate a Waterbury; but the office seems to be getting on to me, cur-r-rses on 'em, and I 'm afraid Martin may get fidgety. I bet it 's that gabby old Irishwoman of yours that 's been giving me away. I 'd thrash him for the cash he 's got in his clothes, just on the chance, if any one would guarantee that it would pay for a drink. Then if I blow off to him (Martin), ten to one he 'll develop a colossal genius for making an ass of himself eighteen different ways.

This was the last I heard directly from Bentley for several weeks. In the mean time I occasionally had news of him from other people. An office-boy came up for copy one day, and after he had gotten it continued to hang around in an engaging manner. He was a nice boyish boy, and spent his spare time writing to some one whom he addressed as "Miss Tooty Fareman, dear Miss."

He was unnaturally careless of these letters (as of all other matters personal and professional), and once, before realizing what it was, I read the opening sentence of one. It ran, "The Hours I spend away from Thee Tooty are no good whatever, but I know you don't feel truely as I do." So you see he was prepared by experience to take an interest in the game of love wherever he saw it.

"Well, Jimmy, how are things going at the office?" I asked, just by way of being friendly, while he stood irresolutely by the door.

"They say — they say Mr. Bentley 's in love with that Martin girl," said Jimmy, his tone even more than his phrasing showing that his callow contempt for feminine kind still included all of the sex but Miss Fareman or her successor.

"Do you think he is?" I asked.

"When I look at her I don't," he asserted. "She don't 'mount to nothin', but Mr. Bentley acts kind o' queer. He keeps lookin' at her when he thinks nobody don't see him; he don't notice me. He stops still sometimes and stares right before him till somethin' makes him jump. I think that 's a bad sign, don't you, Miss Addington?"

At last the time came when I was able to make a little trip down-town. I went to the office, but not to the editorial rooms, because they could be reached only by means of a short flight of steps after leaving the elevator, and I did not want to attempt the climb. My errand was with that great person known here as "the boss."

The boss's name was J. B. Higgens. He was a big-brained, big-bodied, coarse-fibered, powerful old fellow, with a good deal of human nature in him. And though all the other women, and most of the men, in his employ stood in

terror of him, I did not, and so I did not, like them, altogether hate him. He was highly skeptical of good always and anywhere, but yet he had too much sense not to know that distrust can overleap the mark, can be tripped in its own net, and it always pleased me to see his suspicions both sustained and held in check by his sagacity.

He met me with his gray eyes peering alertly out from under his shaggy eyebrows and over his puffy purple cheeks, to see whether after all I had really been having such a bad time with that ankle. I had come down to fight out a little question of salary, and Mr. Higgens met me as both counsel and plaintiff on the other side. The contest and its result are matters aside from this history, but we are concerned with the touch of humanness that now and again, against his will and his theories, diversified his simple brutality, and to which we owe another glimpse of Bentley.

"The boss" always began an interview with me by a distinct declaration, in manner, that I was an employee, and only an employee, and that he utterly refused to take the slightest notice of the fact that I was also a woman. A helpless sense of his own small, much-degraded, much-outraged, but still not quite eradicated masculine instinct of chivalry toward women underlay and mainly produced this bluster, and a little tact could usually be counted upon to still it, and even to play upon his weakness so far as to insure the poor woman before him something like fair treatment — a thing he was by no means in the habit of according except on the self-respectful and unquestionably justifiable ground of immediate self-interest.

The queer thing was that this novel experience of disloyalty to his principles nearly always pleased him for a few minutes; he found it pleasant until the predatory habits of a lifetime devoted to "business" closed in upon him again, perhaps bringing about a reactionary irritation. To-day, when the question of salary was settled, he dropped back in his leather chair and began a little conversation. He was always above the familiar, cheap affectation of being impossibly busy.

He asked where I lived, as he had done more than once before, and what rent I paid, and what kind of a doctor I had, and then he said inconsequently, with his own odd compound of humor, suspicion, scorn, and simple human interest: "You 'll be getting married some of these days just like any other fool. They say that ass Bentley is in love up there," pointing with a rough, fat thumb to the ceiling.

"I knew he 'd turned almighty no account lately," he went on; "so when I got hold of this I sent for him and gave him some good advice; but he told me he wanted to marry the girl. I had a notion to dismiss him on the spot."

He drew down his overhanging brows and looked at me as piercingly as if he were moved by some weightier motive than a simple elephantine, unscrupulous desire to betray me into an amusing burst of sentiment.

I only said how justifiable such a step would be, and how right he was in publishing Mr. Bentley's unworthy sentiments. His temper ruffled a little.

"A good deal more justifiable than you 'd think," he asserted aggressively. "I wish I 'd never knocked under to hire women."

"Oh, well," I replied soothingly, "you can comfort yourself with the reflection that you did it only to save money."

He shot another scowling, scrutinizing glance at me.

"Do you know the girl?" he asked.

No, I said; I had never spoken to her.

"She must be a queer fool," went on the man of reason. "Why don't she haul him in and get the thing over with? She can't expect to do any better."

I said that perhaps she did not want to marry him.

My employer snorted with genuine irritation.

"Want! What else are you women always wanting?" And then he added, after obviously swallowing an oath, a special courtesy I much appreciated, "Unless there is every reason why you should want it, unless you 'd be some good to somebody married; then it 's a fact there is no telling what fine scruples you 'll set up; there 's no counting —" Then, interrupting himself, he said, with a change of tone, and a return to his habitual grim rudeness of manner, a rudeness differing from that he had previously shown in this conversation, inasmuch as it put an end to interchange, "I don't like lovering around the shop. I ain't going to stand much of it." And with that he began to shuffle the papers on his desk in aggressive unconsciousness of my existence.

I got some pleasure out of the familiar comedy of this dismissal and my own manner of exit, but still it gave now, as always, a little special emphasis to the distaste I felt for the down-town world, and I found myself hurrying through my battle of business in the counting-room, which was complicated by its frank, established system of small thefts from employees, that I might the sooner get home, out of this wilderness of primitive savagery modernly disguised, into a world where civilization has made a little progress. I was so glad to be in my own flat that not till after dinner did I let my mind turn back to the afternoon's incidents and inspect certain reflections which I was half conscious I had made.

I now discovered that I thought Bentley's courtship might cost more than it would come to. There had been something very sinister in Higgens's manner while making his final remarks; he had disclosed then an irritation he had masked before. I knew he would not discharge Bentley. If he had been going to do that he would never have hinted of it as a possibility; and why should he get rid of Bentley when Bentley would not care a rap, and some other paper would receive the acquisition of a highly enterprising and gifted reporter? No; it was old Martin who would suffer, and to old Martin the loss of his place would be a sadly important matter. He was past the age when men easily find new masters; he had been in the "Appeal" office a deal longer than the boss himself; he was just the kind of faithful old fixture that the boss had a temperamental tendency to oust, despite even the whisperings of self-interest, and self-interest could not be counted on for much service here — fair proof-readers are not rare.

I forgot Martin for a minute in the pleasure of contemplating the folly of the philosophers who call self-interest the dominating motive of men, seeing that proposition just then in the light of the fact that self-interest was the one principle that Higgens proposed to himself, and that he lived in a world most cunningly calculated to stiffen his adherence to it, and that yet his whims, whims for showing his authority, for humiliating those who seemed to be living independent of his permission, for expressing his inconsistent dislike of low-toned temperaments, even, as I have before pointed out, for indulging occasionally in the exercise of the forbidden decencies of his nature — all these caprices, and others, frequently swerved him from the straight and simple course that he proposed to himself; then I came back to the point that was making itself clear — that I could not bear to think of poor old Martin getting into trouble. At last, not being able to rid myself of this uneasiness by the obvious consideration that it was none of my business, I sat down and wrote a succinct statement of my conversation with Higgens and of my fears to Bentley, concluding with a piece of gratuitous advice to the effect that he had better find some way of adapting his system to the exigencies of the boss's temper, or abandon it for some less noticeable and generally irritating method of attack.

The next day he made a short call upon me.

His red hair was as aggressively upright as ever, his clothes as new, his silk hat as shiny, but still there was a drooping sadness about the whole figure of the man that these characteristic and contrasting details only emphasized.

He brought his hat into my little drawing-room and deposited it with absent-minded automatic caution well under one corner of the sofa on which he sat.

He could hardly force himself from the contemplation of his own woes long enough to ask me mechanically:

"How 's your game l—— foot?" Bentley had his own ideas of the proprieties, and he did not even affect to listen to my reply. "Bet I 'm dished," he said, with a tragic note in his voice. After a pause he went on: "I 've got to cut loose from the system, and without that I ain't got no self-confidence — I ain't got no self-confidence," he repeated with abstracted solemnity.

I looked up to catch the conscious twinkle that I involuntarily expected after this unprecedented statement, but it was not forthcoming. In the stress of this hour Bentley felt that he had come upon a disheartening lack in his nature. "The system ain't fazed her not a nickel's worth. She 's just where she was six weeks ago."

"Maybe not," I ventured.

"Aw, yes, she is; she ain't a second Sarah Bernhardt." A moment's silence, and then he went gloomily on: "I 've out with it to old Martin, and now I 'm going to out with it to her, sink or swim. I swore old Martin to secrecy, and I guess he 's been all right there; he seemed too ashamed to be likely to talk about it."

"Did he, did he really?" I exclaimed, laughing with the pleasure of coming on this phase of Martin, and forgetful for the moment of my sympathy with Bentley. "Tell me about it."

Bentley gave me a look in which vague reproach and vague sympathy mingled; he too in his way had an artistic enjoyment of life, and before he realized that he was descending from the pedestal where he and sorrow sat, he found himself telling how Martin was not up to the ancient honorable methods, and felt as shy as if some one were proposing marriage to himself. "At last," said Bentley, "he piped his eye and said he had a large family, but he never could bear to have Linnie — that 's its little name — think he wanted to get rid of her. He seemed to think, if I was doing the ancient honorable so far, I 'd be sure to go the whole animal, and want my bride whether she wanted me or not. I told him I was n't ancient and honorable to that extent. I drew the line at the girl; I 'd court her if he pleased entirely for myself, and she and I would settle things between us. I was only showing him my hand, not asking any help in the game. I was glad I spoke to him, because for one thing it showed — well, for several reasons, though she could n't ever have been spoiled and made like some, anyhow. Much good it all is to me," he went on dejectedly, "when she dissembles her love

and kicks me down-stairs." He looked gloomily far out of the window and over the chimney tops.

He had passed the light-hearted stage in which he liked to characterize the girl he loved in the names he gave her, and in his depression was taking refuge with all mankind in the significant pronoun.

I was moved to apologize for having added to his perplexities. He waved me aside. "O cracky, I don't want to lose old Martin his place, and I bet you 're right about it. That old"—Bentley paused and drew two long dashes in the air—"he 's capable of anything; besides," his voice sinking to a graver note, "I 'd 'bout made up my mind to take the jump anyhow. It 's just as well. The system 's broken down. I never thought she caved in a hair's-breadth but once, and I guess I was wrong then. Anyhow, she never did it again, and one swallow don't make a summer. Good-by; I might as well go."

He began to look for his hat in a preoccupied way. I got it from under the sofa for him, and he left.

Two days later I received this telegram:

The country saved. B. BENTLEY.

This was followed by a note asking me to let him bring "his girl" up to see me. I doubted whether Linnie Martin cared as much to come as he cared to have her, but her father and I had always been good friends,—that is, we had always taken particular pains to be civil to each other and to exchange confidences about the weather when, as might happen twice a month, our paths crossed,—so I hoped this would in some measure neutralize the dislike of me that the recital of my amiable influence upon her destiny would naturally inspire.

Bentley brought her to the flat very soon, staying only a few minutes himself, but taking pains to assure me that the office was perfectly in the dark as to the outcome of his courtship, and that all the affectation of indifference could do was being done to soothe Mr. Higgens. "That is," said Bentley, pointing with his thumb, "she 's doing just like she always did, and I 'm doing just like her." Next week, he said, she would leave the office.

Bentley wore a new aspect; there were, though my report of the interview so far may not show it, touches of dignity and deference and reticence in his manner and expression that, though they did not change his familiar guise or tone to a casual glance or a half-listening ear, were novel and pleasing to an acuter observation.

He soon declared that he must go out to "see a man," and said he would come back for Linnie in half an hour. He came to me and, with a speaking gaze charged with confidential communications, wrung my hand till he brought tears to my eyes and to his own. He made it clear that he was giving me the glory of his success—an honor to which I had not the least claim; but I understood the state of mind in which it pleased him to lavish his welling gratitude to things in general upon some definite and tangible object.

Then he left me alone with the small woman who had been causing all this pother.

You could see in every line of her attitude and in every detail of her neat, appropriate gown and jacket and hat what an example of the discreet virtues and the pleasing proprieties she was born to be.

I gazed upon her with appreciative admiration mingled with fear, for I was not inspired with the greatest confidence in her powers of conversation, though she had gotten through her greetings nicely enough. I did her injustice: she was entertaining; despite all her innate sense of propriety and reserve she was sufficiently moved by her engagement to want to talk about it and "him," and this state of mind always may be confidently counted upon to furnish entertainment of one kind or another.

She first said, prettily, that Mr. Bentley had told her how kind I had been in thinking about her father. "It would be awful bad for pa to lose his place," she said, and I must explain that the written words do much injustice to the effect of her soft speech. "I think it will be better for me to stop going there as soon as I can, and then Mr. Higgens—if he don't see me to remind him—he 'll forget all about—about what he did n't like." And she looked down, and carefully measured off small sections of her pocket-handkerchief, and flushed a little.

I was struck with her comprehension of Higgens's childishness, typical hard-headed business potentate that he was, and said so.

Her color rose and faded a time or two before she said, as she measured her handkerchief yet more scrupulously:

"Mr. Bentley says you were very kind to him, that you helped him get that—that desk." And she looked up with a slight, shy smile.

Yes, I said; I thought I knew Mr. Bentley's designs some time before she did. I began to see that it would be like stopping a process of nature to take her away from this subject.

"I did n't know them till two days ago," she said, looking attentively at the toes of the boots crossed in front of her, and as if she had more in her mind than she was saying. I waited. "I felt—I don't know how."

"Did you fall in love at first sight too, as Mr. Bentley did?"

She shook her head in silence. "No 'm," she said after a moment; "I thought he was the — the plainest gentleman in the office when I first went there, though of course" — raising her voice a little — "I could see he was very *fine*-looking; but I did n't know how smart he was then, and how everybody thought of him. That is n't what makes me care for him though," she added quickly.

"Well, now," I asked judicially, "what does make you care for him? That will be very interesting to hear."

This scientific method of inquiry seemed to suit her own sense of the serious value of the investigation. She turned her head on one side, and looked at me with an expression of intent intellectual preoccupation, as a pigeon might look if it gave its mind to mathematics.

"I don't think I can tell exactly," she said at last, with an inflection that recognized the mystery and novelty of this inability. "At least," she went on painstakingly and slowly — "of course I ought to care for him, when he 's so — so nice, but I don't know as I can tell just what made me think about it first, only he acted so queer. Sometimes for a long time —" She stopped, cogitated, then went on. "Sometimes it seemed as if he felt one way, and sometimes as if he did n't; that made me think about him at first, I suppose, and then he just went on acting queer all the time."

The system — was not this a disclosure that the system had done its work after all?

"And you went on thinking about him more and more," I said. "Mr. Bentley did not think you thought about him at all."

"He don't think so now," said Linnie Martin. "I did n't care for him — much — till — until he asked me, and I don't think gentlemen ought to know — ought to know everything."

Viola Roseboro'.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE FARMER.

WHAT means the ground-swell that is moving the rural population? Discontent may be either a signal of distress or a sign of progress. The American farmer is not uninfluenced by the educational forces of the present day. He is aware that he stands at the front in the work of clothing and feeding the world, aided by broad acres of fertile soil, bright suns, the highest skill and ingenuity in agricultural implements, and the results of scientific investigation in experiment stations. Producing half of the world's cotton, three-fourths of its maize, and standing far in the lead of other countries in the production of meats and other food, he feels that he is not only a good liver but a liberal provider for the needs of other lands, and fairly entitled to the proceeds of the sales from his well-stocked garners. He does not begrudge a reasonable allowance to the carrier and the purveyor, but is determined to hold the remainder in his own right. He is more inclined to an attitude of protest against injustice than to a quiescent state of discontent. He is not now posing as a crushed and injured cultivator, but rather as a yeoman entitled to equity and equality in the distribution of the rewards of industry. This is his honest intent, his earnest determination, whatever crudeness the critics may find in his methods. The present ebullition, therefore, in its origin and incipiency is a healthful indication, and not a sign of decadence; an assurance of life and progress; an assertion of manly independence; an awakening to the responsibilities of citizenship; and an assumption of the action and influence that pertain to it. If folly and imprudence shall characterize such action, injury to cause and class will result. But the representative of American agriculture, it is hoped, will be too wise to meet injury with injustice, or to claim favors in opposing favoritism.

Large bodies are difficult to move. The causes of the present movement began to operate in the distant past, growing in importance with the growth of the country, the development of its industries, the evolution of its civilization. The precipitating influence that gathered the forces of disruption for an outbreak was the severe depression of prices, which found its lowest level last year. This was a sort of "last straw." It affected grain and meats and some other products, but not cotton. The lowest price of the wheat of the world for a century had been recorded in Liverpool. The purchase of wheat in India with silver, and its sale in England for gold, gave an advantage to the eastern empire which brought out all its surplus grain. Railroad extension and enlargement of steamship facilities had brought out hidden reserves in Russia, India, South America, Algeria, and elsewhere, and dumped them with unexampled promptness into European storage, surprising the commercial world with abundance almost unaccountable. No matter how short the world's production, commercial buyers give the fact no visible recognition until a shortage

appears in visible stocks. Our own farmers helped to reduce prices by swelling home production of these staples, so that our contribution of nearly five hundred million bushels of wheat (in 1889), and more than four times as much of corn, broke down the markets, and intensified the disgust of growers with the agricultural status. Last year's over-production of cotton reduced also the price of that staple, increasing the gathering discontent of the South. Thus culminated the influences of depression, and aroused into violent activity the discontents, the dissatisfactions, and in some cases the prejudices of farmers generally. Then began the search for causes and remedies, and the organization to formulate and forward remedial measures.

The most impulsive and aggressive sought relief mainly in political action, in increase of monetary circulation, destruction of national banks, free coinage of silver, the issue of bonds at a nominal interest on security of crops and lands, and similar measures for cheapening money and making it abundant in every man's pocket not after the manner recommended by Franklin. Another large class, more conservative, favored some increase of currency, a larger coinage of silver under regulations consistent with a parity in circulation of the two metals on an equitable bimetallic basis. A third class, more numerous in the Eastern and Middle States than in the West, are opposed to any inflation which shall disturb values and cheapen the quality and purchasing power of money. Thus they are by no means a unit on the money question, presenting a diversity of views difficult to harmonize, or even to understand. Dependence is had upon the educational influences of discussion and deliberation to crystallize plans which will commend themselves to the second thought of the masses.

There are those, however, among farmers, and the most progressive and enterprising of their class, who will not admit that they have any special grievances or have suffered from depression. One of these writes from the West that "the farmer who is attending to his business is as prosperous and contented, as a rule, as men in other business, and is making no complaint; that the complainer is the thriftless farmer who spends too much time in town, is ambitious for office, seeking even the little township offices, neglecting his work to attend caucuses and conventions; that many an honest complainer is led on by demagogues and place-seekers." Another influential and representative farmer in the same region says that whatever discontent exists in his State is mainly due to the short crops and low prices of the last few years; that a shrinking income makes any man or class more or less dissatisfied; that "the great bulk of thoughtful, intelligent farmers, men who shape largely the sentiment of the communities in which they live, understand that the recent depression in prices of farm crops has been the result of natural causes; that they regarded with greater anxiety the prohibition of American pork by Germany than the accumulation of Gould's millions; that they know that there is nothing which rests with more crushing weight upon the farmer's back than his own unbusinesslike methods; and that they pay more attention to the markets than to politics, and their principal complaint is that the present system of education and state of public sentiment toward farm life is such that the cream of American youth is skimmed into other professions." A prominent Kansas representative of the agricultural class refers to the recent magnificent harvests and the improved state of feeling, declaring in somewhat abrupt and vigorous terms that "discontents and demagogues find it hard work to howl into the mouth of a cornucopia." These references, of which a multitude could be given, show that there is no absolute unanimity in any section relative to the grievances suffered or the remedies proposed. As the present purpose is to give the facts as they exist, and to show with absolute accuracy, if only in outline, the main features of this remarkable popular manifestation, these conflicting views are presented.

While the gradual reduction and extreme depression of prices gathered and intensified the public discontent, the restoration of satisfactory values modifies but does not dissipate it. In the primary markets corn and oats have doubled in value, and wheat and meats have materially advanced, though cotton, as a marked exception, has declined. It can doubtless be shown that, on the basis of the present average values of farm products and of manufactured goods, a day's labor in production has a higher power in the purchase of what the farmer needs, at the present time, than at any former period in the history of the country. This is not because of extraordinary farm prices, though values are "medium to good," but because a day's labor with present appliances produces more than ever before, and also because of the cheapening of the value of nearly all manufactured goods. Few realize the extent of this reduction in fifty years, and especially since the days of household manufactures. A recent opportunity to examine a day-book of a country merchant of 1817 in Webster, New Hampshire (a locality within an hour's ride of the birthplace of the great statesman), showed that the farmers of that region paid fifty cents per yard for calico, sixty for cambric, seventy-five cents per pound for cotton yarn, thirteen cents for a

single nutmeg, and sixty-seven cents for a common garden-hoe, while they sold veal at three cents per pound, and farm wages were one third of the present rate.

A return to reasonable prices is a relief to the farmer, but it does not settle the vexed questions that have disturbed his equanimity in the past, in which he believes are involved in no small degree the equities of profit-sharing in the industries and the prosperity of his future. An analysis here of the permanent grievances from which he seeks relief will include those of the most importance, and indicate those most influential in certain geographical districts.

The assumed causes of discontent are industrial, social, financial, and political. They are more numerous and aggravated in one geographical district than in another. In some States large numbers of farmers are unaware of the existence of any serious grievances; in some other States the rural classes are in a state of active ferment. In the former the orators of agitation encounter apathy; in the latter the public ear is alert, the public mind receptive, the public heart ablaze. While these differences, which sometimes amount to contrasts, characterize in some degree large districts, there is much of differentiation in the mass of individuals of each. The farmer who is successful makes little search for grievances, and gives less thought to oppressive ills. He who suffers loss and incurs debt, whether from misfortune or miscalculation, is inclined to look outside for the adverse influences which blight his enterprises. They may exist unobserved in one case, and be very real and oppressive in the other.

The spirit of unrest has its largest manifestation in those districts in which nature has recently been most capricious and unkind, where the sun's rays have scorched and rains have been withheld, where enthusiastic endeavor has been met by crop disaster, and poverty, ambitious to build a home, has been beaten by climatic weapons. Under such circumstances the burden of debt is a crushing weight, the effort for relief a financial nightmare, and the contact with greed a revelation of the depth of human depravity. In such an atmosphere of suspicion ills are magnified, the good in society becomes evil by the distortion of refraction, "whatever is, is" wrong, and reform is made to mean abolition of existing laws and institutions. The realization of current evils is intense, the effort to combat them is honest, and the result, as the thunder-storm clears the atmosphere with a minimum of destruction, promises to be purification without annihilation. Here industrial grievances lead to remedial effort through financial and political changes.

In another large division of national territory social and political causes, inducing industrial and financial disability, have been prominent factors of the prevailing dissatisfaction and depression. It is an area rich in resources of field and forest, mine and quarry, with an abundant rainfall and a mild and salubrious climate. In former days it was limited by slavery to agricultural exploitation, to a single money crop, and therefore to a sparse population. For a brief period cotton brought prosperity to the small class of plantation proprietors; but no one crop that ever grew in any country can suffice to enrich the millions of a teeming population. Ultimately came civil war, destruction of life and property, abolition of slavery, and radical changes in industrial methods and crop distribution. Society and industry were in chaotic condition; but declining to yield for a moment to despondency or despair, the people hopefully and bravely started on a career of development in many lines, with energy and persistence which have brought already a large measure of success. Roads, bridges, railways, factories, houses, furniture, and other forms of wealth, the product of labor, have been mainly created in this region within a quarter of a century.

Starting virtually to build anew the appliances of civilization, and urged by a noble ambition to compliance with the demands of progress, it is not strange that the advanced development and wealth of other States should excite some dissatisfaction with existing conditions. In the outset, with small industrial income except from agriculture, isolated from markets, without means of transportation, remote from great commercial and financial centers, deficient in banking facilities, the difficulties environing distribution and exchange were enough to have paralyzed effort for production in the case of any people less resolute and persistent. With all the growth of recent years, in these and other directions, complaints are still numerous of the burden of transportation, inadequate circulation of currency, and scarcity of money for defraying the cost of production and distribution, leading to demands for larger banking capital and increase of national circulation of currency.

Another cause intensifies the desire for more aid and cheaper money. From time immemorial a large contingent of the class of cotton-growers have been in debt. The land has not generally been mortgaged, but the crop, more valuable and a far more available security, has been held for the cost of advances and supplies through the growing year. A system of credits running from New Year's to Christmas, and often extending into the next crop year, was in vogue a half century ago, and has been con-

tinued to the present day, though the State agents and county correspondents of the United States Department of Agriculture declare the gradual reduction of this pernicious form of debt, far more oppressive and destructive to enterprise than permanent land mortgage. This indebtedness has carried an enormous interest, disguised in supplies of merchandise charged at a large advance upon cash prices. With an increasing degree of independence, and gradual advance in economic education, there is a strong determination to throw off a burden so unendurable, and hence arises the general demand for more available money at a low rate of interest. The subtreasury plan of the Alliance is a form of crop mortgage by the government, at two per cent. instead of ten to twenty, naturally growing out of the prevalent and ancient custom of crop liens, and therefore more popular even than a government land mortgage.

In the northern seaboard States there is comparatively little discontent among the rural classes. The newer organizations, so numerous in other sections, have scarcely a foothold in this part of the country. The Grange here is still popular, and usually active in the work of advancing the social, economic, and intellectual status of farmers. The financial schemes proposed elsewhere meet with little favor and are generally opposed. The more enterprising are doing well in dairying, fruit-growing, and market-gardening, and are giving little attention to grievances. There is, however, dissatisfaction, more or less general, with unequal taxation, by which farmers bear public burdens quite disproportionate to their share of the general wealth. They complain of the comparative exemption of personal wealth, including railway property, and of discriminations in favor of manufacturers, and of the double tax on indebtedness represented by mortgages. They are beginning to object to the exemption of taxation on large values of real property owned by religious and charitable organizations; and are keenly alive to the injustice advocated by many in cities, of concentrating all taxation upon farms and town lots, that the increasing proportion of personal wealth, the bulk of the property of millionaires, may escape taxation altogether.

A very general sense of injury is felt in the East in relation to what is called Western competition, which has rendered unprofitable the production of cereals, of meats and some other products, and has compelled a change of rural industries in the direction of perishable products. Those not sufficiently alert to adapt their enterprises to changing conditions have suffered, and are now suffering and complaining. Many are inclined to inquire into the causes of this competition, and to deplore the old-time policy of giving Western lands to foreign as well as to native settlers, and especially that which enables wealth to monopolize the best lands at nominal prices, and the encouragement of railroad extension by loans sufficient to build the roads and land grants worth as much more. They are opposed to the encouragement by the Government of the settlement of large tracts of land in the distant West, and to aid in fitting for cultivation the arid areas, to increase the competition which is already serious. Incidental to this question come in the discriminations of railroad transportation, the unjust disparity between the rate for the long and that for the short haul, and the rebates and special contracts by which favored operators can crowd the multitude of freighters off the track. They object to favoritism, by the Government or by railroads, through which their business is made unprofitable, injustice is encouraged, and individual fortunes built up at the expense of the great masses of producers and consumers. They deplore especially the loss of the local demand for beef, formerly a source of income to the farm, which, as they claim, is caused not merely by the abundance of the Western product and the cheapness of transportation, but by combination to control the markets and buy off or starve out local competition. The extensive operations in feeding, both for beef and mutton, once so prosperous in the Connecticut Valley, in western New York, and in eastern Pennsylvania, are now scarcely more than a memory of a former rural industry. They deem it a sufficient hardship to suffer a competition, not merely incidental to national development and railway extension, but fostered by legislative policy, without enduring further outrage from a grinding monopoly. The natural and inevitable changes in industry and trade are regarded as misfortune; the combinations of individuals to control such changes for private emolument are declared a crime.

The farmers of the Ohio Valley are generally prosperous and measurably contented, yet the topics under present discussion command their attention and divide opinion. A prominent grievance in their discussions is taxation of both real and personal property without deduction for indebtedness, or double taxation. The demand for lower rates of transportation of farm products, especially for the short haul, is general; they acknowledge that the rate cannot justly be the same in proportion to mileage as for long distances, but believe that the difference is measurably due to the assumed rule of charging all that the traffic will bear, and not to any established principle of equity. The opposition to trusts, pools, and combinations is gen-

eral and determined, as is the belief that it is the duty of the Government to interpose for the protection of the community. The farmers of this region, quite generally, if not so unanimously and persistently as in the South and more distant West, regard prevailing rates of interest, established when money was dearer than at present, as too high, and favor an equitable reduction in consonance with current rates at the present time in great commercial centers.

Complaints are neither numerous nor loud on the Pacific Slope. Prosperity is so general there, in agricultural circles, that the list of grievances canvassed is short. In California the most prominent disability, which many farmers are anxious to remove, is excessive cost of transportation. The citrus fruits, grapes of European varieties, fresh and in the form of raisins and wine, prunes, olives, figs, and nuts are produced largely beyond the home requirement, and sent to all parts of the United States, displacing foreign fruits, having little competition, except in the citrus family, from any other part of this country. Ten years ago a car-load on the fast-freight line cost eight hundred dollars to Chicago. A great reduction has followed, but the expense of transportation is still a great burden, from which fruit-growers seek to be relieved; and to this end, they welcome the prospect of a Nicaragua canal, and hope for new lines to the East, or for competition of old lines. Many, despairing of relief otherwise, favor control or ownership of railroads by the Government. They also feel aggrieved at the delays occurring in transportation of perishable products, by which heavy losses frequently, and great uncertainty always, discourage and injure the trade. Oregon has as yet a smaller interest in rapid transit across the continent, and her farmers are less exercised relative to a solution of railway problems.

The grievance next in importance on the Pacific Coast is the crowding of the ranks of the middlemen, their grasping for a larger share of the values handled, their scheming and combination for increase of the cost of marketing, by which the growers' prices are depressed and rendered unremunerative. The remedy proposed for this is coöperation to eliminate as much as possible of the unnecessary intermediary service and superfluous charges. The plan is in operation in the sale of fruits, and judicious selection of agents, it is claimed, has already proved its wisdom. It is proposed to initiate similar methods for handling other products.

There is complaint by grape-growers and orchardists of excessive local taxation, especially of plantations of young vines and fruit-trees not yet in bearing, while still a heavy expense to the cultivators, and not producing a cent of income. The wine-men complain of taxation, not merely on the gallon of wine made, but on the vines during these years of growth (that involve great expense for cultivating and pruning), claiming that it amounts really to double taxation.

The discontent of the arid region arises mainly from lack of water, and from the methods of applying and controlling it. The soil is fertile, in many districts having an excess of valuable elements of fertility. It is usually cheap; indeed, it is nearly valueless without some means of supplying the necessary moisture. Irrigation is therefore essential to agriculture. The people hold, and the States affirm, that the water belongs to the State and goes with the land; that it cannot be seized by individual or corporation, monopolized and doled out to cultivators for a price. As the land is mostly owned by the United States Government, and conveyed free to individuals through land laws not suited to the needs and exigencies of the arid region, it is held to be for the public good to cede the land to the States, to enable them to construct reservoirs and canals and control the water-supply for the best good of all settlers. It is claimed that in districts in which settlement has been long in progress, land in irrigable contiguity to streams has already been taken up under existing laws, and that little remains that will not require expensive reclamation, impossible to individuals, and practicable only as a work of the State or the General Government. Therefore they claim that the Government should construct the reservoirs and regulate the distribution, or else surrender the public lands to the States. A plan favored by many is the cession of these lands to the States, and the application of the proceeds of their sale to the construction of mountain reservoirs and canals; and the fear is expressed that a continuance of the present policy will greatly delay development necessary to the support of the present local population, and to progress in other industries in all this great mountain-region.

Coming to causes of complaint that are general rather than local, and that operate without reference to fluctuations of product or price, the railway issue is perhaps most prominent. Farmers realize their dependence upon the railroad as a highway to their markets, while objecting to submission to the power of the highwayman. They have often voted municipal and county stock subscriptions to obtain them, and have usually seen them rendered worthless by a blanket of preferred mortgage-bonds to complete or equip them. In some instances enthusiasm and inexperience have understated the estimate of cost; in others reck-

lessness and misrepresentation have made a beginning without care or thought for a practicable completion; the result is the same to the public investment—it is lost. In the arid regions, without crops or people, roads have been extended, even paralleled, not by aid of local money, which may not exist, but by funds from the East and from Europe. It is held and believed that in many instances this money is turned over to construction companies who make large profits on small mileage, and when assessments cease a new deal is made, new bonds printed, perhaps a new directory is established. The transformations of railroad property, after contractors and wreckers have done their worst, surpass the tricks of legerdemain. It is even charged that the roads built by subsidy, and further endowed by lands, have been swamped by *crédits mobiliers* and bad management, while promoters and contractors, who have built competing roads without subsidy, have prospered. Whatever truth there is in this allegation of the farmers, they find ground for suspicion in the fact that the roads are poor while the builders are rich. By counting values sunk by plunder, profits to promoters of new deals, and losses by reckless management, the ultimate capitalization is enormous, and also largely fictitious; and farmers naturally object to transportation rates levied to make interest on watered stock. It is unfortunate that so many trades and professions seem essential to railroad building; the promoter, the surveyor, the stock-subscriber, the foreign bondholder, the contractor, the wrecker, the sheriff, and a new company to try to make running expenses and satisfactory profits by charging "all the traffic will bear." This is the picture drawn by many a farmer who has lost his stock-subscription, and is still taxed to pay that of his county.

But he has more direct and personal objections to prevailing railway management, on account of alleged unjust discriminations in rates. He avers that it sometimes costs nearly or quite as much to send his products to a near market as to the seaboard; that rates are higher where there is no competition; that a neighbor gets a lower tariff than he can obtain for himself; and that great monopolists virtually make their own terms. He makes similar charges against express companies, protesting that the service bears no proper comparison to cost and produces inordinate profits, to the enrichment of the company, at the expense of the producer and consumer.

For a remedy some favor a more thorough and persistent attempt to regulate interstate traffic by the Government, and to eliminate local abuses by State action; while others favor the Government ownership of railroads and express lines. Apparently much the larger number are found in the former class.

Competition in railroad construction, instead of cheapening the cost of transportation, appears to have the effect of increasing it. New roads are built, parallel with paying lines, not because of local demand, but with the intention of forcing the prosperous corporations to purchase immunity from persecution at a cost of a heavy bonus above expenses of construction. The price of franchise and construction, blackmail and all, is then capitalized, and the public is taxed in perpetuity to pay interest, through increased freight charges, on the fruits of such cupidity. Eastern owners of Western lands are approached by railroad projectors, and plied with all the arts of rhetoric and the seductive creations of imagination to forecast the golden advantages of a road through their realty. Journeys to Europe are taken to impress Dutch burghers and English lords who represent land syndicates in this country with the necessity and advantage of similar measures for development of their property. Scheming for railway extension has many similar manifestations, from various motives, including too frequently the expectation of personal commissions and profits, with small consideration of the public need or the general welfare. Thus has grown up the profession of railroad projectors, whose efforts have had large influence in the construction of about 170,000 miles of American railroads, and in the extension of mileage of about 13,000 miles in a single year, equal to nearly the entire railway mileage of the empire of India. It may gratify national vanity to be able to claim for the United States half of the railways of the world, but such a gratification may involve a waste of capital and prove an injury to producers who are taxed to pay interest upon it. It is inevitable, under existing conditions, that such waste and plunder will be added to the cost of construction and equipment, become capitalized, and be made the basis of freight tariffs. A way is thus opened to the pockets of the people by which the railway capitalist can recoup himself for these liberal allowances to his friends the projectors and reorganizers.

The farmers acknowledge the helpfulness, the actual necessity of a healthful extension of railroads, and admit that in some local districts there is now need of further mileage, while deploring the artifices and frauds of purely selfish schemes of extension, and the abuses which greed enacts to enlarge profits on fictitious capital. They do not arraign all railway management as oppressive and corrupt, but find abundant evidences that remediable abuses exist and that reform is necessary. They are willing to acknowledge that freight rates have been

greatly reduced during the last twenty years, whether in consequence of the agitation and legislation of the past or through the influence of competition; that rates may sometimes be lower even than the cost of carriage, especially in cutting rates by roads competing for the long haul. Instead of proving an advantage to freighters, the fluctuations incident to such a course are disturbing influences in trade, and the discriminations involved in them work inequality in dealings with individual shippers. The claim, even if true, that competition, better than legislation, will make just freight tariffs, does not meet the objections here transcribed; it is discrimination, tergiversation, favoritism, individual injustice, that are deplored and condemned, far more than the average rates of compensation demanded by the service.

Another cause of injury to agriculture which is universally recognized is found in the exactions of the middlemen, a class necessary and useful, but swollen needlessly, until forced by pressure of competition either to a scanty subsistence or combination to prey on both producer and consumer. The farmer is appalled to see the long line of intermediaries who pass his produce from hand to hand, over continents and seas, each taking his toll, until little of the ultimate value is left to the grower. They are legion in numbers, in forms of pretended service, with hearts beating in unison for the appropriation of the largest possible share of the values handled. These organizations are manifold; they are associated in trade gilds, societies, exchanges, and boards of trade; they are known individually as commission men, brokers, forwarders, jobbers, retail dealers, hucksters, and peddlers; an army of men who produce nothing, and yet aspire to own everything. Their service, so far as it facilitates distribution and exchange, is recognized as legitimate and useful; yet they are too many in number, and too greedy in spirit, taking more for their share than the service is worth, and using their advantage of proximity and opportunity for close business association to depress prices in buying and advance them in selling.

In the marketing of perishable products the producer finds himself in a position almost helpless. The goods cannot be withheld, and are ever at the mercy of the buyer. If there is a glut for a single day, though the crop may be poor, prices are depressed. If then the grower waits a little for a better market, the dealer sells his cheap purchase at a dear rate. The prices of vegetables, as reported by farmers, are often only half, sometimes a third, of the prices obtained by retailers. The dealers often get as much, perhaps in a single day, for selling a load of vegetables, as the grower obtains for his season's work in producing them, including the cost of seed and the expense of marketing. If fruits are abundant, almost equal disparity obtains between farmers' and hucksters' prices; if scarce, a smaller profit may become a necessity. In case of positive glut the grower gets little, while combination holds up the price to consumers, even at the risk of dumping the remnant as garbage. It is claimed that the poorer portion of shipments of fruit have sometimes been destroyed in large cities, to give value to the remainder, and save the demoralization of the market — in other words, to prevent the enjoyment by the poor of fruit-supplies at nominal rates.

In the retail trade, in public markets, and in greengrocers' shops and hucksters' stands the same methods prevail, and the maxim "buy cheap and sell dear" is the golden rule of the gild. Besides combinations and tacit agreements in regulation of diurnal prices, there are various expedients and devices to secure larger profits. One of the most unfair and oppressive of these is the excessive percentage of extra profit charged in small sales. The huckster lies in wait for poverty, that must buy in small quantity, and levies differential rates in proportion to inability; for instance, 75 cents for a bushel, 40 for a half bushel, 25 for a peck, and 15 for a half peck, while for a quarter 10 cents may be demanded, making an extra profit for smallest sales of more than 100 per cent. by so minute a subdivision for the convenience of penury. The widow trying to eke out a meager subsistence by keeping boarders, compelled to buy in small parcels, is thus charged 10, 20, 50 per cent. or more for her disability. She is taxed daily a much larger percentage on a dollar than the capitalist can obtain for a year's use of his money. This unjust discrimination, which is very common in many places, has no possible excuse, its only motive being a larger exaction. There are equitable differences, it is true, between a sale by the car-load and by the peck, which are made solely by the increased cost of handling; but this element of difference in the ordinary distribution into market-baskets is almost infinitesimal, quite too trivial to become the excuse for doubling the ordinary profits of retailing.

Another imposition on the consumer which reacts on the producer, tending to widen the margin of profit of the retailer, is the practice of selling the finer cuts of beef at the same rates for different qualities, whether taken from "choice" or "medium" grades, the difference in cost being at least 25 per cent. It is based on the opportunity afforded by the ignorance or carelessness of a considerable class of buyers who fail to discriminate as to quality. The more conscientious retailers who deal in

meat of first quality are injured by this practice, as well as consumers.

The outcry against monopoly in the meat-trade is loud and bitter, and general in all the densely populated districts in the country. It is made by the rancher on the plains, the farmers of the central West and those of the East. The former complains that it controls the price of the product, the latter that it intensifies the natural competition of the great pastoral region. It is well understood that it can handle the meat-business, by system, by division of labor, by extreme utilization of by-products, and by special and reduced railroad rates, at less cost than by a multitude of individuals; but there is no confidence that it will give this advantage either to producers or consumers of meat, or even share it with them. On the contrary, it is feared that in the future, as producers and consumers believe has been done in the past, monopoly will appropriate the results of any economy of management for its own use and emolument, that it will crowd out all competition, perhaps by methods questionable and highly injurious to individuals. They therefore call on the Government for protection, in some practicable form, against the operations of this and all similar combinations to control the value and the distribution of farm-products.

Milk furnishes a notable example of the exactions of middlemen. Without reference to adulteration and sophistication by positively dishonest purveyors, the skimming to increase the specific gravity and the adding of water to restore the average, and the more disgusting products which simulate pure milk, the share of proceeds demanded for transportation and delivery are inordinate and unjust. The price paid to farmers varies with distance from market, but the average is very low, ranging from less than 2 cents to 3 or 3½ cents per quart, while the consumer pays 5 or 6 cents in smaller towns, and 8 cents, sometimes 10 and 12, in the principal cities. The transportation rates are generally high, and the delivery service equally so, while the dairyman, for his land, animals, daily care and labor, gets a pittance of the gross returns, sometimes a third, and rarely under favorable circumstances a half. He insists, with due regard to the greater cost of living and labor in cities, that his share for production is inequitable and entirely insufficient. In a few communities remedial measures have been initiated, in some form of coöperative association, by which the exactions of the middlemen are eliminated and the services of distribution are placed on a par with those of production. The only limitation to the full success of these arrangements is the inexperience of agents acting in unaccustomed lines of effort. The degree of success attained proves the inequality and injustice of the old system, and the reasonableness of the producers' contention.

There is much complaint in the West and South, in the domain of cereals and cotton, and also more or less in other sections of the country, of the influence of trading in futures upon prices of products. It is generally believed to be highly injurious to the producer. While it is recognized that there are "bears" as well as "bulls" in the wheat and cotton "pits," it is known that the dealers in these games of chance live and thrive only by fluctuations; and that the deeper the sensation, the more frequent the "bulges" and "breaks," the better the show for profit (and loss) of individuals. This variation in quotations of futures, it is held, must affect "spot" prices somewhat, and whatever fluctuation is caused by it is undoubtedly injurious to the interests of primary holders. They are distant from market, and cannot respond instantly to these changes. The city dealer in actual grain or other products reaps the advantages of fluctuations, and the grower inevitably loses by them. Besides, the farmer is naturally opposed to a non-producer, who does not even handle or forward his products, "who toils not, neither does he spin," while yet arrayed in habiliments to the fashion of which Solomon could not aspire. He who plows and sows, and by the sweat of his face reaps his wheat, does not recognize as his associates in the production and distribution of wheat, or as entitled to any share in the profits and emoluments of the trade, those who convene daily to bet upon the price of wheat at some-future day. He deplores the spirit of gambling which pervades business circles, the desire to obtain something for nothing, to get that which others must lose, to gain, without equivalent, wealth that others have labored hard to produce.

Agricultural indebtedness invites much discussion. In certain districts, where drought has destroyed successive crops, bankruptcy and foreclosure have been imminent. Here it is the "visitation of God" that foreshadows the visit of the evicting officer. Debt, like death, has been and ever will be with us. It is sometimes a crushing burden, and often a blessing on which enterprise founds a home. Farmers' debts have been recklessly exaggerated and their purport misrepresented. Debt is incurred to buy more land, for building, fencing, and other improvements. In the Ohio Valley and in the East much of it occurs in division of estates, by retirement of aged farmers in favor of a son or an enterprising farm laborer. In such cases debt is merely nominal as simply a convenience. The past year has

been notably one of debt-paying by farmers, and the volume of agricultural indebtedness has been much diminished.

In the South and in some of the States of the extreme West there are complaints against the tariff, some opposing its protective features and favoring its reduction to a revenue basis, in the belief that farmers are discriminated against under this indirect form of taxation; others, while opposing the principle, are willing to favor a scheme of incidental protection for the sake of present revenue. There are also those in the same regions, though fewer in numbers in agriculture than in other industries, who claim that this form of raising revenue is doing more to render agriculture prosperous than any other agency, diverting laborers to other industrial fields, exploiting mines, and building and running factories, which furnish markets for rural products and relieve the tendency to over-production. In nearly all the remaining States there is a general silence on the subject, broken only by an infrequent demand for reduction of duties on one side, and on the other for still higher duties on certain products of agriculture, while admitting that the farmer of the present time shares more equally in the benefits of the prevailing protective policy than ever before in the history of the country.

Reference has been made, in the paragraphs relating to complaints and demands of the South, to the Government loan measure, which next to free coinage appears to be the most urgently sought political concession from legislative authority. Its advocacy is not confined to the South, but appears in Kansas, in Missouri, and less generally in the Dakotas, Iowa, and Minnesota. Nowhere is there unanimity relative to the measure, and there is sharp division in the States in which it meets the largest degree of favor. It secures the favorable consideration of a few farmers of the central West, and practically none in the Middle or Eastern States. There has been much uncertain characterization of it, and manifold misunderstanding of its purport. It proposes to establish "subtreasuries" or depositories of cotton, wheat, corn, and other products designated as non-perishable, on which Government notes shall be issued to the extent of eighty per cent. of their market value, which shall be a legal tender for all dues to the Government or individuals. The depositor, on return of the certificate and advance which he receives, and payment of expenses, can sell the stored product at any time within a year. This is the usual plan, which is held to be subject to modification in its minor details. It is claimed that precedents exist for such a measure. It is likewise proposed that the National Government shall grant loans on real estate, at a similar rate of interest. The demand is in the following terms:

> We demand that the Government shall establish subtreasuries or depositories in the several States, which shall loan money direct to the people at a low rate of interest, not to exceed two per cent. per annum, on non-perishable farm-products, and also upon real estate, with proper limitations upon the quantity of land and amount of money.

In response to the suggestion that other industries would demand a similar public loan, and when confronted with a quotation of the favorite political maxim of farmers' organizations, "special privileges to none," there is no answer except that of the President of the Alliance: "Then take away the special privileges you have accorded to the manufacturer, the ship-builder, and the banker."

Farmers of thoughtfulness and acumen realize as the cause and basis of most of these evils, and of others not here enumerated, the disposition so prevalent among all classes to live without work, "to live by their wits." The numbers living by speculation are large in every city. There is no form of property, personal or real, that escapes their attention. In real estate, city lots, suburban acres, mill sites, water privileges; in country realty, farms, forests, orchards, and gardens; mining properties, quarries, petroleum-wells, natural gas; in personal property, shares and bonds in railroads, banks, gas- and electric-light works, patents and manufacturing plants; in these and in a multitude of schemes impossible here to enumerate, for organizing, promoting, and booming values real or imaginary, speculation is rife. Large numbers of the population are using their wits far more than their money in putting into operation and officering companies and associations, printing share-certificates, issuing bonds, buying and selling securities based on small values and large expectations. There are many for management, few for active service, or for the manual labor involved in all these enterprises. They prefer trading to working, scheming to labor. In the vigorous language of the border, "by the sweat of their jaws" do they prefer to earn their living.

It is the same in real estate as in fancy stocks and financial chimeras. A farm beyond a city boundary is purchased by a syndicate of very respectable citizens, a surveyor is employed to lay out streets and lots, a draftsman to make a map, a lithographer to print it, an auctioneer to sell, while a free excursion is given and a free lunch set out. Under these incitements and excitements, a large crowd is carried out and a goodly number taken in. The projectors appropriate the unearned increment of value which patient settlers may

create by hardship and persistent effort in the next ten years. The enterprise is speculative, deceptive, not to say dishonest. It is by such devices, in all the walks of business, that the city fathers amass much of the wealth they leave their children, who follow in their footsteps, avoiding and despising labor, and helping by precept and example to make a nation of idlers, tricksters, and gamblers. Such are the deliberate opinions of many of the stanch and trusty yeomen who view with alarm the building up of cities devoted in so large a measure to the plunder of the productive industries of the wealth which they have created.

In this connection reference may be made to the frequent complaint that enterprising and ambitious sons of farmers leave the paternal acres for other vocations. It is a matter for congratulation that boys do leave the farm for other pursuits, and also one for regret that the brightest are the first to go, if that is the fact. The interests of farmers in this country, especially under a régime of scientific agriculture, under which alone will profit be possible in the future, require that not more than one third of the national body of workers, including both practical and professional, shall be engaged in rural pursuits. Under present conditions a somewhat larger portion may be employed, possibly forty per cent.; if more, the tendency is to over-production; with a lower proportion agriculture will flourish, with a fair field for distribution and sale. Therefore the drift to other pursuits, even from country to town, is not in itself to be deplored, but it is deplorable when the drift is away from industrial occupation, from productive and constructive industry, toward speculative schemes, toward idleness that is active for mischief,— the present standing menace to national industry and honest manhood.

In this review of the grievances of which the farmers of the United States have complained, and are still complaining, the differentiation of discontents, by geographical districts, is first shown, and the main and more generally accepted evils are presented topically, in the lights in which they are viewed by those most interested. An opportunity, almost unexampled, of feeling the rural pulse has been improved for a fair and accurate presentation of current complaints of industrial, financial, and political disabilities of the rural class. It has been made with an honest purpose of serving the interests of truth and the welfare of agriculture. The many topics treated have necessarily been only touched lightly, and some minor grievances have not been considered. The subject is too large, the field too wide, for exhaustive treatment. The matters considered so briefly are up for discussion, in field and forum, on the platform and in legislative halls; and the hope is expressed that the general public may see more clearly the issues presented through this lens by which they are focused on the public retina.

A philosophical view of the subject, in all its bearings, is by no means disheartening to farmers. The depression from low prices, which intensified and brought to light the extent and variety of discouragements realized, is mainly over for the present. Generally the farmer is prosperous, though he certainly fails to secure his full share in the rewards of his productive labor. He is entitled to fair consideration in such remedial measures for his protection as may be possible under our form of government.

In analysis of material coming before the writer, there have been omitted, almost entirely, the views of many of the most progressive, enterprising, and influential of the rural class, presenting as the most serious grievance the absence of effort to find remedies for existing ills in practical improvement in farm management, in coöperation to control the distribution of their products. Regrets have been expressed that the personal equation in this problem of rural reform has been omitted. Two quotations will indicate the views presented, both from the Southern States, one west of the Mississippi, as follows:

> A somewhat extended experience in practical agriculture of the State and good opportunities for observation lead me to assert that farming, industriously and intelligently followed, offers as good inducements for the capital, labor, and skill expended as does any other calling in the State.

The other from the Atlantic coast:

> No real practical efforts are made for relief. All the complaints made and all remedies proposed are political. Many of the former are absurd, and most of the latter will prove futile. We need smaller farms, more work, more knowledge, and less grumbling. What can be done on small tracts highly fertilized should be brought home to the people, so that the inexperienced may imitate, even before they know the reason why.

The farmers of the United States live under better conditions for progress in their art — a high standard of living, advance in personal culture and soil improvement, and pecuniary independence — than those of any other country. Aspirations for higher improvement, equitable sharing in the results of productive labor, and a full exercise of the rights of citizenship have been aroused. With wisdom in action, for political recognition, for advance in economic education, for coöperation and self-help, and for increase of practical skill and pecuniary profit, the result of this crusade will be highly beneficial to the farmers of the United States.

J. R. Dodge.

A BATTLE IN CRACKERDOM.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

JACK.

I.

LATE in the summer of 1873, upon a dusty roadway near a little Georgia village, a boy of sixteen years was hobbling along supporting himself upon two short sticks, without which locomotion would have been well-nigh impossible, since both his lower limbs were withered and twisted, and his feet shriveled and calloused from unnatural use. His face was pallid and pinched. Sandy hair thrust itself down from under the old bell-shaped hat to meet the swarming freckles, and his lips, drawn apart in the effort of labored respiration, disclosed teeth yellowed and uneven. The redemption of the face from absolute savage inexpression was accomplished by a pair of keen energetic gray eyes, the only features that hinted of possibilities within. The clothing of the lad consisted of a dirty, rough, once white homespun shirt, a single homespun suspender, and a pair of ancient jean trousers rolled up half way to the knees. Slung over his shoulder was a gunny-sack, from which protruded a few pine splinters, in the South commonly called "lightwood." One freckled hand included in its grip upon the stick also the handle of a little old ax.

The boy belonged to the humble people called "crackers," the real children of the soil, who, owning no land, live upon the great estates and pass with the titles from generation to generation, from seller to purchaser. Formerly they were far from the plantation settlements, as they did not harmonize well with the slaves, nor could they mix with the gentry. They were to be found upon the outskirts, by forests and creeks, between wood and water. The changed conditions of the South have affected them less than any other class. They know the country, the division-lines, the "blazes," and even the varieties of fruits upon the plantations where they have grown up. They are generally honest and useful in furnishing the extra labor needed when the cotton is to be chopped out and the crop picked. Their wants are few and simple.

The road ran out past the fields to where a dense thicket of small pines cast a dark shadow across it, and far into the fallow land on the other side, whence came a crooked path. Leaning on the zigzag fence, her eyes searching the accidental aisles of the pines where the sinking sun found spaces for some fine effects of lightened shadow, was a young girl, her soft white muslin and laces, her pure complexion, her delicate hands hinting of a life far removed from crackerdom. She had been gathering the blossoms of the delicate wild peas that run upon the tall grasses, and these, blue, gold, saffron, and copper, were twined about her broad straw hat. Mixed with them were the little red blooms of the "busybody" that attacks and interlaces itself hopelessly with every vine that crosses its path. A simple crimson rose was at her throat. When the boy passed the last clump of bushes he came almost opposite her, and each surveyed the other in astonishment. The girl recovered at once, and gave him a friendly smile.

"Good evening," she said. Then, seeing that he had stopped, "Are you coming across here?" The boy's wondering eyes clung to her face a few moments longer. Then he nodded his head. She drew back as he thrust his sack of lightwood upon the fence, but, seeing how difficult his crossing would be, said, renewing the friendly little smile, "Let me hold it for you." She took both ax and sack in her white hands from his unresisting grasp before he could object, and turned away a step or two, not to embarrass him in his painful climbing. When he had drawn himself over and silently reached for his burden she walked on, nodding her head gaily for him to join her.

"They are not heavy," she said, "and if you do not mind I will carry them for you. I see you are going my way."

"You 'll sile yer purty frock," he jerked out, in a hoarse strained voice, his sallow face flushing as he hobbled along.

"No, indeed! See, I do not let them touch. Do you live about here?"

"Down yonder on th' branch." He nodded his head in the direction of a thin column of smoke, toward which the path at that moment was tending.

"Why, that is grandma's land, is n't it?" He looked up into her face with a sudden intelligence.

"Be you ther new gal over thar, Miss?"

"Yes," laughing merrily. "I am ther new gal. And your name is—"

The laugh was so free and natural it did not disconcert him.

"Jack Durden." He had forgotten his disabilities under the influence of the first womanly sympathy ever expended upon him. "What mout yo' name be?"

"Alice—Alice Worthington."

"Mister Charlie—war he yo' pa?"

"Yes; did you know him?"

"He used ter hunt down ther branch, an' I used ter see him thar. Aunt Tildy ses es how he 's dead."

A shadow fell upon her fair face. She nodded her head and turned her eyes away. The boy felt his mistake in a vague way, but how to remedy it he did not know. He hobbled along by her side, his eyes upon the path, for she had chosen the grass. Presently she too felt his embarrassment, and began to study the uncouth little figure, mastering a natural repugnance to so much uncleanliness. This was her first visit to her grandmother's since childhood. The old lady clung to her worn-out plantation of happier days with its dilapidated residence, and managed to make a fair existence out of the "croppers" who rented from her one or two mule-farms, paying cotton in the fall. The elder lady was usually all alone, so far as white associates were concerned, until this orphan, school-days over, elected to divide time with her. One or two old servants remained at "The Hall," and maintained a show of the gentility and style for which the Worthingtons were once famous.

"Can you read, Jack?" she asked presently, to put him at ease again. He was as old as she, but a child in everything but years.

"No, 'm."

"You ought to learn," she said gravely. "A great boy like you should know how to read. You must have plenty of time."

"Ain't got nobody to learn me. Ma don't know how, an' 'sides she 's dead, an' Aunt Tildy don't know how, an' Unc' Tom he 's wanderin'." The puzzling information about "Unc' Tom" saved Alice from a laugh.

"Wanderin'—how?" He shut his eyes and shook his head.

"Thinks es how he' er preachin' 'holiness,' Aunt Tildy ses." Nothing could have added to the simple outline of his disadvantages unless he had volunteered a confession of mental incapacity. Alice caught his glance, and again the eyes pleased her. Here was pure clay, and she was at heart an artist. Queer ideas floated in her vision for a moment.

"If you could read," she said gravely after a few moments, "you would find it a great pleasure. Don't you understand, *you* can't travel far, you can't go even where the other boys go; but if you could read, your imagination could supply everything."

"What 's 'magination?" She did not stumble as most people do over these grass knots tied by childish tongues.

"Look!" she said, her cheeks glowing with new interest; "yonder is the cloud with the red sunlight on it, and here are cotton-rows passing us on the right, and here are you and I; you see all that, don't you?" He nodded his head, while a bewildered look dwelt upon his face. It was so comical that she gave expression to some of her enthusiasm in a laugh. "Well, that is not imagination; they are facts. Now suppose I say that red streaming cloud over there is a flag, and these lines of cotton-rows that seem to pass us are soldiers, each with a white plume in his hat, and the thunder away back yonder behind us is the echo of the cannon where a battle is being fought, and you are a hero and have been shot and are going to the rear, and I am a woman carrying your knapsack and gun—that is imagination. Don't you understand? You don't have to go to see the battle and the soldiers and the guns; you bring them here with your imagination. If you learn to read, everything you read of you can bring up in just that way."

The boy had watched her face through this explanation delivered with animation. She wondered if he understood. Presently he said:

"Some folks sees ghosts." She nodded her head, well pleased.

"That is it exactly; that is imagination."

His eyes sought the long rows of cotton-plants with new interest, and then the clouds. The far thunder had ceased.

"I reckon the fight 's over," he said suddenly, "an' them thar sojers won't git thar in time."

"Then let 's stop them," she said gaily, lifting the little ax high in the air: "Company, halt!" They stood still and the soldiers ceased to pass, at which they both laughed.

She was a girl full of reforms. As they resumed their walk she said very gently:

"It will take you some time to learn to read, but there is something just as important that you can do at once. Look at your hands and—and—feet. You can keep them clean, and comb your hair." He returned her gaze without embarrassment, but with the old wonder in his eyes.

"What fur?"

"What for! Because you are going to be a man, and every man should keep clean." Jack kept his eyes fixed upon the path, as he hobbled along. He felt but did not understand the rebuke. Presently she added:

"You ought to save your money, too, and buy yourself better clothes; then you could go to Sunday-school." Jack understood that. He shook his head quickly.

"Ain't never had none to save."

"Make some," she said grandly; "raise chickens, make baskets, pick cotton—do something." Her face flushed. "My gracious, if I were a boy, I would do it, cripple or not! If I had health to stand up, and strength enough to carry an ax, I would—would—do something, not lie about here in dirt and rags. I 'm afraid you are all lazy. Grandma says 'Lazy people make crooked paths,' and see how this one winds!"

Jack was deep among the problems.

"You make any money?" he inquired. She glanced at him quickly, but there was not any irony in tone or expression. It was accidental.

"Yes—by saving. I made this dress, I trimmed this hat, I tatted this lace."

It would have taken better wits than poor Jack's to contend with Alice's. He looked at her from head to foot.

"It 's mighty purty," he said simply; and her smile came back.

They had reached the cabin, a log building in a clearing where the lowlands began. A gaunt, rough-visaged woman in an unclean calico gown and working a snuff-stick between her teeth, came to the door, nodded to Alice, heard her explanation, and watched her curiously as she passed back into the field toward the Hall. Jack dropped the sack inside the door and hobbled off to where a great oak extended its branches. There he lay down at full length and reflected long upon the astounding propositions that had been sown so recklessly in his uncultivated mind. As the shadows began to deepen, he struggled up on his sticks and made his way out to the field's edge. Away across the line of plants he saw a white dress entering the grove at the Hall. When darkness fell he was still there.

"What a pitiful little fellow the Durden boy is," said Alice at tea that evening. Her grandmother added sugar to her small cup of black coffee with a little thin spoon, older than herself.

"A sorry lot, all of them. Tom Durden has n't done a day's work since the 'holiness' craze seized him. It is a queer idea that you must quit work when sin becomes an impossibility."

"Is that a part of the new creed?"

"I suppose not, but many of them seem to think so."

"Evidently cleanliness is not looked upon as next to godliness among the crackers that I have seen."

"Their cleanliness is generally next to nothing." The old lady was fond of making epigrams.

"The poor little fellow has n't had much chance," said Alice gently. Her mind was still upon Jack.

But, at the Durden's, Jack crawled into the corner where his ragged quilt was spread, and with the soft summer breeze blowing on him through a great crevice among the logs, lay down to resume his thinking. Life all along had been simply a fact with him, and not such a disagreeable fact as might be supposed, for all things are valued by comparison, and no change had ever come to him. Now, for the first time, something was dawning within; the nimbus of a new idea was brightening upon the horizon of his mind. Something had happened that he could not analyze; he saw only the fair-faced girl with her violet eyes and ready white hands. He heard the musical voice and felt the sympathy—human sympathy! He did not know what it was, but it had come to him in its fairest form; and dull, oppressed, hopeless, and enslaved by circumstance though he was, somewhere in the dwarfed and shadowed life a dormant seed had been warmed and was stirring. It drove away sleep. Already things about him were beginning to develop a new relationship. The deep regular breathing of the woman in the same room divorced him from rather than linked him to human companionship, and, sleeping or waking, the man there was nothing to him. He was not lonely because of it, for his thought was there, and the pale far stars seemed to draw nearer and twinkle in friendliness. He fell asleep at last, smiling in the gloom. Past him marched the soldiers with their white plumes, and overhead was the crimson flag. He heard the battle raging beyond the hills; perhaps it was in just such a battle that his father had been killed; and bearing his gun and knapsack as he limped away home was a girl in white. That night, for the first time in his life, the Angel of Hope found the cripple's bed, and smiled upon the face pressed to the crevice in the wall.

II.

JACK DURDEN'S mental disturbance continued for several days. At sunset of each he haunted the path over the field, hoping for another meeting with Alice. He hobbled out to the fence where he first met her, and recalled, with the vividness peculiar to childish memories, just how she stood, the expression of her face, the tones of her voice, the rose at her throat, and the pea-blooms in her hat. He studied the cotton-rows again with deliberation, and quickened his return across them to see the soldiers rush past, stopping suddenly to see them stop. But she came no more. He betook himself to thought again; and finally a resolution was born.

"Unc' Billy, yer want anybody to he'p yer pick?"

Uncle Bill sat upon his bench before his cabin and surveyed the cripple with mild surprise. He was an old negro who cultivated a two-mule farm on the Worthington lands with a pair of unfed steers. He laughed and leaned his head on his hands; not that the idea of help was new, for Billy always wanted help from some one. Indeed, he would have been glad to surrender the whole job. It was the source of the proposed help that stirred his sense of humor. Who ever heard of Jack Durden wanting work! Billy shook his head.

"Hit ud tek you 'bout er month ter pick er hunderd poun's," he said.

"No, hit won't," said Jack confidently.

Billy did not propose to add mental labor to his other fatigues. He waved his hand good-naturedly toward the white field:

"Dere hit is," he said.

And so Jack Durden became a cotton-picker. He went along slowly from plant to plant, gathering the lint from each and thrusting it into his bag. It was tedious work to any, but trebly so to him. For want of cultivation Billy's cotton was classed in local terms as "bumble-bee" — that is, cotton so short that the bees could rest on the ground and rob the blooms. This fact called for a lower stoop on the part of the picker, and for one who could not sustain his weight on his legs the occupation was painful. But Jack labored faithfully. When his bag was filled, he had to hobble out and place it in one of Billy's big oak baskets, and return, sometimes to the far end of the row, to resume work.

"UNC' BILLY, YER WANT ANYBODY TO HE'P YER PICK?"

When the day was ended, and the cotton was weighed upon the Worthington scales, there was forty pounds to Jack's credit, and he held a ticket that called for fifteen cents. An able-bodied hand would have picked two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds.

Alice attended to the weighing, and praised the boy for his industry.

"Don't forget about cleanliness," she said, smiling and pointing to his begrimed hands and face. She did not know that, becoming fatigued beyond endurance, he had lain down during the afternoon with the blazing sun upon

him, and for hours had dragged himself from plant to plant.

Jack resumed his work the next day, and continued it. But from that time and ever afterward he bathed his hands and face at the branch before going to have his cotton weighed. At the end of the week he was paid ninety-five cents. The pickers scattered to their homes or the village, but the boy lingered. He approached Alice with the money.

"Will hit buy er book ter learn in?" he said. Then she noticed that his pale face was clean, and some effort had been made to straighten out his hair. She was touched by the pathos of the mute response to her admonitions.

"Keep the money," she said. "I have a book I will give you. I have n't any further use for it." She brought him a primer.

"Who is going to teach you?"

Jack scratched his head for a moment.

"Reck'n I kin sorter learn by myself at first," he said. "Hit 's easy at ther start, ain't hit?"

Alice laughed heartily at the idea.

"No, it is harder at first than at any other time. Come sit down here on the steps and I will give you a lesson."

She explained to him the alphabet, and how words are formed by putting letters together, and then told him the name of the six letters on the first line over and over until he knew them. His quickness pleased the girl, and for the first time she studied closely his face and head. The latter she agreed was of an encouraging shape, and the former it seemed to her was already less dull. The possibility that might exist in that little deformed being rose before her, and a happy thought came with it.

"You are going to learn easily," she said, "and some day you will read anything you please. Don't let your affliction discourage you. Look at Mr. Alexander Stephens; he was sickly and had to be carried about in a chair; and he was n't a bit taller than you —"

"I seen him onct," said the boy, brightening; "he come over hyah to whar some er his folks lives —"

"Did he? Well, that man was a member of Congress from Georgia, and Governor, and Vice-President of the Confederacy, and wrote books."

Jack looked at her blankly. But he knew that all this meant success; and had n't he seen the distinguished statesman riding in a carriage, and all the rich men crowding around to hear him talk, and to shake his hand?

He went home that evening across the field burdened with the most stupendous thought that ever crossed his mind.

Sleep fell upon him that night almost as a faint.

When the next week had ended, Jack had picked one dollar and ten cents' worth of cotton. And more, he knew the alphabet so well that he could repeat it backward as well as forward. All through the days he had run over the names, stopping occasionally to consult his primer; and old Billy, seeing him at it, would shake his head.

"Hit beats me," he said once to Tildy Durden; "reck'n he ain' right in es min'."

"Yer reck'n? Well, hit 's struck ther boy diffunt fum es Uncle Tom, an' hit 's ter be hoped hit 'll keep on er strikin' 'im that er way."

Jack hit upon another plan for improvement. When he was resting himself by assuming a horizontal position in the cotton-row and edging along from plant to plant, he would reach over and trace the letters in the next row, and then read them as he came down again. When he became expert enough to join these in simple words, he would write them also. "Alice" was his favorite. With his whole thought and mind upon the study, he was enabled to advance rapidly.

Alice Worthington watched the conflict with interest, and gave all the assistance in her power. After the first week he left his money in her hands.

"Aunt Tildy 'll git hit," he said briefly.

She was indignant. "You don't mean she would spend it?"

The boy grinned, showing his yellow teeth.

"Snuff," he said laconically.

When the picking-season was ended, and Alice returned to Macon, Jack could read in words of one and two syllables.

"Don't make the boy a beggar," said her grandmother; "there are other things to teach him besides reading. Teach him self-reliance." So the girl had taken from his little savings such sums as were needed for his simple books and turned over the remainder to her grandmother. One day Tildy Durden called for it.

"I 'd burn it up before you should have it," said the old lady fiercely, "and I 'd move you off my land, lock, stock, and barrel. Don't you come here any more." And Tildy did not.

When the train bore Alice away from the station, the last form she saw was Jack's. He stood leaning upon his sticks, his hat in hand. A half-dozen young gentlemen had assembled to see her off, but the smile that lit her face as she leaned from the window of the moving car, and the flutter of her dainty handkerchief, were for Jack. He saw them through his tears. The men mounted their horses and galloped away, but the crippled boy waited until the platform of the last car disappeared around the curve; and then he watched the smoke of the locomotive spurting up over the tops of the far-away pines. Presently the smoke drifted away. He

dragged his helpless limbs over the old path, but the plumes were gone from the broken ranks of the soldiers, and the glory from the scattered clouds. He limped to the rear, carrying neither gun nor knapsack, but a greater load on his heart.

"JACK HAD BEEN LOOKING WISTFULLY AT THE ROSE-CUTTINGS."

III.

BUT Jack Durden was now a capitalist, and he soon began to give his attention to new fields of labor. He pondered long, if not deeply, upon plans for increasing his sum, and one day he found Mrs. Worthington pruning her roses in the front yard. She was a tall, severe-looking old lady in black silk and lace, but Alice used to say the severity lay only in the iron-gray corkscrew curls that hung across her brow. No one ever saw her dressed otherwise. The silks got old and worn in the creases, and the lace as frail as spider-webs before she died, but with her it was silk, and lace, and corkscrew curls to the end.

She listened kindly to the boy's eager suggestions, and finally gave him a dollar of his money.

"What else, sir!"

Jack had been looking wistfully at the rose-cuttings as they fell from the sharp shears. The curt, abrupt query startled him, but he rallied.

"I was er thinkin' es how, ef yer be goin' ter kill all them flowers, I 'd ask yer ter lemme dig 'em up an' take 'em back home."

She laughed silently a moment.

"I 'm not killing them, my boy. Cutting them only makes more blooms in the spring. Take the pieces and plant them in a moist place, and you will have all the bushes you want next year." Jack, flushed with delight, gathered as many as he could carry, and then Mrs. Worthington added a few roots of winter pinks and a number of violets.

He began his new venture very cautiously. He was about to turn loose the first silver eagle he had ever held in his hand. It was a solemn moment. He dragged himself all over the neighborhood and finally struck a bargain with an old negress, getting six hens and a rooster for his money. From that time he labored hard upon a chicken-house, his only tool the ax, which he had ground to a good edge at the friendly blacksmith's. He spent a week hunting nails in the village trash-heaps, in the ruins of a burned building and among the shavings about a new one; then he cut pine saplings and shaped them with the ax. With a ladder of his own make he succeeded in getting the rude structure up, and a roof of brush and straw on top. Here he penned his chickens at night, and here he made nests of pine-straw, each with its little canopy of brush. And one day early in January he was made almost frantic with delight by the sight of a white egg in one of them.

In the mean time Jack had not neglected his studies. His books and his chickens absorbed much but not all of his time, and while his eggs and ideas were multiplying, he ran an ingenious fence around the great oak and began his flower-garden. As the spring advanced he found tiny buds upon the stems of his cuttings, and he transferred them to the little inclosure. He knew where pinkroot and arrowroot grew, and he dug them for their bright red flowers; and bear-grass, the *Yucca filamentosa*, that sends up in the fallow fields of Georgia huge shafts seven feet high and hangs out a half hundred white bells. Wild violets grew among the pines, pale-blue, white, and purple velvet; and trillium was there with its pretty star blossoms, and the first bloomer of all, hepatica. These and others, as they made their appearance, he seized

upon and placed in the rich mold of his garden. A dead crab-apple tree full of the dry vines of a morning-glory stood by the roadside, and the pods still held their seed. He gathered half a pint of these and strewed them around his rough fence. A little gourd inside the cabin held his wild peas; he had crawled along in the grass by the path-side the day after he got his rose-cuttings and had found several varieties. Only the keen eye of a woodsman could have discovered them, perfect pods all, but some as small as a needle and only an inch long, ready to fly open from end to end and send their seed in every direction when touched, as he soon discovered. Jack was a rough florist, but nature was kind, and gradually the wreath was forming around the foot of the old oak. One day Pompey came upon him at his labors.

"Hyah sump'n Ole Miss sont," he said, and with a contemptuous sniff was gone. Jack broke the string and drew from the wrapper a dazzling book full of stories and pictures. On the fly-leaf, in a round, firm hand, almost printed, were the words, "From Alice to Jack."

From that moment life took new colors for the boy. He read and re-read the stories until he knew them by heart: There were "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," "Red Riding Hood," and all the old childhood favorites. How he treasured the book, how it lay out of sight on the rafter by day when not in use, and under his head by night, the girl, whirling away in society, little dreamed.

But the craze for production was upon him. A number of pigeons daily walked the field near at hand. If chickens, why not pigeons? Some one gave him a scrap of lumber, and he made a rough house for the birds and mounted it upon a pole. With lime thrown aside when a new store in the village was finished he white-washed it; pigeons, he had heard, would seek white houses. And one day a pair walked in and investigated the cote. They must have liked the accommodations, for they took up their abode there. And soon others came.

By this time several hens were off with young chickens, and Jack was full of importance. For several days he disputed with their mothers for the privilege of tending them, but the chicks knew better, and to get the insects and freedom the hens took them down to the branch. Before long he was the proud owner of more than seventy new chickens, and there were plaintive peeks in the dove-cote.

One day old Billy remarked that he had "hear tell up 'bout de Hall dat Miss Allus were 'spected back 'fo' long," whereupon Jack began to give extra attention to his hands, face, and hair.

It was late in the spring then, and at last he saw the old Worthington carriage go leisurely down to the station, and dragged himself out to the road. There were two young ladies inside when it returned and two of the village beaux. Trembling with excitement, he waved his hat and shouted as it passed, but none heard him except old Pompey, who did not deign to give him a second glance. He only muttered, "Dis po' white trash gittin' pow'ful uppish, an' somebody got ter tek 'em down — holl'in' at folks erlong the road." He cut the off horse to emphasize his disapprobation, and the stately animal acknowledged the attention with a careless whisk of his tail.

Jack went back to his labors very slowly. Days passed. The mental excitement unfitted the boy for study or labor. He haunted the path across the field; he watched the Hall in the distance for a glimpse of her dress. But she came not. A change somewhere had occurred, but he could not fathom it.

For the want of lights the cracker household is in bed shortly after dark, but once again Jack could not sleep, although he lay with his head upon his book and shut his eyes to dream as he was wont. He crept out into the night, and saw the lights at the Hall shining like setting stars.

Obeying a sudden impulse, he took his sticks and went toward them. How still the night was! Not a sound out there except the chirp of the crickets and the far-away hoot of a great owl. But as he neared the house he heard the prelude of a song struck in chords upon a piano, and presently Alice's voice floated out to him. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," these were the words he caught, and, thrilled and touched, he drew nearer to her. There was no fear of detection; Pompey was asleep; and so he lay down just outside the open window at the foot of a tree where the shadow was darkest, and let the sweet melody have its will with his untutored emotions.

> Though like a wanderer,
> The sun gone down,
> Darkness comes over me,
> My rest a stone.

Tears rose to his eyes; why, he knew not. They came and fell; a hidden fountain had been opened. They came up from an unblessed babyhood, from a lonely and forsaken youth, from the misery of neglect, from the heart of an infant turned to a man's heart, summoned by the prayer in the voice of the only woman the whole world held for him. Again and again rose the song. He had heard others sing in the church as he passed, and sing at work; he had heard Sunday-school children roaming in the woods near his home practising their carols; but none sang like this one; none put words into his heart that his lips felt like repeating. The lights grew dim within; the breeze upon his brow seemed like a human touch, and

the moisture on his cheeks was stolen away. He slept, lulled to rest for the first time by a woman's song.

When Jack awoke the house was dark, and absolute silence was about him. He remembered, and crept away noiselessly. It must have been well toward morning, he thought, for as he crawled into his quilt and felt for the book, the cock in the pen crowed a reply to a challenge in the far distance.

IV.

THE next morning Jack saw ladies leave the Hall and go into the pines by the road-

ALICE'S WEDDING BOUQUET.

side. An opportunity had come at last. Taking his book, he followed, and presently found them gathering wild flowers. Alice's face lighted up as he approached.

"Here is my protégé," she said to her companion; "and how nice he looks."

Something like a glow swept over his wan cheeks when he heard her words and felt the magic of her touch upon his hand. She too had changed, but it was not all clear to him. She was plumper, and her dress was not white, but a close-fitting dark one, and her hair was done up like a woman's.

Presently he was reading to her rapidly from the story-book. Her companion burst out laughing, and the boy looked from one to the other, puzzled. Although amazed at his progress, Alice too was forced to smile, for his unassisted mastery of words had resulted in a queer pronunciation. She corrected him carefully, and he adopted the new form.

"Jack Durden certainly amazed me to-day," she said at tea that evening. "He has learned to read English as I read Spanish — with perfect understanding, but without knowledge of pronunciation. One year, and alone! Think of it! Who says mental power is the growth of generations only?"

"It does not follow that Jack's ancestors had no training because his people are as you found them," said her grandmother, reflectively. "Do you remember how Georgia was partly settled?"

"I do not, I am ashamed to say," said Alice, smiling.

"Well, ship-loads of people were sent here from England. Some were from the debtor prisons and the poorhouses; nearly all were very poor laborers, but some were educated, and I am inclined to think these people to some extent were the first crackers. They have degenerated in some respects and improved in others; but their habits of speech show them to be good old English stock. Indeed, I would not be surprised if it should turn out that these people are the purest English on the continent. Jack is not necessarily restricted by mental inaptitude, however he may be by circumstance."

The months drifted away and cotton-picking time was approaching, when one day Alice and her visitor came into Jack's domain. A new surprise was in store for the girl — a new delight. The place was swarming with chickens and pigeons, and an air of prosperity hung over all; but the garden was the crowning glory. All around the morning-glories had covered the rude fence, turning its sides into a tapestry screen embroidered in many delicate tints and designs. On one side they had caught a low-swinging limb of the oak, and, climbing right and left, had made a canopy of blooms, and a cozy retreat from the sun. Here Jack had fixed a seat and was wont to study in the hot part of the day. The beds were a mass of colors, and pea-blossoms and busy-bodies twined themselves in their annual conflict around the growing rose-plants. A single red rose shone among them — a large double flower of great purity. The girls seated themselves. Alice was in raptures.

"Jack," she said, "I think you have worked wonders. I never in my life have seen such a pretty place. You are an artist and a poet."

The boy was standing straight up, his hands pressed down hard upon his sticks, his hat off. His brain whirled as he heard her words, and

the pallor deepened on his face. Forever, as long as life lasted, would the words ring in his ears. He saw, as in a dream, the two girls sitting there; the pigeons that had dropped down in the walk, one with the light turning to green and gold and bronze as he swelled and whirled about his mate. He heard, away above in the oak's crest, the song of the swinging mocking-bird. A maze of color swept over his vision and he swayed violently. Then it was gone, the one unclouded, happy moment of his life. The seat was vacant.

That summer he dragged himself along the cotton-rows day after day, from dawn until dark, enduring the terrible heat that trembled upon the fields. He was a good whistler, and one day the melody he had heard from her lips came back to him, and he gave it to nature for an hour at a time. He never encountered Alice but once. His tickets, showing the amount due him, were sent in every night to Mrs. Worthington, but some one else than Alice did the weighing. The company at the Hall changed everything. There were gentlemen there almost every day, and sometimes at night there was dancing. He sold his chickens as they came along and sent that money also to Mrs. Worthington. He had no idea how much was due him.

The hawks had caught some of his chickens, and he had come across an old musket in the loft of the cabin, and learned to shoot. He soon became marksman enough to kill a bird, and this opened a new field of pleasure and profit. He learned to lie in the fence-corners and kill doves — sometimes as many as twelve at one shot; and for these he found a ready sale in the town.

So the summer wore away. In the early autumn Alice passed him on horseback at full gallop. Her escort's horse shied violently at the sight of the boy, and she laughed. But she turned her head and smiled back at Jack, and the sting fell out. The next day he learned that she was gone.

Jack passed the fall in hunting. He knew where to find the partridges, and often at sunset he would kill almost an entire covey as they huddled for sleep.

If he could but get some way to ride, he thought, he could sell his game to better advantage, and at last the opportunity came. He found an old mule, turned out to die, half sitting in a field, resisting the last fall, but unable to get up. The owner readily gave him the animal, and two negroes stood him up, for a dime each, and guided the staggering creature to the cabin. There Jack cut grass for him and gave him fodder and water. Under these friendly attentions the mule concluded that perhaps life was, after all, still worth living, and so took a new lease upon it. Four nondescript wheels from that home of retired wheels, the blacksmith's shed, a day or two of labor with the ax, a marvelous set of home-made harness in which were blended household wearing apparel, boot-legs, and grape-vine, — and Jack forsook pedestrianism. Then the rag craze seized upon him. He put a small fortune into a great tin horn, taller than himself, and entered peddlerdom.

Summer came again, and Alice. He saw her often, for she was fond of riding, and her escorts were plentiful. She often stopped and talked with him upon the road, and she told him once that he was getting to be quite a rich man, that her grandmother held one hundred and twenty-seven dollars in trust for him, and that she was proud of his success. One day a gentleman was with her, and she went over the whole story for him. The gentleman added words of praise, and tossed him a glittering coin as he rode away. Jack picked it up from the rags in his wagon. It was a five-dollar gold piece. That night he dragged himself to the Hall and found Alice.

"Give it back ter 'im," he said doggedly, as though ashamed of his ingratitude. "I ain't no beggar." The girl impulsively placed her hand upon his, — the small white hand, as soft as a pigeon's breast, — and smiled through her wet eyes at him.

"Good Jack," she said, "you have learned *all* the lessons. You are a man indeed."

It seemed to him that the stars never shone so bright as on that night when he crossed the field for home, his withered limbs wet with the dew of the grass as he dragged them along.

"'Good Jack,' she said," he whispered, "an' I 'm er man at last." He took the little story-book from the rafters and kissed it, hugging it in his dreams. He no longer read it. A youth's paper had been coming to him regularly of late, at the post-office, and in his trips on the road he frequently became possessed of other literature. He had traded with a boy for a little harmonica, and learned several airs upon it, one of them, of course, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and that night, lying with the book under his head, he played softly the well-beloved hymn.

Something awoke him long before day, and he remembered an old resolution to lie in ambush for a hawk that had been very annoying. He knew that the bird was in the habit of alighting on a certain dead pine very early in the morning, and at a favorable moment striking among the pigeons or chickens. Thirty yards away from it was a fence-corner grown up with sassafras sprouts. Taking his musket, he went forth and concealed himself there, and as he lay waiting for the dawn of light he heard

voices on the road. Presently two negroes stopped near him, and their words became intelligible. He gathered distinctly enough that they were planning an attack on the Hall, and his blood ran cold when he realized the danger. No one slept in the house but the two ladies, Pompey, and a mulatto maid. There had never been any trouble in the neighborhood from housebreakers, but a few days previous several convicts from a gang at work upon the public roads had escaped, and they were desperate men.

While these thoughts were whirling in the boy's mind the men moved on. He knew that they would follow the road around; he struck out with all his might straight across the field. On he toiled, stumbling and falling headlong in his frantic efforts to hurry, bewailing his helplessness, and panting for breath. The minutes seemed hours, but he reached the yard at last. Then came screams out into the night, piercing him like knives. He was too late! He dragged himself to the house side, upon the old carpenter's bench, into the open window — how, he never knew. He found himself in the great hall, blinded by lights. He saw Alice and old Mrs. Worthington in their white gowns bravely facing the burglar, who, with his uplifted ax, was threatening the screaming servant-girl, and dropping to the floor, he fired. The man plunged headlong into the corner with his arm shattered, and the next instant the other rushed from an adjoining room he had been plundering, to escape. Jack half raised himself and swung the gun in the air — then came a blow, and darkness.

Pompey came rushing in at last, and others later. They secured the half-dead burglar and carried the senseless boy into Alice's room and placed him upon her bed. For a while they thought him dead, but he recovered. The uplifted gun had partly checked the terrible blow aimed at his head, and had saved his life.

But wounds were nothing, for was it not Alice's hand that washed away the blood and the pain?

"Sing it again," he said softly. They had given him an opiate and his lids were heavy.

"What, Jack?"

"'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' I laid outside one night — don't yer know, 'bout ther wand'rer, an' the sun gone down —"

Then she sang it again, and when she had ended the boy slept.

V.

THE fame of Jack's defense brought him many friends and customers. He was proud and happy as never before. And not only Alice, but one day old Mrs. Worthington stepped down from the old carriage at the cabin and inspected his possessions while they praised him to his aunt. They sent him books. Such books! They opened the whole world to him.

But Jack went on with his rag business; he met Alice oftenest on the road. The sound of his horn was heard all over the counties round about as his business circle extended. Often he came back from his trips late at night, and as he passed the Worthingtons' he always sounded a call upon the horn. People who heard the clear, mellow notes said:

"That is Jack Durden. He is blowing to let his folks know he is coming home."

At the Hall the gaieties crowded upon each other. There, in the other world of people, the boy had received the nickname of "Alice's hero."

In the course of his travels a strange thing had happened to Jack. There came into his possession a circular from some Western establishment that claimed to cure all deformities. He found in it a picture of a boy with limbs all distorted, like his, and then a picture of the same boy restored. His heart gave one great throb and seemed to have ceased beating. But the next moment it resumed work with rapidity and sledge-hammer violence. A defined hope was born that instant, and with hope came dreams.

Months passed. Jack the ragman drew all his money from Mrs. Worthington's hands, and she was glad of it. There was three hundred dollars, and she always had been a little nervous after the burglary.

Then he disappeared. People who thought at all on the subject concluded that he had only gone on a little longer trip. The truth is, he had left his tumbledown outfit at a distant railway-station and gone West.

The blow to his hope of a cure came with crushing force. With more than usual frankness the officials at the curative establishment told him that his case was hopeless. He found his way back to his wagon and thence journeyed home. Not a note was sounded upon his horn; no tune issued from the little harmonica. In the rags sold him by one of the Worthington negroes was a scrap of a cambric handkerchief bearing in raised letters the initials "A. W." This he took from his pocket and placed upon the seat by his side. It was his only companion homeward.

He reached the cabin just after dark, and, commenting on the number of lights at the hall, drew from his aunt the remark:

"Weddin', they tells me."

"Who?" She did not see his sudden pallor.

"Miss Allus an' er feller from up erbout Augusty. Don't reccullec' his entitlements." That was all. Jack went out and dropped down under the tree in his little garden. The clouds

were black above him and there were moans in the forest. There he lay, dumb and suffering.

"Good Jack," she had said, "you have learned *all* your lessons well." Perhaps the words came back to him again.

That night, when the wedding-dance was at its best, one of the revelers found old Pompey standing in the back doorway holding a great bouquet of flowers in his hand and quarreling. He took them from the negro into the great hall and read aloud from a strip of paper attached, "From Jack to Alice." A shout of laughter went up from all the others, but Alice took the flowers in both little hands and buried her lips in them for an instant. At that moment the white face of a boy disappeared from the window into the darkness that rested on the fields. And the dance went on.

Jack Durden did not pause until he reached the middle of the field. The storm burst upon him there. He stood with his slight form drawn up, and gazed about him under the pressure of a sudden memory. The lightning was incessant. It seemed as though waves of flame rolled across the long lines of plants, and the instantaneous thunder made the ground tremble. The roaring winds bent and twisted the cotton-plants, tearing out the white plumes and tossing them madly everywhere. The summer hail struck him like so many shot. The air was full of groans and sighing.

"It 's the battle," he said, and the blinding lightning uncovered the smile upon his white face lifted toward the clouds.

TEN years showed many changes. Old Mrs. Worthington, in her faded silk and spider lace, was placed under the little clump of cedars where so many of those whose name she bore had preceded her. Tom Durden went into the "far land" also, where, at least, his creed of holiness obtains; and Tildy crossed the half-century line in company with a husband, much to her final regret. The little garden at the foot of the oak disappeared, and with it the chicken- and pigeon-houses and the tumble-down rag-wagon.

But the old plantation had fallen to Alice and her husband, and during the summer evenings the lights at the Hall still shone like setting stars across the field.

One day the academy bell up-town rang every freckled youngster into place, and a little golden-haired girl came in shyly and stood by the teacher. He was a slender, well-dressed young man, whose pale, restful face suggested the hard student. By his chair as he sat stood a pair of crutches. A smile shone from lips and eyes as he placed his hand under the chin of the new-comer — the gentle, assuring smile that drew all children to him.

"And this is Alice," he said very softly and slowly; "so it is, so it is." He looked up to where, standing in the door, a fair young matron was regarding him with moist eyes.

"I shall want her to begin here," he said, taking from his drawer a little half worn-out primer and opening it. "I will teach her the six letters on the first row."

That day, for him, there was a glory in the school-room brighter than the sunlight.

The battle was over.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

SONNET ON THE SONNET.

SUNLIT and broad the king's highway of song
Lies yonder — but I tread it not, more fain
To linger dreaming in this pleasant lane
Where oft, when weary seemed yon road and long,
Fame's pilgrims rested. Oh, what memories throng
This little, narrow space! What love, what pain,
These hedges know of! What high hopes, what vain
Desires, have here found utterance sweet or strong!
Here Shakspere hung his verse Orlando-wise
On many a branch; here Dante sang of love;
Sad Milton here forgot the evil days;
And still 't is echoing with Laura's praise —
This lane, so strait, so small? — But, ah! above
What depth and vastness of the boundless skies!

Inigo Deane.

INTERLUDES.

FIREFLIES.

SEE where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers, and melts into the fragrant dark;
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again!

A PARABLE.

ONE went East, and one went West
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught,
So stayed at home:
Yet of the three 't was only he
Who reached the goal — by him unsought.

ART.

"LET art be all in all," one time I said,
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall:
I said not, "Let technique be all in all,"
But art — a wider meaning. Worthless, dead —
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things —
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.
The poet who breathes no soul into his lute
Falls short of art: 't were better he were mute.

The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold:
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.
The statue's slumber were unbroken still
Within the marble, had the hand no skill.
Disparage not the magic touch that gives
The formless thought the grace whereby it lives!

TRANSFORMATION.

THROUGH a chance fissure of the churchyard wall
A sweet-breathed vine thrusts out a vagrant spray,
At whose slim end a snow-white blossom droops
Full to the dewy redness of a rose
That reaches up on tiptoe for the kiss.
Not them the wren disturbs, nor the blue bee
That buzzes homeward with his load of sweets:
And thus they linger, flowery lip to lip,
Heedless of all, in rapturous mute embrace.
Some necromancy here! These two, I think,
Were once unhappy lovers upon earth.

DEATH DEFIED.

THERE dwells one bright Immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.

To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. *And who art thou*, he cried,
That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?

But she no answer made: silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamoured air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Progressive Discovery of America.

THIS number of THE CENTURY goes to its readers on the first day of the "Columbus year." It is a year which THE CENTURY will commemorate in many ways, one way being a series of articles describing and illustrating the remarkable architectural beauties of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago next year. It is the object of that exposition to celebrate, in a manner worthy of our position and power as a nation, the discovery of this country by Columbus four hundred years ago. Delay in reaching a decision as to a site made necessary a postponement till 1893, but a celebration in that year will be scarcely less appropriate than it would have been in 1892. In fact, it would be appropriate in any year between 1892 and 1898, for discoveries were made almost continuously by Columbus and other navigators between 1492 and 1498, and it was not till the latter year that he set foot upon the soil of the continent of America.

In his first voyage, which began on August 3, 1492, and ended on October 12, Columbus discovered only the Bahama Islands, landing first upon one of them which its Indian inhabitants called Guanahani. For a long time the weight of authority was in favor of San Salvador as being the one which most nearly meets the confusing descriptions which Columbus himself wrote of his landing-place, but the "weight of modern testimony," says Justin Winsor in his latest work, "Christopher Columbus," "seems to favor Watling's Island." Columbus visited several other islands, including Cuba, during this first voyage, discovering among other things that the Indians of Fernandina lived in houses shaped like tents, "with nets extended between the posts, which they called *hamacs*,—a name soon adopted by sailors for swinging beds." The rude cut which Winsor gives of these *hamacs* shows them to be in construction and shape the exact counterpart of the netted hammocks of to-day.

The second voyage of Columbus began on September 25, 1493, and the first land sighted was one of the Caribbee Islands, which he reached on November 3. He landed and named it Dominica. He passed on, discovering other islands in this group, reaching the islands discovered on his first voyage on November 22. He spent a great deal of time in searching for gold, especially for one marvelously rich mine which the Indians always told him was somewhere not far in advance of where he was. He became so eager in the search for this mine that the Indians soon learned to hold up a nugget of gold and exclaim: "Behold the Christians' God!" It was while in the Bahamas on this second voyage that Columbus wrote to his sovereigns in Spain proposing a slave trade in the savages of the New World. He remained in the Bahamas till March 10, 1496, exploring the greater part of the time and discovering additional islands, including Jamaica.

Columbus began his third voyage on May 30, 1498, and on July 31 he discovered and named Trinidad, landing upon that island and giving it its name because of its triple-peaked mountain which reminded him of the Trinity. He looked across the channel which separates Trinidad from the low country of the South American continent about the mouths of the Orinoco, and supposed the coast which he saw stretching away for twenty leagues to be that of another island. On his two former voyages he had insisted that Cuba was a continent, and not an island. And now when he was for the first time in sight of a continent he supposed it to be an island. He tasted the water which washed the shores of Trinidad, and, though greatly surprised to find it fresh, he did not dream that it was made so by the waters of a mighty river which drained a continent. The precise date on which Columbus first set foot on the continent is not known, but it is believed to have been August 5, 1498. The precise spot is also uncertain, but it is known to have been on the shores of the Gulf of Paria, near some of the many mouths of the Orinoco. After sailing along the coast for several days, he returned to the colony he had founded at Hispaniola, now Hayti, in the Bahamas, remaining there till October, 1500, when he was sent back to Spain a prisoner in irons.

On his fourth voyage, which began May 9 or 11, 1502, Columbus discovered the island of Martinique, and sailed across the Caribbean Sea to the coast of Honduras, landing near the cape of Honduras on August 17. He then sailed along the coast of Costa Rica and the Isthmus of Panama, till December 2, when he turned backward and set sail for Hispaniola. On November 7, 1504, he returned for the last time to Spain, and his discoveries were at an end.

He had discovered the continents of Central and South America, but had not set foot or eye on the continent of North America. He died in ignorance of the fact that he had discovered a new world, adhering to the last to his theory that the lands and countries he had found belonged to that part of Eastern Asia which the ancients called India.

A year before Columbus discovered the South American continent John Cabot discovered the island of Newfoundland, and sailing through the strait of Belle Isle coasted along the shores of the North American continent. It was held for many years that he sailed as far south as Florida, but this is now considered to be very doubtful. At all events, it is conceded that in June, 1497, he saw some portion of the North American continent, but he, like Columbus, had no idea that he had found a new world, merely supposing the land he saw to be an extended peninsula of Europe, infolding the North Atlantic.

Americus Vespucius is claimed to have discovered the continent of South America in 1497, while Columbus was making ready for his third voyage, and this claim has long vexed historians, who are still divided in opinion about it, though the weight of opinion is

against it. But while Columbus was bending all his mental energies to making his discoveries harmonize with his theory that the lands he had found belonged to India or Eastern Asia, Vespucius published a clear and graphic description of the new lands he or Columbus had found, giving to them for the first time the name of *Mundus Novus*, New World. This name suited so well the glowing descriptions which Vespucius wrote, that it took a powerful hold upon the popular imagination, with the result of investing Vespucius with all the honors of discovery and giving his name to the New World he had pictured in such graphic colors.

Alabama's Thousand-Dollar-a-Day Blunder.

ALABAMA'S experience with banking "in the interests of the people" was in some respects similar to that of Michigan with "Wild-cat" banks, described in the November CENTURY. Like that of many other States at about the same period, it resulted in complete collapse, with great financial loss to the people whom it was designed to benefit, a serious impairment of the State's credit, a flood of public scandal, and a heavy burden of debt. The history of Alabama's blunder is so full of instruction for those who believe in State or national agency for making everybody prosperous by means of liberal banking and cheap money, that we shall set it forth in some detail.

Alabama went into the banking business as a State in 1823, when its legislature passed an act for the establishment of the Bank of the State of Alabama, the capital, which was not limited to any amount, to be furnished entirely by the State. The management of the bank was intrusted to a president and twelve directors, who were to be chosen annually by joint vote of the legislature. The only limit put to the volume of notes which the bank should issue was that they should be in such sums as the president and directors might deem "most expedient and safe." Certain public funds were set aside to constitute part of the capital of the bank, and in addition the State was authorized to issue State stock to the amount of $100,000, redeemable within ten years, and bearing interest not exceeding 6 per cent. The bank began business in 1825. Three years later it was authorized to issue $100,000 more of State stock, redeemable in twenty years, at a rate of interest not exceeding 6 per cent. In the same year other public funds, aggregating $1,300,000, were added to the capital. Five years later about $500,000 of State University funds were transferred to the bank as capital. Between 1832 and 1835 four branches of the State Bank were established in as many cities, and State bonds to the amount of $6,300,000 were issued to supply them with capital.

The design of the founders of the system was to distribute the bank money as evenly as possible among the people of the State, and with this end in view the original act stipulated that the money loaned by the bank should be apportioned among the several counties of the State according to their representation in the legislature. At first no limit appears to have been placed to the amounts of a bank's money which its president and directors could themselves borrow. The result was that they borrowed as much as they wished and loaned it to their friends on such security as seemed satisfactory to themselves.

The choice of president and directors by the legislature, designed to give the people control of the bank's management, led to gross corruption and abuse, being aided greatly in these directions by the requirement for equal distribution of loans throughout the State and by the lack of any limit upon the sums which the president and directors could borrow. When the several branches had been established, each with its president and directors, there were annually to be chosen by the legislature between sixty and seventy directors. In their campaigns for election to the legislature, candidates would point to the requirement for the equal distribution of loans among the people, and promise each one of their supporters a loan in case of election. Before members who had been elected after such pledges, the candidates for bank directors had to go for election. Mr. J. H. Fitts, of Tuscaloosa,— to whose valuable paper upon the history of the State bank and its branches, read by him before the Alabama Bankers' Association in June, 1891, we are indebted for most of the information in this article,— says the number of candidates for directors was usually two or three times as great as the number of places to be filled, adding: "For, it must be remembered, the office of bank director, without salary or any emolument whatever, was regarded by many as the most lucrative office in the State. The legislature was annually beset by a horde of greedy adventurers, who were candidates for bank directors, and who resorted to all kinds of electioneering tricks and promises to secure their election. Unfortunately for the banks, the votes of too many members of the legislature were controlled by the liberality of candidates in promising bank discounts to them and their friends." Mr. J. W. Garrett, in his "Reminiscences of Public Men in Alabama," gives an amusing incident illustrating this abuse. A member of one branch of the legislature died while a campaign for the election of bank directors was in progress, and all his fellow members wore the usual badge of crape on the arm for thirty days. A shrewd countryman from a remote county, who was on a visit to the State capitol, noticing that all the men with crape were the recipients of "treats" of all kinds, including cigars and suppers galore, put a similar badge upon his own arm and had a royal good time for several days before the imposture was discovered.

Mr. Fitts relates that one of the hotel-keepers of Tuscaloosa succeeded in getting himself elected a bank director in 1832. "The increased patronage of his hotel was wonderful; many members of the legislature and a great majority of the persons who visited Tuscaloosa to borrow money stopped at his hotel with the view of securing the influence of the proprietor with the Board of Directors, which passed upon all applications for money." Four other hotel-keepers in the same city, realizing that there was no other way in which to compete with such attractions, became candidates, and in 1834 they were all elected. On one occasion, when the five hotel-keepers constituted a majority of the Board of Directors, and had discounted a great many notes and bills, each note or bill receiving the ardent advocacy of one of the hotel-keepers and the votes of all five, a note was passed around which received nobody's support, and was about to be rejected, when the president, who was not in sympathy with the majority, remarked quietly of the signer of the note: "This man must have camped out last night."

Of course, members of the legislature had great influence on the directors. "No director," says Mr. Fitts, "could expect the vote of a member whose bill he refused to discount. This made it an easy matter for members of the legislature to borrow money for themselves and their friends. The directors were even afraid to refuse to discount paper which was recommended by a member of the legislature."

There could be only one outcome of such a state of affairs. The State bank had, in 1826, a capital of $253,646 and a circulation of $273,507. In 1837 the capital of the State bank and its branches had reached $7,889,886, and the circulation $4,576,752. The notes discounted and bills purchased in 1826 amounted to $448,859; in 1837 they amounted to $17,693,983. A commission which had been appointed, because of alleged bank frauds, to investigate the character of these notes and discounts estimated that over six millions of the $17,693,983 were worthless. This made the liabilities of the banks nearly seven millions greater than their assets, and made it plain that something heroic must be done to prevent immediate collapse. Only a year before, the people believed themselves to be enjoying boundless prosperity. They had such faith in the money of their banks that the legislature, on January 9, 1836, passed an act "abolishing direct taxation in the State," and setting aside $100,000 of the bank money to defray the expenses of the State government. That was a practical application of the contention that if a State can create money then there is no need of taxation. The people of Alabama in this respect carried the cheap-money idea to its logical conclusion. They made the test when they were in the midst of what are known as the "flush times of Alabama." Everybody had little difficulty in getting some money into his pocket. Yet scarcely had the test begun when a panic swept over the State, and it was discovered suddenly that something was the matter with the financial and business situation. The legislature was summoned in special session to devise means of relief. The demand from all quarters was for more money for the people, and it was decided by the legislature to heed it, by authorizing the State to loan the people $5,000,000 more through the banks. This was in June. In December following, a further loan of $2,500,000 was made. These extreme measures only postponed the inevitable collapse, while adding greatly to its disastrous consequences. In 1842 the charters of the branch banks were repealed, and in 1845 that of the State bank expired by limitation.

When the results came to be summed up, it was discovered that the University and other funds, aggregating several millions of dollars, had been lost, and that the State had sunk with them many millions more. Mr. Fitts placed the total loss to the State, principal and interest, up to June, 1891, at over $31,000,000, and estimated the amount of interest which the taxpayers are called upon annually to pay on account of the lost funds and outstanding bonds at over $271,000 a year. In a recent speech which Governor Jones, of Alabama, made in Camden County, he placed the total amount of taxation for these objects at $362,000 a year, or nearly $1000 a day. This gives us a concrete example of the cost of cheap-money experiments which is of great value. Governor Jones used it very forcibly as a warning to his people against the insidious teachings of the advocates of the subtreasury scheme, for the latter plan in many respects resembles it. As Mr. Fitts well says, the Alabama experience "demonstrates the folly of a government attempting to carry on a banking business with public funds managed or controlled by its politicians."

Mississippi's Crop-Moving Currency.

MISSISSIPPI'S experience with cheap money, during the period of inflation and speculation which followed the removal by President Jackson of the public deposits from the United States Bank, and the refusal to recharter that bank, was more reckless than that of Alabama, and consequently more disastrous. It began in 1833 and ended in 1840. For five or six years the people of Mississippi believed themselves to be the richest and most prosperous on the face of the globe. Everybody had all the money he wanted, and if he needed more the banks would pour it out for him. Yet when the end came everybody discovered that he was so poor that the State arose as one man, and repudiated its most solemn obligations, thus adding breach of faith to its other follies. In this respect its conduct was in most unfavorable contrast with that of Alabama, though the disasters both suffered had been brought on by similar causes.

"Nowhere," says Professor William G. Sumner in his "History of American Currency," in commenting upon the developments of this period, "had the paper-money mania raged worse than in Mississippi, where the banks operated as cotton factors, manufacturing money to carry cotton as they needed it." The experiment began in 1833 when the State came to the aid of the Planters' Bank of Mississippi, which had been chartered three years before, by issuing $2,000,000 worth of bonds, at six per cent. interest, to be used as the bank's capital. The avowed object was to enable the bank to "aid in developing the resources of the State." The bonds sold at a premium, and the bank had a remarkable prosperity during the following year. This was so encouraging that nine new banks were chartered in 1834, and many others in following years. In 1838 the State, desiring to get a larger share in the general prosperity brought on by such liberal banking, chartered a bank of its own, called the "Union Bank of Mississippi," and issued $5,000,000 worth of bonds at five per cent., most of which were sold in Holland at their par value, bringing into the State the largest sum of money its people had ever dreamed of possessing. The whole State went wild with a fever of speculation. The smaller banks did their best to rival the Union Bank, and all vied with one another in pouring out currency, making loans and discounts, and publishing fabulous accounts of their great prosperity.

At the close of 1839 the twenty-six banks in the State professed to have a paid-up capital of over $30,000,000, loans and discounts exceeding $48,000,000, a note circulation exceeding $15,000,000, and deposits aggregating nearly $9,000,000. As the free white population of the State at that time was only 170,000, the alleged paid-up capital per head equaled $180, loans and discounts $285, and the circulation, including deposits, $140. Here, surely, was the largest *per capita* circulation ever known, larger by $40 than what our wildest cheap-money advocates demand now, yet what was the result?

At the moment of greatest apparent prosperity, when everybody believed himself rich and hourly growing richer, the entire system collapsed. It was then discovered that all of the boasted $30,000,000 of paid-up capital, with the exception of the money that had been borrowed on the bonds of the State, consisted of "stock notes" which had been paid in for capital, the banks discounting them and the proceeds going to pay for stock subscriptions. This was simply an exchange of one form of credit for another. Absolutely no money had gone into the banks except that obtained by the sale of State bonds, and when that was exhausted nothing remained but entries upon the bank records for indebtedness from which nothing was ever to be realized.

In summing up the result, Mr. Henry V. Poor, from whose "Money, its Laws and History" we have obtained much of our information, says:

> The $48,000,000 of loans were never paid; the $23,000,000 of notes and deposits never redeemed. The whole system fell a huge and shapeless wreck, leaving the people of the State very much as they came into the world. Their condition at the time beggars description. Society was broken up from its very foundations. Everybody was in debt without any possible means of payment. Lands became worthless for the reason that no one had any money to pay for them. The only personal property left was slaves, to save which such numbers of people fled with them from the State that the common return upon legal processes was in the very abbreviated form of "G. T. T.," *gone to Texas*, a State which in this way received a mighty accession to her population.

The State paid the interest on the bonds issued for the banks for less than a year, when the governor informed the bondholders that the State, "in her sovereign capacity, had refused payment of her bonds." This position the legislature sustained in 1842 by adopting a report of a committee declaring payment of the bonds to be "incompatible with the honor and dignity of the State." The State's conduct was defended on the floor of Congress by Jacob Thompson, afterward President Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior. The bondholders had the question of the constitutionality of the bonds brought before the highest court in the State, and obtained a decision in their favor, the court affirming their constitutionality and declaring them to be binding obligations upon the State; but as no execution could issue against the State, the bondholders could obtain none of their lost money. As late as 1853 some of the bondholders, by persistent efforts, obtained from the legislature an act referring the question of payment to the people. The people voted that the bonds should not be paid, thus adding the final and overwhelming touch to the State's disgrace.

Surely there cannot be found in the long and almost inexhaustible calendar of cheap-money experiments a more striking moral lesson than this Mississippi history affords, for a system which destroys not only the material prosperity of a people, but its moral sense as well, is one that should be shunned like a pestilence.

Attacks upon Public Parks.

THE fight to prevent the injury and impairment of public parks, large and small, appears to be a perpetual one. There is always springing up some new person or persons possessed with a craving, as absorbing as it is mysterious, to get into a park of some kind and do harm to it in one way or another. If the park be a small one in a great city, the hostile attack takes the form of a request to run a railway across or over a corner of it, or to be granted a section for a railway station or some other semi-public use. Plausible reasons are always advanced in support of such propositions, the chief of which usually is that the public convenience will be greatly enhanced by the incursion. A few years ago it was proposed with much seriousness to run an elevated railway across the Central Park, and it was claimed that the structure might be of such architectural beauty as to constitute an additional charm for the park. Again it was proposed to construct along the entire length of one side of the same park a speeding-track for horses which should be devoted to fast driving by the owners of blooded horses. In Boston and other cities the proposition is made anew every year to allow the city parks to be used as training- and parade-grounds for the militia.

The attacks upon the great parks, those of the Adirondacks, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, differ only in degree. Somebody wishes to run a railway into or through them, or to construct a highway across them, or to use portions of them for some kind of private enterprise of a profitable nature. The mere sight of so much property lying idle appears to be irritating to the utilitarian spirit of the age. Men wish to get at it and make it earn something for them. And the first excuse that they make is that their particular project will be a great public convenience. If it be a railway that they propose, they say it will not injure the park, but bring its beauties and delights within easy reach of thousands of people who otherwise would never be able to enjoy them. If they wish to cut down trees, they say they only desire to do so in order to improve the views, to "open vistas" from hotels and thus increase the enjoyment of visitors. "Opening vistas" has long been the favorite device of park desolators all the way from New York city to the Yosemite Valley, and is one of the most extreme and violent forms of park vandalism ever invented.

All these attacks are open to the same objection, which is unanswerable, that they remove, in part if not entirely, the very qualities which are essential in a park. The prime essential of a park in a great city is that the noise and turmoil of the streets cease at its gates, and that within is quiet, an opportunity to enjoy nature in its cultivated aspect, and a certain freedom of action within limits which are prescribed only for the greatest good of the greatest number. Every respectably behaving person has as much freedom there as if he were in his own grounds. All is as free to him as it is to every one else. A railway across or over such a park, or a use of any part of it for a semi-public purpose, destroys both its quiet and its democratic equality, and its main charm has been taken away.

In the case of a great park like the Adirondack, or the Yellowstone, or the Yosemite, the essential quality is that of a solitude, a wilderness, a place of undisturbed communion with nature in all her primitive beauty, simplicity, and grandeur. For such a solitude vast domain and practically complete separation from the developments of civilization are indispensable. Run a railway into such a place, and it ceases at once to be a wilderness. Nature flees, never to be brought back again. With her go the wild game which attracted the huntsmen and made camp life,

with all its restfulness and strength-giving qualities, possible.

A few years ago the Adirondacks were a wilderness throughout almost their entire extent. To gain access to some of their most charming solitudes, it was necessary to ride forty or fifty miles by stages, an entire day being necessary to "get into the woods" after the railway journey had ended. In those days fish and deer and other game were plenty, and a camper could pass weeks and months without encountering more than a few casual signs of civilization. Then came the railways; two of them were allowed to penetrate the wilderness so far that a journey by rail could be made to points within an hour or two of the parts hitherto most inaccessible. What had been a wilderness became instantly a "summer resort." Cheap hotels and boarding-houses sprang up everywhere, and the woods were literally filled with visitors from all quarters. The whistle of the locomotives drove the deer into the deepest recesses of the forests, and the hordes of visitors, who had neither a genuine love of sport nor a respect for game laws, soon cleared the streams of fish. Now it is proposed to run a railway across and through the Adirondack region, opening up a large portion of it to settlement. This attack has been defeated temporarily, but it has not been abandoned. If it shall succeed ultimately, the Adirondack wilderness will soon be a thing of the past.

For a long time the Yellowstone Park was threatened with a similar destruction, but the commendable action of the President, under authority of the last Congress, seems to have removed it for all time. Repeated attempts were made so to increase the size of the park as to have it include the watershed of all the streams which flow into the Yellowstone Lake, but legislation with this end in view was for a long time prevented by a railway lobby, in the interest of a road across one portion of the park, an invasion which would be made impossible by the proposed addition. On the last day of the session, however, Congress passed an act authorizing the President to declare that the additional territory desired had been "withdrawn from entry" and should remain the property of the nation. He has so declared, and the danger of destruction by means of railways is safely and permanently passed. Congress ought next to provide the park with a superintendent, at a salary which would make it possible to obtain the best expert talent for the purpose.

The condition of affairs in the Yosemite Valley during the past year has been such as to confirm the fears of lovers of that wonderland as to its future, and to show that the temperate warnings sounded in this magazine two years ago were not without solid basis of fact. To judge from the reports of credible and disinterested observers, the actual destruction of scenery has been, to a certain extent, curbed by the force of public criticism. Miles of fence,— the existence of which was denied,— have been taken down, and injurious schemes which were mooted in official quarters have apparently been abandoned. Yet there is nothing to show that the Commission has in any way changed its attitude toward the main criticism of its policy — the failure to intrust the supervision of improvements affecting the scenery to experts of proved capacity. On the contrary, moderate, respectful, and understated criticisms of the policy of these public servants have been met officially by abusive personalities and by a sweeping denial of evident facts, while at the same time the Commission was engaged in a so-called "improvement" of Mirror Lake, which, it is said, has resulted in depriving it of much of its exquisite sylvan beauty. The issue is clearly joined — whether or not the Yosemite shall be intrusted to hands of adequate skill and taste. In the face of the Commission's announced intention to cut down all the underbrush and trees of thirty years' growth in the valley, it would be superfluous to discuss what has already been done in the way of destructiveness. Part of it was highly objectionable in itself; part of it as symptomatic of a bad state of affairs in the Board of Control. We are far from saying, and have never said, that no trees should be cut in the valley, but we do maintain that the present Commission has demonstrated its incompetence to decide upon these and other important details of this character.

Above and beyond the question of the landscape management of the valley lies another question — whether or not the Commission, which is the agent of the State as the trustee for the nation, has at any time lent its countenance to the building up in the Yosemite Valley of a financial monopoly, sustaining itself by obnoxious means. With the single desire that the valley shall be properly managed, we have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the surest, if not the only, way to preserve this reservation for the highest public uses is to bring about its recession to the General Government, and thus to merge it into the management of the greater National Park which now surrounds it.

Meantime, the thanks of all good citizens, and especially of all lovers of nature, are due to Secretary Noble for the wise, firm, and energetic manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the Yosemite National Park. While there may be honest differences of opinion as to the policy of military control, the protests against it of certain interests which have lived by preying upon the public domain are the strongest proof of the beneficent action of Congress in establishing this safeguard for the new reservation. To change somewhat the line of its boundaries by excluding some unparkable property which constitutes a fraction of it, would seem to be wise; but this is a detail which the friends of the National Park will be the first to wish properly adjusted. The first year of Secretary Noble's management of the park shows not only its value in the preservation of the sources of water-supply, which will be more evident from year to year, but the great use to the public domain of excluding predatory sheepmen and lumbermen, whose complaints are conclusive evidence of the need of this reservation. Californians owe it to themselves and to their State, as well as to the nation, in whose interest they have undertaken to administer this trust, to see that the sordid interests of a few private parties connected with the operation of the valley are no longer permitted to impair its attractiveness or to stand in the way of its adequate conduct by the best talent that can be secured. It is idle to disguise the fact that in order to do this the better sentiment of California must make itself more vigorously felt. Naturally all the influence which can be exerted by those who have "something to make" out of the valley will be put forth during the present Congress to oppose a better state of affairs and to obtain a modi-

fication of the public policy of preserving the forests for the larger uses of the people.

We misjudge the State of California if her citizens will sit idly by and see the sources, in part, of her greatness turned over to the tender mercies of private individuals. The preservation of her scenery, the conservation of her forests, and, most of all, the security of the water-supply of her valleys, ought to move the press and the people of the Golden State to prompt and vigorous protest against the flagrant and long-continued disregard of her interests.

"Progress of Ballot Reform,"[1] Colorado.

COLORADO should be included in the list of States which have passed new ballot laws. It enacted an excellent law in 1891, and, like Michigan, incorporated in it a corrupt-practices act which forbids the improper use of money in elections and requires sworn publication after election, by both candidates and campaign committees, of all money received and expenditures made.

[1] See "Topics of the Time," in this magazine for September, 1891.

OPEN LETTERS.

M. Gounod and his Ideals.

IN a private letter to a friend last summer the composer of "Faust" announced that the end of his creative career was come; susceptibility to heart-disease would prevent him hereafter undertaking any work of magnitude. M. Gounod is now an old man and much broken in health. He spent last summer in Versailles, but, I believe, returned to Paris in time to witness a performance of "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera, and give expression to his admiration for the genius of Richard Wagner. Of late years his life has flowed along as peacefully as a meadow brook, and its conclusion bids fair to have the tender grace of a dying day of our Indian summer. It is a well-rounded life which in its decline is modulating into the key of its early years. In his old age M. Gounod recurs to the ideals of his youth and sets an example for the things that are lovely and of good repute in morals and art.

The critical historian of the future will look for the explanation of the "Faust" score in the German models which the composer chose early in his career. They were Mozart, Von Weber, and Wagner. For Mendelssohn, too, he had much love, and, indeed, the two men were not unlike in their gentleness of character and its lyrical expression. Sympathy for Mendelssohn's ideals turned his thoughts toward the oratorio nearly half a century ago, and found expression, mild but unmistakable, in his "Redemption," with its revival of the use of the *chorale*. The gospel of dramatic expression Gounod read in the scores of "Don Giovanni," "Der Freischütz," and "Lohengrin." Like Verdi, he knew the score of "Don Giovanni" by heart already as a conservatory pupil; but, unlike Verdi, he never became satiated with it. Young Verdi respected but did not love Mozart's masterpiece. Young Gounod's admiration for it was a passion which remained perennial and only a short time ago bore its loveliest fruit in a glowing eulogy and analysis of the work, printed for the benefit of the young composers of France. "The score of 'Don Juan,'" writes the composer of "Faust," "has influenced my whole life like a revelation; for me it always was and has remained the embodiment of dramatic impeccability." That such an admirer of Mozart should appreciate Von Weber at his true value and have an open heart for the newer evangel of Wagner is not at all surprising; that he did not follow Wagner to the logical outcome of his theories was due to the essentially lyrical trend of his genius. Gounod is an eclectic musician, and therefore, in the nature of the case, he could not be a revolutionary force in French art; but his "Faust" worked a greater change in the manner of operatic composition in France than all the reformatory harangues of Berlioz.

In his youth Gounod's nature had a strong religious leaning. Even after he had won the Prix de Rome and was living as a *pensionnaire* of the Institute in the Villa Medici, his love for music had to struggle for supremacy with an ardent desire to enter the priesthood. The painter Ingres in Rome drew a portrait of the dreamy youth in monk's dress. His first compositions were ecclesiastical. A letter from Fanny Hensel, written in 1843, says that the young Frenchman, who was much liked in the Mendelssohn household, was then engaged on an oratorio entitled "Judith." What became of that work I do not know, but the old predilection for the oratorio form returned when M. Gounod came to complete the edifice of his works. "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" are its expression. The same tendency may be found in his choice of operatic subjects. "Polyeucte" tells a story of Christian martyrdom, and when Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, visited M. Gounod twelve or fourteen years ago, he found him engrossed in the sketches for an opera to be called "Abelard and Heloïse," which, the composer explained, was not to celebrate the passion of the famous lovers so much as it was to symbolize the struggle between enlightened conviction and petrified dogma. The work was put aside, but the fact of its conception remains to speak of the blending of fancifulness and earnestness, liberality and devoutness, in Gounod's religious nature.

H. E. Krehbiel.

The Camp Morton Controversy.

I.— COMMENTS ON DR. WYETH'S REJOINDER.

I DO not care to make any extended reply to the rejoinder by J. A. Wyeth to my article in the September number of THE CENTURY, concerning the charges contained in an article entitled "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton" in the April number of THE CENTURY.

This controversy has reduced itself to a question of veracity between certain ex-Confederate prisoners of war and ex-Union officers of the highest standing and respectability who have enjoyed the confidence and respect of the communities in which they have lived for a long series of years, and they are sustained in

many cases by the records of the War Department and other official data. They also have the indorsement of a committee of seven of the most distinguished officers that served in the Union army from Indiana, viz., General Lew. Wallace, General M. D. Manson, General John Coburn, General James R. Carnahan, Major Charles L. Holstein, Major James L. Mitchell, and Captain E. H. Williams, who were appointed, in pursuance of a resolution at the last annual State encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in this city in April last, to investigate the charges in Dr. Wyeth's article, as well as the indorsement of Colonel I. N. Walker, the department commander of said organization. Some of these officers enjoy a national reputation, and all are well and favorably known outside the State of Indiana.

There is scarcely a statement in the evidence produced by Mr. Wyeth that could not have been suggested by his first article, and, like that, the later article is singularly deficient in names and dates. Among his witnesses there are but two of whom I ever heard or have any knowledge, viz., P. M. Gapen of this city and Dr. W. P. Parr of Emporia, Kansas, both of whom were known as Southern sympathizers during the war, and whose testimony I propose to impeach.

He quotes P. M. Gapen of this city as saying that the firm of P. M. Gapen and Co., grocers, purchased during the early winter of 1864 a large quantity of coffee, sugar, rice, etc., through persons now deceased, which he afterward learned was from, or was intended for, prisoners at Camp Morton. Upon such testimony Mr. Wyeth attempts to prove that the rations intended for the prisoners were stolen and not issued. Neither the name of P. M. Gapen nor P. M. Gapen and Co., grocers, appears in the Indianapolis City Directory or Marion County tax duplicate for 1864. If he bought these goods at the prices named, did he not suspect that those from whom he bought them had wrongfully come by them? And when he was so informed, did he inform the Government, and if not, why not?

Dr. William P. Parr was a contract surgeon who served at Camp Morton from February 12, 1864, to February 5, 1865. W. W. H. McCurdy, a well-known and reputable citizen of this city, says:

> I was in the employ of the United States Government at Indianapolis in 1864, during which time I became acquainted with Dr. Parr. In the spring of 1865 I opened a law office in this city. Dr. Parr was an almost daily visitor to the same, and the condition and treatment of Confederate prisoners was a subject of frequent conversation between us, and I distinctly remember that he always spoke of the abundance and excellence of the supplies, of the splendid physical condition and the kind treatment they received, all of which I, of my own personal knowledge, knew to be true. Had the doctor been cognizant of such a state of things as his statement in the September CENTURY would indicate, I am certain he would in some of our conversations have alluded to the matter.

George W. Smith of Lebanon, Indiana, was intimately acquainted with Dr. Parr, visited him in Camp Morton, and often talked with him as well as the prisoners, most of whom said they would rather be there than in the field, as they had better treatment than if they were in their own hospitals, had plenty to eat, and had roofs to sleep under. He says: "I have often heard Dr. Parr, during the time he was in the service, and since, while we were neighbors at Lebanon, Indiana, say that the rebel prisoners were better treated than the soldiers who guarded them." I was very much surprised to see his statement in the September CENTURY, as it does not correspond with what he has always told me.

Captain James H. Rice of Hartford, Connecticut, who was provost-marshal at Camp Morton every sixth day during the time Dr. Parr was on duty there, says he was familiar with the barracks, as he inspected them, and that he knew Dr. Parr and never heard a complaint from him.

Elijah Hedges, undertaker, says:

> I have read the testimony of Dr. Parr in the September CENTURY, in which he says a great many of the frozen dead bodies were carried from the bunks to the dead-house. I removed all of the dead bodies from Camp Morton, and I solemnly assert that there never was a frozen body taken from the dead-house, and I never heard of any one being frozen in the camp until I read Mr. Wyeth's article. If any one ever had been frozen in that camp, I am sure I should have heard of it.

General A. A. Stevens, commander of Camp Morton, while recently looking through some old letters from ex-prisoners of war who were confined at Camp Morton, found the following, which will speak for itself:

> CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, November 11, 1864. COLONEL A. A. STEVENS. DEAR SIR: I have felt very anxious about my nephew, John Wyeth, who was sick when I last heard from him. You have granted me so many favors respecting this dear misguided boy that I take the liberty of asking you if he is sick, to let me know of it, and anything he needs, if you will supply it, I will, with many thanks, repay you. . . . Respectfully yours, LOUISA W. DOUGLASS.

Mr. Wyeth and all of his witnesses speak in the highest terms of the management of the hospital at Camp Morton, and are highly complimentary in their references to the surgeon in charge of the same. In the next breath they charge that large numbers of persons were frozen to death in camp. This statement is disproved by the records and statements of the physicians in charge of the camp, which could not have happened unless the facts had been suppressed and records falsified by the very surgeons they compliment so highly. Such a policy, if adopted, would have been known, and would have been resented, not only by the community as a whole, but by the numerous rebel sympathizers that partially composed it. The men in charge of the prison were humane, and the intimation that the prisoners in their care were deliberately starved, beaten, and murdered is grotesque to the point of absurdity.

A grievance uncomplained of for six years, says a leading newspaper in commenting on Wyeth's article, is for the most part held to be no grievance at law. A grievance uncomplained of for nearly thirty years has no claim to attention in a court of conscience.

W. R. Holloway.

II. CONCLUSION BY DR. WYETH.

SINCE writing my article in the April CENTURY, I have been furnished with an article on Camp Morton written by the Rev. J. G. Wilson and printed in "Scott's Monthly Magazine" (Atlanta, Georgia) in 1868. Dr. Wilson was president of the Huntsville (Alabama) Female College, 1865–72; transferred to a Kentucky church and president of the Military Academy at Bowling Green, 1872–76; thence to St. Louis in charge of the St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, where he died in 1884, honored and loved by all. This article by

this educated and Christian gentleman, written while the experiences of his prison life were fresh in his memory, coincides in nearly every essential particular with mine. He says the prisoners "suffered the pangs of hunger almost constantly" (p. 297). "Men who when captured were stalwart, fleshy men would dwindle away to skeletons." "Prisoners in the extremity of their hunger were often seen rooting like so many hogs in the piles of garbage from the hospital cook-room" (p. 299). The charges of cruelty and shooting of prisoners are also fully corroborated, but I cannot ask THE CENTURY to give space for a duplication of my statements that already have been strongly sustained.

John A. Wyeth.

Will H. Low.

IN Mr. Millet's excellent article in the November number of this magazine (undoubtedly correct in the main both in statement of fact and the deductions drawn therefrom) occurs the following, which I think admits of some qualification: "Few of those whose names have been prominent among the promising young artists abroad have kept up the high standard of excellence, much less have continued to make progress, after a short season at home." The work of Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin Warner, Carroll Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, Walter Shirlaw, George de Forest Brush, Alden Weir, Wyatt Eaton, William Chase, Abbot Thayer, T. W. Dewing, and Will H. Low and others seems to invalidate this assertion, for I am sure Mr. Millet will admit that they are better artists to-day than when they returned to America from their studies abroad, ten or more years ago. While it is true that the progress of these men may not have been so rapid as their more fortunate confrères whose means have permitted them to remain in the Parisian forcing-frame of art, is it not possible that there may have been upon the whole (as they have not been dominated by the Salon or the dealer) a greater tendency toward the development of the individual? Whether fortunately or unfortunately, the American artist of to-day, with rare exceptions, must turn his hand to many things. Happy the man who finds time to discover in which line of art his individuality lies. I think that Will H. Low, a reproduction of whose painting "Dolce far Niente" is published in this number, is a good example of this. He has done an extraordinary variety of work, little of which has been the unhampered expression of his individuality. His individuality would probably be in the line of decoration, wall-paintings, or large works to form part of the architectural design of important buildings. Certainly he has done nothing nobler or better than "The Welcome," and nothing which has more promise of a successful result than "The Parting," the picture he is now engaged on—both colossal works for the Plaza Hotel. But Mr. Low has had few opportunities for doing this class of work. He has, however, made some large easel pictures. Perhaps the best-remembered of these is "The Skipper Ireson," painted in 1881, certainly as good a picture as, if not a better than, "Le Jour des Morts," painted in France four years earlier and exhibited in the Salon. But although there are other well-known works of Mr. Low in this genre, the present condition and patronage of American art have not permitted him to confine his attention to easel pictures, for such works need time and money. He has made designs for stained glass, many illustrations for magazines and books, and done much teaching. In all this variety of work he has found recognition both from artists and the public. Several of his pictures are in public collections; his illustrations to Keats's "Lamia"[1] and the sonnets of Keats are recognized as among the best work of their class; the window designed by him for Rock Creek Church, Washington, D.C., is an excellent example of an art in which the United States leads the world. In 1884 he was given charge of the antique class of the Cooper Institute; in 1888 was made an associate of the National Academy of Design. Soon after he was appointed director of the antique and life classes in the Academy schools, and in 1890, when thirty-seven years old (he having been born in Albany in 1853), he was elected an Academician.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Notes on "General Miles's Indian Campaigns."

I. THE RETURN HOME OF THE NEZ PERCÉS.

IN Major Baird's condensed and valuable historical article in your July number, on "General Miles's Indian Campaigns," he makes the following statement in reference to the restoration of the exiled Nez Percés: "Nearly seven years later, when General Miles had received promotion, and was commanding the department of Columbia, he at last succeeded in having Joseph and the remnant of his band returned to the vicinity of their old home." I am sure that a bit of history escaped the eye of Major Baird, and I feel confident that this unqualified statement escaped the eye of General Miles when he looked over the proofs of the article in question. General Miles is a gallant soldier, and has won the highest admiration of thousands of his countrymen, not only for his brilliant victories on the frontier, but for his Christian humanity in dealing with a conquered foe. From the beginning to the end he was the steadfast friend of the Nez Percés, but his early and vigorous efforts in their behalf, like those of Senator Dawes and Secretary Teller, were unavailing, and the Nez Percés would have *perished in their exile* but for the efforts of friends *unknown* to General Miles, who took up the lost cause, and at large expense for printing, traveling, and public meetings, and through four years of watchfulness and labor, secured the necessary congressional legislation for their removal. The documentary evidence of this is in my possession, and is sufficient to fill THE CENTURY from cover to cover.

The record of this labor includes ten thousand miles of travel, a publication of the condition of the Indians which reached not less than one million readers, mass meetings in our principal cities from New York to St. Paul, a presentation of the matter to the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Senate and House Committees on Indian Affairs, the work of missionaries among the Nez Percés, the strong memorials to Congress by the Presbytery of Emporia, the Synod of Kansas, and the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the personal care and attention given to the matter by Senator Dawes and Secretaries Teller and Lamar.

The details of the transportation, and location of the Nez Percés in the Northwest, were committed to Sec-

[1] See THE CENTURY for December, 1885.

retary Lamar, and to General Miles, who was then in command of the department of Columbia. In the face of border prejudices, and in opposition to local feeling, he came promptly to the front, exhibiting admirable moral courage and humane spirit in protecting and befriending the broken band of exiles whose military strategy and splendid courage along the Lolo Trail in 1877 challenged the admiration of the army and added new luster to the fame of the general in command, of Major Baird, his brave adjutant, and of all the officers and men who effected their defeat and capture.

Geo. L. Spining.

II. COMMENTS BY MAJOR BAIRD.

My knowledge of the facts respecting the return of the Nez Percés from the Indian Territory to the northwest included General Miles's urgent opposition to the quite unnecessary transfer of those Indians to the south, just after their surrender to him; his working through and with others, for a long period afterward, to effect their return to their own section of country, and the part borne by him in their final release from the — to them — most unhealthy region in the Indian Territory. I trust that I shall not wholly forfeit the favorable opinion of Mr. Spining by admitting that my knowledge did not include the honorable and, as appears from his note, efficient part borne by him in securing the result.

G. W. Baird.

Helena, Montana.

III. THE FIGHT IN THE WOLF MOUNTAINS.

On page 357 of his article on "General Miles's Indian Campaigns," Major Baird says of the fight in the Wolf Mountains:

> Putting spurs to "old Red Water," Baldwin forced him at the run up the glassy hillside, and then, hat in hand and with a ringing shout, he newly inspired the weary men and, with the momentum of his own brave onset, carried them to the coveted crests.

Lieut.-Colonel E. Butler (U. S. A., retired), who commanded Company C of the Fifth Infantry in that battle, has called the attention of the editor to the above statement by Major Baird, and has submitted an affidavit by Patton G. Whited, who was a private and non-commissioned officer of his company, and a non-commissioned officer of Company B, Fifth Infantry, when honorably discharged at the expiration of his last term of service. Mr. Whited was given the congressional medal for gallantry in the charge at Wolf Mountain. In part he says:

> On the morning of January 8, 1877, two companies, D and C, Fifth Infantry, were guarding the rear of the camp on Tongue River, when the command was attacked. D Company, Captain MacDonald, was ordered up on the table-land where the artillery was. Shortly after, Company C, Captain Butler, was ordered up and deployed as skirmishers along the edge of the table-land, supporting the guns. General Miles, after some conversation with Captain Butler, and after a wagon-bow on the caisson of one of the guns had been struck by a ball from the Indians, said to Captain Butler, "Take your Company and take that hill," pointing to the highest point on the extreme left. Captain Butler moved his Company off by the left toward the hill, the base of which was about three-quarters of a mile distant. The table-land was cut off from the base of the hill by a ravine. I was about ten skirmishers from the left. Before I reached the ravine I saw Lieutenant Baldwin coming after us from the place where the artillery was, hat in hand, hallooing "Forward." He came up as far as I was, passed in front of me, turned around and started back at full speed. He never went within a quarter of a mile of the crest, never crossed the ravine at the base of the hill. The heavy fire and the charge did not take place until after he had returned to the guns. After this I crossed the ravine, and after crossing I went in rear of Captain Butler's horse; he, with his hat in his hand, calling, "Forward, forward, men." Lieutenant Baldwin did not come up as far to the left as Captain Butler was, by one hundred yards. Captain Butler said, "There they are," pointing at them, and ordered us to fire. Sergeant Coonrad, Corporal Johnson, Private McGinty, Burke of "G," and others and myself gave them a volley, and we made a dash up the hillside. The Indian fire was now very heavy from the hill. As we got out of the ravine, rising up the hill, Captain Butler's horse was shot. He dismounted and said, "Those who are blown, take breath; the others follow me," and then we charged the hill, drove the Indians off, occupied the crest and held it.

IV. REPLY BY MAJOR BAIRD.

Especial care was taken by me in collecting data for that account. The written descriptions of several of the most prominent actors in, and best-informed spectators of, that battle, one of whom has been carefully over the field twice since the battle, also the diary of one of them, kept at the time, were the sources of my narrative. All of those officers, as also several officers and enlisted men who were not consulted before the sketch was published, affirm the essential accuracy of the record as printed in the July Century.

The battle was a most critical one, as the narrative sought to explain, and the period of it in question was its most critical point. At such a time there were many heroic deeds done, and my narrative failed to express my desire if it did not give honorable prominence to Captain Butler. But one officer who wrote of the battle, after describing the affair substantially as it appears in The Century article, said, "Baldwin's action was the most conspicuous act of dashing gallantry I ever witnessed, and I saw the whole charge from beginning to successful end. It seemed to me Baldwin deserved more credit than any other officer under General Miles in the battle."

Another officer said of Baldwin, "He dashed over and not only carried the order, but, waving his hat in advance of the troops, inspired them with renewed spirit and courage." The greatly preponderating weight of testimony favors the record as printed. In that, as in the account of other engagements in the sketch, a record of sufficient length to permit more of detail would have included many acts and names of actors well worthy of especial mention which are omitted, but that would have been a history and have required a volume instead of being a sketch within the compass of a magazine article.

G. W. Baird.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SONGS OF IRELAND.[1]

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

I Promised Me True Love.

I PROMISED me true love to love her for aye,
An' I think o' me true love one hour o' each day;
One hour o' each day, an' still she will fret,
An' says that sich loving is 'asy to get;
Is 'asy to get, an' och she won't see
If one colleen I love I can 'asy love three.

A kiss for me true love I 've always to spare,
One hour o' each day—wid kisses I 'm there;
One hour o' each day, an' still she will fret,
An' says that sich kissing is 'asy to get;
Is 'asy to get, an' och she won't see
If one colleen I kiss I can 'asy kiss three.

I talk about wedding, an' all she will say,
"An' sure is the wedding for one hour a day;
For one hour a day, now, Paddy, don't fret,
For a wedding wid me you never will get;
You never will get," an' och she won't see
If one colleen I wed I can 'asy wed—
[Begor, no, the law is agin wedding three]
Then och, she shall see,
When a colleen I wed,—that colleen she 'll be.

Her Little Feet so White an' Bare.

BEGOR, I got up 'arly afore the break o' day,
An' down across the dewy fields I lightly took me way;
I whistled an' I sung along, light-hearted as a grig,
Until the sun hisself got up, a-pullin' off his wig.
By all the saints an' holy powers what was it that I met?—
A colleen — none so fair as she, wid dew her feet were wet;—
Her little feet so white an' bare, I said, "gin me a pogue";
She said, "To meet a barefoot lass brings bad luck to a rogue.

"So early, sir, you are abroad, no other you have met;
I 'm sorry, sir, I came this way, bad luck to you to get!"
"My fairest one, my dearest one, my loveliest one," I cried,
"Begone bad luck forevermore, wid you, me love, beside."
I kissed her once an' twice an' thrice; she blushed nor turned away;
I kissed her o'er an' o'er again, until she named the day.
We 're wedded, an' me barefoot wife each mornin' first I see,
An' yet me pretty barefoot wife brings good luck unto me.

There 's a Rogue in the Breast o' Your Coat.

I COORTED sweet Shelah for siven years an' over,
An' yit me sweet Shelah was ever a rover;
I coorted all night, an' I coorted all day,
An' yit wid sweet Shelah had never a way;
I coorted her 'arly, I coorted her late,
Siven days in the week, an' wished they were eight,—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There 's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

Wheriver she went I was sure to be there,
At each wedding an' wake I 'd love an' to spare;
I coorted her waking, I coorted her dreaming,
I coorted her 'arnest, I coorted her seeming,
I coorted her 'ating, I coorted her drinking,
An' begor by me sowl I coorted her winking,—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There 's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted her standing, I coorted her setting,
Wherever an' whin was a chance love to get in;
I coorted her riding, I coorted her walking,
I coorted her thinking, I coorted her talking,
I coorted her smiling an' frowning an' wreathing,
An' by the hole o' me coat I coorted her breathing,—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There 's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted in new clothes, I coorted in old,
I coorted wid brass, an' I coorted wid gold;
I coorted wid scorning, I coorted wid hating,
I coorted wid fighting, I coorted wid b'ating,
I coorted wid English the brogue along fussing,
An' by Peter an' Paul I coorted wid cussing,—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There 's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted sweet Shelah for siven years an' over,
Then I swore by the saints I 'd Shelah give over;
The rogue in me coat I 'd never found out,
If Shelah herself had not turned me about;
The darlint vourneen is the rogue in me breast,
An' by the siven parishes there she shall rest,—
An' now 't is,
"Come along, Barney,
Never mind your blarney,
'T is Shelah that 's hid in your coat."

"It is the Cat."

FAIX, an' I built me a house,
An' I fashioned it jist to me mind,
Wid a pig-pen built on in front,
An' a pratie-patch built on behind.
'T was a swate little, nate little, swate little spot.
(But whin I wuz afther movin' from the ol' place to me swate little, nate little, swate little spot, what did that boy Barney — who wid the s'archin' of a thousan' years would n't have a smithereen o' a brain — do? Why, he put the cat in a bag, an' fur all the cat scratched an' howled, an' did all a mortial cat could to git away — fur she wuz cunnin' ez a lawyer, an' suspicioned how as she wuz brought to the house bad luck would come along wid her, yit into me swate little, nate little, swate little spot kim that Barney a-luggin' the cat.)

Faix, an' I built me a house,
An' I fashioned it jist to me mind,
But there 's niver a pig in the pig-pen in front,
Nor a pratie a-planted behind!
Sich a swate little, nate little, swate little spot!
(For sure, an' if I planted praties they would grow wrong side up, an' if I got me a pig, niver a soul could tell what mortial beast he might turn into. Begor, an' I 'm afeard to git up lest bad luck be overtakin' me, an' I 'm more afeard to go to bed lest bad luck be atween the two sheets! an' all bekase o' that cat comin' to me swate little, nate little, swate little house!)

[1] See also this magazine for February, 1891.

An Old Belle.

A DAUGHTER of the cavaliers
(A phrase a little dulled with years),
But something sweeter than them all,
Serene she sits at evenfall.

Tall tulips crowd the window-sill,
Vague ghosts of those that blew at will —
Ere she was old and time so fleet —
In some walled space down Camden street.

And straight — she and her lover there —
In that town garden take the air;
Tall tulips lift in scarlet tire,
Brimming the April dusk with fire.

Without, the white of harbored ships;
The road that to the water slips;
And tang of salt and scent of sea;
Within, her only love and she!

Back to the new she comes once more,
To roofs ungabled, ways that roar;
To the sole April left her still,
That potted scarlet on the sill.

Dust are those pleasant garden walls;
Her only love in green Saint Paul's;
Serene she sits at her day's close;
Last of her kin, but still a rose!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

The Silent Partner.

HE had no thoughts, no wingéd words had I;
To conquer all defects we did combine:
He fledged my thoughts — now round the world they fly,
But ah, the flock is counted his, not mine!

Edith M. Thomas.

Reflections.

WHEN a man is too lazy to walk around a mud-hole, he should not be commended for bravery in walking through it.

IF you wish to scald your husband, or wife, as the case may be, procure cold water and heat it before using it.

CORRECT speech is correlated to right conduct and cleanly living, and to neglect it is to foster a slouchy and dangerous habit.

THE ravens of Providence come when least expected, and are not addicted to the habit of encouraging laziness.

TO brood over the past is to misspend the present, and to jeopardize the future.

UNLUCKY is the man whose bread is buttered on both sides.

BEWARE of excessive concealment that provokes malicious guessing.

VULGAR wealth is a repellent thing, but it is entitled to the forbearance, at least, of vulgar poverty.

IMAGINATION and memory seem to conspire against some people by swapping functions at critical junctures.

THERE may not be a personal devil, but could an impersonal devil carry out successfully such enormous contracts?

J. A. Macon.

A Lover's Plaint.

SHE 's kind as she is fair; aye, there 's the rub!
If she far fairer were, and far less kind,
If she would flout me with keen scoff, and snub,
I might sweet prescience take, for Love, though blind,
Knows, pierced with pains, and hurting sore despairs,
His rose is near, by the sharp thorns she bears.

She 's kind as she is fair. That 's saying much —
Too much, alas! for my poor beggared heart.
Her tender eyes, her frank and friendly touch,
Give me no joy, but, rather, deeper smart;
And seem to whisper brightly, "Fool, beware,
She 's only kind because she is so fair."

She 's kind as she is fair. Ah, would that she
Were half as fair, or half as sweetly kind!
Hope might more hopeful of attainment be,
Nor humbled passion kneel so far behind.
But if less fair, would she such kindness wear,
Or if less kind, would she still be so fair?

She 's kind as she is fair, alas! and hence
I make my sad adieus, and go my way,
For want of sterner warning, driven thence
By words too soft, by smiles too bright and gay,
Yet knowing this, if I were to her mind,
She could not be too fair, much less too kind.

Mary Ainge DeVere.

The Lost Song.

I PLUCKED a wild flower from the river's brim,
And drank a while its faint but fragrant breath,
Then cast it forth upon the wave a-swim,
And watched it, as I fancied, drift to death.
"'T is lost," I said; but far adown the tide
A tempted maiden saw its dainty hue;
She snatched it, kneeling at the water side,
And vowed, "I will be pure, sweet flower, like you."
And I, I never knew.

George Horton.

Only a Hint.

NOW that tales of "Californy"
For the nonce our eyes engage,
And the 'Forty-niner's horny
Hand is seen on history's page,
Let me draw an illustration
From his novel way of life
That may be a revelation
To the maid who would be wife.

Gold was in the gravel hidden —
That was known beyond a doubt;
O'er the plains were hobbies ridden
Guaranteed to get it out;
But they perished in the trying,
And 't was found the only plan
That succeeded was relying
On a simple little pan.

You who would my thought unravel
With this axiom should start,
"Like to gold within the gravel
Oft is love in manly heart."
You who would be gold extracting,
Gold of love from heart of man,
All your arts in one compacting
Learn the handling of the pan.

George Moore.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

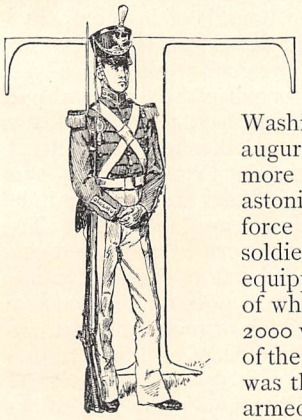
ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.

"LA BELLA," BY TITIAN.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. FEBRUARY, 1892. No. 4.

THE NEW NATIONAL GUARD.



THE centennial celebration in New York of Washington's first inauguration revealed to more than a million astonished spectators a force of over 30,000 soldiers, well armed, equipped, and drilled, of whom not more than 2000 were in the service of the United States. It was the largest body of armed men assembled on this continent since the close of the civil war, now nearly a generation ago. It was the largest force of militia ever paraded in this country. It was a force whose methods of organization and support are unlike those of any other military system; and its present condition of excellence is the result of barely more than a dozen years of well-directed effort. The purpose of this article is to explain as briefly as possible the origin and present condition of this force, the objects of its existence, and the extent to which these objects have been realized.

During the closing year of Washington's life, after the machinery of the new government under the Constitution was in full operation, there were four measures which he advocated on all proper occasions with his usual dignified but forcible language. These were the opening of commercial highways to the West, the founding of a national university, the establishment of a military academy, and the organization of an efficient militia. None of them were realized during his lifetime, and the national university is still only a matter of discussion. The Military Academy was founded in 1802 and thoroughly organized in 1814, after the defeats of the war of 1812 had still further emphasized the necessity for its existence. It has since so clearly demonstrated its utility that no one now seriously questions the advisability of maintaining it. The problem of Western communications was first partially solved by Clinton in opening the Erie canal in 1825, and the solution has been completed by railways in a manner and to an extent of which Washington never dreamed. The militia "upon a regular and respectable footing," for which Washington so often pleaded, and which is the only one of these four projects to which reference is made in the Constitution, is just becoming a reality, ninety years after his death.

Concerning the militia, as concerning other military matters, Washington's opinions were radically different from those of most of his contemporaries in politics. What he had in mind was a force uniformly organized, armed, equipped, and clothed throughout the several States, and as thoroughly trained and disciplined as the circumstance of their military service being other than the principal object of their lives would permit. His long military experience had impressed upon him the immense advantage of training and organization. On the other hand the members of the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention were thoroughly imbued with jealousy of a standing army, which is one of the most strongly rooted

Copyright, 1892, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

prejudices of the Anglo-Saxon race. They looked askance at too much discipline and too thorough organization, and in military matters they relied above all upon patriotic enthusiasm.

Their ideal of a soldier was the minute-man of '76, who provided his own arms, was practically without uniform or training, belonged to the great body of the population and not to a class apart, and came forth in an emergency to fight with all his will, but returned to his ordinary avocation the moment the emergency was passed—and not infrequently reserved to himself the right to judge when that moment had arrived. With such a soldier in view—and there are some instances of his success in the Revolution along with many failures—the framers of the Constitution gave no small prominence to the militia in their scheme of government. In the Bill of Rights, side by side with such fundamental doctrines as the rights of petition, peaceable assembly, and freedom of speech, it is recited that a well-regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free State. Congress is authorized in the eighth section of the first article to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, to call it forth to execute the laws, suppress insurrection and repel invasion, and to govern such part of it as may be so called forth into the service of the United States. To the States was reserved the right to appoint the officers and to train the militia according to the method prescribed by Congress.

In spite of the ample authority thus given to Congress, and the evident intention that the militia should play an important part in the constitutional government, Congress has done little or nothing to provide an efficient militia. It called out the militia in 1812, and in some of the Indian wars, but only to see it, on account of its lack of organization and training, ignominiously defeated, except when under command of a natural leader of great force like Jackson. In the space of a hundred years Congress has passed but sixteen laws relating to the militia, and of these only five were of more than temporary importance. The first, in 1792, provided for its organization, substantially on the basis proposed by Knox in his report of 1790; the second, in 1795, conferred on the President the right to call forth the militia in cases of invasion or rebellion, and the Supreme Court decided in 1827 that it belonged exclusively to the President to judge when such an exigency existed, and that his decision was conclusive upon all other persons; the third, in 1808, passed at the urgent solicitation of Jefferson, made a permanent annual appropriation of $200,000 for its armament and equipment; the fourth, in 1820, required the militia to observe the system of discipline and field exercises which is prescribed for the regular army; and the fifth, in 1887, increased the annual appropriation to $400,000.

The various presidents from Washington to Tyler, each in succession and almost year by year, urged upon Congress the desirability of a more efficient militia law; numerous projects were discussed, but none was enacted. For the last ten years legislation has been pending in behalf of the modern militia which has grown up in spite of the neglect of Congress, and many reports of committees have been made, but still the quaint and obsolete law of 1792 remains unrepealed in the book of Revised Statutes, and is to-day the law of the land.

This law requires every able-bodied male citizen between eighteen and forty-five years of age to "be enrolled in the militia." The enrolment is to be made by the captain of every company sending notice "by a proper non-commissioned officer" to "every such citizen residing within the bounds of his company." After his enrolment the citizen is to "be constantly provided with a good musket or fire-lock, of a bore sufficient for balls of the eighteenth part of a pound, a sufficient bayonet and belt, two spare flints," and many other articles which can now be obtained only by loan from a museum of antiquities. The officers are to "be armed with a sword or hanger and spontoon." The citizen "shall appear so armed, accoutred, and provided when called out to exercise or into service." The act then goes on to specify at length the organization of regiments and batteries, the number of officers, and their respective duties.

It is thus seen that under the law of the United States as it exists to-day—which, however, is in direct conflict with the law of the State—the captain of any militia regiment in New York can enroll all the able-bodied citizens of that city in his company, and call upon them to attend muster and drill, duly provided with flint-locks and powder-horns.

The theory upon which this law was framed was the theory of individual armament and equipment, and of universal service (not merely liability to service). It has been a complete failure from the day of its enactment, and has never been observed in any of its prescriptions. The militia, as it existed during the first half of the last one hundred years, consisted of independent companies, each having its own name and organization, and its own methods of drill and equipment, whose principal function was to "train" in its own village as part of the Fourth of July or other celebration. The companies were seldom, if ever, brought together for camp or instruction, and were deficient in the first

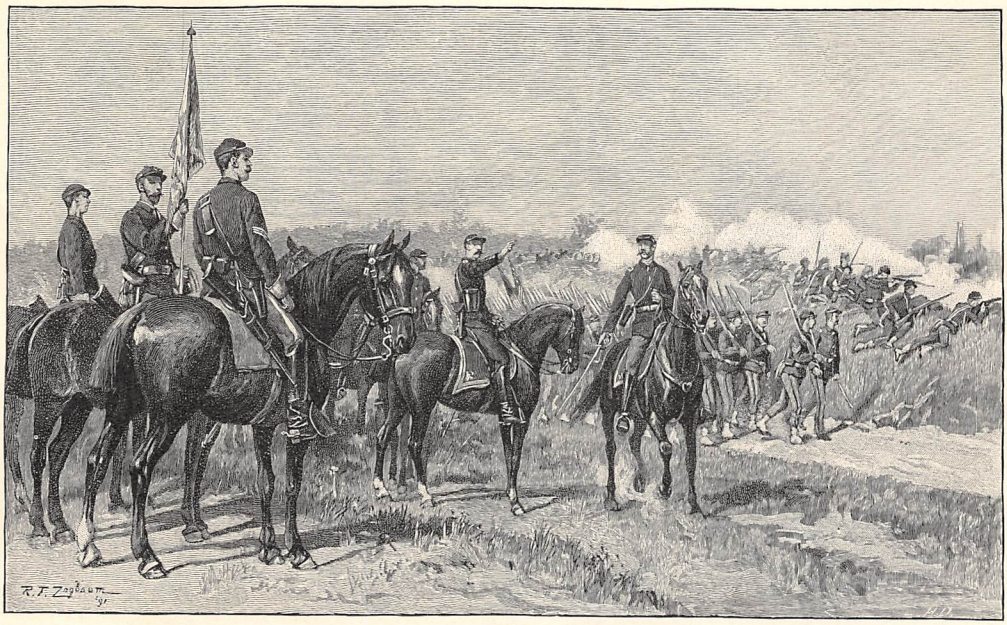
principles of practical military knowledge. The very name of militia fell into a not undeserved contempt after the war of 1812, and the whole system passed out of existence some years before the war with Mexico.

The fundamental error of this system was in requiring service from all able-bodied citizens. The enforcement of this requirement was neither possible nor desirable. This defect was recognized immediately after the passage of the act, and as early as 1794 a bill was introduced, providing for "a select corps which should be armed and equipped by the general Government, and paid for service in annual camps of instruction."[1] This bill was not passed, but the same idea in various forms has been recommended to Congress and discussed from time to time ever since, and is the guiding principle of the act which was introduced but failed to pass in the last Congress. Failing, however, to gain any encouragement from Congress, this idea was adopted in the State legislatures. Organizations were formed in the various States, in limited numbers, of volunteers, and these sought and obtained recognition from their legislatures. These organizations partook in some measure of the nature of athletic clubs, but were not unmindful of the military purposes for which they existed. The States gave them arms and equipments received from the general Government, and in some instances supplemented these by appropriations of their own. Many of these organizations particularly excelled in the manual of arms and company drill, but in the more important military duties of camping, marches, guard duty, manœuvers, and rifle-practice they had no experience. Yet the members of them rendered most valu-

SOME TYPES OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

1 "History of the Militia Law," in the report of the Committee on the Militia, United States House of Representatives, March 13, 1890.

able service as officers of volunteers both in the Mexican and civil wars—the 7th Regiment of New York, for example, having furnished no less than 667 men, and the 1st company of cadets of Massachusetts 150 men, of all grades from private to major-general, to the Union armies of 1861–65. With the rapid increase of urban population, the growing taste for outdoor and athletic sports, and the manifest advantages of club association, these volunteer organizations increased in numbers and in popularity. At the same time, however, there grew up a tendency to make the organization top-heavy, the number of generals and staff-officers being out of all proportion to the strength of the rank and file. This had reached its maximum just before 1877, when the militia was called upon to meet, in the railroad strikes and riots of that year, the most serious of those emergencies for which it chiefly exists. It failed to accomplish what was expected of it, and was mortified to see a handful of regulars under General Hancock easily overcome a resistance which had been too powerful for the national guard of an entire State. A reorganization on a practical military basis was soon undertaken in all the seaboard States. Great numbers of generals were retired; the organization, uniform, arms, and equipment of the United States army were adopted as far as possible; rifle-practice was rigidly required; additional armories were built for drill in winter, and camps of instruction were provided for field exercises in summer; the military codes in all the States were thoroughly revised and made as nearly uniform as possible; the courts martial were recognized by the laws of the State and as firmly established in their limited jurisdiction as any other courts, and the civil power of the sheriff and the marshal was invoked to carry their sentences into effect.



FIELD MANŒUVERS.

In this work the Atlantic States, and particularly Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, have taken the lead; from them the movement has spread among the lake cities, and, more recently, in the South and extreme West. Every State in the Union has revised its military code since 1881, and in all but seven States there is now an organized, uniformed, and armed national guard,[1] of greater or less strength, in proportion to population and wealth. The general result is to produce the beginning and in some measure the fulfilment of Washington's plans for "placing the militia of the Union upon a *regular and respectable* footing." The day of the patriotic

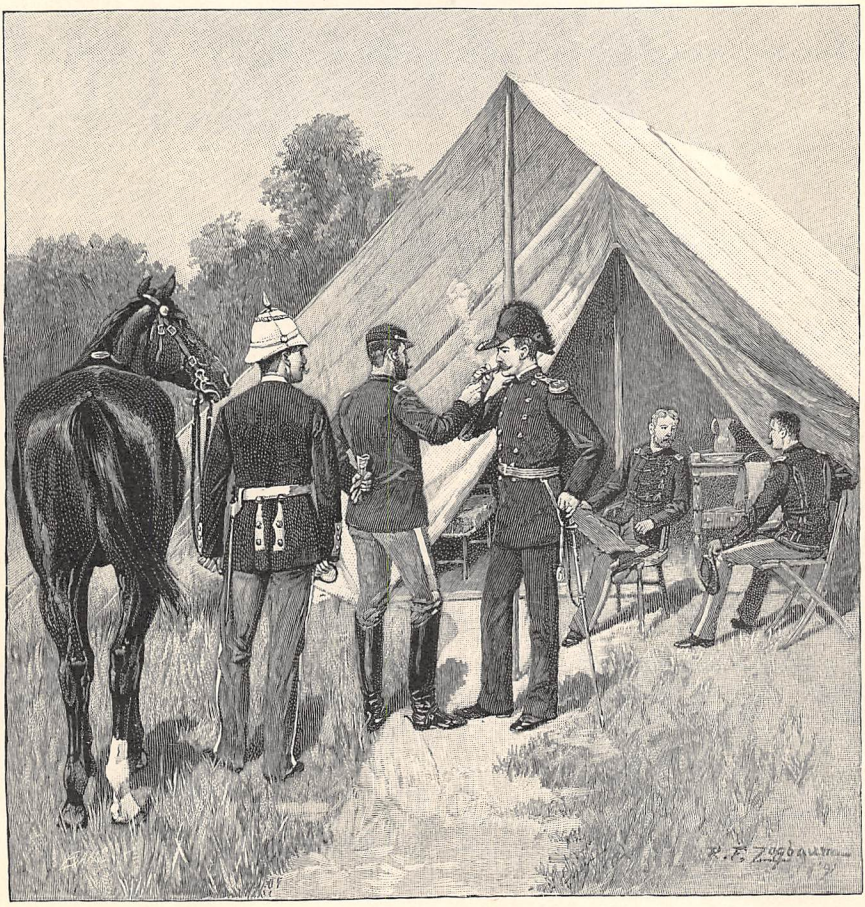
[1] The name "National Guard" was first assumed by the 7th Regiment (then the second battalion of the 11th Regiment New York State Artillery) on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to New York, August 16, 1824. It was held exclusively by that regiment until 1862, when the legislature gave the name to the entire force of organized militia in New York. (See "Clark's History of the 7th Regiment," Vol. I, p. 105.) The name has since been adopted by a majority of the States.

In Massachusetts and some other New England States the troops are called "Volunteer Militia"; in Virginia, "Volunteers"; in other Southern States, "State Guard" and "State Troops."

but untaught minute-man belongs to the past. The modern militia is organized more in accordance with the ideas expressed so clearly by Washington in his letter to the governors of all the States, written from Newburg on the disbanding of the army in 1783, in which he says:

The militia of this country must be considered as the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. It is essential, therefore, that the same system should pervade the whole, that the formation and discipline of the continent should be absolutely uniform; and that the same species of arms, accoutrements, and military apparatus should be introduced in every part of the United States. No one who has not learned it from experience can conceive the difficulty, expense, and confusion which result from a contrary system, or the vague arrangements which have hitherto prevailed.

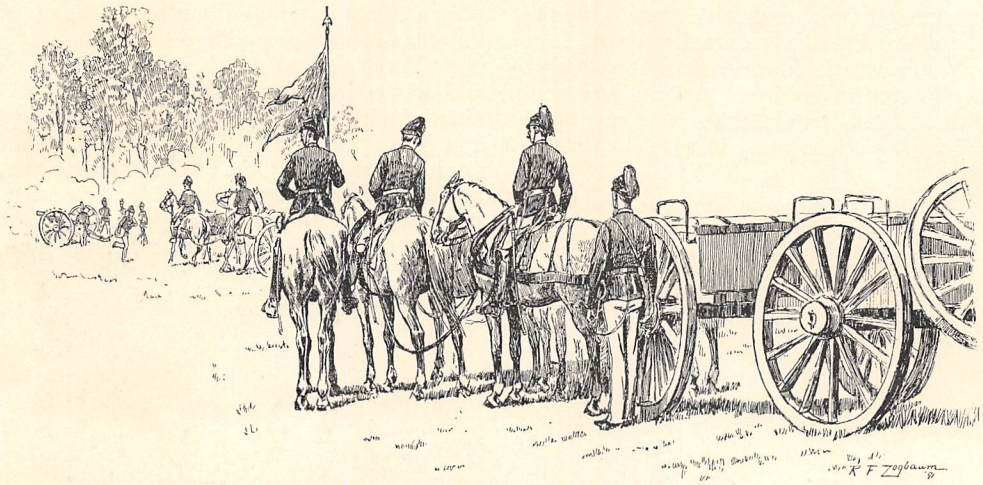
Within the last few years a new branch of the militia has been founded in the seaboard States, under the title of "Naval Reserve." At present there is a well-organized battalion of this character in Massachusetts and another in New York, each about three hundred strong and divided into four divisions. Both are commanded and officered by ex-officers of the navy and graduates of the Naval Academy. They are instructed during the winter at armories in the drill of the battalion as a landing-party, with muskets and boat-howitzers, and also on board training-ships in the use of large guns.



IN CAMP — COMMANDING OFFICER'S QUARTERS.

During the last summer each battalion hired a steamer, on which the regular routine of a man-o'-war was rigidly enforced. The Government placed its finest squadron of new cruisers, with modern guns, at their disposal for instruction.

The naval-reserve steamer for the Massachusetts battalion was attached to the squadron in Boston harbor, and in Long Island Sound for the New York battalion. A week's hard work was performed with a surprising amount of enthusiasm. The men were instructed in the use of great guns, and acquitted themselves at ocean target-practice with credit not



FIELD ARTILLERY — IN BATTERY.

inferior to that of the regular crews of the squadron. They were also constantly exercised in boat-drill and in a successful landing-party.

In view of the difficulty of obtaining officers and instructed men for the volunteer navy in time of war, this most recent application of the principle of the volunteer militia affords the promise of very great usefulness in the future.

The annual return of the militia for 1890 gives the strength of the "unorganized" force as 7,691,987. This is a mere census statistic, and is the number of able-bodied men liable to military duty. In some States it is determined by actual enrolment, and in others it is estimated.

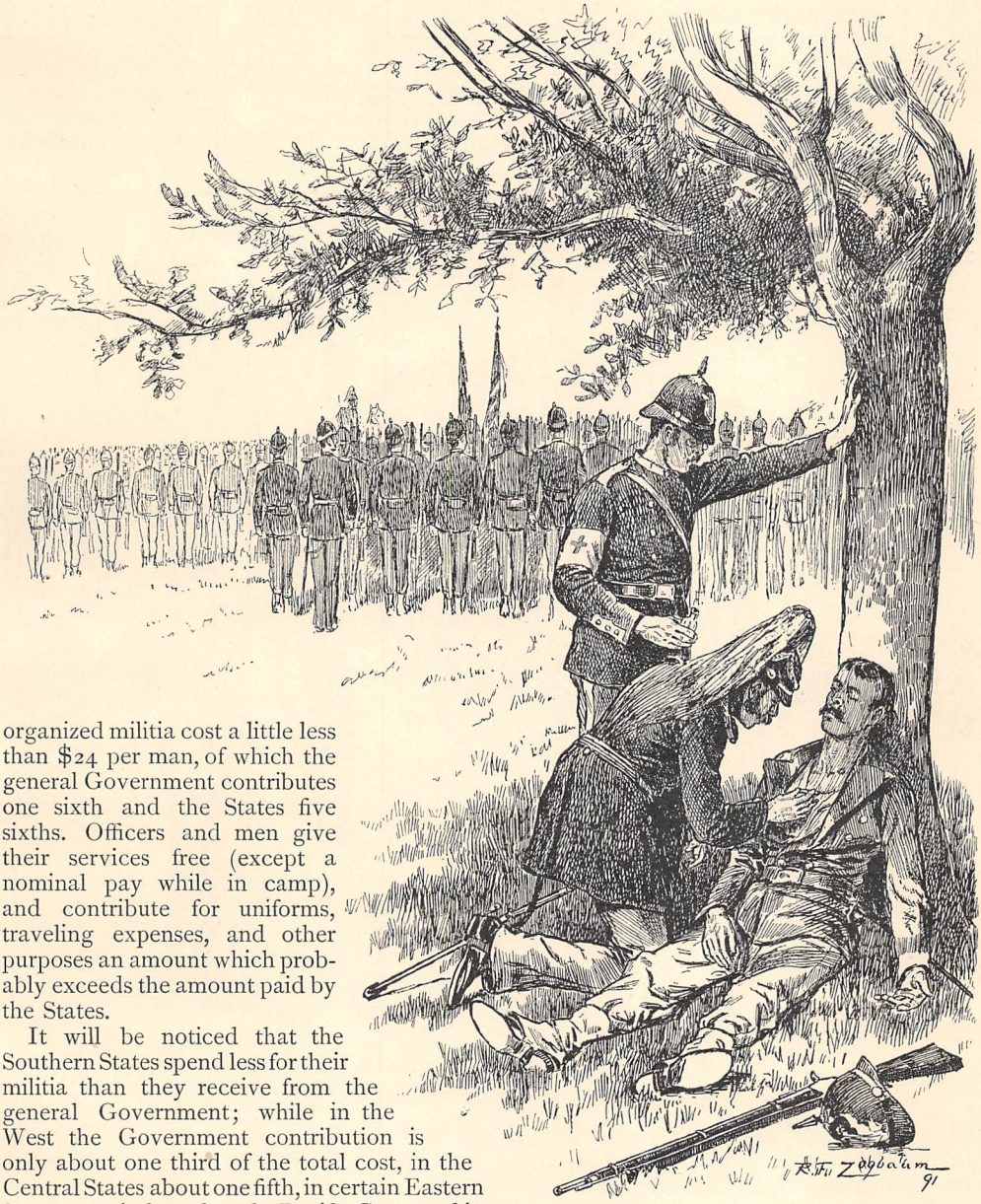
The organized militia numbers 109,674, or 9000 officers and 100,000 men. The average attendance at camps, as reported by the adjutants-general of States, varies from 75 to 95 per cent., but in some of the States in the South and West there is no provision for armories or encampments, and the troops have not yet attained such organization or instruction in military duties as to make them valuable in an emergency. The armed force of the States which can be relied upon is therefore probably between 70,000 and 80,000 men. The total force is distributed as follows:

In the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, available for prompt concentration at any point between Boston and Harrisburg,	34,800
In the other Atlantic States from Maine to Virginia,	11,400
In the States along the lakes and Upper Mississippi, available for prompt concentration in Chicago, St. Louis, or other central cities	23,100
In the South	25,500
In the West	7,100
On the Pacific Coast	7,700
	109,600

This distribution, and other statistics of the militia, are shown more in detail in the table given below.

The annual cost of maintaining the United States army is about $1000 per man. The armies of Europe cost from about $450 per man (in England) to $125 per man (in Russia). The

States and Territories.	Population.	Annual Expenditure by U. S.	Annual Expenditure by States.	Organized Militia.	Organized Force per 100,000 of Population.	Cost per Unit of Population.	Cost per man of Organized Force.
Mass., Conn., N. Y., N. J., Pa.	15,686,001	$89,300	$1,136,000	34,800	222	$0.078	$35.21
Me., N. H., Vt., R. I., Del., Md., D. C., Va.	4,812,799	39,600	191,000	11,400	337	0.048	20.18
Ohio, Ind., Ill., Mich., Wis., Minn., Iowa, Mo.	19,364,746	112,600	516,500	23,100	119	0.032	27.23
N. C., S. C., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., Tenn., W. Va., Ky., Ark., La., Tex.	16,671,724	107,200	96,300	25,500	153	0.012	7.98
Neb., Kan., Col., N. Mex., Dak., Mont., Idaho, Wyoming	3,902,407	35,400	75,000	7,100	182	0.028	15.55
Wash., Ore., Cal., Nev., Ariz., Utah	2,184,573	15,900	200,000	7,700	385	0.099	20.65
	62,622,250	$400,000	$2,214,800	109,600	175	$0.042	$23.85



OVERCOME BY HEAT: A CASE FOR THE MEDICAL CORPS.

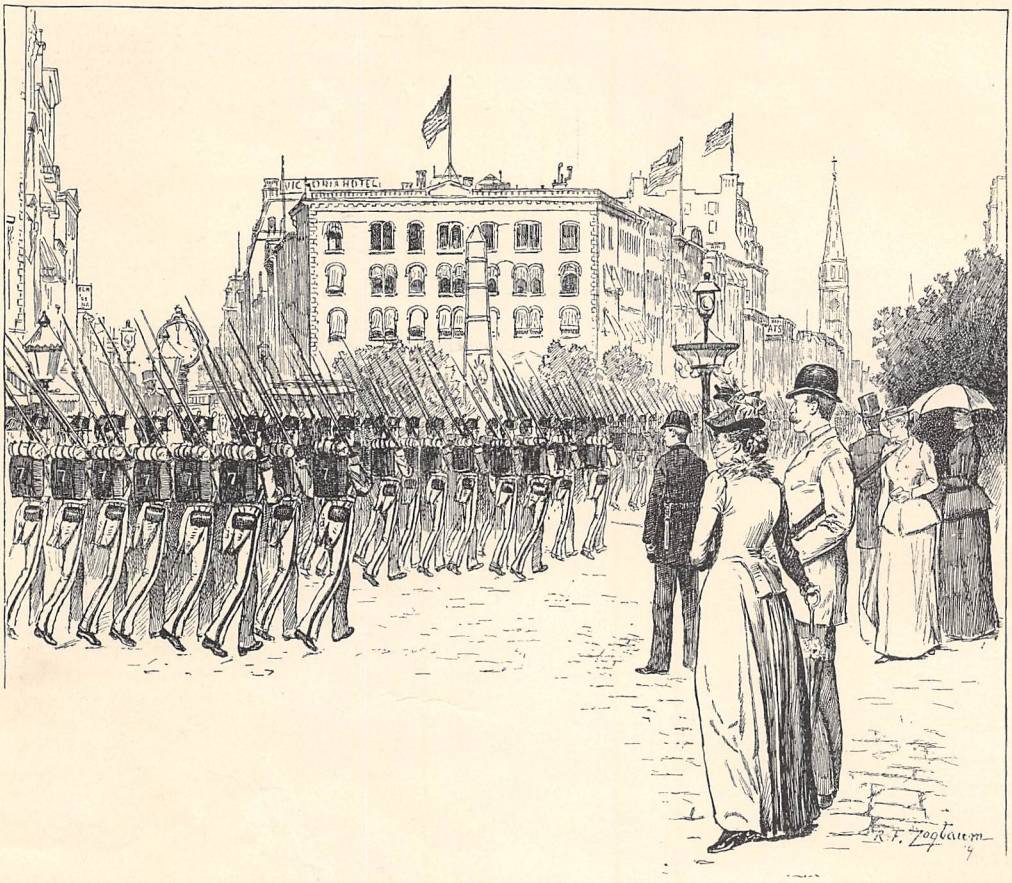
organized militia cost a little less than $24 per man, of which the general Government contributes one sixth and the States five sixths. Officers and men give their services free (except a nominal pay while in camp), and contribute for uniforms, traveling expenses, and other purposes an amount which probably exceeds the amount paid by the States.

It will be noticed that the Southern States spend less for their militia than they receive from the general Government; while in the West the Government contribution is only about one third of the total cost, in the Central States about one fifth, in certain Eastern States one sixth, and on the Pacific Coast and in the vicinity of New York the States pay fourteen times as much as the general Government. This proportion is even greater in New York, for the cost of constructing expensive armories[1] is not included in the expenditures given in that State, whereas in other States the cost of renting armories is included as part of the expenses of maintaining the force. The largest expenditure in proportion to population in any State is in Connecticut, where it is nearly fifteen cents per inhabitant. In some of the Southern States no appropriation is made.

[1] In 1889, in addition to $400,000 for the expenses of the National Guard, the State of New York spent $553,332 for armories (exclusive of those built in the city of New York which are paid for by the city) and $125,000 for pay, transportation, and subsistence of her 12,000 men who took part in the centennial parade. The total appropriations for the year in New York were thus $1,078,332. In Massachusetts and some other States the cost of erecting armories is a charge upon the city or town, and no statistics of such cost are available.

The Government contribution can be drawn only in arms, equipments, and equipage, and not in money. It is distributed to the Territories in such proportions as the President may direct, and to the States in proportion to their representation in Congress, but nothing is available for any State where there are less than one hundred organized and uniformed men for each senator and representative. The relative efficiency of the troops in different States is closely proportionate, up to a certain limit, to the money expended on them by the States themselves.

Of the total force about 94,000 are infantry, 5500 artillery, and 7000 cavalry. About one half of the force in New Mexico and in South Carolina is cavalry, and the proportion of this arm in all the Southern States is much greater than in the Northern. In many States there is no cavalry organization, and in New York, with a force of 14,000 men, there is only one troop of cavalry. Of artillery there are in the various States about sixty batteries, usually of four guns each. A few of the batteries have the new 3.2″ steel breech-loading gun, and many of them have Gatlings; but most of the guns in the hands of the militia are the 12-pounder brass Napoleons, or the 3-inch iron rifles of 1863. In addition to the guns with the batteries, there is at nearly every State arsenal a miscellaneous collection of old guns of various ages, most of which it would be dangerous to use with projectiles.

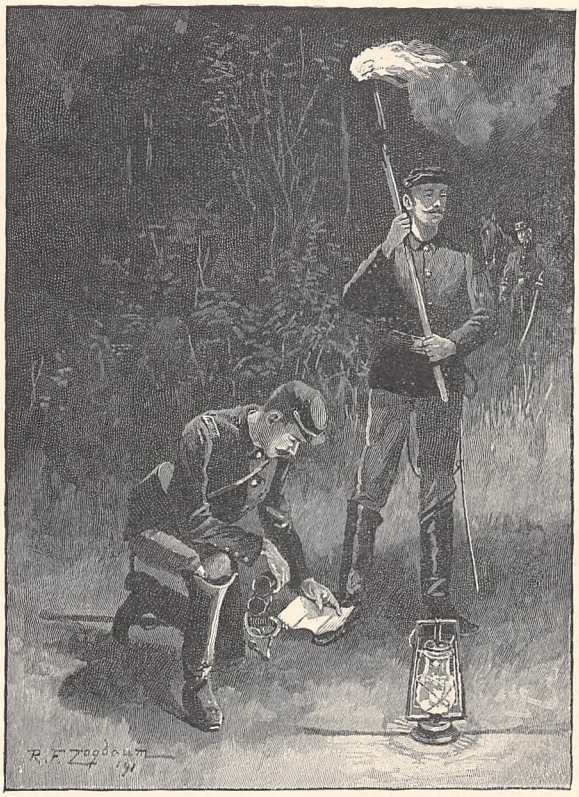


A STREET PARADE.

The usual proportions of the three arms in an army in the field are cavalry one sixth of the infantry, and artillery three pieces to 1000 infantry. But the enormous expense of maintaining or even hiring horses makes it out of the question for the militia to keep these proportions. Nor is it at all necessary, for their principal service is not in the field, but in supporting the civil authorities in maintaining order in large cities, where cavalry is practically useless, and artillery can be used only in small numbers.

In the National Guard, even more than in an army, the infantry constitutes the bulk of the

efficient force. In all the States the company is the unit of organization, but they are usually organized into regiments of ten companies each, and in most of the States into brigades of three to five regiments. In Pennsylvania the entire force constitutes a single division with three brigades and fourteen regiments. In New York there are four brigades without a common commander, except the governor and adjutant-general; the brigades contain fourteen regiments and forty-four separate companies. In Massachusetts, Illinois, and New Jersey there are two brigades each, and in many other States the entire force constitutes a single brigade. In Ohio, with eleven regiments, eight batteries, and one troop, there is no brigade organization. In New Jersey there is a division with two brigades, seven regiments, and three separate battalions.



THE SIGNAL CORPS.

In the matter of armament there is a diversity which would prove disastrous if the troops of different States should serve together in the field. In New York the Guard is armed (at the expense of the State) with the Remington, caliber .50, in Connecticut with the Peabody, caliber .43; in some of the States are still to be found some of the Springfield, caliber .50. With these exceptions, the troops are armed with the Springfield, caliber .45. As the army is on the point of changing its rifle for one of smaller caliber and probably of the magazine pattern, it is not desirable to change the armament of the National Guard until the new rifle is adopted. But at that time it would seem that the Government should promptly replace all the old guns and ammunition in the hands of the militia with new material.

In uniforms the entire National Guard, with hardly an exception, has now a service uniform closely resembling (and in many cases exactly like) the undress uniform of the army. For full-dress uniforms some regiments, like the 7th in New York, have a distinctive uniform to whose history they are attached; others have the full-dress uniform of the army, and some have no full-dress uniform at all. But in all cases the former tendency to gaudy and unserviceable uniforms has been entirely eradicated. The fault, if any, in the uniforms is too much simplicity. In all armies the picked regiments and corps have special full-dress uniforms, often quite unlike, even in the same army; their history is associated with these uniforms, and they have a positive military value in promoting regimental pride and *esprit de corps*. The gray uniform of the cadets at West Point, which has not been changed, except in head-gear, for over seventy years, is of this character, as is also that of the 7th Regiment in New York. It would be well if each regiment, or at least each State, had such a distinctive uniform for full-dress, but all having the same undress or service uniform.

It has previously been stated that the legislatures of all the States have revised their military codes since 1881. These new laws are perhaps as nearly uniform as the laws of the different States on any other single subject. Certain fundamental principles are to be found in all of them, and the most important is the division of the militia into two classes, one of which is the active or organized force, and the other is the mass of able-bodied citizens liable for military service. The active militia is composed wholly of volunteers, compulsory service being authorized only in time of war or invasion. The maximum strength is fixed by law, and in most of the States the applications for formation of new companies are much in excess of the legal limit. The enrolment of able-bodied citizens liable to military service (the unorganized militia) is in most States made every year by the tax-asses-

sors, and the return is made by them under oath to the adjutant-general. In Connecticut there is an excellent law under which all those enrolled and not serving in the active militia pay an exemption tax of two dollars. This pays all the military expenses, and enables Connecticut to make the comparatively large expenditure above mentioned. Such a tax in all the States would produce a fund of about $14,000,000 in the aggregate.

The next point in common is the exemption of the active militia from jury duty and poll-tax except for schools. The principle of electing officers is common to all the States, except that in Pennsylvania and Connecticut general officers are appointed by the governor and confirmed by the Senate, and in Illinois, Michigan, and Vermont they are appointed by the governor alone. In New Hampshire all officers are appointed by the governor and council. With these exceptions, the officers are always elected by ballot: generals by the field-officers, field-officers by the company officers, and company officers by the enlisted men of companies. Governors appoint their own staffs, and the staffs of brigades and regiments are appointed on the recommendation of the generals and colonels with whom they serve. In some States officers hold their commissions during good behavior, in others for periods of five or three years. In many States officers are appointed only after examination by a board of officers as to their fitness; and in New Jersey whenever the division commander reports that any officer is unfit for his position, the commander-in-chief may place him on the retired list and declare a vacancy. Had such a law existed in New York, it would have saved many recent scandals which have tended to demoralize the service. In nearly all the States the commander-in-chief has the power summarily to disband any company which fails to reach a certain standard of numbers or efficiency at inspection.

Enlistments are usually for three years, but in some States for five. The system of drill is invariably the United States Tactics, and in several of the States there are complete sets of regulations issued in pursuance of law, and conforming as closely as possible to the United States Regulations. The arms and equipments are issued by the States, and are public property, kept in public armories. The uniforms are sometimes furnished by the States, but more frequently by the individuals, the State contributing a specified sum of money in partial reimbursement. In nearly all the States the assembling or parade of armed bodies other than those belonging to the regularly organized militia, or National Guard, is prohibited under heavy penalties.

In all the States there are elaborate provisions for courts martial for the punishment of military offenses, but in many of them the manner of enforcing the sentences of these courts is not clearly defined. The laws of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, however, leave nothing to be desired on this score. Most of the sentences are fines, and there are also statutory punishments for absence and neglect of duty, which are imposed without the necessity of trial by a court. In Pennsylvania the president of the court issues his warrant direct to the sheriff of the county where the court is held, and the sheriff is required to collect the fine in the same manner as debts are collected on civil process; the sheriff is to make his return within twenty days, and if no goods are found, the president of the court issues his writ of commitment of the delinquent to the county jail. In New York the president is authorized to appoint a marshal of the court, who shall perform the duties of a sheriff, or he may issue his warrant direct to the sheriff, and in default of payment may commit to jail, but the imprisonment shall not exceed twenty days. In New Jersey the collection of fines is intrusted to paymasters, to whom they are duly certified; and if the fines are not paid, the paymaster puts the return into the hands of the county judge or justice of the peace, and he issues an execution directed to the sheriff by whom the fine is to be collected, but it is especially provided that no person shall be imprisoned for a militia fine in time of peace. In Michigan, for the punishment of minor offenses, complaint is entered by the company commander before a justice of the peace, who causes the offender to be arrested and brought before him for a hearing. If satisfied that the forfeiture has been incurred without good cause, he imposes the fine and issues his execution, but in default of payment imprisonment is limited to two weeks, and cannot be inflicted on any delinquent less than twenty-one years of age. This form of procedure takes the place of the Delinquency Court of New York. Graver offenses are tried before a general or regimental court martial, and the sentences "may be confirmed and carried into execution by the officer ordering the court," but the precise manner of doing so is not specified.

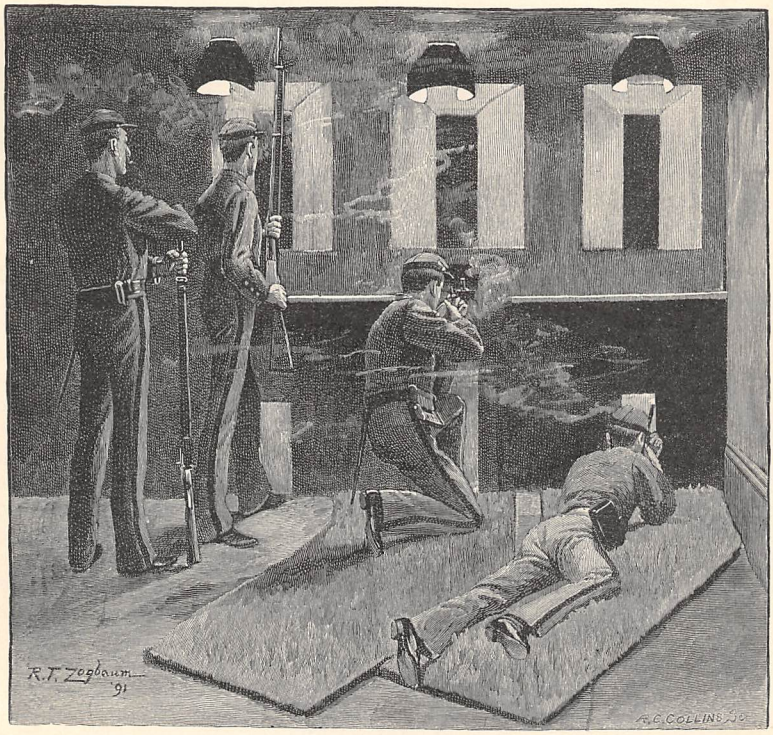
In thirty-three States the laws provide for an annual encampment of various length, from four to fourteen days. In all but three of these States provision is made for paying part or all of the expense of the encampment by the State. In some cases this is limited to the actual expenses of transportation, but in others subsistence is also furnished, and the officers and men receive pay for the time they are engaged in this service at a fixed rate per day.

From this brief examination of the principal features of the military laws of the different States it is seen that while these laws differ in details, yet the same general principles run through them all. Year by year the laws tend to become more and more uniform, each State adopting those features which have proved beneficial in other States, and rejecting those which under the test of experience have proved unsatisfactory. By this method of natural selection will be attained in due time that uniformity of system, of formation, and of discipline which Washington advocated.

The practical result of these laws, in the States where they have reached their highest development, may be best stated by comparing the National Guards of New York and Pennsylvania. In these two States the organization and training have proceeded on somewhat different lines, each of which has its advocates, and for each of which there is much to be said.

In Pennsylvania the whole force is a unit, a compact division which can be relied upon to put eight thousand men at any point within the commonwealth on notice of forty-eight hours or less. The governor is commander-in-chief and has his own administrative staff, most of whom are paid officers. The division is commanded by a major-general, with headquarters at Philadelphia, and each of the three brigades, which are of nearly equal strength, by a brigadier-general, brigade headquarters being at Philadelphia, Franklin, and Lebanon. All orders and correspondence are invariably transmitted through the proper military channels.

The troops are armed with the United States Springfield rifle, caliber .45, and wear the undress uniform of the United States army. They have no full-dress uniform. During the winter they drill in their armories in the evenings, not fewer than four times a month, in the school of the soldier, the company, and the battalion. In the spring each regiment is carefully inspected by the brigade inspector, and a minute report made of its condition in all military respects, and its figure of merit is determined according to certain clearly defined rules. In July they all go into camp for six days, one year by regiments in the vicinity of their homes, the next year by brigades in different parts of the State, and the third year by division. In 1884 the division encamped at Gettysburg, in 1887 and 1890 at Mount Gretna near Lebanon. The men pitch their own tents, draw rations from the Commissary Department, and cook their own food. The time in camp is occupied in rifle-practice, guard duty, regimental and brigade drill, inspection by the adjutant-general, and review by the governor. It is no holiday picnic, but six days and nights of the hardest

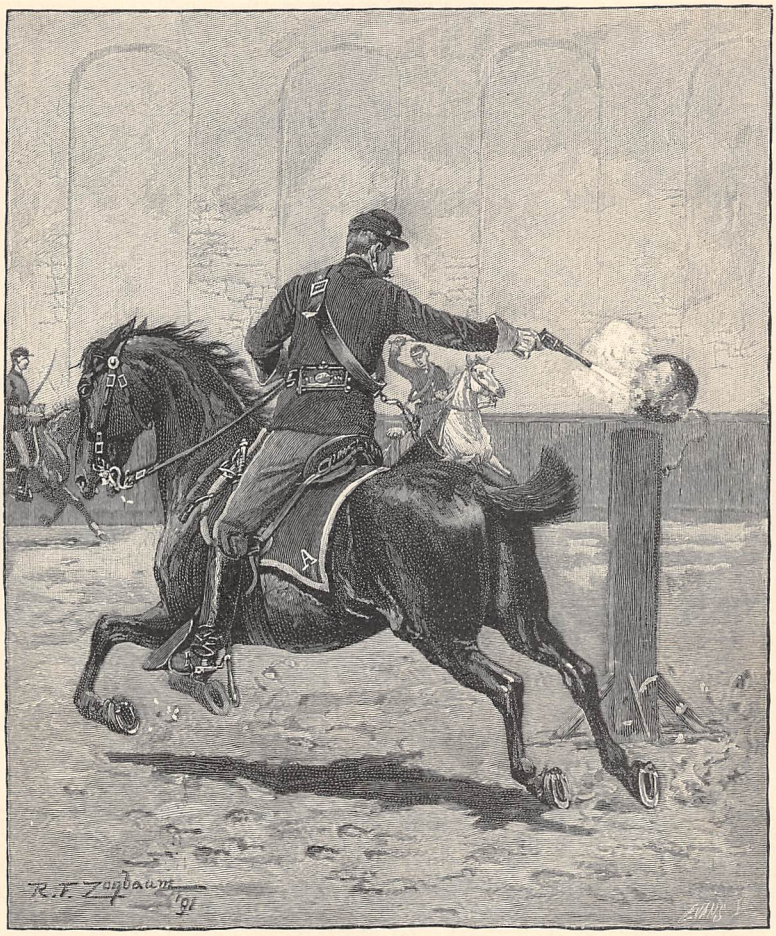


RIFLE-PRACTICE AT THE 7TH REGIMENT ARMORY.

possible work, regardless of weather, yet the percentage of "present" is about ninety-two per cent. of the total strength, and the work is performed not only without complaint, but with enthusiasm. The Guard is popular throughout the State, and corporations and other employers encourage the attendance of their employees at the camp. The work done in rifle-practice is shown by the qualification of about 600 "sharp-shooters" and 4000 "marksmen," all qualified in strict accordance with the rules prescribed and followed in the army. At each camp one or more officers of the army are detailed as inspectors to report to the War Department. At the brigade and division camps detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery from the regular army are sent to form part of the camp and provide an object-lesson for the instruction of the Guard. The triennial encampments of the division are invariably inspected and reviewed by the commanding general of the army, and frequently by the President of the United States.

In New York the governor is commander-in-chief, with his staff of administrative officers, some of whom are paid as in Pennsylvania, but there is no commanding general. The adjutant-general has the rank of major-general, and is senior to all other officers in the Guard. In the lack of a division commander, he exercises many of the functions of a commanding general. The troops are formed into four brigades, with headquarters at New York, Brooklyn, Albany, and Buffalo respectively; but the strength of the brigades is unequal, the first brigade having forty per cent. of the entire force and the fourth brigade only fifteen per cent. The troops are armed with the Remington rifle, caliber .50, which cannot use the Government ammunition. They all have an undress uniform, and in addition each regiment has a full-dress uniform of its own, many but not all of which are identical. During the winter they drill in the evenings in their armories, which are larger and superior in every respect to those possessed by any other State; in fact such magnificent covered drill-houses are not to be found anywhere else in America or in Europe. These armories afford facilities for gallery rifle-practice which are fully utilized. In the spring every regiment or company is inspected and mustered by the inspector-general at the armories, and ordinarily there is a street parade on Decoration Day. The city of New York has in Van Cortlandt Park a training-ground of over 1000 acres, sufficiently large for manœuvering a brigade in practical field-exercises, and containing in one part a level parade-ground of nearly 100 acres, recently completed at an expense of $90,000, and probably the finest drill-ground of its kind in the world. This park affords such favorable opportunities for field-exercises that probably such exercises and a brigade review will form part of the routine of duty every spring hereafter. During the summer and autumn there is constant rifle-practice for the first two brigades at the State range at Creedmoor, and for the other two brigades at other ranges scattered throughout the State. The number of sharp-shooters is about 250 and of marksmen 4600. In July a portion of the troops go into camp for seven days. The State owns a permanent camp-ground near Peekskill, on the Hudson, where the tents are pitched by employees, comfortably floored, and remain standing throughout the camp season of six weeks. There is also a permanent mess-hall, erected at a cost of $26,000, where the men are fed by a caterer and hired cooks. The camp will accommodate about 1200 men, and in six weeks about half of the regiments can have their turn, each one week at a time. Thus each regiment or company has a turn of camp duty once in two years. The number "present" averages only seventy-five per cent. of the total, the feeling of the employers in New York toward their employees in regard to absence for this service being quite different from that existing in Pennsylvania. The adjutant-general is in permanent command of the camp as a post, and has a permanent post-adjutant and special instructors in guard duty and other exercises. An officer of the army is always detailed, for the whole period of the camp, to report to the War Department. No time is wasted in reviews, formal inspections, or rifle-practice. All these are performed at other times and places. The whole period of the camp is devoted to guard and outpost duty, battalion and skirmish drill.

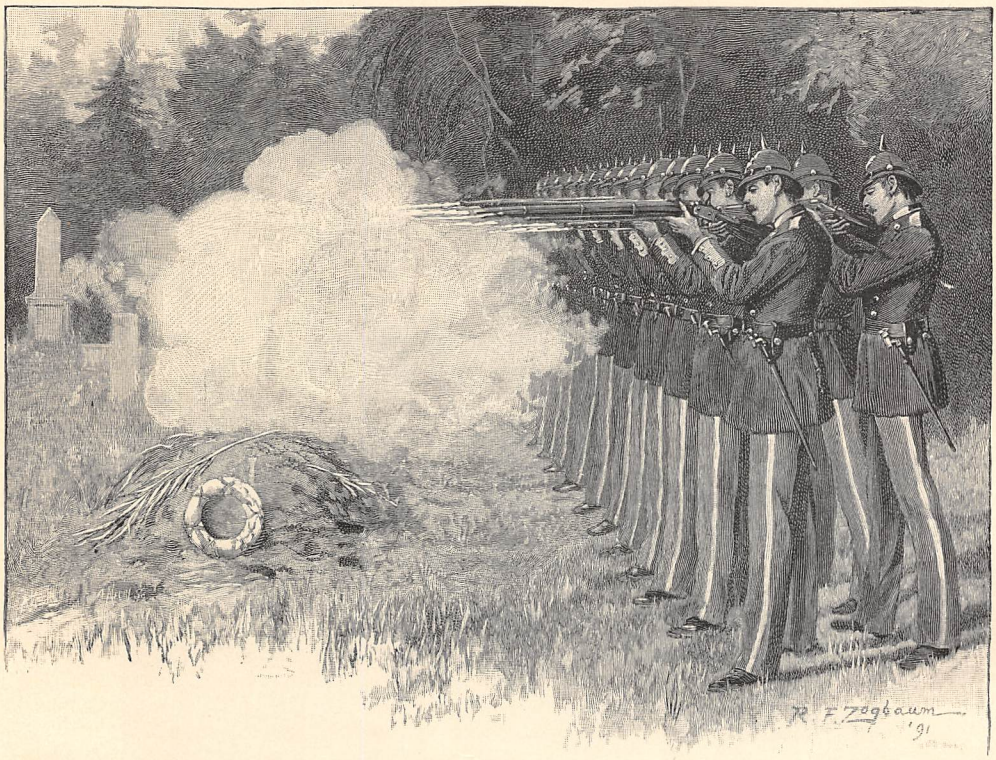
The two systems of organization and instruction thus outlined are quite dissimilar. In Pennsylvania there is a unit — the division — with its subordinate organizations and well-defined military channels. In New York there is a collection of regiments and "separate companies" which are seldom brought together, and many of which do not see each other for years. The practical instruction in mobilizing, transporting, and supplying the Pennsylvania division is invaluable to the staff. The education in the hardships and discomforts of a soldier's life, and in taking care of one's self when removed from the sphere of the landlord, the tailor, the butcher, the grocer, and the baker, is equally invaluable to the company officers and men. The experience of seeing large bodies of troops assembled and commanded in proper manner gives an idea of the ultimate end and aim of all military instruction, which can be gained in no other way. All this the Pennsylvania system provides in some measure, and the New



INDOOR CAVALRY PRACTICE — SHOOTING AND CUTTING AT THE HEADS.

York system not at all. On the other hand, this is gained at the expense of proficiency in details. The New York troops are better "set up," present a smarter appearance, are much more thoroughly drilled in the school of the company and battalion, have a better knowledge of guard and outpost duty, are more observant of military courtesy,—in short, are in every way better drilled as regiments. In Pennsylvania some of the governors, all of the general officers, and many of the colonels have been veterans of the civil war; they keep in close touch with the army and its principal officers, and they pride themselves on being practical soldiers and not merely men of parade. Their model is the veteran volunteers of 1865, than which none could be better; but in following this ideal too many of the men mistake a slouchy appearance, a lack of discipline, and a disregard of cleanliness in camp for evidences of their practical knowledge. Unconsciously they imitate the bummer instead of the veteran. In New York, on the other hand, the proportion of officers who served in the civil war is much smaller, the men as a rule are possessed of more means, the State spends much more money in providing them with armories and other facilities, and their minds are more closely occupied with the minor details of drill. Their ideal is not so much the veteran volunteer as the 7th Regiment, which has for fifty years maintained its reputation as the best-drilled body of soldiers in the whole country, with the single exception of the West Point cadets.

There are merits and defects in both systems, and the true ideal is to be found in accepting what is good and rejecting what is bad in both. The Pennsylvania troops can adopt, with great advantage to themselves, the neatness and the proficiency in drill and details of the New York men; and if these latter could add to their knowledge of the drill-book the better organization of the Pennsylvania troops and their practical experience in massing and handling large bodies in the field and in the routine of camp, as it is carried on in actual service, they would



LAST HONORS.

form a corps which would compare favorably with regular armies. Whether with the limited time at disposal the two systems can be combined is a question which admits of doubt, but there can be no doubt that the effort of all the National Guards should be in this direction.

The objects for which the militia is maintained, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, are clearly defined in the Constitution, "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions." But the militia is very much older than the Constitution, and its primary object always was, and still is, to aid the civil authorities in maintaining the law within the States, in those cases where the ordinary means — the sheriff, the constable, and the police — are insufficient. The States are prohibited from keeping troops in time of peace without the consent of Congress, but this consent was given by the Act of 1792, authorizing the organization of the militia into "divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies, as the legislature of the State may direct," and the consent has never been withdrawn except by the Act of March 2, 1867, which for a time prohibited nine States lately in rebellion from maintaining an organized militia.

The militia has thus a twofold allegiance — first, to the State, to assist in maintaining order, and, second, to the general government, to suppress insurrection and repel invasion. But outside of its legal duties to the State and nation, the militia has a well-defined status in the military policy which has grown up in a century of experience, and which, while not prescribed in any statute, is quite permanently established. This system comprises, first, a small *regular army*, to aid in the settlement of the country by affording protection against Indians, to serve as a training-school for officers, and to provide a nucleus for the large armies necessary in time of war; second, the *militia*, to aid the civil authorities in maintaining order, to serve as a secondary training-school for officers, and to act at decisive points on the outbreak of hostilities; third, large armies of *volunteers*, enlisted for the period of the war, officered principally from the regular army and the militia, and upon whom fall the hard fighting of the war, and the conquering of a peace, almost to the exclusion of the regular army and the militia.

Our history shows that this military system, which has replaced the method of relying upon an unorganized militia which produced such disaster in the war of 1812, is well adapted to our situation and requirements, and it is approved practically without dissent. In the two subsequent wars each of the three branches, the regulars, the militia, and the volunteers,

performed its allotted part. In Mexico the regular army sustained the bulk of the fighting, but it was assisted by a considerable body of volunteers, who at Buena Vista and elsewhere rendered most gallant and admirable service, and the officers of these volunteers had largely gained their military training in the militia. In the civil war, at its outbreak, the capital was saved from occupation, and communication between it and the North was maintained, by the militia of New York and New England. It is difficult to overestimate the value of the service thus rendered in gaining time for the organization of the volunteer armies by whom the war was to be fought.

In any future war the militia will doubtless play the same part. At the outbreak its best brigades and regiments will be sent to decisive points, to hold these until volunteers can be organized to take their places. After that is accomplished they can render greater service by furnishing instructed officers to volunteer regiments, and thus disseminating their military knowledge, than by acting as military regiments. At no previous period of our history have we had so large a body of militia capable of rendering efficient service at the beginning of hostilities, or so many men available, by reason of their military instruction and enthusiasm, for officers of volunteers.

Yet, while this is true, much remains to be done and can be done still further to improve the efficiency of the militia. On a previous page it has been shown that the annual cost of the militia is about four cents per unit of population, and that in the States where the militia is most thoroughly organized the general Government contributes but one fourteenth part of this. It is evident that the general Government should give a larger portion, and should couple its donation with a more rigid inspection by its own officers as to the efficiency of the force to whose support it contributes. At present it divides its money among the States according to their representation in Congress, regardless of the condition of the force in any State, provided only that this force is reported "organized and uniformed" to the extent of one hundred men for every senator and representative. The Government might well make its assistance dependent on the number of men present in camp, fully armed and equipped and instructed in drill and rifle-practice, as determined by its own inspectors according to certain definite standards. The total amount of the Government contribution is also much too small. In 1808 it provided $200,000 for this purpose, which was 1¼ per cent. of its total revenue, and 2¾ cents per unit of the population of that date. At present 1¼ per cent. of the total revenue would be $5,000,000, and 2¾ cents per unit of population would be $1,722,000. Such sums are not necessary; but something more is necessary than the $400,000, or one tenth of one per cent. of its revenue, which the Federal Government now contributes to the militia. The bill which failed in the last Congress provided for an annual appropriation of $1,000,000, a sum which would doubtless be sufficient, and which at the same time is not only easily within its means, but less in proportion to revenue or population than it paid for more than thirty years after 1808, without receiving any adequate return.

Not only should the general Government aid the militia more liberally, but the individual States should increase their share of the expenses. An inefficient militia is worse than useless, and the money spent upon it is wholly wasted. If it is to be maintained at all, it should be kept to the highest state of efficiency consistent with its fundamental principle of being a voluntary, unpaid organization of men engaged in other occupations for their livelihood. It has been previously stated that some of the States contribute less than the pittance allowed by the general Government, and the nominal force in them is nearly one fourth of the whole. In these States there are no suitable armories, but few encampments, and little if any rifle-practice. The troops are not properly instructed, and would be of doubtful value in any of the emergencies for which the militia exists.

What should be and can be accomplished in the militia is to provide a force with a proper organization, uniformly armed, clothed, and equipped, well instructed in the book-drill and in the rudiments of guard and outpost duty, and, above all, perfectly familiar, by constant use, with its firearm. It is doubtful if more than this can be accomplished, and, at least in its present condition, it is probable that extended field-manœuvers and other ambitious projects which have been suggested would result in failure. It was a maxim with Colonel Emmons Clark, during the twenty-five years in which he commanded the New York 7th Regiment and brought it to its unrivaled excellence, never to attempt anything that could not be done well, and to do perfectly whatever was attempted. The result is seen in a regiment which has the maximum strength of 40 officers and 1011 men authorized by law, with over 200 instructed recruits on the "waiting list," which qualifies every year from ninety-five per cent. to ninety-seven per cent. of its strength as marksmen, whose reputation for proficiency in drill is known from one end of the land to the other, and which furnished 667 officers and men to the volunteer armies of the civil war.

The fundamental fact should always be re-

membered that the militia is a voluntary and unpaid organization of men, to whom soldiering is an incident and not the main object of their lives. Such a force must be judged by different rules and standards from those which apply to a regular army. Discipline is not impossible in such a force, but it must be maintained through the intelligence, with force only distant in the background, rather than by brute force alone. The election of regimental and company officers, which would be an absurdity in a paid regular service, is a cherished and ancient privilege of the militia, without which the force could not be maintained for a year; and it is almost equally important that the men should have the right to elect their comrades. If the guardsman is to be obtained without pay, and to give his evenings and his holidays to military work, the service must be made attractive to him by the State and Federal governments. The fact of his enlistment presupposes military enthusiasm, for there is no other sufficient motive. To keep this enthusiasm alive the State and the nation must do their part.

With these fundamental principles in view, it is not difficult to define in a general way the respective duties of the three parties to the system.

First. The Federal Government should provide arms, equipments, and equipage, all of the latest pattern furnished to the regular troops, a service undress uniform, and the system of drill; and it should have the right to an annual inspection, and to require a certain standard of efficiency as a condition of its contributions.

Second. The State should provide armories, camping-grounds, rifle-ranges, and ammunition, and the cost of transportation necessary for assembling the entire force of the State for outdoor instruction once in each year.

Third. The officers and men should give their own time without pay, purchase the distinctive full-dress uniform of their regiment or State, and pay such annual dues as are necessary for fitting up their armory rooms according to their own taste, providing such athletic sports as are useful in developing their physical condition, and paying such incidental expenses as the State cannot properly be charged with, but which are essential to maintaining a proper *esprit de corps*.

All this can be accomplished and an efficient force of about 100,000 men be maintained at a total annual expense of about fifty dollars per man, supplemented by extra appropriations for an entire rearmament whenever the progress of military science makes a change of weapons necessary. Of this expense the Federal Government may fairly be asked to contribute one fifth, the State three fifths, and the individuals one fifth. In this way will be secured the cheapest military force in the world; a force quite different from a regular army, but having a distinct and well-defined place in our military system, capable of rendering efficient and valuable service in emergencies which are more frequent than war, as well as in war itself; a force which is a constant safeguard on the side of law and order, and is competent to realize the constitutional ideal of giving "security to a free State."

Francis V. Greene.

"CEASE FIRING!"

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

VI.

IT was some weeks before we were all together again. St. Clair had asked us to come to see certain clay models he had been at work upon, and thus it chanced one night that we met at his studio. This was a long building of brick, and only a story high. The rooms were separated only by heavy curtains, and the roof was broken by skylights. The place was ablaze with gas-jets as I entered the waiting-room, which was full of bas-reliefs, statuettes, and pictures — the gifts of artist friends. St. Clair was walking to and fro.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said, as I greeted him.

"They are worth more. I was thinking how Michelangelo would have enjoyed this good pipe of tobacco. As to Shakspere, he must have smoked. I should like to know who of the poets smoked. Lamb alone has sung of it. Lowell loved a pipe: so does Tennyson; but neither ever sang its praise.

"Certainly you are wrong as to Lowell," I said. "I recall a charming passage of his about the solace of the pipe. It is an immense help to good talk, makes decent pauses, gives time to reflect, and what a resource it is when a good solidly constructed bore has you in his coils."

"You speak feelingly. When shall you write that little essay about bores we talked of?"

"Oh, who can say? When I shall have written my natural history of fools. I began it once, but was checked at the outset by the need to define a bore. It is more mysterious than it seems. We are all bores at times. I am, I know. I am acquainted with two very able and original thinkers who never talk very long, and never pay long visits, but who nevertheless indescribably bore me. I made out at last, as regards one, that it was something in the tone of his voice; and as to the other, that it was the excessive slowness of his talk."

"The man who bores one the worst," said St. Clair, "the through-and-through bore, is the man who assumes the utter absence of capacity on your part to imagine or to know what is easily imagined or known. He begins with the Ark, or the Fall of Man, when he is about to relate how he slipped on an orange-peeling."

"I know," said I. "We have a style of professional bore we call a case-doctor, who is always relating to you cases just in that fashion. As to the fool business, that is simpler. There is the foolish fool, the fool who is a good fellow, the ass fool, and the fool finely endowed with obstinacy — the mule fool, and the middle-aged woman fool. They are all first cousins of the bores."

"And which am I?" cried Vincent, as he entered with Clayborne.

"The reverse of all folly," I cried.

"I? By George! If you had my intimate acquaintance with Fred Vincent you would hardly say so."

"Envy no man," said Clayborne, "who is not sometimes a fool. The thing is to know it. Your true fool never does. Sickness, my dear Owen, must present you with some interesting varieties of the genus fool."

"Yes," I returned; "the hysterical fool is of all the worst. How about the statues, St. Clair?"

"Come in. They are only huge sketches as yet."

We followed him into the middle room, where, amid plaster legs, arms, torsos, and medallions, were three tall formless things draped in wet gray cloths. About them lay chisels, molding-tools, buckets, and troughs of damp clay.

"Do you recall," said St. Clair to me, "that a year ago you were here when I was modeling my Venus?"

"Perfectly."

"You inquired of me how the female form would look in a masculine attitude like that of the gladiator striking with the cestus. I asked Miss S——, the model, to take the attitude. I was struck with its beauty, and a month ago I made use of it, or began to. It is a Roman lady, in the days of the decadence, boxing. You know it became the strange fashion to imitate the gladiators. Look!" And at this he cast off the wet covering.

A young, nude, and beautiful woman was striking exactly as does the trained boxer. The face, somewhat large of feature, was proud, sensual, and cruel. The muscles were rather too strongly marked for beauty, but the long, sinuous curves from shoulder to foot were of marvelous vigor.

"It has its moral," said Vincent, gravely.

"Yes," returned the sculptor; "I hope so."

Then we were silent a moment, and he went on. "It had a curious effect on my model. Miss S—— is a perfectly good girl, like many of our models, and queerly full of the art sayings and criticisms of a dozen studios. She said she

did not like it, and I really think was angry, but I could get nothing more out of her."

"One might guess why she disliked it," said Vincent. "It is a terrible conception. Let us see the other. I am like your model, I hate it."

"And I may in a week," returned St. Clair, as he removed a second cloth, and looked around at us, smiling.

Four armed Greeks bore on their shoulders a shield on which lay, passive in death, the body of a young man slain in battle. The beardless face, still in the relaxation of death, rested on the edge of the shield. The features wore the expressionless calm of eternal rest from strife. I remarked on the success of the rendering of this difficult expression, or simple lack of expression, which I had seen on so many battlefields. It is not lasting, and it is not common.

"But," said Vincent, "are not men, killed with the sword, apt to show pain in the lines of the face after death?"

"Really," I said, "so few men are killed with the sword or bayonet in modern warfare that it is rather hard to answer you. For the artist this is of little moment. Men killed instantly by bullets sometimes preserve for a time precisely the expression of the moment, and no doubt you have all seen those photographs of the dead at Gettysburg, where some of them remain in exactly the postures of their last act."

"No," said Clayborne. "How strange!"

"It appears," I continued, "to be a sudden, indeed, an almost instantaneous, *rigor mortis*. Usually the dead grow rigid after some hours. Previous fatigue is said to have to do with this early and abrupt rigidity. The effect is ghastly. One of our greatest generals[1] told me that at a spring in Georgia he halted to water his horse, and called to a man kneeling with his head at the water-level to move and make way for him. As he did not stir, an aide dismounted and spoke to him. He still remained motionless, and it was then seen that while in the act of kneeling to drink a bullet had crashed through his brain, and he had stayed, as if of stone, in the attitude in which the deadly messenger of fate found him."

"I recall your having mentioned this before," said Clayborne. "You spoke then of an essay upon the subject."

"Yes; by Surgeon John H. Brinton — a most curious record."

"I once chanced," said Clayborne, "to mention it to General Grant. He said that it could not be true, as he had seen numberless battlefields, but had never noticed a single instance of a man shot retaining his posture. I replied that General Sheridan had told me he had many times seen it, and spoke of Brinton's paper. General Grant replied at once that what these two men said they had noticed must be correct, but that it was strange that he himself should never have had his attention called to what was so singular a fact."

"The singularity," I replied, "is indeed in his failure to see what must have been before him many times. He must have been lacking in the power of minute observation, or rather in that automatic capacity to note details amidst such scenes, which some possess."

"He might," said Vincent, "have been too profoundly absorbed by the greater problems with which he had to deal."

"No; it was want of the naturalist's habit of observing without effort of attention, and in part defect of interest in the unusual. He saw, but was not impressed, and so took away no remembrance of what impressed others. Certainly it was not the mere absorption in greater matters. He was almost abnormally unimpressible. Neither sudden deaths of masses of men, nor sudden reverses, disturbed his mind. I have known him to discuss breeds of horses with interest while a battle was going on."

As I talked, and after I ceased, we moved about the group for a while in silence. Then presently Vincent said, "The charm of the thing is in the bearers of the dead. It is not a calamity for them. The young hero goes home on his shield from victorious strife, dead with honor. The contrast of his set, still face with the look of triumph in their features is really a noble success in art, and there is, too, some remnant of the passion and wrath of fight still suggested in the lower facial lines of the living bearers. I congratulate you, St. Clair; it is a poem in clay. The epitaph of the dead man is in their faces."

St. Clair was delighted. "You have seized my meaning precisely," he said. "My chief trouble was in the management of the arm which hangs over the shield. It does not yet satisfy me, and to finish it in marble will be difficult."

"Had you good models?" I said. "The four men are remarkably individualized, both as to form and expression. One is much younger than the others, and his face is distinctly more sad."

"Might be a brother of the dead man," said Vincent.

"Precisely," returned St. Clair. "What charming critics you fellows are! As to models, I was fairly well off; I had two brothers of Miss S——."

"The shield is not correct as to form," said Clayborne.

"That may be true," returned the sculptor.

"Nothing seems to me more strange," I said, "than the life of a female model. And yet great ladies have been willing to be models."

[1] Sherman.

"What you say," returned St. Clair, "recalls a rather singular story, which came to my knowledge in Italy years ago. Come into the outer room; it is less warm there, and we can talk at ease. The third figure is unfinished, and does not please me. It is after Browning's poem of 'Saul.' No; I won't show it, at least not to-night. Come."

We followed him into the outer room, and settled ourselves on lounges or easy-chairs, pipe in hand.

"And now for the story," said I.

"It was in Florence," he said, "years ago. The sculptor N——, at present a man of world-wide fame, was just rising into notice. He was desperately poor, proud as only an impoverished noble can be, and as handsome as one of my young Greeks. His absorption in his art was something past belief. He lived in it, and for it, and neither man nor woman seemed to attract him save in their relation to his work. I remember once, after an evening at the theater, being amused to discover that he did not know what opera had been sung, his attention having been entirely captured by the lines of the neck of a woman in a box near by.

"To cut a long story short, the young widow of an old Neapolitan prince fell madly in love with him, and, to my surprise, I learned that he was to marry her. He was rather cool about it when I congratulated him, and so the affair ran on for some months, the woman evidently much the more interested of the two.

"One night, at an open-air concert, he was talking to me excitedly of his new statue—a vestal virgin, a partly draped figure. I had seen his sketches, and anticipated a triumph of original work in its completion. Certainly the idea was novel. The vestal was asleep in her chair beside the dying altar-fire she had been set to guard. A tender smile, perhaps the dream-gift of forbidden love, was on her face—a charming conception. He told me he had had several models, but that all lacked the dignity and refinement of a Roman patrician. He foresaw failure, and wailed in an outspoken Italian way. What was the world to him? What was anything, with this fate before him, to know he might realize his vision of chastity and loveliness, and to find it eluding him? There were models in Rome, but he had no means to seek or bring them. I offered help as delicately as I could, and he resented it almost as an insult.

"'Do you suppose,' said he, 'the Princess N—— would not help me if I asked her? I would die first! Money! I wish she had none.'

"'Hush!' I said; 'some one will overhear you. You have so much in life—your art, your growing fame, a noble woman, love, youth.'

"'And what are these?' he cried bitterly. 'What is anything to me? What is youth or fame? What is she compared to my art? Do you suppose any woman's love can compensate me for what I am losing? These dreams must be born into marble or they become as wind-torn mists, and fade away. I have had this bitterness before, and love! you talk to me of love!'

"'Nonsense,' I said; 'you cannot love as a man should love—as that woman is worthy to be loved.'

"He started up.

"'Love her as I love my art? Not I. The mortal before the enduring? Not I.'

"He was too passionately moved to hear the quick rustle of garments behind us. But, turning my head, I saw, or thought I saw, the Princess retreating swiftly. A week later I met him radiant and joyous. As he took a seat beside me at a café, he cried:

"'I have it! The clay is nearly done. Count R—— has bought it, and I am to put it into marble at once.'

"'And the model?' I said.

"'Ah, thereby hangs a tale, as you English say. The day after I saw you the Princess left Florence. She returns next week. It is strange how she disturbs my use of the power which I know is in me. I felt free once more. You will think that horrible; it is true. Well, the day I bade her good-by I found a peasant woman waiting in my studio. She was, to my amusement, masked, and carried a little slate, like Ursula, the dumb model in Rome. On the slate was written: "I am a model. My brothers insist that my face shall not be seen. I can come daily for a week." I said: "Well, here is the statue in the rough. Go back of the curtain; take this veil stuff; arrange yourself; and we will see." Presently she came in, still masked, and took instantly the pose of my vestal. I was struck as dumb as she. An arm and shoulder are bare; the left arm, gathering the drapery, lies across the waist; the limbs are partly draped; the feet are in little sandals I had had made. Anything more gracious, more virginal, man never saw. I asked no questions, but went on as if I were inspired. No model I can recall so caught the spirit of the thing. If the ghost of some patrician girl of Rome's noblest had come to help me, it could not have been more wonderful. It was not a model; it was a vestal. The seventh day she did not appear, and that is the queerest of all, because I had agreed to pay her then, and her terms were unusually moderate. However, it is done, or nearly done; I can do without her—but—'

"'But what?'

"'Oh, I should have liked to have seen her again. That is all.'

"'And,' I said, 'when does Princess N—— return?'

"'To-morrow. I shall be glad to see her. My mind is at ease now; and how much it will please her!'

"We met again in three days. He was wild with anger.

"'She is gone!' he said. 'Come and gone. Gone to Constantinople, they said, and thence to the East. Not a word, not a note. I had written to her at Naples, but had no reply. Yesterday I called, and was told she was not at home; and to-day, that she left last night.'

"I said that it did seem strange to me, and that something certainly would explain it in a few days; but nothing did."

"WELL," said Clayborne, "is that all?"

"You don't mean that you don't understand it!" cried St. Clair.

"Yes. It seems to me entirely without ending."

The rest of us laughed. Clayborne, a most intelligent being, was subject at times to total eclipses.

"Perhaps," said St. Clair, "the sequel may help you. Three years later the Princess N—— married Count von C——, the German cavalry general, and a man in every way charming. Still later, at the sale of the effects of Count R——, the Princess bought my friend's vestal, outbidding an English duke and a French banker. I was told that she keeps it in her own boudoir, and that no visitors see it."

"And is that a true story?" said Vincent.

"Why ask?" cried St. Clair.

"Oh, I wanted to know if the man really did not know or ever guess who his model was. It seems incredible."

"I never asked him."

"I suppose not."

"I see now," said Clayborne, and was noisily congratulated on his acuteness amidst storms of laughter.

"Did I not once tell you," said the object of our mirth, "that at times all of us are subject to attacks of folly—idiocy, if you like. *Vide* Newton and the cats."

"Do you suppose the reverse applies to the fool?" laughed Vincent.

"Yes," I said; "in a way, up to a certain or uncertain limit. A friend of mine once made a clever enigma. It was correctly answered, and that in a moment, by a rather dull schoolgirl and by one of the most brilliant of American writers, but by no one else."

"Leave out the headings of a good many poems I know," said Clayborne, "and see if you have not good enigmas."

"Let us hear your enigma," said Vincent.

"Certainly," said I. "By the way, to justify Clayborne, I may as well say that it was really lines on —"

"Oh, don't tell!" cried St. Clair.

"Well, the author saw that without the heading it was a clever enigma. I believe it has not been in print.

"A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakspere free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing, and Taylor preach.
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide."

"What nonsense!" said Clayborne. "And the answer?"

"Don't tell!" cried St. Clair. "Let us ask Mrs. Vincent."

"Agreed," said I.

"As you like," added Clayborne; "but to go back a little. There is some element of luck in the guessing business, almost the chance falling upon the clue; and as to the reverse cases of which you spoke, there are instances of the single poem of value a man writes, the one speech of force coming from men who were before, or after, incapable. Take the stray passages in books, otherwise valueless, as the guess at the true theory of the circulation by Servetus. If my memory served me better, I could quote no end of such cases. Talking of memory, H—— told me once that he could never remember his own poems—I mean so as to repeat them accurately. That seemed odd to me."

"Not at all," said I. "He has in mind a multitude of versions, variations, and changes. It is like the want of clearness which is caused by the superposition of photographic images."

"That must be it. And, by the way, North, you promised us a sketch from the man who has the curious complaint of too good a memory. Is that alone as a case, or did you ever hear of a like instance?"

"Yes; the late C—— P—— told me he knew well a French *savant* who was troubled by the perfection of his memory. He forgot nothing. The words a passing friend said in the street, the editorial he read to-day, the lecture he heard a week or five years ago were all alike, and equally ready to turn up in mind distinct, or capable of being repeated word for word. His childish fears, emotions experienced years before, were in the same way competent to trouble him in all the acuteness of their first presence. Unlike my patient, this man, a member of the Academy, was a person of great intelligence,

and had his memorial stores somewhat under control. About my case there is an element of morbidness, and certainly only a moderate amount of mental force."

"I should think," said Clayborne, "that a curious essay could be written about the people who possessed an excess of one quality of mind without the balancing faculties which act as critical or controlling forces. I can conceive of a man with a really good intellect without imagination, or of a strong mind devoid of power to love."

"Like a cherub—a winged brain and no heart," said St. Clair.

"Delightful!" cried Vincent. "And again there is the man of imagination without critical intelligence."

"But how is it, North, as to people with excessive sensory powers? Are they apt to be as clever as others?"

"No; hardly," I replied, a little in doubt. "The cases I have seen of extraordinary sight, hearing, or smell have been in hypnotized or hysterical folks, or in people in some way diseased. I have known persons who could hear what was said in the next room; others who could detect by smell to whom garments belonged which had been laundried. Now that you raise the question, it does seem strange that our senses should sometimes in disease, or morbid conditions, attain a perfection beyond that which under any education they can reach in health."

"Your examples serve at least to show what we might be," said Clayborne. "There are some curious speculations in this direction in Taylor's 'Physical Theory of Another Life.'"

"But what about your case?" said St. Clair.

"I have it here," said I. "It is rather long, but you can smoke."

"Let me quote first," said Vincent, "the reflection of Emerson, 'A pity that the insanities of the insane are not complementary, so that we could house two of them together.' That is about his phrase. I fancy he referred to the cranks who tormented him."

"And," said St. Clair, "who have no dead point like an honest working crank."

"I must not let Vincent begin the subject of cranks," I said, "or we shall sit all night. But as Vincent quoted that suggestive thinker I was reflecting upon the fact that while we accept individuality as a thing certain for all men, and cease to wonder at its immensity of variation, we rarely remark upon the equal individualization of man's many faculties—the distinctness of quality in the different little workmen who haunt the factories of the brain. And then the wonder of it! To see these brain-cells and fibers so nearly alike that while the convolutions, the weight, and the gross form of the low criminal brain and the brain of a Newton are, within limits, different, these tiny creative or reflective cells, these little masses of nerve-matter that think, suffer, remember, and love, and always in their own individualized way, are so much alike in the best and the worst brains that the grouped cells that made 'Hamlet' could not be distinguished by any material feature from those which gave us 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"Or 'Leaves of Grass,'" said Clayborne.

"Bet you anything you never read either," said St. Clair. "'Leaves of Grass' and Tupper! There was a bore."

"There are no literary bores," retorted Clayborne. "No book need bore; you can always cut a book."

"Or not *cut* it," I laughed.

"Shame!" cried Clayborne.

"Shall I help you?" said St. Clair.

"Oh, I saw it. I really did," said Clayborne.

"I am not sure," cried St. Clair, rising to fill his pipe anew. "But to end these metaphysical fancies. It does seem strange to a man dealing with the material outside human make, that while every inch of a man's skin varies so that you can swear to it as belonging to this or that man, and to no one else, the material within his skull, which at least represents him as to his highest qualities, should be to appearances so unindividual, and vary only a little as to quantity, or only a little as to gross form."

"There must be more essential variations, unseen as yet," said Vincent.

"Yes; it is we, the critics, who fail," I replied.

"As the mere materialist always will," cried Vincent. "But what does St. Clair mean by every inch of us differing?"

"I mean our surfaces. You can see it if you get a thousand men to press each his forefinger on a bit of slightly smoked card. No two will be identically the same."

"Delightful!" said Vincent. "Sounds like a bit of 'Gulliver's Travels.'"

"Oh, it is true; it has been studied, I believe, with care. What about that biography?"

"It is rather late," said I.

"Oh, go on," returned St. Clair. "We can smoke, as you said."

"No; we have talked away all the time I can now spare. Let us adjourn to Vincent's, say to Sunday night. We shall have Mrs. Vincent then, and I want her to hear it."

VII.

If there be such a thing as friendship at first sight, then it happened to me when first I saw Mrs. Vincent. I was still in bed, and at times suffering in such ways as are hideous to recall, and Fred had asked leave to bring his

young wife to see me. I was glad, for, as I have said, to be ill is a feminine verb, and agrees best with that gender. I was justified in her choice of time and a companion. She would have none of Fred, and went quietly and asked Mrs. L—— to go with her, and also she sent me word it would be at twilight, and named the hour, and was there as it struck—all of which goes to show that a goodly part of the divinity which shapes our ends materializes here below in the form of a woman.

She said no word as to my wound or my ailments, and yet, often since, I have seen her profuse in sentiment and demonstrative in manner, being a creature of many available moods. She talked pretty gossip, while Mrs. L—— sat by and wondered a little at the light folly of the chat. But when Anne Vincent left me, I was happier and more hopeful. At the door she turned, Mrs. L—— having preceded her, and said, "And now we are friends, you know." And with a smile on her lip, and with eyes quite overfull, added, "I am very exacting. Good-by."

Her goodness, her gentle follies, and the like we shall know better as these rambling pages go on.

The drawing-room was unlighted, as it was May and warm, and Mrs. Vincent, with St. Clair and Clayborne, sat at the open window, which overlooked large garden spaces.

"How silent you all are!" said I.

"That is only because we do not speak aloud," said St. Clair, with a laugh. "We are busily talking to ourselves. For my part, when I think that I came out of silence and shall return to it again, I feel what a vast balance there is against me.

> "Oh, is there not enough of silence here,
> Of joy unspoken, of unworded cheer?"

Clayborne muttered in his great beard something about grown-up children, and then said aloud, "It is a Persian poet who says:

> "Silence is the seed of thought."

"Well, then, that man had better have kept quiet a little longer!" exclaimed St. Clair. "Talk is the seed of thought."

"That is measurably true for me," returned Vincent, who had just entered. "At all events, I get cleared up as to a problem when I talk it out, and especially when I speak it out afoot; I mean in court, for instance."

"But for my part," I said, "I never clear my head to my satisfaction until I write out my thinkings. I may have to do it over and over, but in no other way do I get the best out of my brain."

"And I," said Clayborne, "must sit down with a pipe, alone, and let my head work. Then it comes, if it come at all. But this follows days of looser, yet quite constant musing on the matter, and I talk slowly, as you know."

"Yes; we know," murmured St. Clair, viciously.

"Bad boy!" whispered Mrs. Vincent. "Go into a corner of silence, and stay there. Pray go on, Mr. Clayborne."

"I fancy," he continued, "that the rate of thought must govern the rate of speech. Quick thinkers are rapid speakers."

"I wonder," said St. Clair, "why it bothers a fellow to talk on his feet. I once had to speak at a dinner. I shiver at the remembrance. Where did my thoughts go, Owen? I got up with a full pocket, and in a moment was a bankrupt."

"Judging," said I, "from one's feelings the day after a public dinner, one's thoughts must go to the liver."

"That explains it," laughed Vincent. "It has always been a puzzle to me."

"Apropos of puzzles," said Mrs. Vincent, "Fred tells me you have an enigma for me, and that is curious, because I have one for you."

"Here is ours," I returned, and repeated it.

"You will never guess it," said Clayborne. "It roosted that night in a corner of my brain, and kept me awake. At last I cursed it in good Arabic, and fell asleep."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Vincent. "It is—" And she whispered to me.

"You have it. That is correct."

"The female brain is an extraordinary instrument," said Clayborne, reflectively; while Vincent, laughing, insisted on hearing the solution.

"No," she said; "not until you have guessed mine, and perhaps not then. It is short, and pretty, and very easy; in fact, it was made for some children. Here it is:

> "My first is one,
> My second five,
> My whole is four,
> And backwards six."

"That is rather pretty," said St. Clair. "Is it—" And he whispered.

"No; that is clever, but not correct."

"An amusement for fiends," said Clayborne. "Anything is better."

"Do you all give it up?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Well, the answer is— I shall never, never, tell you the answer."

"Then here is my history. I had the man's leave to use it. And now, candles, please." And so I went on.

NOTES OF A CASE OF TOO GOOD A MEMORY.

As a child I was remarked on account of absence of imagination, and for a memory of remarkable character. I learned everything with singular ease. As I grew older, I found it so possible to memorize readily that in place of using my mind in geometry or algebra, I simply read over the problems and their solutions, and got them by heart. At first this method answered all the demands of education, but when I came to apply my knowledge to examples where no solutions were given, I of course failed. Nevertheless, I was so ready with acquired knowledge that I contrived to zigzag through my school course, and then, by my father's help, obtained a place as reporter of street incidents.

And here let me pause to describe my mental condition. The full consciousness of the great mental peculiarity of which I now speak came to me only after a time, and by degrees, and more by reason of the remarks made by others than from my own unassisted observation. This struck me forcibly once when I was about to do a race; I was then eighteen years old. A man asked what was the lineage of a certain horse. I began, and without effort, or, indeed, thought, traced the parentage back to Eclipse. This excited vast amazement. Then, as afterward, I wondered at the surprise and interest my powers of memory occasioned. The results which caused surprise were purely automatic, and cost me no effort; nor have I ever been able to feel that I had to try in order to recall a fact. In a word, my memory was perfect. At first this may seem to the reader a matter of little interest; but in reality the power to forget is one of the most valuable and helpful gifts which a man possesses. When men regret the want of vivid memory, I wonder, and envy the deficiency of which they complain. I wish, indeed, that I could feel sure of the power of death as an obliterative change. As to the loss of memory, of which the aged speak, I am most anxious. I presume, from what I hear, that men lose in time the vivid recollections of sorrow, and that Methuselah at nine hundred might have reflected with little discomfort on the follies, the griefs, the crimes, of his youth. Even the keenest remorse would lose its cruel edge and be rusted dull by time. If I read a book, it is mine forever; clever or vapid, there it is. I forget nothing. I can repeat Shakspere from end to end. As a consequence, nothing seems to me to be fresh or original. A phrase recalls one like it, and as life goes on I cease to get pleasure out of books or men's talk.

At one time I eked out my narrow income by reading manuscripts for a journal; but as in regard to the cleverest contributions I could at once point out endless plagiarisms of thought or expression, I soon became unpopular and lost the occupation. Somewhat later I was given work to do for an encyclopedia. Seemingly there was no task for which my enormous store of varied erudition was better fitted, and yet here too I failed. My employers complained that I had no sense of proportion. All knowledge was alike to me, and all was equally well remembered. The large, the small, were as one in my mind, and had the same importance, because the place of a comma, and the words among which it lay, seemed to me equally distinct. As I reflect on this with an ever-present sense of puzzle, I seem to myself to be a mere memorial machine in which the gearing of association is altogether too complete.

My intensity of memory is accompanied with a curious automatic capacity over which I have, as life goes on, a constantly lessening control. If I remember a note, or a bar of music, I seem to hear it and a long succession of passages from the opera to which it belongs, and this is also true as to books. When awake in the dark, but also in a less degree in the daylight, I have any scene or incident which occurs to me visually projected into space before my eyes even more vividly than when I first saw it. Of late the fidelity of these recurring phantoms has troubled me, on account of their appearance seeming to be real, or what is called objective. I ascribe such apparitions to the diseased perfectness of memory, for sometimes what is past returns to me remembered in a shape even more distinct than was the impression made at the time by the then present course of the occurrence. It is singular to me that remembered sounds, which ring in my head, seem heard within it, but things once seen always appear to be outside of the head.

As I remember my dreams quite as well as the scenes of the day, I find myself troubled at times, and in doubt as to whether something is real or the product of a dream; for if a dream be as definite as a thing seen in the daylight, how shall we know it to be a thing untrue?

Certainly absolute perfection of memory is a misfortune, unless the deliberative and executive powers of the mind are normally competent to keep discipline and deal with memories which have the force of a mob.

I am told,—indeed, I know,—that, for most men, time slowly but surely blurs emotional recollections. If it were not so, all lives would be like mine—unendurable. With me the strong absolute fact of a calamity, the thing as it took place, really lives in my mind as if it had happened a moment ago, and with its recollection rises, in agonizing clearness, the emotion to which it originally gave birth. Time has no de-

structive value; all the details remain. Thus, as to my mother's death, I am forced, when associations arise, to see in all its ghastliness the minutest of the incidents of her last hours with the dreadful sharpness they had for me when, a tender child of twelve, I saw her die. Does a recurring memory merely play anew on our capacity for emotion, or do the emotions once felt remain for us as memories? I do not know. I think I must remember the emotions and not recreate them, because I am not now so sensitive to moral hurts as I once was. There is one curious trick which my sensations now and then play, and which I especially dread, and, strangely enough, it is connected with the only defect of memory to which I am ever subject. I can best illustrate this by relating an incident of my reportorial life.

Passing up an obscure street in New York, I saw a crowd around a doorway. I went, as was my business, to see what was the matter. A policeman who knew me, and who arrived at the same time, took me in with him through a window in the basement. It seemed that screams had been heard in the house, and those collected by the noise feared to enter. We went up a shabby staircase and finally found a door which was locked. As we stood near it, getting no answer to our demands to be let in, I suddenly grew faint, and a sensation of pure, causeless terror overcame me. I told my companion that I was ill, and ran down-stairs. Here I sat in a lower room, opened the window, and tried to think what it was that had thus disturbed me. The feeling that for once my memory was at fault was agreeable to me, as it always is. In a few minutes I knew that I had simply remembered a mental state without getting hold of the causative fact. Then suddenly I was aware that it was the odor of blood which had caused me to remember — I should say, to feel again — the anguish of terror I had experienced when, as a child, I saw my father bleeding from a wound of the forehead. In a few moments the policeman came down to say that a brutal murder had been done in the room we had tried to enter. This leads me to add that my sense of smell is acute.

A few days after this I was walking up the Bowery of a cold night, when I found a group around a girl who had fallen on the slippery ice and hurt herself badly. Her face, as she lay pale under a gas-lamp, at once recalled one whom I had well known. With some help I got her into a hack, and took her home to a poor little lodging where she lived with her mother. She herself was a map-colorer, and the two were evidently folks who had seen better days. The following morning I went to see them, and then began for me a period of indescribable joy in my lonely life, and yet of as utter misery.

I was, at the time I speak of, thirty-one years old. When about twenty I had been engaged (foolishly, my father said, as I had not a cent) to a girl of quite ordinary character. It ended as such affairs are apt to do, and I suffered as a lad does. Another would in process of time have come out unhurt. As for me, it led me to avoid women. Not that I disliked them; they have more charity for peculiar people than men have. But every little tenderness, a movement, a turn of the head, brought back to me intense remembrances, and all their bitter emotional accompaniments.

Throughout our simple courtship I struggled with the demon of remorseless memory. If I touched her hand, there arose the many times when I had so touched the hand of the other woman, and when at last I kissed Helen, of a sudden I felt the older joy, as it were, alongside of this new one. The ghost of extinct passion haunted the sweetness of my new and better love. So mercilessly intense was my remembrance that I became giddy for a moment. I no longer loved the other woman, and yet the recollection of my joy at winning her was brought back by a like joy in a form so real as to puzzle and confuse me.

There is no need to exemplify this trouble in detail. It recurred so often that at last I told Helen. At first she seemed only amused, but very soon became annoyed, and, absurd as it may seem, jealous of the influence my fatal memory exerted. She insisted that I could control my thoughts. I became angry at last, and we parted. Strangely enough, this rupture was a relief to me.

It seemed to me, as I read the books about memory, that every memorial impression must materially alter the brain somewhere and somehow, and that very little change should be needed to lessen what must be so slight a record. And yet, alas! for me these records seem to be unalterably persistent.

In Professor Draper's work I found his illustration of how faint need be a material record to be permanent. He says: "Put a coin on a clean mirror. Breathe on both, and wait for the moisture to evaporate; cast off the coin, put the glass aside for some days, and again breathe on the glass, and the outline of the coin will reappear." His illustration is good, but is as nothing to the delicacy of the memorial mind-marks.

I have said that I have small power to reason. I may add that I have no imagination. Memory is too implacable with me to admit of that. When I try to imagine in any of the forms described by Ruskin, I feel as though I am merely hustled by a rush of remembered facts. Every one is a poet in his sleep, but even in dreams I seldom see anything not possible, or even not clearly out of my memorial storehouse.

Facts suggest only facts for me in my effort to reason deeply, and to drive a wedge in between two facts or remembrances, and thus to separate and hold and examine them comparatively is difficult. My mind associates too rapidly for mental valuations. Thus I am forbidden by my morbid accuracy of memory to be other than minutely truthful, and the effort to make use of the little lies which cement social intercourse is rendered hard. I am not unwilling to fib, but it hurts me to be inaccurate.

After reading Dr. Horatio Wood's articles on hashish, I decided to see if this drug might not help me. I took, at first, small doses, and at last a larger one. The result I shall never forget. I had been writing, and was suddenly aware that I had lost control of my mind, and faintly realized what had happened. In place of enfeebling my memory, the drug had reinforced it. With this came also a horribly strange sensation of the flight of time. Countless ages seemed to go by as palpably as a rushing stream. Every moment seemed to be freighted with a load of memories, each mercilessly definite. I had, in fact, a sort of vertigo of reminiscences. It seemed to me that everything I had ever seen, read, or heard flashed into and through my consciousness. This ended my experiments. I am a miserable man.

When I came to a close Clayborne was calmly sleeping. As I ceased, he wakened, and declared it to be very interesting.

"It is merely horrible," said Mrs. Vincent. "How welcome death must be to such a man! I can understand that he might kill himself."

"But perhaps death may also result in a vertigo of memories," I returned.

"Perhaps; yes. That indeed might give us pause."

VIII.

Mrs. Vincent, who did not love the sea, and whose dislike was reciprocated by very evil treatment on its part, was always glad to give her husband what she called a temporary divorce. She knew well how much the roughest sea voyage was his friend, and was well pleased when in summer she could persuade him to get away in his yacht.

"I have a note from Vincent," said St. Clair one day early in September. "He wants us to join him at Jamestown. Clayborne says this town is good enough. I believe he cools himself with the classic authors. At all events, go he will not."

I was happy in the chance of relief, having been detained in town all of August, and so it was that two days later we joined Vincent. We lived on his little vessel, sailed around Newport, and for a month lived a life of joyous freedom.

One day we started together to walk on Canonicut Island, across a country road which led away from the few houses on the shore. Gaining a little hilltop, we looked over at Narragansett and out to sea, or, turning, saw the Dumplings, the fort, and the quaint old steeples of Newport above the white houses scattered along the bay.

The day was perfect, and it was quiet, too, with the stillness on sea and on land of a New England Sabbath. Presently, moving on, we overtook a small, slightly built woman, who was pausing here and there to gather wild flowers.

St. Clair asked her the road to Beaver Tail Lighthouse. She said it was a rather crooked way through gates and fields, and then, as Vincent drew near, exclaimed, "Oh, what a bit of luck to see you here!"

It was evident from his greeting that they were old acquaintances. He turned and presented us. "Miss M——," he said, "and will not you show us the way? For otherwise we are but lost men."

She smiled pleasantly, and said a few words to each in turn, in a manner quite hard to put in words, but which, however one might describe it, as gracious or generous, at once established mysteriously cordial relations with the hearer. It was easy to see in a few minutes that she had the rare gift of intellectual sympathy, perhaps I should have said of sympathy in most of its forms. The farmers we met in their Sunday black suits knew her, and their dogs came and jumped on her as if welcoming a friend. The little children cast up at her shy glances of acquaintance. As we walked along, she seemed to hear all that was said, and yet with wandering eyes to see all that earth, air, and sea had to show.

We passed through fields and open gates, and at last rested on a grass-bank by the roadside. On our left was a dense shrubbery of undergrowth, ferns and scrub-oaks. The low lichen-stained walls bounded fields of perfect grass. Below us, to the left, the murmur of breaking waves came softly to the ear, and beyond, the open ocean lay intensely blue in the sun of noon.

St. Clair evidently interested our companion. He was in a mood of half-suppressed and joyous excitement, such as open air and nature at her best were apt to produce in him. "What a well-mannered day!" he said, looking around. "Such a nice reserve in its way. Here comes the wind out of the north, and says, I might be cold, but I am not; and the midday sun lets you know it might be warm, and is not. It is a day full of delicious possibilities, like — like — a nice woman."

I saw Vincent's eyebrows go up in faint

amusement, and his face said clearly, "The dear fellow is off." Not so Miss M——. "What a pretty phrase!" she exclaimed, smiling. "A well-mannered day. I shall remember that. One has worn out weather phraseology."

"Oh," said I, "the thief,

> "She has the mystery of a morn in May,
> Nor hot nor cold,
> Nor ever grave, nor ever gay,
> Until her secret soul be told."

"Ah, they always laugh at me," cried St. Clair. "And as for Dr. North's quotations, who can trust them? He is a poet in disguise, and has a half-suppressed notion that poetry is a sort of asking of the alms of emotion, and not quite as reputable work as pretending to cure folks. The day may guard her secret soul for me. The fair outside is enough. There is joy in the very air. It is a honeymoon of delight. Come, I am for the sea." And with this he rose and walked on ahead of us at a pace that soon left us far behind.

"What a glad face!" said Miss M——. "It has the most singular power of joyous expression. I remember, cousin Fred, your once speaking of him in Rome, of his intense power to feel; of his *camaraderie* with all natural objects (I think that was the word you used; it struck me as happy)."

"I am very fond of him," returned Vincent. "He is joyous by mere natural construction, a seer of things that escape us. I envy, without comprehending, his sensitiveness to innumerable impressions which escape uncaught through the coarser meshes of my mental net."

"What you say is quite true," I added; "and with it all there is a capacity for friendliness with every living thing which has often surprised me. He will quiet the fiercest dog, or take unhurt a handful of bees in his grasp. I have seen him handle a rattlesnake."

"In another man," said Vincent, "I should call his affection for trees or flowers an affectation. In him it seems entirely natural. I am an observer because I have learned to observe, but this close relation to the world of animate and inanimate things is like the tie of kindred. I can merely regard it with wonder."

"Why do you call them inanimate?" said Miss M——.

"Because they are."

"We may not be animate enough to know."

"I am not," returned Vincent. "I wish I were. Something I lose, and we cannot afford to lose any of the reasonable joys of life."

"You will never miss it," said Miss M——, "really miss it—I mean this nearness of relation to nature—as you will if ever a great misfortune should pass into your life, and become thenceforward a part of you—I may say, of your every fiber."

She spoke quietly, without any tone of self-allusion in her manner; but I turned to scan her face, and saw that as she spoke her eyes were set on the distant horizon, and at once understood that she spoke of herself.

"That is true," I said. "There is strange comfort in nature when man has none to profit you. I think we all must have felt with Victor Hugo the helpfulness of finding in nature such companionship in our moods as does give a certain, if mysterious, solace.

> "J'aime la roche solennelle
> D'où j'entends la plainte eternelle,
> Sans trève comme le remords,
> Toujours renaissant dans les ombres.

He is grieving over a debased and fallen France, and the sea is grieving with him."

"Yes," she said; "there are times when no human soul is tender enough, simple enough, or, if you like, subtle enough in its apprehensions, to be the friend we want—when man delights you not, nor woman either. It may be, it may seem to be, absurd to some, but there are days when to be alone with the sea, or solitary in the forest, consoles as nothing else can do on earth. I think," she went on, "that this mere loneliness with nature has negative as well as positive values. One escapes from talk. That alone is an immense thing—one need not make reply to the glad babble of the waters."

"And for me," said Vincent, "there would be but one remedy—work."

"No," I returned. "Few men, and fewer women, while still near to a great sorrow, can find relief in work. Few have energy enough for this. Those who have strong characteristics run risks which not the sturdiest can afford to despise. I have seen many a man under the stress of grief break down with intense business occupation."

"And yet," said Vincent, "what else is there? Let us suppose that we have used as we may all that higher consolations can offer; what shall a man do who is stricken down with the loss of something the most dear to him on earth? Work would be my remedy."

"You might be able to bear it; many are. Time would probably answer with you, and do all that is possible. I fancy the means of relief must vary with the man. It is quite sure that for many physical action is of use, and often saves the sensitive from those outward expressions of emotion which for them, at least, are full of moral and even physical danger. After a while there comes a time when systematic work is of value; but I am sure that in days of sorrow some people are best left to themselves. The blow of grief, like that of the lion's paw, deadens the sense of its own hurt, and

to urge physical exertion, work, or travel, or, in fact, anything, is vain or dangerous."

"Of course," said Vincent, "one's thoughts about these matters are chiefly of and for the nobler character. The mass of men suffer and get well without excess of sorrow."

"The thing we are after is, or ought to be," said Miss M——, "how to save the best natures from the inefficiency which sorrow sometimes brings in its train—the physical wreckage it makes."

"And, after all, is that common, North?"

"Common enough to be feared. But very often the inefficiency which it brings has other explanations. The dissolution of a partnership in life ruins or impairs the usefulness of the surviving partner. The dead gave something which was a complement essential to the usefulness of the remaining member of the firm. There are wives who supply judgment or common sense, or who in some way have the gift of energizing the husband, or of keeping him economical. She dies, and he is relatively valueless. Then people say it is grief, while very often he himself never fully comprehends what has happened to him."

"That is most true," said Vincent. "But to go back a little. Your remedy of contact with solitary nature must be only for the few, who have with it such relationship as you have been discussing. For some I am sure that travel has its value, because we are thus surrounded with distracting objects, and by people who may interest us without intruding on the solitude of ourselves. The loneliness of forest or sea would for me be madness under circumstances of such trouble as we are speaking of. Nature, not your nature, but nature in the more inclusive sense, never invented La Trappe."

"It gets very complex as we go on," said Miss M——. "The fact remains that for many, for the sensitive, and often for others than the intellectual, the world of natural things has soothing ways and an inexplicable comfort not elsewhere to be found."

"It may be," returned Vincent. "What are those lines of which St. Clair is so fond?

> "Only on Nature's lap can some men weep,
> Only to her beloved gives she sleep;
> Her sympathy alone hath ever perfect touch,
> Man gives too little or he gives too much."

"Thank you," said Miss M——. "And where is your friend? We ought to be ashamed to use this perfect day for a talk so grave. Let us keep the rest of it for an east wind."

"And its consolations," laughed Vincent. "As to that I am at one with you. Its relations to me are despotic and disagreeable. Oh, there he is, the idle beggar. All Lombard street to a china orange, he has been making poetry. Halloo, St. Clair!"

Below the small lighthouse, on the rocks at the verge of the sea, the sculptor lay with his head over the edge, his face exposed to the full sunlight. The waves broke far out on a reef, and as they rose again with failing power just touched his head. He laughed with the glee of a truant boy. As we came down the rocks he sat up, shook the brine out of his hair as a dog does, looked about him, and said, "Oh, the treacherous sea! There it is."

The little black note-book he usually carried in his pocket, having been laid on a rock, had been drifted off by a wave.

"Poetry gone to sea," said I; and while we laughed heartily at his look of solemn discomfiture Vincent hooked the soaked book ashore with his cane. St. Clair ruefully spread it out in the sun, while we made numerous suggestions as to the loss to the world. St. Clair said nothing until he looked up at Miss M——'s face. Then he exclaimed, "I think you could help me."

"Yes; men have no resources," she said, and, taking the book, went quietly up the shore and into the house attached to the light-tower.

"Epic or sonnet?" said Vincent.

"Sonnet," said St. Clair, tranquilly. "What bad men you are! Don't you know that was a real misfortune? Only women are entirely good. No man was ever so good as some women. Men reason themselves into goodness, but women—oh, I hate you both! Get away, do."

There was some fun and some earnestness in his phrases. Then he sat on the rock and threw stones at the billows as if for punishment, until Miss M——, who was gone for a full half-hour, came back.

"It is all right," said she, "only a little blurred and crumpled. It will serve now to keep me in remembrance."

He made no conventional mention of thanks, but, looking up, only smiled as he put the book away. After this we sat on the rocks, saying little.

The sea was one vast round of sapphire set in the gray of the rocks and the sparkling grasses of the uplands. Out of the pine woods of the northland came stronger every hour a great wind, and as the vast billows rose on the reef with white crests, it smote them so severely that the foam streamed southward in level lines.

At last Miss M—— said: "How much of this do you carry away, Dr. North? In memory, I mean, and distinctly."

I said: "My thoughts were far afield. I can see it in a manner when I close my eyes; not as I once could, when a child."

"It is with me almost as present with my eyes shut as now," said St. Clair, "and I shall not lose it. Just as I go to sleep is the time to recall a scene I once saw, but I cannot always

keep it. It changes, or gives place to another. Is that common, North?"

"I am not sure. It is common with me; but although, like you, I can best recall a scene then, I cannot always do so. Something else appears, and then that too changes. There must be a law deducible, but as it is, with what we now know, I cannot explain the facts."

"And have you," said Miss M——, "certain habitual dreams? I have."

"Yes. I used to fancy I would collect experiences on this subject. My own are often professional. I make an error in a prescription; or, about to lecture, find in my portfolio a fairy tale."

"They would be equal in value a hundred years hence," laughed Vincent.

"Too true," I returned. "A very common dream with me is to feel that I float above the ground, always a foot or two above it. It is most agreeable."

"Oh, I do that," said Miss M——.

"Yes? And you like the sensation as you have it in your dream?"

"Certainly. But I had no idea it was a frequent delusion; for it is such with me, and a very complete delusion. Sometimes I seem to have no legs at all, and to be a spirit afloat."

"It reminds me," said Vincent, "of that queer tale of a man who lost both arms and both legs in the war. How was it the story ended, Owen?"

"He is carried to a spiritual séance, and there invited to choose what spirits he would call up. With a great deal of sense he requested his legs to reappear, and immediately was able to walk about the room. He described his gait as rather uncertain, but explained it by the fact that both legs had been for two years in the Government Museum, preserved in alcohol. The fun of it was that this absurd story was accepted by spiritualists as a new proof of the truth of their doctrine."

"Oh, not really!" exclaimed Miss M——.

"Yes. He had letters thanking him and asking for details. But, in fact, the autobiography, as a whole, deceived many, although it was written without the least desire to mystify. In one place a sum of money was collected for the poor victim."

"I think I must have read the story," remarked Miss M——.

"Just now," said Vincent, "I have in my sensitive center a waking dream to the effect that my less noble organs have been long vacant of food."

"Indeed?" said Miss M——. "Then let us go. But first, Mr. St. Clair, may I confess you?"

"Yes; surely."

"You have been making verses."

"They make themselves; sometimes in a vague, disconnected way, sometimes so as to stay in my mind and bother me like bad children until I hear and heed."

"And have you heeded to-day? and may I hear what the children of the brain have said?"

"If it will be pleasant to you."

"It will."

Then he quietly repeated these lines:

BEAVER TAIL ROCKS.

Fare forth, my soul, fare forth and take thine own;
The silver morning and the golden eve
Wait, as the virgins waited to receive
The bridegroom and the bride with roses strewn.
Fare forth and lift her veil, the bride is joy alone.
To thee the friendly hours with her shall bring
The changeless trust that bird and poet sing;
Her dower to-day shall be the asters sown
On breezy uplands, hers the vigor brought
Upon the north wind's wing, and hers for thee
A stately heritage of land and sea,
And all that nature hath, and all the great have thought.
And she shall whisper, like a sea-born shell,
Things that thy love may hear, but never tell.

Vincent was silent, and I merely nodded to the poet. He understood me always.

"Is it good? Is it bad, Miss M——?" he said. "I do not know."

"It is the spirit of this joyous day for me set somehow in words," Miss M—— replied. "It likes me. I always think that such a pretty phrase. I don't quite care to discuss the verses. Send them to me, will you?"

St. Clair nodded gaily, and we rose and went our way.

Over the grass, through swaying primroses, among the bowing plumes of goldenrod and aster came the hearty north wind, as we went across the stone-walled fields and saw the quiet bay and the gray lines of the fort.

A farmer on the fence with his pipe took off his hat to Miss M——. She asked about his crops.

"There 's been a heap of grass, marm, this year, and corn was never better. But this here farm of mine 's the best on the island."

"And he thinks he owns it," said St. Clair, apart. "And yet the best of it to-day is yours and mine, and stem or flower of that will he never own, nor sea nor sky. I have known princes who did not own their great old galleries of pictures."

"What it is to be a poetical Marquis of Carrabas!" laughed Vincent. "I am not of that famous family. Gracious, it is four o'clock!"

At the town Miss M—— left us. Then I asked Vincent who she was.

"Miss M——," he said, "is a far-away cousin of mine—very distant, in fact. A New England woman. During the war the man she

was to have married was killed at Fair Oaks. Since then her life has been one of the widest charity. Strangely enough, this slight, gentle woman with her quiet ways has a remarkable control over the criminal classes. The good she has done is past belief, and how it is that she understands and influences these ruined outcasts I cannot even dimly comprehend."

"I can," said St. Clair. "I am wicked enough to understand. I could tell that woman anything."

"And how swiftly apprehensive she is," I added; "and yet, despite her quickness, a patient hearer, and that, I think, is rare. Quick-witted folks are apt to be impatient. It needs the finest manners to keep them free from the appearance of showing that they have anticipated your explanations. They are very likely to be a trifle annoyed at overfullness of statement, just as a slightly deaf man is at your speaking too loud."

"I think," said Vincent, "it is rather the dull to whom you try to make things a little too clear who resent it as the deaf man does a loud voice. Was not your comparison rather misapplied here?"

"Perhaps so; but it is enough that you understand me."

"I should like to know that woman better," said St. Clair, "and never may. That is the worst of life."

While eating our belated lunch we ran down past Beaver Tail, and then away toward the pretty tints of Gay Head, and at last, crossing over past the beech woods of Naushon, came to anchor in the moonlight in the haven of Wood's Holl. There, on deck, in the calm of a September night (for the north wind had blown itself out), we fell by and by again into chat about the chance companion of the morning.

Lying upon long cushions on deck with our pipes, the water sparkling below us with luminous life, for a while no one spoke, until, at last, St. Clair said: "The wonder to me is how that woman took up the threads of activity and wove anew the warp and woof of life. Was the man she lost worth having?"

"He was of the best," replied Vincent. "A person of resolute character and positive convictions. He entered the army as a private, and was a colonel when he died."

"And she has made herself what we have seen and have heard to-day?"

"Yes," said Vincent; "but she has one peculiarity — at first sight an odd one. She is not very fond of children. Their needs and claims she recognizes, of course, but she prefers to help men and women. I never could understand that in one so tender."

"I think I do," I returned. "She has never again thought of marriage, and the contact with these little ones arouses, I suspect, all the sense of sadness she must have at feeling that the vast instincts of maternity can never be gratified. The sentiment is subtle, but real. Men can with difficulty understand the immense instinctiveness of the true woman nature. When her life is fulfilled in marriage and motherhood, everything tends to cultivate her instincts. In the man's life, everything tends to lessen their influence, and will with the woman, in proportion as she takes to the sterner pursuits of man."

"You are, no doubt, right," said Vincent. "It makes one think of her with renewed pity."

"And how it would all have destroyed some women," said I. "When I write my famous book on the conduct of life, I shall have to consider disaster in its relation to character."

"It gives a man," cried St. Clair, "a horrible sense of responsibility to hear you fellows talk, as if events were nothing and the man everything."

"Why, in your way," laughed Vincent, "you are the most obstinate little rascal conceivable."

"I!" said St. Clair. "I am kicked about by circumstances; I am bullied by events. Experience does me no good, and all the moral tonics disagree with me. My — what do you call it, North? — oh, my idiosyncrasy is tremendously idiosyncratic."

"Oh, stop him," cried Vincent, laughing. "Take his pipe away; do something."

"I am a happy accident. Indeed, I am a series of happy accidents. I never had a real trouble in my life. And how delicious the night is! I am for a swim, and to bed."

Nevertheless, he stood by the mast awhile, and then said, "How stupid it is without women," and then presently broke out in his clear tenor, a voice not very accurate, and of no great strength, but of passionate sweetness:

Good night! Good night! Ah, good the night
That wraps thee in its silver light.
Good night! No night is good to me
That does not bring a thought of thee —
Good night!

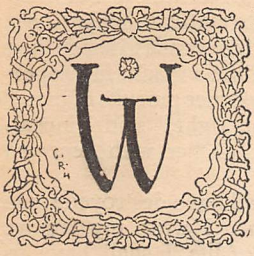
Good night! Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete;
Till that last night when death shall be
One brief good night for you and me —
Good night!

A minute later the singer went overboard into the glory of luminous gold, amidst which he swam, laughing out his joy as he smote the water into light. The next day we left Vincent and returned home together.

S. Weir Mitchell.

(To be continued.)

THE JEWS IN NEW YORK.—II.



EDDING customs among the Hebrews in New York exhibit considerable variety. Parties to the matrimonial contract are not infrequently brought together through the agency of a paid negotiator. Whether in an artificial or in the natural fashion the twain consent to become a dual unit in society, the services of the rabbi are called into requisition. Marriage is not only a civil but also a religious affair, and as such is celebrated with as much of pomp and display as resources may warrant.

In high life, exemplified by wealthy, cultured Sephardim, the marriage of a distinguished rabbi to a beautiful young lady will serve as a specimen of the ceremony among the orthodox. Admission to the floor of the synagogue is by card, to the galleries by favor. The reading-desk on the floor is covered by the "chuppah," or marriage baldachino. It consists of four slender posts supporting a cover of richly figured silk with massive satin fringes. On each side, except the eastern, is an arch of smilax, evergreens, and roses. Ushers are in black frock suits, and wear high silk hats. At 5 P. M. the assistant reader of the congregation chants the psalm of thanksgiving in Hebrew, to which responses are made by a trained choir in the gallery. Next, the ministers, chief among whom is the venerable father of the groom, descend from the platform and approach the door as the bridal procession enters. Returning to places within the chuppah, they are followed by the bridegroom, supporting his mother on his arm. The bride follows, accompanied by her mother, brother, and an old nurse, who, like those of her race in the West Indies, is faithful in solicitous attendance to the last. Eight little children, cousins of the bride, bearing baskets of flowers, come last.

Pure white satin is the dress of the lady, who is covered with a diaphanous veil, and carries a bouquet of flowers. Face to face with the bridegroom, she stands composedly, while the ritual is read. The first cup of consecrated wine, to be sipped by groom and bride, is then presented. If the obligations of matrimony are not now understood by the quietly happy pair, it is not the fault of the officiating rabbi, whose long but sterling address in English is punctuated by apt Hebrew quotations. Wifely and husbandly duties are set forth with great force and precision. The officiating minister then takes a glass of wine in his hand and pronounces the seven prescribed benedictions. Bridegroom and bride taste the wine, and thus symbolize participation in the joys and pains of earthly life. The wedding-ring — plain and unadorned, as the emblem of simple contentment, perfectly rounded, as signifying concord in endless union — is placed on the bride's finger by the groom, with the words, "Behold, thou art consecrated unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and of Israel." Reading the "Kethubah," or marriage contract, as formulated by the fathers, is omitted, for the sufficient reason that it has already been subscribed in private. Now comes an interesting performance on the part of the newly wedded husband. The goblet from which he and his wife have drunk is deposited on the floor, and by his foot is crushed into a thousand fragments, and that with a vim that speaks eloquently of his resolve to put his foot on any and all evils that may enter the family circle until death shatters it.[1] The first kiss under the new relation is then given, the bridegroom offers his arm to his spouse, and with a proud air of responsibility leads the willing yokefellow from chuppah to entrance, and thence home to the wedding-feast.

Divorce — a rare evil among modern Israelites — in the foreign population of New York has been at times so distinguished by unlawful procedure as to call for notice by the Grand Jury. Certain Slavonic rabbis have been in the habit of granting ecclesiastical divorces to ignorant adherents, who, assuming them to be valid in civil law, have contracted second marriages. One Polish Jew in this predicament was indicted for bigamy. Rabbis are said to have performed the marriage ceremony when they knew it to be legally ineffective, and thereby exposed themselves to the charge of moral, if not of legal, criminality. What the Grand Jury recommended is legislative pro-

[1] Another interpretation of this custom of shattering a glass is that it is to be a reminder of Zion's shattered crown of glory, which even in a moment of the greatest joy may not be forgotten.

A JEWISH WEDDING.

hibition of divorce by ecclesiastics until a valid decree has been issued by a court of competent jurisdiction. The family should be under the protection of national law. To such a proposition no orthodox Jew would object, because, as the Rev. Dr. Kohut remarks, "the law of the country is Israel's law," from the Talmudic standpoint.

Whatever irregularities in respect of divorce may obtain among Slavonic Jews find explanation in the light of civil and religious history. Chastity is the corner-stone of the family institution, and the "sanctuary of morality." "The wife of thy covenant" is the "moving spirit and guardian of domestic bliss." Violation of the marriage vow gives to husband and wife alike the right to divorce. Talmudical authority extends the right in case of other offenses or events,—some of them absurdly trivial,—and is in shame of laxity similar to not a few American States in this particular. It makes divorce legal, within the limits of civil statute, by giving a bill of divorcement known as "Get." This, if regularly issued, is granted for sufficient cause by a "Beth-Din," or ecclesiastical court, composed of a duly authorized rabbi and three assistants, who act with extreme caution and regard to precedent. It is of no avail if not in written and prescribed form, must be properly authenticated, and put into the hands of the offending person. Rabbinic law presents many obstacles to the practice. "He who divorces his wife is hated before God," "Tears are shed on God's altar for one who forsakes the love of his youth," are sentences that reveal strong repugnance to it. Get is most numerous among

the Slavonic Hebrews, who, maltreated at home, are often compelled to part from wives when emigrating thence. Such separation, though largely involuntary, is Talmudically held to warrant, in mercy to the woman, dissolution of marital bonds. Civil divorce is not binding among orthodox and conservative Jews unless sanctified by the religious ceremony. Things are not always quite so bad as they seem, and, while seldom what they ought to be, often admit the extenuation of circumstance and training. Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph is said to have rendered excellent service by suppressing ignorant and illegal divorce practices.

Family life exemplifies many of the sweetest, strongest qualities of human nature, and is especially attractive on the Sabbath. This holy day, beginning at sunset on Friday, is kept sacred, as a memorial of creation, and in acknowledgment of God's goodness in making all things for the happiness of man, by rest from labor, and by consecration of all its hours to religious occupations. Wife and children greet the head with the salutation, "Good Sabbath" or "Shabbath." The matron, in discharge of wifely duties, lights the two long tapers in candlesticks standing on the dining-table as the blessed hours begin. Nor are they put out, except by non-Jews, as the hours advance, but are suffered to burn out. Their soft, cheerful light, radiating throughout the apartments, brightly reveals the "mezuzoth," or little hollow cylinder of lead, brass, glass, olive-wood, or silver, fastened on the right-hand door-post. Not, as with the ignorant and superstitious, is the mezuzoth here supposed to guard the dwelling against malign influences, but to remind the inmates of the obligations imposed by Deuteronomy vi. 4–9. The cylinder or case contains two passages, written upon a piece of parchment rolled up and bearing the word "Shaddai," Almighty, inscribed on the outside. Returning from the synagogue in company with the husband, and assigned to a seat at the table around which the family gathers, males covered, the "Kiddush," or sanctification of the Sabbath, is witnessed by a stranger with the interest peculiar to curiosity. The brief thanksgiving prayer ended, the house-father blesses a cup of wine, frequently made from raisins or dried grapes, and, after drinking himself, passes it round. Bread in two loaves, commemorative of the double portion of manna which fell on the sixth day, and covered with a cotton, linen, or silk napkin, is then brought forward. From these loaves slices are cut, subdivided, salted, and a portion thereof offered to each person. At the meal which follows headgear is usually laid aside, but is resumed in time for the closing Hebrew prayer. Before the repast, every child, in order of seniority, receives a blessing from each of the parents, and in many instances learns to look upon this token of parental love as a privilege of priceless worth. What makes the whole more impressive is the host's abstinence from nicotian indulgence. He loves it, but will not kindle any fire that is not imperatively required. Conscientious? Yes. All the meals necessary for the Sabbath are prepared on Friday. No work not absolutely needful is permitted. He has walked half a dozen miles to-day rather than encourage Sabbath desecration by using horse-car or elevated railroad.

The Sabbath closes at starlight on Saturday. *Paterfamilias* (an orthodox rabbi in the instance described) provides a wax taper composed of several strands braided on the flat, holds in his right hand a goblet of wine, and in his left a spice-box of singularly interesting workmanship, being of silver filigree, very ancient, containing aromatics, and kept in the synagogue when not used on special occasions. Wine-cup, spice-box, and taper, as a few cabalists affirm, are emblematic of water, air, and fire. The two former symbolize the Sabbath, the latter the week-day. The family stand around the table while the officiating head chants the "Habdalah," or prayer of separation, that divides the Sabbath from the secular portion of the week, and pronounces the usual benediction over the wine-cup as his wife lights the taper. Next he pronounces a blessing over the spice-box, takes an exhilarating sniff of its fragrance, and liberally vouchsafes similar privilege to every individual present, not forgetting the cooing baby. Another benediction follows, at which all raise their hands and look at the fingers in recognition of the obligation to devote all the senses to secular duty during the following week. The final benediction is now pronounced, the officiator tastes the wine, and wets his eyes with a little of it, saying, "The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes" (Psalm xix. 8). Then, spilling part of the remaining wine into a plate, he receives the taper from the hand of his wife, quenches it in the vinous liquid, and thus ends the ceremony.

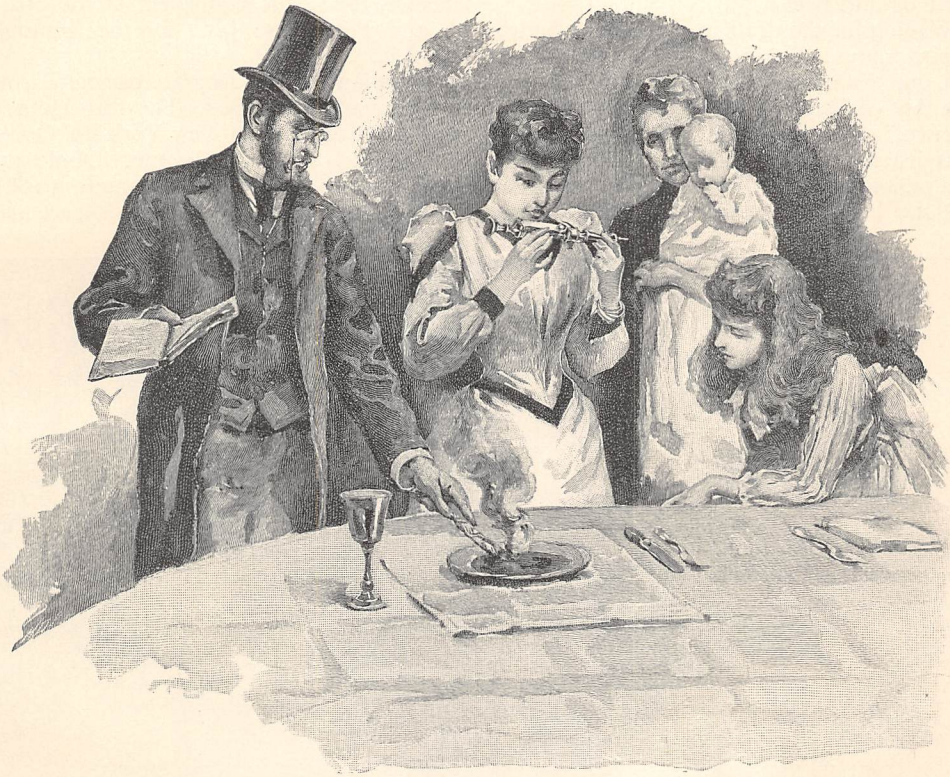
Every male child of orthodox parents is publicly or privately circumcised on the eighth day; that is, seven complete days after its birth. The "mohel," or operator, uses modern instruments instead of the clumsily contrived implements of less scientific ages. Rosenberg and Wolff gratuitously refer the origin of the rite to Abraham's discovery that universal life-giving influence emanates from the one God, creator and preserver of all animate beings; and that it is human duty to coöperate with his actual energy in the multiplication of the species. Formal covenant between the patriarch and the Deity ensued, of which covenant circumcision is the sign. Not only is it a sign and seal of the

covenant, and a rite of great hygienic value in Oriental countries, as many eminent scientists have demonstrated to their own satisfaction, but it also possesses profound ethical significance in that it is intended to sanctify procreation, and to place the stigma of divine disapproval upon the unhallowed exercise of natural powers. Biblical theologians, whatever their opinions as to the date of this non-natural usage, unite in affirming its covenantal character under other relations and with purely moral ends in view. By some of the reformed Jews circumcision is regarded as anachronistic. Girls are named in the synagogue, which it is the first duty of the mother to attend after her convalescence.

"Pidyan Ha-Ben," or the redemption of the first-born, is the consecration of the boy by his mother to the service of God, and his redemption by the father, who pays the Cohen, or priest, a definite but nominal sum of money, which is subsequently devoted to religious or charitable purposes.

Circumcision in orthodox families is followed by thoroughly religious legal education, reiteratively imparted by parents to their children. Whatever else may be omitted, this, as a rule, receives conscientious attention.

In the event of sickness that may or may not be likely to end fatally, submission to the divine will, coupled with wise use of remedies, is enjoined. If the latter are of no avail, the dying one and the friends around him, or they without him, close his earthly career with that sublime declaration of divine unity: "Shema, Yisrael, Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad" (Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord). Covering the face when the soul has departed, the attendants wash the body about an hour afterward. In the case of almost all Jews, the dissolution of alliance between the celestial elements and the material body is denoted by a lighted taper (as the symbol of immortality), a hygienic vessel of water, for ceremonial purification, and a napkin or towel. "Tahara," washing or purification, shortly precedes the funeral, and is usually performed as a privilege by volunteers. Shroud is of plain linen or cotton, coffin without ornament, and burial without ostentation, because death levels all distinctions. Therefore poor and rich are entitled to the same respect, and the embarrassment so often occasioned by costly funerals is avoided. The last look upon the remains is customarily accompanied by a slight rent in the breast of the mourner's garment, to express



THE HABDALAH.

grief. When the coffin is deposited in the grave, the bystanders ejaculate, "May he [or she] repose in peace." Near relatives and friends, in succession, throw earth into the excavation, repeat the ninety-first Psalm, and then return to their homes. Among the reformed Jews, and with many of the orthodox, the funeral concomitants are of similar style and costliness to those of Christians.

Wailing for the dead in a purely orthodox Jewish "house of mourning" is inexpressibly sad, and clamorously voices a sorrow which, like that of Rachel, refuses to be comforted. "Shiva," or the seven days of mourning, begins when the domicile is reached. During this period, unless unavoidable necessity compel, the bereaved do not quit the dwelling, or attend to any ordinary vocation. Minyan assembles morning and evening, and prayer is offered for the repose of the deceased. Friends pay visits of condolence, and deeds of beneficence afford some relief to anguish. Including the Shiva, and following it, is a general mourning of thirty days,—of twelve months for a parent,—in which is total abstinence from festivity or pleasure. Throughout the year of mourning for a parent the bereaved of both sexes attend every service of the synagogue, and recite aloud the kaddish. Standing in sable garments while others sit, they repeat what is not a prayer for the dead, but a eulogy of divine sovereignty, and an avowal of resignation to the All-Perfect Will. "Yahrzeit" (year's time) is the anniversary of the parent's death. On the evening preceding, a light is kindled in the house, and kept burning until the following sundown. Synagogue service in the morning and evening is also attended, and the kaddish recited. "Nahala" (inheritance) is the poetic equivalent of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews for the Teutonic Yahrzeit.

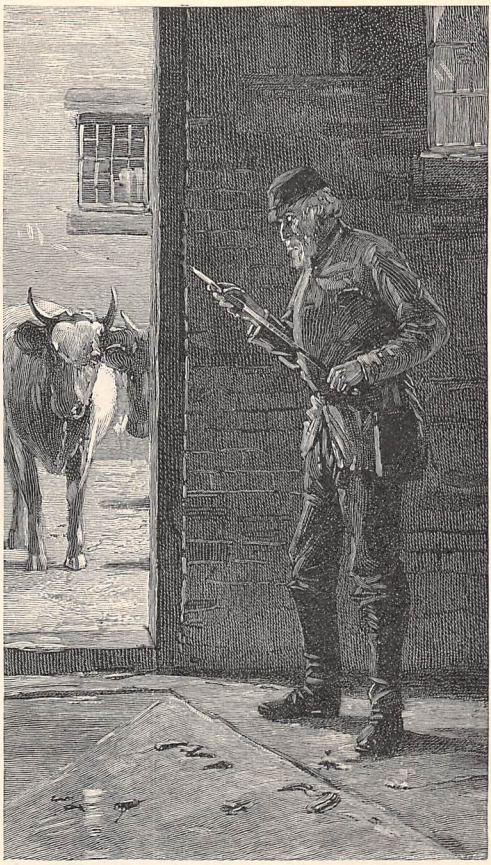
CONSERVATORY OF THE MONTEFIORE HOME.

Jewish law requires separate cemeteries, but is not invariably obeyed. The first Hebrew purchase of ground in New York for God's-acre was, it is said, at the corner of Gold and Jacob streets. The second was made in 1681, and consisted of a plot of which a part may yet be seen at what is now Oliver street and the Bowery, in the very heart of the busiest district. Burials are chiefly in Cypress Hills, Bayside, Machpelah, Washington, and Mount Nebo cemeteries on Long Island. In each of these is a section exclusively appropriated to Hebrews, and in this section are plots owned by chevras, lodges, and private families. Charity supplied 550 resting-places to coreligionists for the slumber of their dead in 1890, thus sparing them from the shame of begging, perchance in vain, for a few square feet of soil in which the loved might lie, and the dead from the disgrace of promiscuous sepulture in the Potter's Field.

German originality is credited with the dictum that "men are what they feed upon"—"Der Mensch ist was er isst" (Feuerbach);

that in physique, mind, and morals they are modified by means of subsistence. If eaters of "flesh, with its soul, its blood," or its "life" (Leviticus xvii. 14), they acquire somewhat of the characteristics of the animals devoured. For this reason it is conjectured that blood is prohibited by Genesis ix. 4, Deuteronomy xii. 16, and unclean beasts by the Mosaic code. Impurity of body is believed to engender impurity of spirit. Dietary rules are directed to the development of normal life in body and spirit.

Whatever may be the menu of poorer Jews in this and other lands, it is certain that the utmost care is taken to provide clean, lawful, or wholesome and nutritious flesh for all who can afford to pay for it in New York. One of the largest abattoirs in the city, covering an ample block, owned and operated by men of Jewish race and faith, is remarkable for its smooth and effective working and admirable distribution of parts. An average of eight hundred cattle, between three and five years old, pass through it in each of the business days of the year. Arriving from the West at the river-front, they ascend one by one to the fateful inclosure, where an adept employee fastens a chain around the hind leg of each. Hoisted by machinery, the bovine falls gently upon one shoulder, and in most instances without a cry. Occasionally, however, some brute, maddened by sight and smell of blood, breaks out into the slaughter-house, and creates disturbance that is speedily quelled by its own despatch. Submissive companions, with neck twisted to expose the throat, quickly feel the shochet's long and shining knife. The shochet himself is a stalwart fellow, cool and wary withal, who rarely makes a useless motion. He is a religious man and of good moral character, as his license from Rabbi Jacob Joseph, chief of certain orthodox congregations in the metropolis, avouches. The lifestream in torrents follows the movement of his blade. This is "shechita," the killing. It insures complete effusion of blood, in which may be germs of disease that otherwise might find entrance into human bodies. Next follows "bediqah," the examination of instrument and victim. If a nick appear on the keen edge of the knife, that by extremists is held to imply unnecessary suffering, injurious chemical change, and consequent unfitness of the carcass for market. If there be none, lungs, liver, and heart, the entire body indeed, are minutely inspected. Organic lesion, purulent deposit, inflammation, or bone fracture, is at once detected, and condemns the whole as "trepha," or unclean, and inedible by the faithful. But necessity knows no law. The impecunious faithful in vociferous pursuit of garbage-cart, or reclaiming offensive meat from malodorous dump, until the drenching with sludge acid made it abhorrent even to the stomach of a jackal, have been too familiar to the eyes of sanitary officials. Even now, in the locality mockingly styled the "Pig-market," seemingly for the reason that pork is never sold there, deliquescent peaches at a cent per quart, eggs in various stages of antiquity, frowzy chickens, and dumbly protesting geese in halves, quarters, and eighths, cuts of beef and mutton at prices whereof the avenues never dreamed, condiments and sweetmeats foreign to all other civic quarters, poison while they prolong existence that would otherwise end through sheer inanition.



IN A JEWISH SLAUGHTER-HOUSE — EXAMINING THE KNIFE.

A tag affixed to each half of a beef in the abattoir is proof of its gastronomic value. Christians, as well as Jews, attach great importance to this silent token, and therefore non-Jewish purveyors are often wont to employ shochetim, or the shochetic methods.

Not less care is exemplified in killing other quadrupeds and fowls. Ultraists adhere to antique regulations, held by the best Jewish authorities to be binding only under conditions in respect of which they were made. Yet very

many are the Israelites who now deny themselves the privilege of cooking on winter Sabbaths, of masticating sirloin, rump, or porterhouse steak, because inhibited by law, and of enjoying oysters, lobsters, or shrimps because forbidden by Leviticus xi. 10.

That the sumptuary regulations of the rabbinical code tend to healthfulness and longevity, as well as to separation from other races and religions, is less clear than is generally imagined. The "United States Census Bulletin, No. 19," on the "Vital Statistics of the Jews in the United States," covers a period of five years in the experience of 10,618 Jewish families, of whom 3996 kept no servant, and 6622 kept one or more, out of a total of 15,000, and including 60,630 persons scattered all over the country. These answered scheduled inquiries, distributed by special agent A. S. Salomons, which sought to ascertain the rate of marriages, births, and deaths per thousand of the Jewish race. Some curious facts were elicited, and among them that in 1880 the proportion of Jewish males to females was 109.53 to 100 as against 103.57 males to 100 females of the general population; that the annual marriage-rate is only 7.4 per 1000, while the average rate is 18 to 22 per 1000 in the North-eastern States; that the average number of children to Jewish mothers of American birth is 3.56, of German 5.24, of Russian and Polish 5.63, Hungarian 5.27, and Bohemian 5.44; that 103.16 males are born to every 100 females in these families, and that the average birth-rate is 20.81 per 1000, which is lower than that of the Aryan or African population.

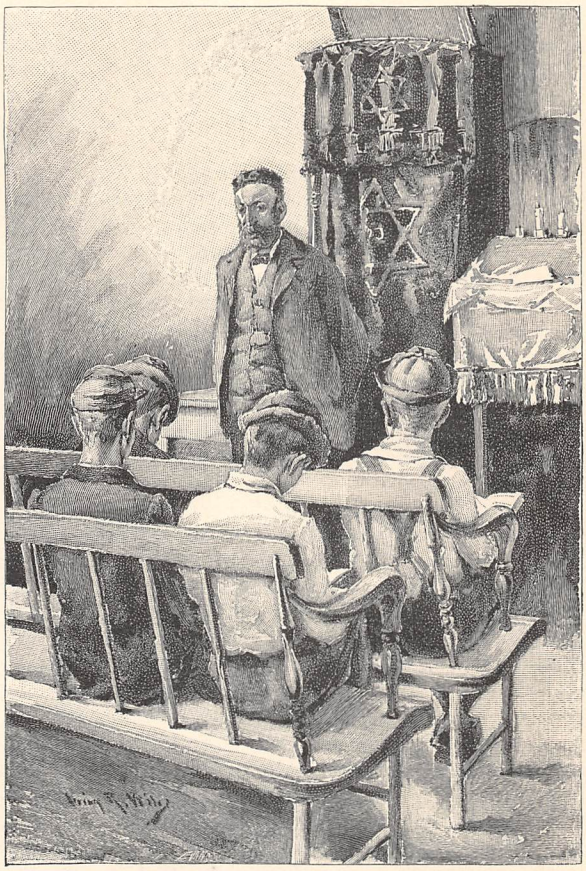
Of 18,115 males whose business is reported, 14,527 were traders, bankers, bookkeepers, clerks, etc., 84 laborers, and 383 agriculturists. The annual death-rate for the five years was 7.11 per 1000, or little more than half that of other people of similar social class and condition of living in this country. The average expectation of life is considerably higher. Loss by death from diphtheria, diarrhea, diseases of the nervous system, and especially of the spinal cord, diseases of the circulatory and urinary systems, bones, joints, and skin, has been greater than that of non-Jewish neighbors; while mortality from tubercular diseases, including consumption, scrofula, tabes, and hydrocephalus, has been less than that of other peoples with whom they have been compared. Of the 60,630 persons in these Jewish families living on December 31, 1889, 617 were reported as sick, and 202 — including the insane, blind, deaf, maimed, and crippled — as in some way personally defective. The proportion of Jews affected by disease was 10.17 per 1000, while of the population of Massachusetts in 1885 it was 7.47. For Jews over 15 years of age it was 14.22 per 1000; for the United States in 1880 it was 12.75 per 1000. Extended and trustworthy statistics of births and deaths in all sections of the city of New York, and indeed of the country, are indispensable to determine with anything like accuracy the relative health and longevity of our Jewish fellow citizens. The general conclusion is that while the marriage-, birth-, and death-rates are less than those of their neighbors, the birth-rate is decreasing and the death-rate increasing with prolonged residence in this country.

No people are more keenly alive to the advantages of thoroughly available education than the Jews. Biblical and Talmudical writers emphasize its value. The destruction of Jerusalem is by some of the latter referred to the neglect of youthful instruction. There are fewer truant children among the Hebrews, relatively to their number, than among other racial constituents of the metropolitan body. In the primary and in the grammar schools, in the New York Female College and in the College of the City of New York, the proportion of Jewish students is remarkably large, and their comparative scholarship no less noticeable. In mental arithmetic they take the lead. Aptitude for pecuniary calculation is organized and hereditary.

While antagonism between pupils of different race and faith will almost inevitably spring up, there seems to be as little of it between Jews and Christians as between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Nay, less — owing to the similarity of ethical culture. In private schools the repugnance is more manifest, and is on the part of parents rather than of children. Jewish parents do not object to coeducation of their progeny with that of non-Jews. Many professed Christians oppose it. An able and experienced woman teacher, author of an esteemed volume on the education of girls, and the proprietor of a private school, suffered reduction in the number of her pupils, among whom was the daughter of a cosmopolitan Christian editor, from 110 to 60 or 70, because she admitted Jewesses. Where reasons for the withdrawal of patronage were assigned, it was evident that the caste spirit, as well as alleged objectionable peculiarities in the Semitic damsels, did much to formulate them. Private Hebrew seminaries are not open to the same objection, perhaps because admission into even the best of them is not generally desired. No American boy or girl, whatever the ancestral extraction, would wish to become a pupil in any of the private Jewish schools so numerous in tenements and synagogues east of the Bowery. Unclean, overcrowded, saturated with the fumes of cooking food and burning tobacco, and sometimes perilous from the prox-

imity of contagious disease, they are further distinguished by laxity of discipline, inability of the Russian or Polish pedagogue to speak English, and the harsh gutturalism of his Hebrew or Jüdisch-Deutsch.

Religious tuition at Israelitish expense is imparted to children in the establishments of the Hebrew Free School Association at No. 624 Fifth street, 206 East Broadway, and 244 East Fifty-second street. School sessions are from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. on secular days, and from 9 A. M. to 12 M. on Sabbaths. At the second of these institutions 749 girls and 376 boys were in attendance on February 1, 1891. Each sex is divided into five grades, of which the instruction is religious. That of the highest includes prayers, Bible, and catechism. Recitations of Hebrew in concert, followed by excellent English translation, are verbally perfect, and deeply imprint lessons on the memory. The pupils are all from the public schools. So are many of the teachers. Inspired by earnest purpose, and enthusiastic withal, the whole seem happy in their work. Teaching and reading are phonetic. Names of letters, vowel-points, and other signs are committed to memory as the scholar advances.



STUDYING THE TORAH.

In the kindergarten is a reproduction of fairy-land, with tokens of bad air, hard fare, and rough experience upon the fairies. All are forgotten, however, in the excitement of rhythmical motion, song, and juvenile histrionics. The "Snow-storm" is a favorite performance, all the more acceptable because a sheet of filmy gauze does duty for descending snowflakes.

In the schools the girls are taught sewing, dressmaking, embroidery, and other feminine arts. Some boys in the industrial school promise great proficiency in wood-working. Both sexes would do better if complaints of vitiated air and defective ventilation had not such frequent and firm foundation in fact.

The Louis Down-Town Sabbath and Daily School, 267 Henry street, a specimen of several kindred institutions, is on Sabbaths attended by over three hundred Jewish girls, mainly of Slavonic parentage, whose recitations in English, of decalogue, prayers, and hymns, are wonderfully fluent and fitting. Charity here is practical and judicious. The hungry are regaled on bread and milk, the needy covered with shoes and clothing. Employment is found for graduates prepared therefor by training in the technical branches of millinery, designing, and the ordinary branches of an English education. Nor is this the only industrial school under Hebrew management in the city. In all of them religion of the Judaic type plays a prominent part.

Talmudic study of the Torah is the specialty of several schools; also of Hebrew Talmudical Literary Associations, composed principally of young men. The "Machzikay Talmud Torah" (Supporter of the Study of the Law) Academy, at No. 227 East Broadway, is the embodiment of traditionalism striving to perpetuate itself through future generations. About fourteen hundred lads, mainly of Slavonic antecedents, nearly all poverty-stricken, and dependent upon Hebrew beneficence for clothing, are there conducted by twelve teachers through four years' study of the Old Testament as viewed from Talmudic standpoints. The history, philosophy, theology, and ceremonials of the Jewish Church are also included in the curriculum. Mosaic legislation receives minute attention. Fifty boys were in the ninth, and forty-eight in the alphabetic, class, differing numbers making up the intermediate classes, in May, 1890. Reading and writing in square and rabbinical characters

are taught. The school is in the ninth year of its progress. Promising pupils may pass thence to the public schools, College of the City of New York, or Hebrew theological seminaries, where they are finally qualified to assume the duties of the rabbinate.

Familiarity on the part of the Jews with the letter and spirit of the Old Testament, as rabbinically expounded, is truly marvelous. Not a few of the orthodox Jews can repeat the contents of the sacred books without omitting a word. Were every copy thereof destroyed, the Jews in New York do not vainly affirm that they could produce several perfect copies, from memory alone, within the space of twenty-four hours. Accurate memorizing of the Talmud is well-nigh as wonderful. Forty Russians and Poles, it is said, might be selected who could repeat the whole.

Whether the results of such diligent application be sufficiently valuable to compensate for the time and energy expended in acquiring them is almost exclusively a Jewish question. Devotees think they are. The subject of study is unquestionably ancient. The Midrash on "Shir ha Shirim Rabba," the Song of Solomon, and elsewhere in Oriental hyperbole declares that the Torah "had really existed two thousand years before creation; the patriarchs had their academies of study, and they had known and observed all the ordinances; and traditionalism had the same origin, both as to time and authority, as the Law itself." This is certainly an impressive way of teaching that inasmuch as the object of creation is to make earth the abode of human happiness, the Law, as an indispensable guide thereto, must always have been in existence. Jewish orthodoxy believes the oral to be equal to the written law in weight of authority — nay, indeed, to be superior, as voicing the concurrent opinions of accepted expositors. It guards the sanctity of the written law by extending and adding to its provisions — drawing a "geder," or hedge, around its "garden inclosed." "An offense against the sayings [enactments] of the scribes is worse than one against those of Scripture."

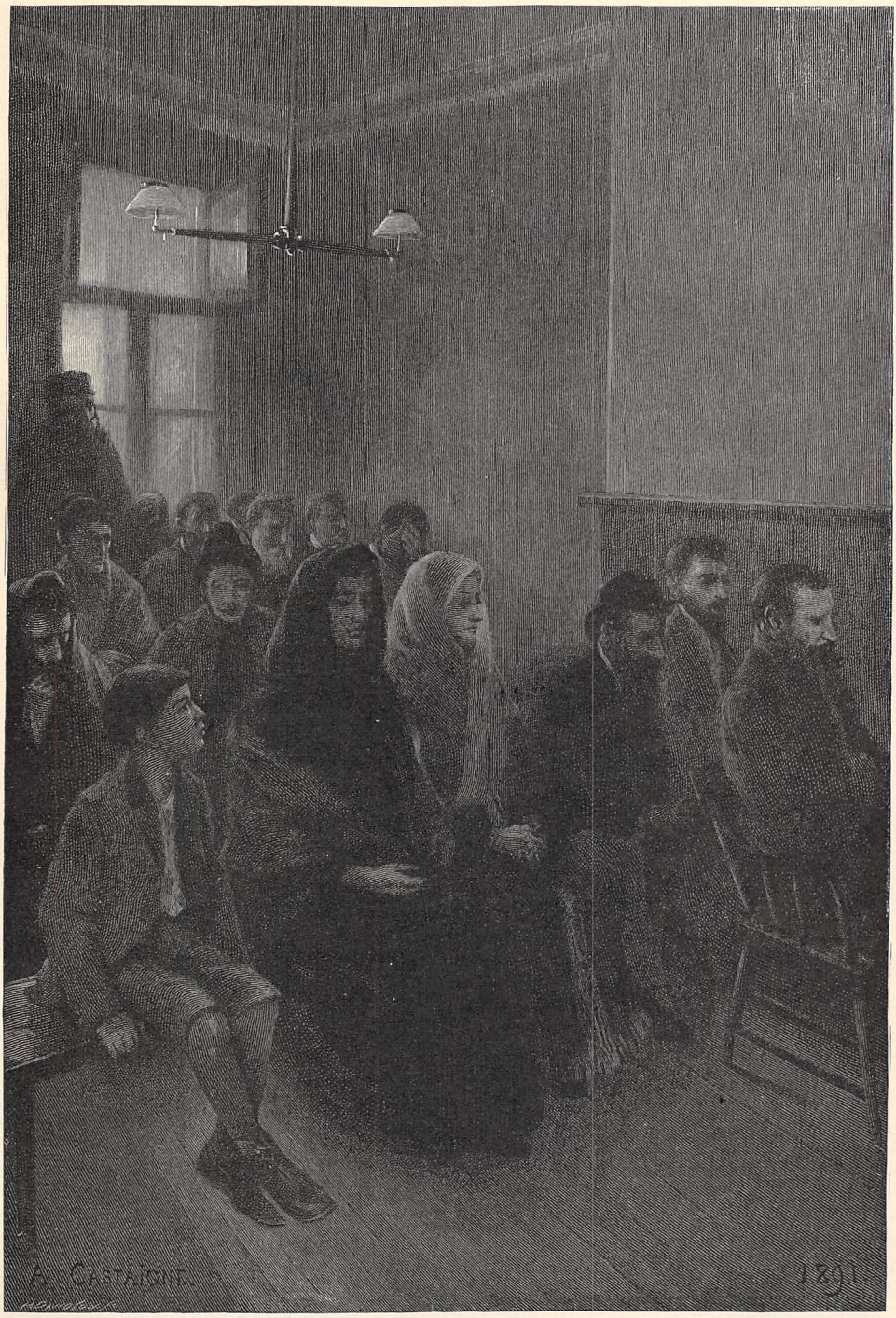
"Moses," declares the Pirké Aboth, "received the law from Sinai, and delivered it to Joshua, and Joshua to the elders, and the elders to the prophets, and the prophets to the Men of the Great Synagogue." Compiled by Jehuda Hanassi in the second century of the Christian era, and denominated the "Mishna," or Second Law, it gave rise to erudite commentators whose expositions are styled the "Gemara." Mishna and Gemara constitute the Talmud, but some writers restrict the term to the Gemara alone. Of the Talmud there are two editions: that of Jerusalem, edited by Rabbi Jochanan A. D. 370, and that of Babylon, edited by Rabina and Rab Asa in 375–427. The exegete of either or both is the Talmid.

Divided into six "sedarim," orders; 62 or 63 tractates ("massekhtoth," textures, webs); 525 "peraqim," chapters; and 4187 "mishnayoth," verses, containing the "Halakhah," or traditional regulations by which the fathers walked and which the children are obliged to observe, "they," Edersheim remarks, "provided for every possible and impossible case, entered into every detail of private, family, and public life, and with iron logic, unbending rigor, and most minute analysis, pursued and dominated man, turn whither he might, laying on him a yoke which was truly unbearable,"— a yoke, however, which the Jews declare is now and always has been borne gladly and unmurmuringly by millions of coreligionists,— and promising him knowledge, righteousness, and reward in return for obedience. Which foot to put out of bed first, how to wash a pocket-handkerchief, and how to compound medicines that remind the reader of the witches' hell-broth, are matters by no means too trivial for the Talmud. "If," says Edersheim, "we imagine something containing law reports, a rabbinical 'Hansard,' and notes of a theological debating-club,— all thoroughly Oriental, full of discussions, anecdotes, quaint sayings, fancies, legends, and too often of what from its profanity, superstition, and even obscenity, could scarcely be quoted,— we may form some general idea of what the Talmud is." "One half of the Talmud ought never to have been written," is the dictum of an erudite and cultivated rabbi in New York. In the estimation of another it sustains a relation to Judaism similar to that of the daily press to Christianity. Neither is a trustworthy exponent.

The Jerusalem Talmud extends over 39, the Babylonian over 36½, of the 63 Mishnic tractates, of which 15½ have no Gemara, or Comment, at all. The Babylonian Talmud is four times larger than the Jerusalem, and ten or eleven times larger than the Mishna. The first is written in the eastern, the second in the western, dialect of the Aramean language. Both discuss the Mishna clause by clause. Beautiful and sublime passages, "brilliant diamonds in heaps of cinders," sparkle on their pages.

The "Torah," Law, contained in the Pentateuch, is the corner-stone of Judaism. "Kabbalah" (that which has been received) comprises the teachings of the prophets, the Hagiographa, and the oral traditions.[1] "Ha-

[1] The teachings of the prophets and the Hagiographa are sometimes referred to by the rabbis under the same designation as that applied to the traditions. Pirké (chapters) Aboth contains the characteristic ethical "Sayings of the Fathers," known as the "Tannaim," or doctors of the Mishna, which are wholly Haggadic.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES—WAITING THEIR TURN.

lakhah" (that which has been heard — that is, delivered as law) is legally obligatory; "Haggadah" (that which was said) owes its force to individual authority, and not to legal ordinance. The latter is illustration, commentary, anecdote, clever or learned saying, etc. Midrash is the sacred study of Halakhah and Haggadah, and also the utterance of the student upon any portion of his subject. The edifice in which this study is pursued bears the title of Beth Hammidrash. Boraithas are traditions external to the Mishna, Tosephtoth are additions to it.

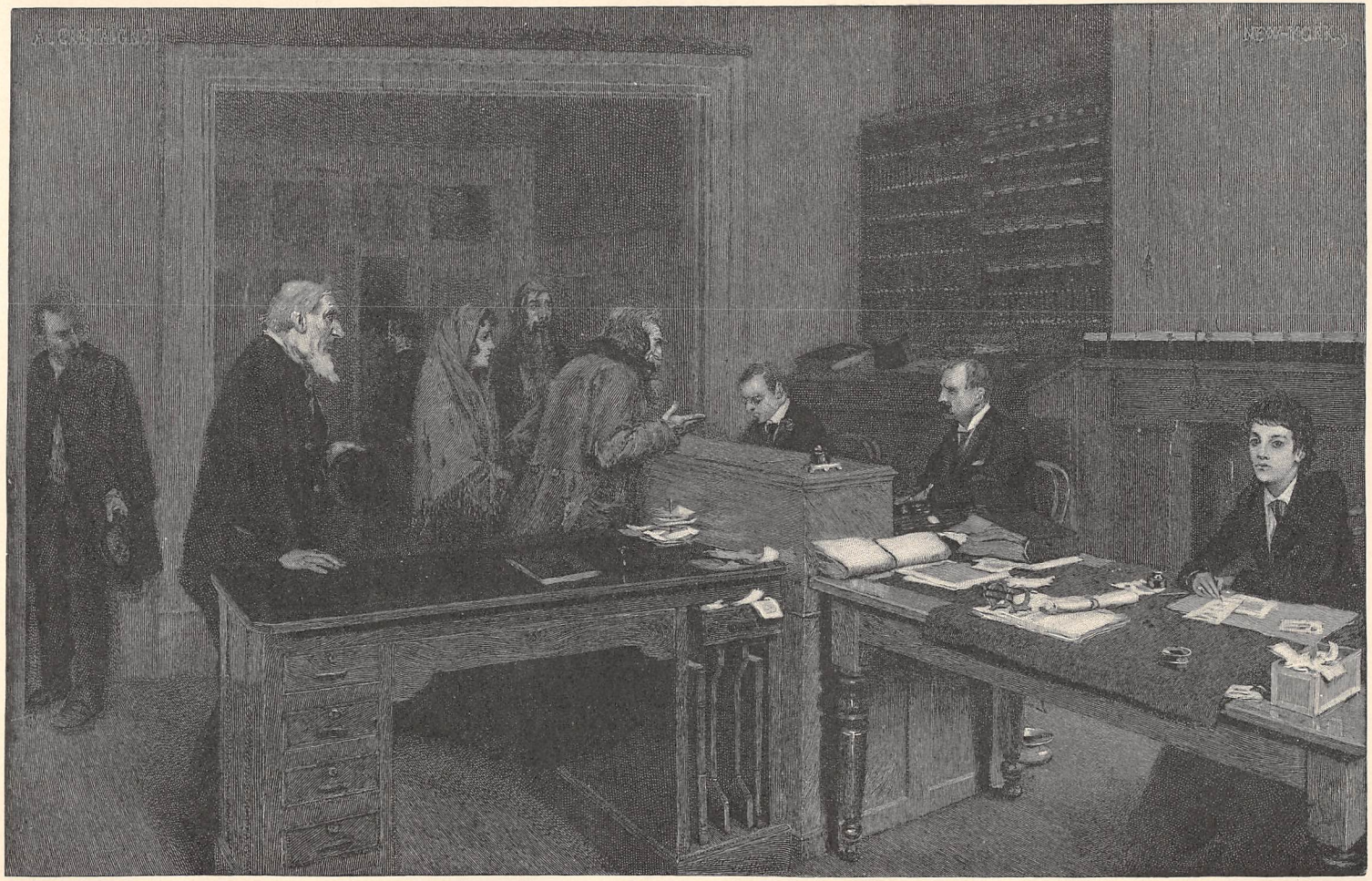
Critics differ widely as to the value of the Talmud. The main body of Jewish theology and ethics is only Haggadic, and therefore not of absolute authority. The Halakhah is painfully punctilious about outward observances, but leaves the "inner man, the spring of actions, untouched." What is to be believed and experienced is chiefly matter of Haggadah. Israel, as a whole, has often made void the law through his traditions — has crushed the life of religion by imposing an enormous burden of rites and ceremonies. Yet his prophets were not legalists, nor are many of his teachers to-day. There are numbers of "just and devout" men among his descendants, who wait "for the consolation of Israel" (Luke ii. 25), and upon whom the Holy Spirit abides.

Study of what is essential in the Torah as the law of humanity has, under God, glorified martyrs like Rabbi Akiba, inspired all that is vital in Islam, and clothed the Karaite Jews with pure morality. Talmudic study of the Torah has ever been one of the firmest bonds of Jewish Church and nationality. Wherever it has failed to lay hold on the spirit, and stubbornly restricted itself to the letter, it has created bigots and fanatics. That "the Torah will never be exchanged for another" may be wholly true; but Christians hold it to be none the less certain that its religious and ethical teachings have been supplemented and perfected by those of the New Testament. Despite the closest addiction to the Talmud, Judaism is modified by, while to some extent modifying, Christianity. It begins to claim inheritance in Jesus of Nazareth, the grandest scion of the Abrahamic stock; it rejoices to number professors of the Christianity of Christ among its true though dissenting friends; it recognizes Christianity as the "daughter religion," and its basis to be the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" (Leviticus xix. 18). It no longer hesitates, through reformed rabbis like the Rev. Dr. K. Kohler, "to recognize in Jesus of Nazareth and his apostles the greatest harbingers of light for the heathen world. We readily acknowledge him to have been one of the world's sweetest preachers, one of Israel's loftiest prophets, one of the great redeemers of the lost and forsaken of the race, one of the noblest teachers of morals that ever lived" — and yet "but a Jew, after the model of Hillel or Philo." Others of orthodox sentiment class the "Man of Nazareth" with Socrates, Zoroaster, Gautama, Confucius, and Mohammed, chosen instruments to lead humanity from idolatry to the one true God. The Christianity of to-day, they contend, is not what Jesus taught and practised. Until it shall return to the original type, which they say included the observance of all Mosaic law, their attitude of obstinate refusal to become Christians, "or even to approach the younger faith," will remain unchanged. Intelligent Judaism declares that the cause of atrocious persecutions endured by its adherents "was by no means the teachings of Christianity, which recommends love to every one, but the ignorance, coarseness, and animal passions of fanatic priests and mobs."

The animus of this deliverance will help to separate the precious from the vile in Jewish literature, and add it to the common stock of religion and ethics. The "Jewish Home Prayer-book," issued by the Jewish Ministers' Association of America, thankfully points to the design of the Almighty, "that all classes and all ages might learn that the Torah is for them in common," and that the first recipients of it were appointed to be "its interpreters unto all mankind."

Sunday-schools have been organized by many Jewish congregations in New York. Neither thought, pains, nor labor is spared to make them efficient agents of Judaism, orthodox and reformed. Pedagogical instruction by about a dozen paid agents, whose normal qualifications are ascertained by strict examination, is distinctive of that in the Temple Emanu-El. The accomplished chief rabbi is deeply interested in its prosperity, and does not hesitate to invite any friendly Christian minister to address it. In common with enlightened philosophers of all faiths, the thinkers in this synagogue believe that the gathering of Jews from all lands into the city, and their subsequent education under conditions of perfect equality before the law, portend some great development of divine providence, and more rapid upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

To the latter the Jewish Theological Seminary, now humbly domiciled at the Cooper Union, is enthusiastically consecrated. Formally opened on January 2, 1887, by representatives of conservative congregations, it is differentiated from the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, which has graduated many liberal reformed rabbis since its organization in 1875, by concord with the consensus of historical Jewish beliefs, based on the Bible and expounded by Israelitish sages. Mishna and



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

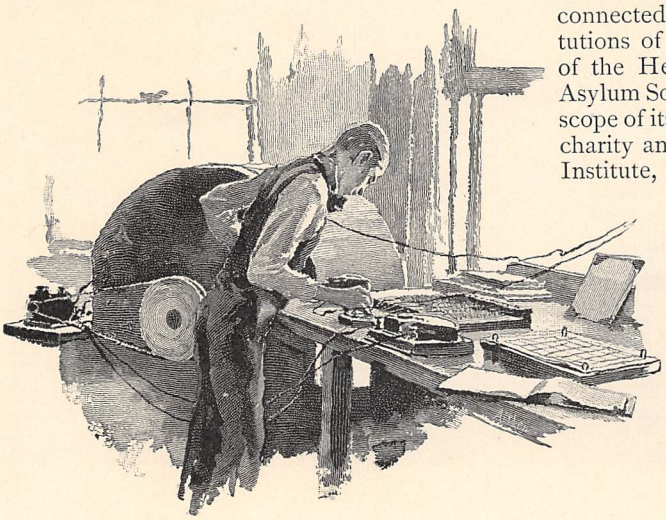
Gemara, Midrashim and Schulchan Aruch, find conspicuous position in present teaching. Five professorships, whose functions for the most part have hitherto been ably exercised by the Rev. Drs. S. Morais, G. Lieberman, B. Drachman, and A. Kohut, are projected. Most of the students, numbering over thirty, are poor, and of Slavonic birth or ancestry. Character and culture, orthodox faith, desire to perpetuate "true Judaism as a system of right living, based upon the revealed will of God," acquaintance with the Hebrew language and learning, and ordination, are, in this institution, prerequisites for the rabbinate.

Just as solicitously are the 145 youths, more or less, daily convening in the Hebrew Technical Institute, Nos. 34, 36 Stuyvesant Place, trained for industrial usefulness. The most impressive feature of this institution, as seen on a casual visit in the winter of 1890–91, was the class of eight or nine boys in working costume, perched at ease on work-benches, and eagerly absorbing a lecture on electricity from a spectacled young man whose person bore the tokens of ancestral want and hardship, but whose speech was pointed, concise, and instructive. It may in part be due to his exertions that the alumni have established an organization known as the Franklin Electric Society. Nearly all the instruments in use, such as dynamos, tangent galvanometer, etc., were constructed by the pupils.

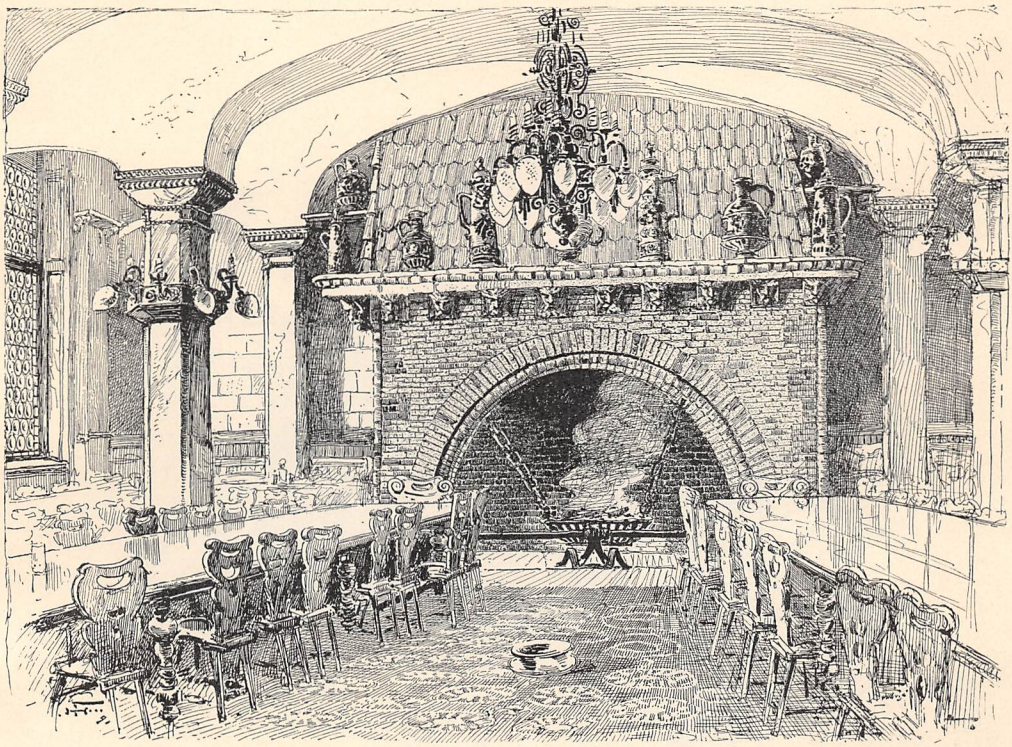
To Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of New York, and an able corps of assistants, great credit is due for the admirable exhibit of school work at the Hebrew Educational Fair in 1889. The booth was built by their pupils, and its walls were decorated with carvings and drawings by their hands. Tables were covered with specimens of their skill in wood and iron. At the lathes, constructed from patterns which they themselves had made, deft artisans turned formless lumber into geometrical shapes; and at the benches nimble mechanics used hammer, saw, and chisel. All had been taught the scientific principles pertaining to their practice. At present it is thought that fully one hundred graduates from the Hebrew Technical Institute are at work in various mechanical workshops. Demand for their services, because of excellent training and habits, is steady. Endowment for the school is asked of its patrons, and would increase its utility. Receipts for the calendar year 1890 amounted to $13,125.99, and expenditures to $16,645.38.

The Hebrew Free School Association, Aguilar Free Library Society, and Young Men's Hebrew Association, together constituting the Hebrew Educational Alliance, will soon be installed in the handsome and serviceable edifice known as the Hebrew Institute, on Jefferson street and East Broadway, by which all the requirements of sanitary science are satisfied. Ample room for select and general assemblies is provided. Library and reading-room, gymnasium, workshops, cooking-school, baths, etc., are also instruments of individual and social improvement. Hither the industrial education carried on at No. 58 St. Mark's Place is to be transferred — an education by which more than two hundred girls are taught the mysteries of sewing, dress-cutting, fitting, and drafting according to the Taylor system. Their embroidery is of such excellence that it has repeatedly captured prizes offered by the Society of Decorative Art.

What is true of the private and communal schools may also be predicated of those connected with the eleemosynary institutions of the Jews in New York. That of the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society — which also extends the scope of its beneficence so as to embrace charity and relief, the Hebrew Technical Institute, education, orphans' estates, life insurance, and bequests — is a distinguished example. The Orphan Asylum, located on One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and Tenth Avenue, domiciles over 550 full or half orphans, principally boys, between the ages of four and fourteen years. Rudimentary manual training is part of their education. The drawing-classes do enviable work. Instruction is thorough. Sanitation, notwithstanding 110 boys in one



IN THE ELECTRICAL ROOM OF THE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.



CAFÉ OF THE PROGRESS CLUB.

dormitory, is admirable. The hospital, with relatively few patients, is isolated. The synagogue, large, neat, inviting, is accessible to all. One cannot but admire the genius of ritualistic churches for acquiring valuable and beautiful possessions. This property is in fee simple, runs down to the North River, and has, for the delectation of those who delight in magnificent scenes of land or water, a spacious dining-room that commands the finest views of any refectory in the city. Boys enter in military order. Soldierly style is the product of five drills every week and an exhibition drill on Sunday. In the civic and industrial parade of May 1, 1889, the Orphan Asylum was represented by a battalion of six companies, composed of 300 lads under thirteen years of age, headed by a band and a drum and fife corps. On the ensuing Thanksgiving Day they proudly received from the hand of General William T. Sherman a beautiful banner, in recognition of their high military bearing and regular marching.

Oratory of no mean order was also illustrated by the boys who were chosen speakers on that occasion. The Rev. Dr. H. Baar, Rabbi of the Asylum, has been its superintendent for more than sixteen years. His brief, pithy, and telling lectures are such as "strike and stick," and exert permanent influence. Published works perpetuate his religious and ethical teachings. Immensely popular with his juvenile flock, who magnify anniversaries of his birth by presentation of cards, flowers, etc., he includes the amenities of life in the educational program, so that the bright, happy fellows are often unwilling to leave the only home they have ever known.

Professor Ehrlich, collaborator of Dr. Delitzsch in the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, is an able and learned assistant. Nine boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, are members of his Talmud-Torah class, and study Aramaic selections from the Mishna and the prophet Daniel. These are intended to become teachers. The spirit of the institution may be inferred from the aspiration of one of its brightest pupils: "I hope we shall all be one some day." Reformed Judaism is most prominent in the management, and drew from the late Miss Sarah A. Burr the munificent legacy of $50,000, commemorated by a mural tablet to her memory.

The support of the institution, with its excellent corps of skilled instructors, is from subscription, bequest, and the city treasury; and is at an annual cost of about $108,500, including the $25,000 contributed to the United Hebrew Charities.

TEMPLE BETH-EL, FROM CENTRAL PARK.

Jewish women are quite as zealous for the preservation of the ancestral faith as men, and, as members of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society,— whose Orphan Asylum, in near proximity to the one just described, has domiciled 1646 children committed to their care by judicial officers,— are remarkable for sterling business sense and productiveness of deliberate action. Five hundred and sixty-six wards were under their supervision at the close of the fiscal year in 1890. The two hundred girls, more or less, in their branch institution on Avenue A, Eighty-seventh street, will shortly find residence in the building erected for their accommodation, at a cost of $100,000, close to that already in use on Washington Heights, and formerly known as the "Home and School for Children of Union Soldiers and Sailors." Hungary and Russia furnish a large number of inmates to both establishments. The boys, and many of the girls, as is the case with the beneficiaries in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, are sent to the public schools, where they obtain an average of ninety-five per cent. in favorable marks. Some have passed the examination needful to enter the College of the City of New York. But the object of patrons is to qualify them for earning subsistence by trades and other occupations, and to that end special instruction in the Jewish religion and in the rudiments of the Hebrew and German languages is bestowed. About fifty boys are organized as a uniformed fife and drum corps, greatly to their own amusement and the favor of the public. Orthodox Jews, like the late Philip J. Joachimsen, the founder, sustain the enterprise without aid from the State treasury, but with $65,374 in 1890 from the excise moneys. The annual expenditure is from $60,000 to $70,000. All religious aspects are in strict conformity with Jewish laws and usages. Servants are chiefly Slavs and Christians. Equal liberality is evinced in the employment of physicians. Diet, dress, dormitories, schoolrooms, and playgrounds are all adapted to the needs of children whose prevalent diseases are of the eye, scalp, and stomach, and whose past privations have often left indelible evidences on generally healthy bodies. The "Golden

Book of Life," in this as in all eleemosynary receptacles, awaits increase of donors' names, and transmits the record of benevolence.

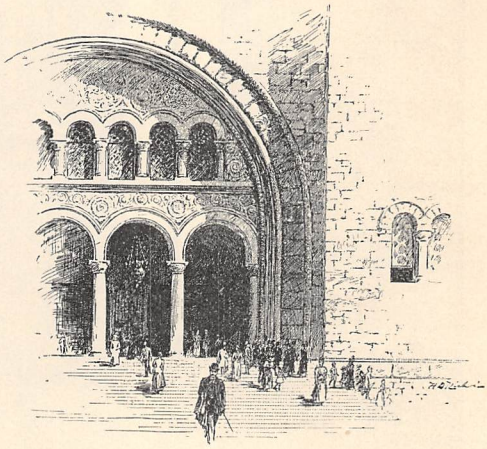
None of the older world-religions surpasses Judaism in the merciful provision made by law for the relief of the poor. One of its proudest boasts is that there are so few Jewish beggars in the streets and paupers in the almshouses. Its living exponents are not infrequently generous subscribers to the charities of other faiths. A forlorn, disabled soldier of Pentateuchal creed, dying in a hospital before the funds collected for his benefit could be applied, occasioned the first systematic arrangement of Jewish mercy in New York — mercy whose resources are now exhaustively taxed by tens of thousands of poor, perishing expatriated ones cast upon them by northern and eastern Europe. Christian philanthropists, such as the late Daniel B. Fayerweather, are not slow to discern the divine spirit of revealed religion when they reciprocate Hebrew liberality by their own munificence to Hebrew charities.

The mind, heart, and hand of revealed religion are excellently manifest in the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, on the Grand Boulevard, One Hundred and Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Thirty-ninth streets. This is an esthetic architectural adornment to the city, and most welcome refuge to sufferers from any disease that is not contagious, epileptic, insane, or leprous. Built in the hundredth year of Sir Moses Montefiore, in honor of his noble character and universal philanthropy, it is supplied with the best hygienic and surgical appliances, and yields the palm to no establishment in respect of wise adaptation to desiderated ends. Here mercy is exquisitely thoughtful and tender. A sewing-room for convalescent women, and a chess-room for men, together with the tropical conservatory, with its stained glass and invalid chairs for valetudinarians, help to pass the time less wearily. To each patient a separate closet is assigned, and to each ward its own pantry, ice-box, and other conveniences. In the beautiful synagogue divine worship is conducted by a rabbi. Any one desiring Christian ministration may send for priest or pastor. Six times a day is food set before the patients. In the hydrotherapeutic room the sweat-baths for consumptives, rheumatics, and sufferers from heart complaints have been instrumental in restoring seeming incurables to health, or to such physical condition as warrants discharge; after which watchful beneficence continues to minister until satisfied that its subjects are able to earn a livelihood for themselves.

Of hospitals like Mount Sinai, on Sixty-sixth street and Lexington Avenue, and the new Jewish Hospital,— once an Ursuline convent,— New York Judaism is wholesomely productive. Dispensaries, too, it establishes, and shrewdly charges a small sum for medicines when beneficiaries use or waste too much of what has been dispensed gratuitously. About eighty per cent. of the Mount Sinai patients are of Jewish faith; but those of other religions, or of none, are as freely admitted — a catholic philanthropy acknowledged by a bequest of $60,000 from Miss Sarah A. Burr. Hygiene is scientific and practical, cleanliness apparent, seclusion secured by screens around the sick, and, when especially required, by separate rooms. Kindness, embodied in the motherly nurse, lays caressing hand on the head of an infantile Judas Maccabæus, and wonders how heartless parents can desert their offspring.

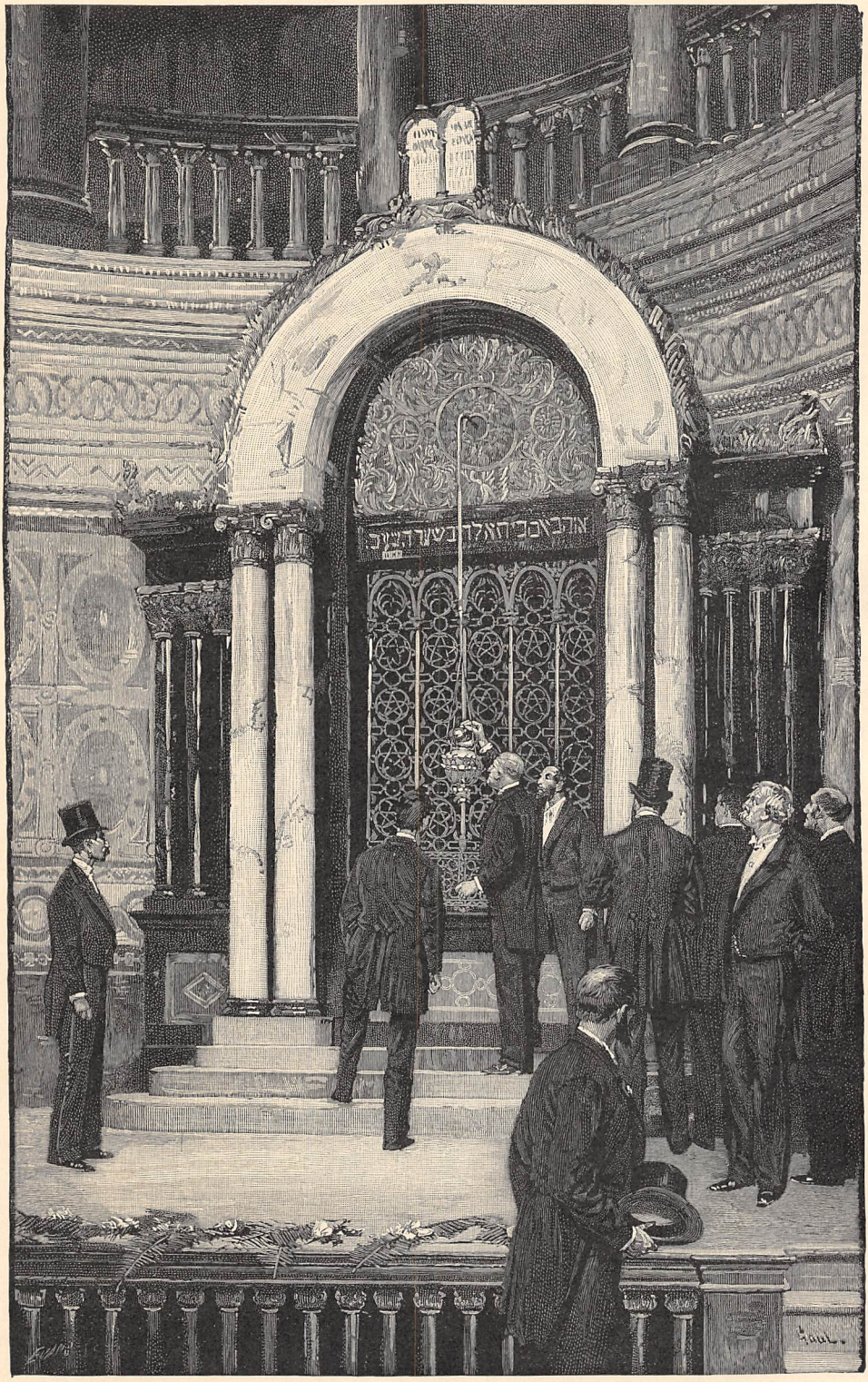
Attached to the hospital is the Mount Sinai Training School for Nurses, of whose twenty-five, more or less, excellent yearly graduates only four or five are said to be Jewesses. Literature and religion are here held to be accessory to curative process. Worldly amusements, too, are not despised as helps to humanity. The fancy-dress ball of February 28, 1889, in aid of this institution, put $15,158.96 into its treasury.

Of the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, with 142 inmates, on One Hundred and Fifth



PORCH OF TEMPLE BETH-EL.

street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, the Home for Benai Berith in Yonkers, the Sanitarium for Hebrew Children at No. 124 East Fourteenth street, and also that at Rockaway, Long Island, it is enough to say that in respect of provision, appointment, and efficiency they are on the same plane with the average of Christian enterprises of like character. The Home of the Benai Berith, with upward of sixty inmates, is maintained at an annual cost of about $17,000, raised by a per capita assessment of two dollars on every member of the order. Residents are not regarded as paupers, but as



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LIGHTING THE PERPETUAL LAMP AT THE CONSECRATION OF TEMPLE BETH-EL.

men who by past payments have acquired the right to its advantages.

Foremost among Jewish philanthropic associations are the Down-Town Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society, Ladies' Deborah Nursery and Child's Protectory, Young Ladies' Charitable Aid Society, and Young Ladies' Charitable Sewing Society, all of which are unceasingly active in eleemosynary toil.

Immigrants are mutually helpful. "Chevras," or beneficent societies, composed of people from the same localities in Europe or Asia, are extremely popular. Religion and reciprocity blend in them. The Gemilath Chesed Shel Emeth celebrated in January, 1891, its jubilee of fifty years with much feasting and giving of presents.

The United Hebrew Charities of the City of New York,—consisting of the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society, Hebrew Benevolent Fuel Society, Hebrew Relief Society, Ladies' Hebrew Lying-in Society, and Congregation Darech Amuno Free Burial Fund Society,—now in the eighteenth year of its singular usefulness, directed by able mercantile and professional citizens, and with judicious economy of resources striving to attain the best results through careful division of labor, is one of the noblest humanitarian organizations on the continent, and compels warmest praise from those who know it best.

Poverty, through immigration and other causes, grows faster than means of prevention or relief. Gifts, subscriptions, fairs, Purim balls, and civic appropriations cannot satisfy its cravings. Its bitterness is intensified by disappointment. New York is not the Ophir or the El Dorado pictured by selfish steamship agents. In the year ending September 30, 1890, applications for relief to the number of 5170, involving 19,143 persons, were received and acted upon. Relief in cash was given to 1043, in supplies to 1719, in transportation to 2959, and in employment to 3833, among whom were physicians, teachers, mechanics, electricians, architects, and business managers, as well as peddlers and artisans. The aggregate of beneficiaries was 28,696. Of Russians 2912, and of Austrians 1131, figured among the recipients. Receipts of the union were $104,523.83, and expenditure $105,090.77. Of $150,000, more or less, received and expended in 1891, the cost of administration was only seven per cent.

The objects of the union are to minimize pauperism, return the deluded and incapable (1204 in 1890) to former abodes, help the ambitious to help themselves, root out superstitious notions, strip off uncouth manners, infuse broad and kindly sympathies, cultivate cleanly and industrious habits, and implant loving loyalty to their adopted country.

It speaks well for these despised foreigners that their appeals for aid so often take the form of pleading requests for work, that the large majority keep the places found for them, that they quickly become self-supporting in this "country of workers," and that while sometimes charged with incapacity, not one of the 3833 for whom employment was found in 1890 was reported to the office as dishonest.

Into all the plans of the United Hebrew Charities the trustees of the Hirsch Fund have spiritedly entered, and in six months of 1890 at a cost of $18,858. They aid temporarily the newcomers, but appropriate most of their income to industrial education, domiciliary improvement, and agricultural settlements. Whatever shape the charities take on is in harmony with the reports of competent visitors and expert officials.

"Sisterhoods of Personal Service," originated by the Rev. Dr. Gottheil, zealously supported by the Temple Emanu-El, multiply within the Jewish Church. Pecuniary subscription is not invited, but personal service is earnestly besought. Where this is rendered funds flow into the treasury abundantly. The King's Daughters, "a society of Christian ladies to whom we owe many acts of kindness to our poor," suggested organization to the "Daughters of Israel," whose silver badges, bearing the inscription, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," prompt the visitation of the sick and needy, maintenance of kindergartens, religious and industrial schools and nurseries, rescue-homes for the fallen, and adoption of the most faithful communal and congregational activities. One young lady's sorrow for the little ones in homes of squalor and destitution, and her consequent gifts of picture-books and games, originated in hearing of a miserable waif who utilized a dead cat and an empty tomato-can as toys. The good accomplished by these sisterhoods can hardly be overestimated. Uplifting power through personal service to the fallen is one of the social forces that they are quick to wield. "Through the self-sacrifice and uplifting power of the early [Christian] church a great impetus was given to civilization," is a significant Jewish utterance. Feminine service in this novel yet ancient form is warmly greeted. Rabbinical and lay coöperation is enthusiastic. Danger of overlapping charities is avoided by restriction of each sisterhood to a defined district and by relation to the "Charities" as a kind of central bureau. The latter represents the head and the former the heart of metropolitan Judaism, and both work together in concord.

Public libraries, sustained in whole or in part by Jewish liberality, are creations of com-

mercial instinct, reverence for the past, and preparation for the future. The Aguilar Free Library Association, with depositories of books and current literature at 721 Lexington Avenue, 206 East Broadway, and 624 Fifth street, provides a free reading-room at each point for both sexes, all races, and believers in any creed, or in none. Cozy, warm, and well lighted, the chambers in Lexington Avenue draw more Gentiles than Jews. Among the periodicals on the table are the monthly "Old and New Testament Student" and the quarterly "Hebraica," both edited by Professor W. R. Harper; all the great monthlies, including English and American illustrated magazines; and also journals of political science, the weeklies, etc. Books on the shelves are of similar catholic character. Christian theology is not excluded. About two hundred volumes relate to purely Jewish subjects, and among them the "Guide to the Perplexed" of the great Maimonides is conspicuous in three volumes. Daily readers average 275, of whom about half are Christians. Of the 15,000 volumes in the three libraries, a moiety of the circulation is among the juveniles. Part of those in demand at East Broadway are in Jüdisch-Deutsch jargon. Musical and literary entertainments elevate popular tone and taste, and delight attendant Hebrew and non-Hebrew alike. A civic appropriation of $5000 per annum aids in this diffusion of educational influence, but does not admit of large augmentation of means. The Maimonides Library of the Benai Berith, in Fifty-seventh street, near Third Avenue, is an independent institution, admirably administered, and circulates between 40,000 and 50,000 volumes every year.

By the very necessities of its nature modern Judaism addicts itself to clubs and beneficent organizations. Of the latter the "Benai Berith," Sons of the Covenant, founded in 1843, and receiving lifelong fostering from the erudite and many-sided Benjamin F. Peixotto, is the most powerful. It aims at the good of the brotherhood and of Israel at large; promotes coöperation in provision for the needs of members and their families in education, philanthropy, and culture; encourages the training of youth in handicrafts, and of men of all ages in agriculture; seeks to convert the exiled immigrants into self-reliant citizens, and to cultivate the amenities of highly civilized society. Confluent Jewish life needed its ministrations. "Minhagim," or rituals, were diverse as the lands whence the ritualists came, and occasioned discussion and strife. Contention spread to the social circle. The emancipated ones, so reformers assert, practised oppression in turn, ostracized all who would not pronounce their shibboleth, and pretended to uphold the customs and usages of traditional antiquity as an infallible guide for the present and future. But the vast accretions of Selichoth, etc., depicting Israel's sorrows in the deepest colors, and bitterly invoking vengeance upon the oppressors, were so utterly unsuited to residence in the Great Republic that they neither inspired reverence nor stimulated devotion. Adaptation of the liturgy to altered circumstances was imperatively requested. Collision was of the letter, not of the spirit; of liturgy, not of principle. The old rituals had fulfilled their mission, and lost much of their meaning. The Benai Berith was instituted to lead all parties out of the blinding dust of antiquity into the pure air of ideal ethics, to free them from the fetters of prejudice, lift them to a higher plane of thought and feeling, to intelligent consciousness of revealed religious truth, and to common participation in beneficent work. Progress was tardy. Sure growths are almost always slow. Order was evolved from chaos, and in that order lay the possibility of future magnates like the Mosaic triad, Josephus, and Montefiore. "Tribes of the wandering feet and weary breast," commingling in the commercial metropolis, developed the hereditary love of free institutions, and under conditions of equality before the laws of the land soon learned to think and act as true American citizens. "In essentials unity, in non-essentials diversity, in all things charity," is the compound maxim selected as a working guide. Sephardim, Ashkenazim, Moghrabim (Arabic Jews), and reformed may still use various rituals, while all unite in communal charities.

Of clubs the Harmonie, Metropolitan, Freundschaft, and Progress afford examples suited to the purses and social status of the members. The latter, located on Sixty-third street and Fifth Avenue, is a fine example of architecture, interior splendor, and scientific adaptation. The ladies' reception-room is simply gorgeous, and the painted ceiling in the best style of French art. The ladies' parlor is resplendent with satin, Mexican onyx, and rococo furniture. "Paul and Virginia" and "Reception of Albrecht Dürer" are paintings, and the "Whisperings of First Love," a white marble statuette presented by the ladies, is a sculpture, that expressively indicate the this-worldliness of the association. Thursday night is set apart for feminine friends, who there indulge in bowling and other amusements. Chess and billiards are for the men, chess being a generic term that may or may not include cards—possibly baccarat. The ball-room is said to be the largest and handsomest on the globe. Mythological paintings on linen adorn its walls, while 105 electric lights, each over the head of an esthetic figure, flood the scene

with wondrous brightness. Kitchens, dining-room for 600 guests, refectories for small parties, electrical ventilation, artistic sanitation, blending of Orient and Occident throughout the building, justify the outlay of $600,000 upon it and the site whereon it stands. Membership is without distinction of race or creed, and recently reckoned 420 persons, of whom one was a Christian.

Adepts in the art of distilling from material things the essence that inspires but not inebriates, the home life of Jews in New York is, with comparatively few exceptions, one of innocent joyousness. Different congregations give entertainments to members and friends, in which they strive to strengthen Judaism by lectures, recitations, and songs. The Mosaic law, and its influence upon modern life through Christianity and Mohammedanism, is not an infrequent or unpopular topic. In devising expedients for beguiling dollars from unwilling pockets into society treasuries, the young people, and particularly those of the gentler sex, can "give points" to the most ingenious and successful of other creeds. Saltatory amusements at "brilliant and successful" balls are laid under contribution to intellectual and moral culture, and also to the mitigation of human suffering. Free synagogical schools, in which lessons are given on several days of the week, are supported in part by this fashion.

Of theatrical and operatic entertainments the Hebrews are passionately fond. The Oriental Theater in the Bowery advertises such plays as "The Usurer," "Uriel Acosta," and "The Only Son" in Jüdisch-Deutsch, at fifteen cents admission. Price is equal to program, whether there or in the National Theater or the Thalia Theater, which are also in the Bowery. The last, sometimes known as the Roumanian Theater, is crowded nights with wearers of dignified broadcloth and women refulgent in silks, velvets, and jewelry. Wealth is portable, and more gratifying thus to the owners than when deposited in bank or safety-vault. Such repositories in the Old World have often failed them in respect of security. Each prefers, for some years at least after settlement in New York, to be his own banker. The theater is crowded with eminently appreciative and good-natured people, whose applause, if not vociferous, is sincere and oft-repeated. The play is of Hebrew history and characteristics throughout; actors and actresses are unmistakably Jewish, and enact their parts with exuberant energy. German and Italian operas find liberal patrons in wealthier and more cultured Hebrews, whose coreligionists have been and are among the leading playwrights, composers, and musicians of civilization.

In literature the Jews of New York are prolific. Emma Lazarus was a bright particular star, whose luster was too quickly extinguished by death. Journalism is particularly congenial to the Semitic temperament. The "Jewish Gazette" and the "Jewish Herald" appear in Hebrew characters, the "Jewish Messenger," "Hebrew Journal," "Jewish Standard," and "American Hebrew," in the English language. So does the monthly "Menorah," a magazine published by the Benai Berith, and which, in common with the "American Hebrew," is the incarnation of ordinary good sense—ethical, religious, and political; positively denominational withal, and adverse to purposeful conversionism, because it impliedly affirms lower religious and moral status on the part of the Jews. It prefers similar relation to that of Presbyterian to Methodist, or of Roman Catholic to Episcopalian.

Light is knowledge, and to spread its glory
Far as pen can reach or tongue can tell—
Rays of truth from science, art, or story—
Is the blessed law of Israel.
—*Miriam del Banco.*

Ethics are ever superior to morals, even in the best of communities. Nowhere are Jews exceptions to the general rule. Accepted orthodox code postulates the natural purity of the soul, which is "the portion of the Divine Spirit which God gave to man," responsibility for moral conduct, dependence on divine love, perfectibility of character, and eternal salvation through the merit of holy living. That prayer should be in practical righteousness is indicated by the washed hands of the supplicating rabbi. Why women, with their natural devotion, should be excused from its public exercise is not clear to Christian observers, who can scarcely fail to applaud the sternness with which they are said sometimes to refuse breakfast to husbands until the latter have officiated as priests of their own households. Prayer, whether offered in orthodox fashion three times a day or not, is, like the observance of the Torah, intended to lead to supreme love of the Deity, and love of others, measured by the love that the wise man bears for himself. True sacrifice is held to be that of "some of our individual views and wishes for the interest and benefit of the community in general," "of our greediness for wealth, and other numerous passions and desires which we allow to stand in the way of serving our Maker with sincerity." All external sacrifices, "without universal love and charity to our fellow beings," are unavailing.

Reformed Jews are sublimely theistic, believing that the God they adore is the Father of all, and that men are his sons, "endowed with his light of reason and drawing life from his empyrean of love." Rabbi K. Kohler, D. D.,

as the exponent of their views, admits "no partiality of creed, no monopoly of heaven, no hell for heretics, no damnation for sinners. All life [is] but one Revelation of God, all humanity but one Kingdom of Righteousness, and whosoever is clean of hands and pure of heart is on the road to the sunlit hills of blessedness forever."

Optimistic in sentiment, their professed aspirations are to the beautiful, the pure, the true. To them the Jew is a perpetual miracle, one of the corner-stones of civilization, and a humble servant in the temple of humanity. "Not creed, but deed," is his motto. His mission is to aid in humanizing religion and in religionizing humanity.

Such, in brief, are the doctrines taught in the magnificent Temple Beth-El, Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth street, erected at a cost, including site, of $600,000, and dedicated to the service of the Eternal in September, 1891. Its union of Byzantine and Moorish characteristics, gilded dome and bronze gates, space for more than two thousand worshipers and numerous Sunday-schools, make it one of the most conspicuous edifices on the margin of the beautiful Central Park. Architecture and ornamentation, procession of boys and girls (one of the feminine confirmants carrying the golden key) led by congregational officials and ministering rabbis who bore the scrolls of the law, singing of children's and adult choirs, ceremonious deposit of scrolls within the ark, kindling of the perpetual lamp—emblem of life eternal and truth unfading—by the venerable Lazarus Straus, ritual and sermons, spirit-stirring hymn composed for the occasion by Mrs. M. D. Louis, and the glad devotions of the multitude, were intended to express all that is brightest, best, and most prophetic of good in the reformed Jews of New York.

Modern Judaism claims identity with that broad humanitarianism of which it regards Baron de Hirsch as an illustrious exemplar. To him the union of American Hebrew congregations in session at Baltimore in July, 1891, said by telegraph: "As American citizens we feel that you have interpreted aright the motto of Judaism, which is, 'My country is the world; my countrymen, mankind.'"

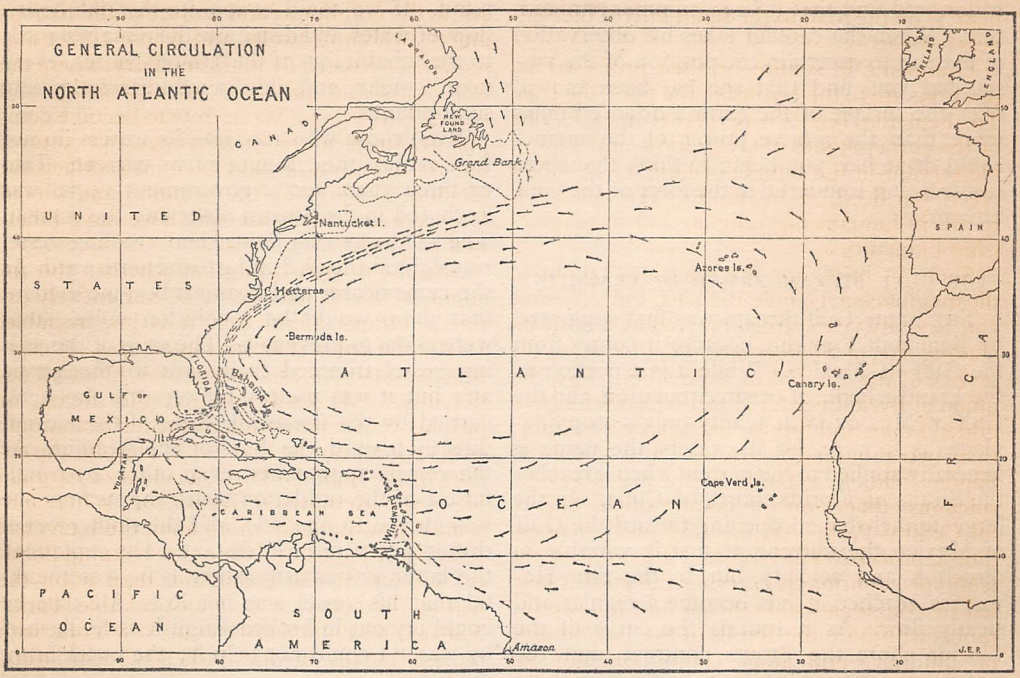
With all this catholicity of spirit the local Jew unites intense loyalty to the country in which he lives. In Russia he is an imperialist; in Germany, Great Britain, and Italy a constitutional monarchist; in France and the United States of America, a democratic republican. Everywhere, as an exponent of established order,—except where brutal tyranny has driven him into anarchism, or political injustice into multifold socialism,—he is a government official, and often, like Disraeli in England, Lasker in Germany, and Crémieux in France, of the highest grade. "Israel," writes the Rev. Dr. Bernard Drachman, "must assimilate itself to the conditions and culture of the nations among whom it dwells, and whose citizenship it enjoys. Especially in this country, where the full rights and privileges of citizenship and equality are ours, it is our duty to become completely Americanized in language and culture; but we need not on that account sacrifice our identity, nor give up the beautiful and sacred language and literature which we have inherited as Jews."

Some Christians question whether the instinct of Jewish nationality be not entirely extinct. Others affirm that it is imperishable. Under the ashes glow its wonted fires. It cherishes "audacious aspirations after renewed nationality." Who will say that the dream, or prophecy, of repatriation in the old Solomonic empire shall not be realized? Despite the enmity of the Sublime Porte, a center of national life is already fixed at Jerusalem. Whereunto it may grow depends more upon the Universal Israelite Alliance, and the overwhelming political support it can command, than upon the will of bigoted czar or "unspeakable Turk." The quarter million of Jews in New York, with representatives in the judiciary, legislature, and every department of civilized activity, are acquiring the qualifications for leadership in the land of their fathers, if in the fullness of time they may choose there to settle.

That there is deep and wide-spread popular prejudice against the Jews is undeniable. The best and noblest are freest from its unreason and injustice. These respect the right of private judgment and insist upon freedom of choice and action. When Jews like Disraeli, Erlanger, Neander, Edersheim, and Heine become Christians, the change is defensible and normal from the American standpoint. But when Christians become Jews, as they do occasionally in New York, what then? Is the change less defensible when criticized from the same platform? Each is responsible to pure reason, and to the Judge of all, for his conduct in this particular. Truth and right have nothing to fear from the endless mutations of human thought and passion, and in the outcome must be triumphant. Ethics fundamental to biblical Judaism and Christianity alike must be applied with equal impartiality to men of all races and religions, and each be held, rigidly yet lovingly, to strict responsibility under their rule.

Richard Wheatley.

RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING THE GULF STREAM.



THE subject of ocean currents is one that has engaged the attention of practical and scientific men for centuries. There is no part of the vast expanse of waters but has a movement, either due to tides or to a regular, constant flow; and an accurate knowledge of the laws relating to these movements is of great importance to mankind. Many branches of scientific inquiry are concerned in their examination, for they bear directly upon the dissemination and evolution of species, and the deposit and structure of geological formation, while in the every-day business of the world they enter as a factor in the price of everything that is carried afloat as well as in the safety of all those "that go down to the sea in ships."

The currents of the ocean are the great transporters of the sun's heat from the torrid zone to temper the climate of the polar regions. It is argued by some that such a stupendous change as that which occurred in Europe and America at the time of the glacial period was caused simply by a deflection in the currents in the northern hemisphere whereby its share of tropical heat was partly diverted toward the south.

In the three great oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian, there is to be found a similar circulation—a general westerly movement in the tropics, a flow toward the poles along the eastern shores of the continents, an easterly set in the temperate zones, and a current toward the equator along the western shores. This system thus becomes a grand circular movement, some parts being very slow, but still quite constant, and other parts very swift. There are offshoots here and there, due to local causes, and perhaps in the slowly moving current there may be a temporary interruption, but, taken as a whole, the movement is continuous.

The part of this circulation flowing along the eastern coast of the United States is the greatest of all these currents, and, in fact, is the most magnificent of all nature's wonders. This is the Gulf Stream. When you are on board a vessel floating upon its waters, there is nothing remarkable in the surroundings, so far as the sight is concerned, which cannot be seen in many other places on the earth's surface. You look over the vessel's side and see a beautifully clear water, with perhaps a little seaweed floating on its surface, a dolphin or a shark playing about the ship, a school of flying-fish darting out of

the water and skimming over the waves, myriads of little animal life sparkling like motes in the sunlight; but all of these sights are not enough to impress the beholder as being anything different from what might be expected at other places. You put your hand into the water, and find that it has a summer temperature. When the captain takes his observation of the sun to ascertain the position of the vessel, and you find that she has been moved over the surface of the earth a hundred miles more than the motive power of the engines could drive her, you begin to think that there is something wonderful in the force of the Gulf Stream.

THE GULF STREAM NAMED BY FRANKLIN.

THE name Gulf Stream was first suggested by Benjamin Franklin, because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico. While it is a portion of the grand scheme of ocean circulation, and the Gulf of Mexico is in reality only a stopping-place, as it were, for its waters, the name is generally applied to the current when it reaches the Straits of Florida, north of Cuba. In the large funnel-shaped opening toward the Gulf of Mexico the current at first is variable in direction and velocity, but by the time Havana is reached it has become a regular and steady flow. As it rounds the curve of the Florida shore the Straits contract, and the water then practically fills the banks from shore to shore and reaches almost to the bottom, which is at this point about three thousand feet deep. I say almost, because in the changes which are continually going on, sometimes it does and sometimes it does not reach the bottom. As it leaves the Straits of Florida its course is about north, but it gradually changes its direction, following approximately the curve of one hundred fathoms' depth until it arrives at Cape Hatteras. From this point it starts on its course to Europe. It has lost something in velocity as well as in temperature, and as it journeys to the eastward it gradually diminishes in both, until it becomes a gentle flow as it approaches Europe.

SIZE AND STRENGTH OF THE GULF STREAM.

PEOPLE think the Mississippi River a grand stream, and it is so in truth, as far as land rivers go; but, great as it is, it would require two thousand such rivers to make one Gulf Stream. The great ocean river is an irresistible flood of water, running all the time, winter and summer, and year after year. It is as difficult for the mind to grasp its immensity as it is to realize the distance of the nearest stars. At its narrowest part in the Straits of Florida it is thirty-nine miles wide, has an average depth of two thousand feet, and a velocity at the axis (the point of fastest flow) of from three to more than five miles per hour. To say that the volume in one hour's flow past Cape Florida is ninety billion tons in weight does not convey much to the mind. If we could evaporate this one hour's flow of water and distribute the remaining salt to the inhabitants of the United States, every man, woman, and child would receive nearly sixty pounds.

Even those who navigate its waters do not fully realize the strength of its current. Two or three years ago a government vessel was anchored in the Stream observing the current. The wind was very light when a sailing vessel was sighted ahead, drifting to the northward. As she came nearer and nearer it became evident that there would be a collision unless steps were taken to prevent it. The crew of the sailing vessel trimmed their sails to the gentle air; but it was useless, for onward she went, carried by the irresistible force of the current directly toward the bow of the steamer. As the vessels approached each other, by a skilful use of the rudder on board the steamer she was moved to one side, and the sailing vessel drifted past a few feet distant. The captain of the latter was as astonished as he was thankful that his vessel was not lost. All that he could cry out in broken English as he flashed by was, "I could not help it; the water bring me here."

It is curious to note in the history of the Gulf Stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the New World. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off-lying islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the Gulf Stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the Gulf Stream is responsible for the discovery of the New World. Ponce de Leon, while on his famous search for the Fountain of Youth, made the discovery of this more practically beneficial phenomenon. After his failure to discover on the coast of upper Florida the means of cheating death, he turned to the southward, and skirted the shore for hundreds of miles, thus stemming the current. Referring to these currents, his journal describes that they found a current that, though the wind was good, they could not stem. It seemed that their vessels were going fast through the water, but they soon recognized the fact that they were being driven back, and that the force of the current was stronger than the wind. Two vessels that

were somewhat nearer the coast came to anchor; the third vessel, a brig, being in deeper water, could not anchor, and was "soon carried away by the current, and lost from sight, although it was a clear sky." We can only imagine what must have been the thoughts of these superstitious people when they saw their companions being carried by a fierce current into a region entirely unknown. The brig returned some days afterward, probably much to the relief of all.

Shortly after this, one of the vessels of Ponce de Leon's fleet was detached from the main expedition to explore the Bahamas. The pilot of this vessel was a man named Antonio de Alaminos, who became, by the experience thus gained, a most valuable acquisition to other explorers in those waters. He was successively with Cordova and Grijalva in their voyages to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and finally was selected as the chief pilot of the expedition of Cortes to Mexico. Afterward, when it became necessary to send an envoy to the King of Spain with despatches and presents, Alaminos was chosen as the one most able successfully to carry out the nautical part of the mission. He sailed from Mexico, and, in order to avoid foreign enemies and domestic rivals, took a route north of Cuba and through the Straits of Florida, thus becoming the first to utilize the Gulf Stream for the purposes of navigation. Before this time the homeward voyages were east of the Bahamas. Soon afterward Havana became the chief port of the West Indies. Situated in the Straits of Florida, it was easy of access to vessels bound to and from Europe. By going through the Caribbean Sea and around the western point of Cuba, the vessels had a favoring current all the way, and on the voyage homeward the Gulf Stream was a sure assistance. Havana became, therefore, the rendezvous and distributing point of the Spanish possessions in the New World.

The navigation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was crude at best, but so great a factor was the Gulf Stream that expeditions of colonization failed more than once because, through a want of knowledge, they tried to stem its current instead of avoiding it. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in explaining the reasons which led to the failure of his expeditions and the arguments in favor of the two routes of approach, through the trades or across the North Atlantic, says, "The first course,—that is, from the south northward,—was without all controversie the likeliest, wherein we were assured to have the commoditie of the current, which from Cape Florida setteth northward, and would have furthered greatly our navigation, discovering from the foresaid cape toward Cape Breton all those lands lying to the north." The advantage of being able to provision the vessels with fish caught on the Banks of Newfoundland led him to accept the northern route, and his expedition failed.

The division of the English colonies, later, into New England and Virginia was probably in part due to the routes by which they were reached. Vessels bound from England to New England crossed the North Atlantic outside the limit of the Gulf Stream, or in a feeble adverse current. This voyage was thought to be impracticable with a vessel bound to the southern colonies. They sailed south to the trade-wind region, through the Caribbean Sea and around Cuba, thence following the Gulf Stream to their port. The Dutch afterward adopted the latter passage in going to their colony on the Hudson, so that Nantucket Island really became the dividing line between the two voyages. A difference in destination of one or two hundred miles caused a difference in the length of the passage of about three thousand miles.

The whalers of New England were the first to gain a fairly accurate knowledge of the limits of the current between America and Europe, by following the haunts of the whales, which were found north of one line and south of another, but never between the two. This, they reasoned, was the Gulf Stream current. Benjamin Franklin received this information from the whalers, and published it on a chart for the benefit of the mail-packets plying between England and the colonies. The chart was first issued about 1770, but was not accepted by the English captains. Before it came to be generally known and used the trouble between England and the colonies began, and Franklin, knowing the advantage the knowledge would be to the British naval officers, suppressed it all he could until hostilities ceased.

The current divides into two branches as it approaches Europe, one flowing to the southward, along the African coast, and one toward the Arctic Ocean. Both are very slow in their movements, but the latter is of sufficient magnitude to force a return current along the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, which carries immense fields of ice and enormous bergs past the Newfoundland Banks and across the shortest steamer track to Europe. This ice, together with the fog which usually accompanies the meeting of currents of such markedly different temperature, compels those steamers seeking safety rather than economy and the quickest passage to make a detour around the ice limits, thus lengthening their voyages materially. The track of the steamers bound to the eastward is farthest to the southward, so as to be near or within the edge of the favoring current,

while the route of the steamers in the other direction is as near the ice limit as prudence will allow, and as far removed as possible from the adverse current.

THEORIES.

THE theories as to the cause of this and other ocean currents have been very numerous. Columbus thought that the waters, the air, and the stars all partook of the same motion around the earth from east to west. He brought forward as evidence of the great force of the current in the West Indies, that the Windward Islands were caused by the land being washed away in places, thus forming the islands. Toward the end of the seventeenth century the idea seemed to prevail that the ocean circulation was maintained by means of subterranean passages or abysses. A current at the end of its circuit, or upon meeting land, was supposed to descend into the bowels of the earth, and to appear again on the other side of the land, or very far distant, where it started again on its journey. A little later a theory was advanced that the sun evaporated so much water at the equator that a current was forced to run along the coast of Africa to fill up the hollow. Another was that the heat of the tropical sun attracted so much that a long mountain of water was formed. This was supposed to be carried around the earth until it met the obstruction of land, where it would divide and thus cause side currents. In comparatively recent times the cause of most currents has been laid to the rivers, and of the Gulf Stream chiefly to the Mississippi. The flow of all the rivers in the world will not equal the volume of the Gulf Stream alone. Some eminent men have attributed the currents to the revolution of the earth. It is said that the water, being fluid, does not fully partake of the revolution of the earth from west to east, but is left behind as it were. Many have decided that differences in the density of the ocean at the poles and the equator cause a flow from the latter on the surface and from the former along the bottom. The surface equatorial water is warm and light, while at the poles it is cold and heavy. The latter is said to sink, and is replaced by a surface current from the equator. This in turn draws its supply from the depths, and so a vertical circulation is maintained. Franklin's theory, which has many advocates at the present day, is that the winds produce the current by the friction of the moving air on the surface of the water. None of the theories have been based upon direct evidence, but all are inferences drawn from temperatures, school-room experiments, the drift of vessels, or from reasoning based upon opinions of what ought to be.

THE GULF STREAM SCIENTIFICALLY EXAMINED.

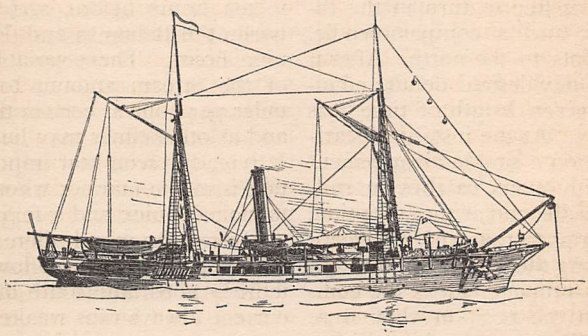
AN immense amount of labor has been devoted toward attempting to define the limits of the currents. Columbus was the pioneer in the investigation of the Gulf Stream, or rather of the equatorial current, which is a part of the grand circuit. On his first voyage, when he was nearing the West Indies, he was sounding one day with a long line and weight, when he noticed that the line inclined toward the southwest, from which he concluded that the surface water was moving faster in that direction than was the lower stratum which contained the weight. Benjamin Franklin endeavored to utilize the thermometer to indicate the presence of a tropical or polar current, and so evident did it appear that this could be done that the idea became an accepted fact in navigation, and at the present day is believed in by many seafaring people. Various governments issued instructions to their naval officers and requests to their merchant marine to keep a record of temperatures of the surface water, and by a compilation of these data the supposed limits of most currents were placed upon the charts.

The importance of a complete knowledge of the Gulf Stream to the commercial interests of the United States was recognized by Congress in the passage of an act authorizing the Coast Survey to include it within the scope of its examination. Later, authority was given to investigate the Sargasso Sea (the body of water in the Atlantic lying at the center of the grand circular movement of currents) and also the mate to the Gulf Stream in the Pacific, called the Black Stream of Japan. The first regular and systematic examination of the Gulf Stream was made by the United States Coast Survey while under the superintendence of Professor A. D. Bache, between 1844 and 1860. Reasoning on the same basis that the current could be defined by its temperature, he caused many thousands of thermometrical observations to be taken on lines extending across the Stream at intervals from Key West to beyond Nantucket. He found by this means that all along our coast the surface is divided into bands of warm and cold water. They are spread out or separated at the northern end, and converge at the Straits of Florida. The warmest band, Professor Bache concluded, was the axis or the swiftest current, and each of the others was a part of the Stream, which spread as it increased its distance from the tropics. The cause of the cold streaks was supposed to be irregularities in the bottom over which the current runs; but this was based upon erroneous measurement of the depths, and in recent years, with better instruments, the bottom has been found to be nearly even.

Another method of approximately determining the current has been in use since the introduction of accurate navigation. A vessel at sea is moved by the wind or by engines as nearly as possible on a certain course and distance, but she is deflected from that course by winds, waves, currents, etc., to an unknown amount. By astronomical observation the commanding officer ascertains where the vessel is at the time, and the difference between this and the supposed position is called current. It is of course the sum of all the errors of observation, of leeway, of compass, and of steering, combined with current, and is of but little practical value to the mariner. Still another method has been practised and even now is somewhat used to determine the flow of currents. Bottles are thrown overboard from vessels at sea, each one containing a paper on which is written the date and position at which it is put afloat, and a request printed in various languages requesting the person finding it to mark the date and locality and forward it to some official. This method is, for many reasons, of but little use. The bottle is tossed by the waves and driven by the wind. If it is picked up on shore, there is no means of knowing how long it has been traveling at sea and how long idle on the beach; and when it is found, all that it tells is that it has journeyed from one point to another in a certain time, but by what route it is impossible to ascertain.

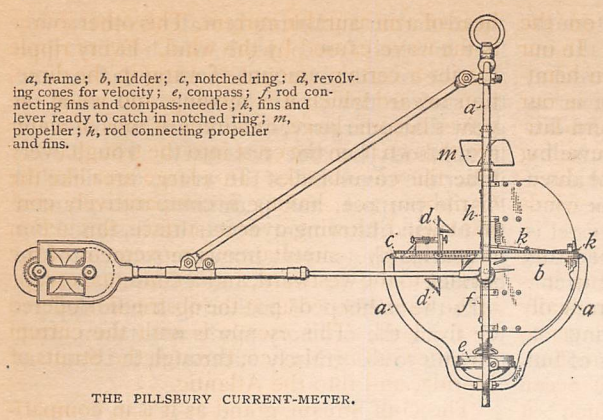
It is obvious that the old methods of establishing the currents, by temperatures or by drift of vessels or bottles, are inadequate, and in 1883 the Coast Survey decided to attempt to anchor a vessel in the Gulf Stream and actually measure the amount of water flowing past. It was thought to be possible to do so by the use of steel-wire rope instead of chain or hemp, as the improvements in the manufacture of the former gave a rope of great strength with sufficient pliability and lightness. The first trial was made in a little schooner, the *Drift*. She succeeded in anchoring in water over twenty-four hundred feet in depth, which at that time was the greatest ever attempted, and observing the surface flow; but the difficulties were so great that a larger vessel and an improvement in methods became necessary. The *Blake*, under the command of the writer, was detailed for the purpose, and permission was granted to use an instrument which he designed for measuring the current from the surface to the bottom.

In the method of anchoring a new departure from the ordinary mode was taken, and, proving to be entirely successful, it is still in use on board the *Blake* in the current investigation. The great length of wire rope (over four miles) is carried on a large iron spool. A powerful steam-engine lowers and hoists the rope and anchor, while another winds the rope on the spool to be ready for use again. The quick pitching motion of the vessel, pulling the rope violently through the water, makes it necessary to use something to relieve the sudden strain, and for this purpose a large spar projects over the bow. This is hinged at its inside end, and is held up by a long rubber spring. The anchoring-rope is attached to the outer end so that it pulls directly on the spring at every motion of the vessel. With this arrangement the operation of anchoring is so simple and safe that currents have been observed down to thirty-six hundred feet below the surface, the vessel being anchored in depths of more than two and one-half miles.



THE "BLAKE."

To gain a knowledge of the laws governing the flow, it is necessary to ascertain the direction and the velocity at all depths from the surface to the bottom. This is done in order to eliminate as much as possible the effect of any abnormal force which may be influencing the current at one place and not at another. The instrument designed for this purpose is in no way complicated. In order to know the direction of the current below the surface, it



THE PILLSBURY CURRENT-METER.

has a rudder which is free to turn in the direction of the flow, and a compass-needle, which of course points to the north. After it has been lowered to any desired depth and allowed to remain a given length of time, it is hoisted to the surface. At the instant of starting its upward motion a simple arrangement of fins, connected with levers, catches the rudder and compass-needle, and at the same time a small propeller begins to revolve by the force of the water. In pulling the instrument through a short distance this propeller locks the compass and rudder in the position they were caught by the fins. To ascertain the velocity, the instrument has an arrangement of revolving cones which, being attached to the front of the rudder, are consequently always toward the current and ready to be turned by the force of the passing water.

The investigation began with these appliances in the narrowest part of the Straits of Florida, in order to find out the characteristics of the Stream at a point where it would be the least influenced by abnormal forces. After two years at this point the research was extended to the western part of the Straits and to the passage between Yucatan and Cuba, to gage the water entering and leaving the Gulf of Mexico. Afterward the equatorial current and the flow between the islands into the Caribbean were examined, in order to compare what may be called the source of the Gulf Stream with the outlet as it leaves the Straits of Florida for the Atlantic. The stream off Cape Hatteras received attention, and also the flow existing in the Atlantic Ocean north of the Bahama Islands.

We are now beginning to realize the magnitude of this "river in the ocean" from actual observation instead of from speculation. The investigation has resulted in many discoveries as astonishing as they are valuable. The average volume of the Gulf Stream flow has been fixed by many hundreds of observations to be nearly ninety billion tons of water per hour. Perhaps the most valuable is the discovery that the Stream changes in velocity daily and monthly, and that predictions can be made of the times of these changes. It will be remembered that the tides rise and fall daily, this depending chiefly upon the position of the moon in its revolution about the earth. In the same manner the current varies in velocity daily. For example, the equatorial current along the South American coast is running fastest at about six hours before the moon crosses the meridian. Between Cuba and Yucatan the maximum current is ten hours before, and in the Straits between the Bahamas and Florida the time is nine hours. These variations in some parts of the Stream amount to more than three miles per hour at certain times in the month, and at other times may be less than one mile. It is readily seen how important this information is to the mariner whose chief endeavor is to make a quick and safe passage.

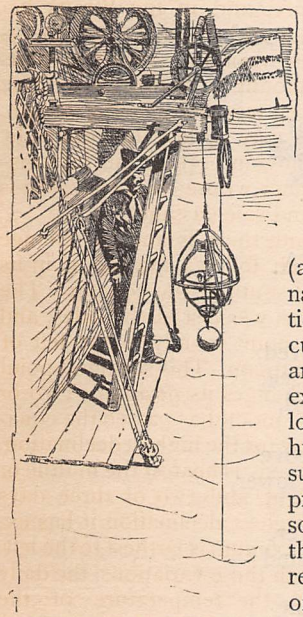
During the month there is another change taking place, which follows the moon in its journey north and south of the equator. The current always runs weakest at the sides, and strongest at some point usually to the left of the middle of the Stream. This strongest point (called the axis) changes its position. Two or three days after the moon has passed the equator, and is going toward the highest declination, the current at the axis is nearest the middle or farthest to the right, and two or three days after the moon's highest declination it has expanded, and the maximum is farthest to the left. Accompanying both these variations, the daily and the monthly, the temperature of the Stream changes, caused by a greater or less admixture of the warm surface with the cold bottom waters. At one time during the day the lower currents incline in direction toward the axis, while again they run more parallel with the general course of the Stream. This causes the surface water to intermingle with the lower water, and to cool. The observations, besides giving definite and decided information as to the actual limit, direction, and velocity of the Gulf Stream, bear strongly upon the question of what causes the ocean currents.

WHAT CAUSES THE OCEAN CURRENTS.

In the tropical regions there is a continued movement of the air from east to west known as the trade-winds. South of a certain line situated near the equator these winds blow from a southeasterly direction, while north of the equator they come from a more northeasterly

direction. The position of this belt on the earth's surface is continually changing. In our winter, the sun being in the southern hemisphere, the belt is farthest south, while in our summer it extends higher into northern latitudes. In the temperate zones the prevailing direction of the wind is in an opposite direction to that of the trades; that is, the winds predominate from the west.

Winds blowing over the surface of water induce a current in the latter. At first it is only the merest skim that moves, but gradually the movement is communicated from layer to layer until at last the whole mass is in motion. To allow the trade-wind to affect the ocean over which it blows sufficiently to cause a current to reach the bottom, would require many thousands of years with a steady force and direction. As the winds vary in both (although predominating in one direction), the induced current is shallow and weak, rarely extending much below three or four hundred feet. The superficial current produced by the southeast trades in the Atlantic finally reaches the coast of South America, and divides at its most salient point, Cape St. Roque. A part of the current then turns south toward the Antarctic, and a part follows along the northern side of the continent toward the Caribbean.



THE METER READY FOR LOWERING.

The northeast trade-winds also induce a current, and a part of the latter joins the other outside the Windward Islands, while a part passes north of the Caribbean toward the coast of the United States. All the passages between the Windward Islands carry some of the current into the Caribbean, and it is driven across that sea until it reaches the coasts of Yucatan and Honduras, from which it escapes by the easiest route, which is into the Gulf of Mexico. The water entering the Caribbean by this means is about half the amount which flows through the Straits of Florida from the Gulf of Mexico, and the other half is supplied from a source which does not come under the head of a measurable current. This other source is the wave caused by the wind. Every ripple carries a certain amount of water in the direction toward which it is moving, and when the waves become large, hundreds of tons of water are thrown from the crest into the trough every time the wave breaks. In a large area like the Caribbean Sea, having a comparatively constant wind blowing over its surface, this action is practically a simultaneous movement of the surface to the westward, and a continual escape of the water heaped up at the obstruction offered by the land. This escape is with the current into the Gulf of Mexico, through the Straits of Florida, and into the Atlantic.

The Gulf Stream, grand as it is in comparison with other ocean currents, would be but little felt on the European coast did it not receive an addition to its volume while *en route*. It will be remembered that a portion of the northeast trade-wind current flows outside the West Indian Islands and the Bahamas. This slow current, meeting the obstruction of the continent in its path, gradually curves to the northward, and joins the Gulf Stream in its journey to the Old World. The temperature of this outside current in its passage along the West Indian Islands is about the same as that of the Gulf Stream, but it is less violent in its movements, and there is less intermingling of its lower and upper waters. It consequently arrives off Cape Hatteras with a much higher temperature than that of the more rapid and turbulent Gulf Stream.

The water thus delivered to the region of the prevailing westerly winds above the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude is moving in a northeasterly direction. The impelling force from behind — the trade-winds — has ceased to act on the surface, and the velocity of the current is consequently diminishing. By the time the Newfoundland Banks have been passed, the Gulf Stream as a separate and distinctly defined body has been almost obliterated, and in its place there is being formed a broad, slowly moving drift caused by the prevailing westerly winds. As this current reaches the obstruction of the European coast the water escapes in two directions, one toward Africa, to join the trade-wind current at the starting-point, and the other toward the Arctic. The latter must also have some means of escape, because the Arctic is a *cul-de-sac*, and as the line of least resistance is on the west side along the coasts of Greenland, Labrador, and Newfoundland, the Labrador current is formed.

IS THE AMERICAN CLIMATE MODIFIED?

THE question is often asked, To what extent does the Gulf Stream modify the climate of

the United States? To its supposed erratic movements is laid the blame of every abnormal season. There is every evidence that the Gulf Stream is governed absolutely by law in all its changes. The course through the ocean is without doubt fixed. Its fluctuations are by days, by months, by seasons, or by years, and they do not vary materially one from the other. Its temperature changes, depending upon the relative heat of the tropical and polar seasons, and upon the strength of the producing trade-winds. The warm water may be driven toward the shore by the waves caused by a favorable wind, but the current remains in its proper place. The warm water gives off a certain amount of heat to the air above it, and if this air is moved to the land we feel the heat. The presence of the warm water on the coast of Europe would in no way modify the climate if the prevailing winds were easterly instead of westerly. If the prevailing winds in New England in winter were southeast instead of northwest, the climate would be equal to that of the Azores Islands, mild and balmy. For the cause of abnormal seasons we may look to meteorology. The current is in its place ready to give off the heat and moisture to the air whenever the demand is made upon it, but by the erratic movements of the air this heat and moisture may be delivered at unexpected times and seasons, and thus give rise to the erroneous belief that the Gulf Stream itself has gone astray.

John Elliott Pillsbury.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

I.

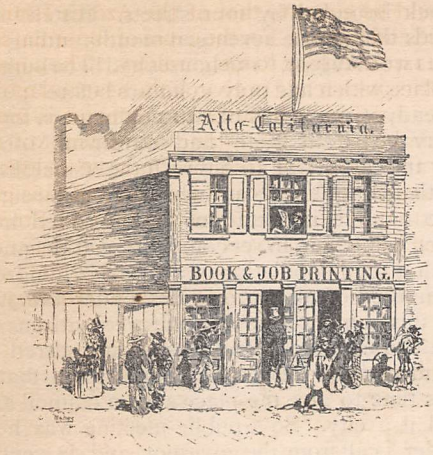
O SPIRIT dauntless, whom no danger moved,
Who loved the heaving vastness of the sea,
With zest its threat of gale and tempest proved,
And salty wastes found sweet with liberty;
When the earth-bounding heaven, sphered above
Thy country, with the muttering storm did lower,
When the massed engineries of hate and love
Thundered and flashed with elemental power,
Like was thy course as when on voyaging bound —
Steered, veering always by the central star,
Unseen or seen, straight or rough capes around,
Where thy soul's pointers led thee, wide and far,
Sure of the port, gold-gated, that would bless
With peace, in freedom's law of righteousness.

II.

Let fops and worldlings sniff, and pick apart,
At foibles carp,—shades that great virtues throw,—
And try in vain to brand, with specious art,
Thy life with failure. Thee they could not know.
Statesman and jurist with no curule seat,
A patron to the sailor and the slave,
One prompt the face of jealous power to meet,
Withstand, and speak the truth, the hard cost brave;
Leader of hopes forlorn that must be led,
If country, honor, freedom are to live;
Of God's elect thou wert, and of such bred;
Thee patriot saints thy place with them shall give,
Whose strength in faith and courage ever lies,
Whose unsought glory crowns self-sacrifice.

Darwin E. Ware.

PIONEER DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO.



BUILDING OF THE "ALTA CALIFORNIA."

WHEN Captain Montgomery first gave the American flag to the breeze on the Plaza of Yerba Buena on the 8th of July, 1846, let us hope that a certain person was there to see—that native woman who, in Los Angeles in 1842, sang in the hearing of Duflot de Mofras her song of prophecy: "When the Frenchmen come, the women will surrender; when the Americans come, good-by to California!"

On the day of that flag-raising Yerba Buena was an amiable as well as a picturesque village, and its tenscore of inhabitants,—native Californians, English, Scotch, and Irish, with a sprinkling of Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Kanakas, and Indians,—unvexed by prophetic dreams of the feverish days of gold, were content to hail that gaudy bunting, and the promise of all that it stood for; were content to wait till the commerce of all the seas should find its way to the noblest anchorage the world could offer it.

The ever-expectant citizen of Yerba Buena who, spy-glass in hand, on the last day of that same July, mounted the hill above the cove ("Telegraph Hill" it was to be called) was greeted with a prospect that justified his highest hopes, and inspired him with the raptures to which Benjamin Morell had given expression fifteen years before—"a bay that might float the whole British navy without crowding; a circling grassy shore indented with convenient coves; a verdant, blooming country round about." Here were waving woodlands, and pastures flecked with grazing herds; hill and dale, mountain and valley, rolling rivers and gurgling brooks. And, looking seaward to where the Pacific pounded at the rocky headlands of the Golden Gate, he descried a ship under all sail, heading for the straits and the bay; a ship carrying the American ensign at her peak, but not a man-of-war, for her decks, and even her lower rigging, were black with passengers—men, women, and children! Again and again, with leveled glass, he peered, confirming the witness of his eyes; then he turned and ran down the hill and around the curving beach of the cove that rested sleepily between the arms of Clark's Point and the Rincon; and presently all the motley multitude of his fellow citizens were swarming from their adobes and their shanties, stirred with the news as the leafy ridges of the Contra Costa were stirred with the sea-breeze.

The ship that let go her anchor that day, off the little island of the "good herb," was the *Brooklyn* from New York, bringing "Bishop" Brannan (the redoubtable "Sam" of a later day) and his colony of Latter-day Saints; and these brought stout hearts, strong arms, and cunning hands; money, tools, pluck, keen wits, and a printing-press. And so, although they quarreled with their very mundane bishop, and went to law with him, and abandoned their scheme of Mormon colonization, and presently made game of Brigham Young in their tents among the sand-hills, nevertheless they gave to San Francisco her first prayer-meeting, her first jury trial, her first local advertising, her first newspaper; for with the same types and press that had once done duty for "The Prophet" in New York, they printed blank deeds, alcaldes' grants, and pronunciamientos, and early in the following January issued the first number of the "California Star," pledged "to eschew with the greatest caution everything that tends to the propagation of sectarian dogmas." A progressive folk, those Mormons of Yerba Buena!

Toward the close of January, 1847, Yerba Buena underwent a change of name, and by summary process and proclamation of the alcalde became San Francisco; for the chief magistrates of those days were a very summary folk, doing a mildly autocratic business each in his little bailiwick, and having small reverence for precedents or principles, but just setting up or casting down according to certain loose notions of their own regarding Mexican

judicature or Californian traditions. And so the first alcalde of Yerba Buena under the American flag, being a naval lieutenant (Mr. Washington A. Bartlett) appointed by Captain Montgomery, and invested with ample powers, military as well as civil, to administer the affairs of the embryo metropolis according to Mexican practice conformed to American ideas, proceeded to the making of history in a small way, building better than he knew. He first changed the name of the place to San Francisco, and then vouchsafed to explain that Yerba Buena was but a paltry cognomen taken from a lot of vulgar mint overrunning an insignificant island; that it was a merely local name, "unknown beyond the district," while San Francisco had long had the freedom of the maps; and finally that it was an outlandish name, which Americans would mangle in pronouncing. "Therefore, to prevent confusion and mistakes in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on the public map, it is hereby ordained," etc.

And the alcalde was right: for in 1836 Alexander Forbes had written "the port of San Francisco is hardly surpassed by any in the world"; and ten years later (eighteen months in advance of the Bartlett coup) George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, had instructed Commodore Sloat in relation to the blockade or occupation of "the port of San Francisco," in the event of his (Sloat's) ascertaining with certainty that Mexico had declared war against the United States.

The 5th of March, 1847, brought the ship *Thomas H. Perkins*, with a detachment of the New York regiment commanded by Colonel Stevenson. These men were pledged by the terms of their enlistment to make permanent settlement in California at the close of the war, and they had been chosen for the most part with an eye to their prospective usefulness as skilled artisans or shrewd traders. Thus they constituted an important accession to the population, and, joined with their Mormon predecessors, showed a bold front of energy and confident resources. The air began to be stirred with the bustle of business, and all the talk was of town lots. General Kearney had ceded to the town all the beach- and water-lots on the east front, between Fort Montgomery and Rincon Point; and on the 20th of July two hundred of these lots, lying between the limits of high- and low-water marks, were sold at public auction for from $50 to $100 each. These lots measured 45 × 137 feet, and were for the most part uncovered at low tide. In December, 1853, the water-lots between Clay and Sacramento streets fetched from $8000 to $16,000 each, although they were but 25 × 60 feet, and at all times under water. In 1847 a fifty-vara lot north of Market street could be bought for $16. A vara, the Spanish yard, is about 33⅓ inches, and six of these lots made a building block bounded by four streets. Hittell[1] records that, in the seventeen months ending on the 1st of August, "157 houses had been built in a place which had only 30 houses before"; and already it was a city of two newspapers, for in May the "Californian" had come from Monterey and cast in its fortunes with the "smart little settlement on the cove," which, having secured two notable importations of unterrified hustlers, had begun to set competition at defiance, with a total population of nearly five hundred, composed of all nationalities under the sun. Of this number fully one half were citizens of the United States; and these, being stirred by municipal aspirations, bethought them that it was time to give the place a town council and call it a city. So a public meeting was held under a call from the governor, and six gentlemen were elected to constitute an *ayuntamiento*, or council. These were Messrs. Glover, Jones, Howard, Parker, Leidesdorff, and Clark, and their functions were the laying out of streets, the award of building privileges, the regulation of business, the granting of licenses, the appointment of town officers and constables, etc. The enforcement of ordinances and general execution of the laws devolved upon the first alcalde, who was Mr. George Hyde. He was assisted by Dr. T. M. Leavenworth as second alcalde, and by Mr. Leidesdorff as treasurer. Messrs. Glover, Leidesdorff, and Clark were appointed a committee to take measures for the establishment of a public school for the youth of both sexes; but it was not until April 3, 1848, that the school was formally opened. By that time the population had increased to about 850, all told, and the buildings of all kinds numbered two hundred, including two considerable hotels, besides public houses and saloons, stores, warehouses, and two wharves in course of construction. Already the characteristic enterprise of San Francisco had begun to express itself in a brisk development of its peculiar industry: gambling-houses were springing up on every corner, and an ordinance of the ayuntamiento provided for the seizure, for the benefit of the town, of all moneys found on any table used for gambling with cards. "Such an ordinance, if enforced a year later, would have enriched the city in a single night; but the act was repealed at the next meeting."[2]

Early in the spring of 1848 there began to be rumors of gold to be found in the foothills

[1] J. S. Hittell, "A History of the City of San Francisco."

[2] Soulé, Gihon, and Nisbet, "The Annals of San Francisco": New York, 1855.

of the Sierra Nevada; and presently actual miners appeared in town, showing small parcels of dust and telling tales of wonder that turned the heads of gaping groups met at the landing on the cove and in every place convenient for assembling from Telegraph Hill to Happy Valley. Then the cry went up, and bedlam was let loose. Sailors deserted from the shipping and soldiers from the barracks; the laborer dropped his shovel and his pick, only to return and take them up again—shovels and picks would be useful in the diggings; the mechanic turned his back upon his job; the builder left his house unroofed; the blacksmith and the baker let their fires go out; and the merchant stripped his shelves, huddled his goods into boxes and bales, and shouted at the cove for a launch bound for the Sacramento Valley. The cry of "Gold!" was caught up and reëchoed on the docks and in the market-places of Atlantic seaports, until the world was turned upside down. Every day added to the number of those who were hurrying to the "placers," and the bay was alive with freighted launches crawling up the Sacramento. In May and June the "Californian" and the "California Star" stopped their presses with a farewell fly-sheet. In the middle of July the "Californian" revived with news of affairs in the mines. For two months the ayuntamiento had not met; the city fathers and officials had all gone to the diggings. The public school, which had been closed for two months, was reopened in December, and on Sundays public worship was held there by a Protestant chaplain imported from Honolulu, on a salary of $2500, raised by subscription.

The first brick house in San Francisco was built by Mellus and Howard on the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, in September, 1848. In December flour was $20 a barrel, butter ninety cents a pound, brandy $8 a gallon, and gold-dust dull at $10.50 an ounce. Common laborers were getting $10 a day, and ordinary mechanics $20. Gold-dust at $16 the ounce soon became the circulating medium for all purposes of trade. The bay was bustling with small craft, and the sand-hills were thickly flecked with canvas tents and such makeshifts as could be rigged with a pole and two blankets, while the Plaza, and Clay and Montgomery streets, rioted in music and drink and gambling. "Men," says Hittell, "who had lived on five dollars a month now spent hundreds; men who had been idlers formerly were now among the most industrious, and men who had never before wasted a day became loungers and gamblers." And, let us add, men who at home had been blithe, cheery, vital, became despondent, moody, inert, stunned by the mad scramble about them; and men refined, sensitive, keenly susceptible to impressions of coarseness and depravity, became home-sick, heart-sick, desperate, ready to plunge into the unknown out of the ghastly brutality of such a training as this.

On the last day of February came the steamship *California*, bringing General Persifer Smith to the command of the Military Department, comprising California and Oregon; and on the last day of March the Pacific mail-steamer *Oregon* brought about three hundred and fifty passengers, including Colonel John W. Geary, who bore government despatches to the commanders of the military and naval forces on the Pacific, and brought the first regular mail that was opened in San Francisco. Colonel Geary had been appointed postmaster of the new city, with powers to create post-offices, appoint postmasters, and establish mail routes throughout the territory. Within the next three months more than three hundred square-rigged vessels were lying in the harbor stranded and disabled for want of sailors, the crews having deserted in a body almost as soon as the anchors were let go. Some of these vessels eventually rotted where they were moored; some were hauled up on the beach and in the mud to serve as store-houses, lodging-houses, and saloons; and, at a later period, more than one of them, flanked by buildings and wharves, and forming part of a street, appeared as an original and startling feature of that most surprising town. Thus, the brig *Euphemia* was purchased by the ayuntamiento and converted into the first jail, and the store-ship *Apollo* was used as a lodging-house and drinking-saloon; and as lots were piled or filled in on the flat covered by the bay, the Apollo saloon in course of time presented the extraordinary spectacle of the hull of a large ship looming up among the houses. The *Niantic*, stripped of her masts and rigging, and propped with piles on each side, lay at the corner of Sansome and Clay streets and served for the storing of merchandise, and when the May fire of 1851 consumed all but the deeper parts of her hull and some of her ribs, a hotel was built on the wreck and called the Niantic.

In the first six months of 1849 fifteen thousand souls were added to the population of San Francisco; in the latter half of that year about four thousand arrived every month by sea alone. At first the immigrants were from Mexico, Chile, Peru, and the South American ports generally; but soon our own Americans began to swarm in, coming by way of Cape Horn and Panama, or across the plains; and the number of these was swelled by the addition of thousands of deserters from the shipping, and by a straggling contingent from China, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands. Probably two thirds of these newcomers proceeded at once to the mines,

but those that remained to try their fortunes in the city were enough to give to San Francisco at the end of the year a population of twenty-five thousand—mostly men, young or of middle age, very few women, fewer children, with here and there a bewildered matron or maiden of good repute. Here were British subjects, Frenchmen, Germans, and Dutch, Italians, Spaniards, Norwegians, Swedes, and Swiss, Jews, Turks, Chinese, Kanakas, New Zealanders, Malays, and Negroes, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, Cretes and Arabians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, in Boston and New Orleans, Chicago and Peoria, Hoboken and Hackensack.

And how did they all live? In frame-houses of one story, more commonly in board shanties and canvas tents, pitched in the midst of sand or mud and various rubbish and strange filth and fleas; and they slept on rude cots, or on "soft planks" under horse-blankets, on tables, counters, floors, on trucks in the open air, in bunks braced against the weather-boarding, forty of them in one loft; and so they tossed and scratched, and swore and laughed, and sang and skylarked—those who were not tired or drunk enough to sleep. And in the working-hours they bustled, and jostled, and tugged, and sweated, and made money—always made money. They labored and they lugged: they worked on lighters, drove trucks, packed mules, rang bells, carried messages, "waited" in restaurants, "marked" for billiard-tables, served drinks in bar-rooms, "faked" on the Plaza, "cried" at auctions, toted lumber for houses, ran a game of faro or roulette in the El Dorado or the Bella Union, or manipulated three-card monte on the head of a barrel in front of the Parker House; they speculated in beach- and water-lots, in lumber, pork, flour, potatoes; in picks, shovels, pans, long boots, slouch-hats, knives, blankets, and Mexican saddles. There were doctors, lawyers, politicians, preachers, even gentlemen and scholars among them; but they all speculated, and as a rule they gambled. Clerks in stores and offices had munificent salaries; $5 a day was about the smallest stipend even in the custom-house, and one Baptist preacher was paid $10,000 a year. Laborers received a dollar an hour; a pick or a shovel was worth $10; a tin pan or a wooden bowl, $5; and a butchers' knife, $30. At one time the carpenters who were getting $12 a day struck for $16. Lumber rose to $500 per thousand feet, "and every brick in a house cost a dollar, one way or another."[1] Wheat-flour and salt pork sold at $40 a barrel; a small loaf of bread was fifty cents, and a hard-boiled egg a dollar. You paid $3 to get into the circus, and $55 for a private box. Men talked dollars, and a copper coin was an object of antiquarian interest. Forty dollars was the price for ordinary coarse boots; and a pair that came above the knees and would carry you gallantly through the quagmires brought a round hundred. When a shirt became very dirty, the wearer threw it away and bought a new one. Washing cost $15 a dozen in 1849. Rents were simply monstrous: $3000 a month in advance for a "store" hurriedly built of rough boards. Wright and Co. paid $75,000 for the wretched little place on the corner of the Plaza that they called the Miners' Bank, and $36,000 was asked for the use of the Old Adobe as a custom-house. The Parker House paid $120,000 a year in rents, nearly one half of that amount being collected from the gamblers who held the second floor; and the canvas tent next door, used as a gambling-saloon, and called the El Dorado, was good for $40,000 a year. From 10 to 15 per cent. a month was paid in advance for the use of money borrowed on substantial security. The prices of real estate went up among the stars: $8000 for a fifty-vara lot that had been bought in 1848 for $20. Yet, for all that, everybody made money, although a man might stare aghast at the squalor of his lodging, and wish that he might part with his appetite at any price to some other man. It was some such man as this who preserved the bill of fare of the Ward House for the dinner there on the 27th of October, 1849.

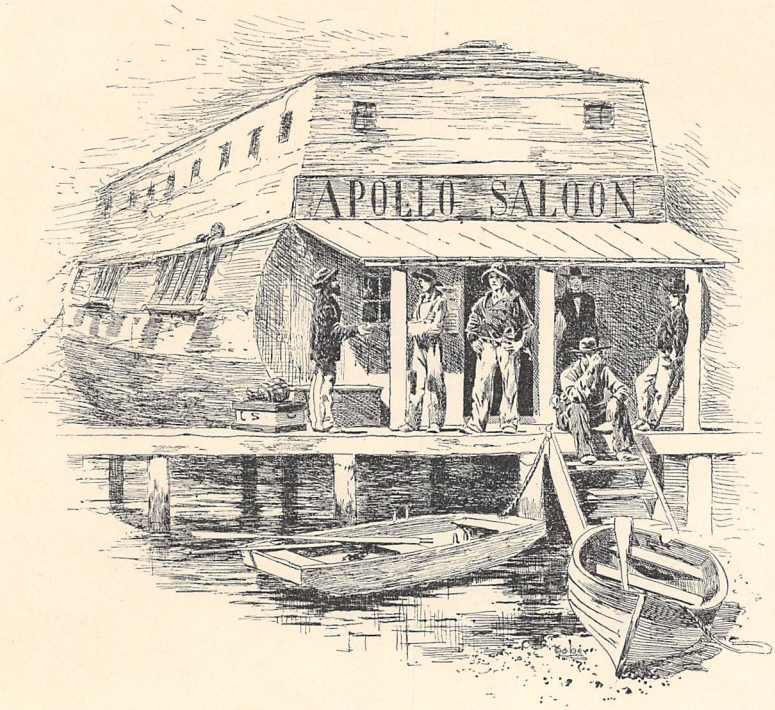
Oxtail soup	$1.00
Baked trout, anchovy sauce	1.50
Roast beef	1.00
Roast lamb, stuffed	1.00
Roast mutton, stuffed	1.00
Roast pork, with apple sauce	1.25
Baked mutton, caper sauce	1.25
Corned beef and cabbage	1.25
Ham	1.00
Curried sausages	1.00
Lamb and green peas	1.25
Venison, wine sauce	1.50
Stewed kidney, champagne sauce	1.25
Fresh eggs	1.00 each
Sweet potatoes	.50
Irish potatoes	.50
Cabbage	.50
Squash	.50
Bread pudding	.75
Mince pie	.75
Brandy peaches	2.00
Rum omelette	2.00
Jelly omelette	2.00
Cheese	.50
Prunes	.75

At the El Dorado Hotel at Hangtown (a mining-camp) the dainty menu offered "beef with one potato, fair size," $1.25; "beef, up along," $1; "baked beans, greased," $1; "new potatoes, peeled," 75 cents; "hash, low grade," 75 cents; "hash, 18 karats," $1; "roast grizzly," $1; "jackass rabbit,

[1] "Annals of San Francisco."

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

IN FRONT OF THE EMPIRE SALOON.



OLD STORE-SHIP "APOLLO," USED AS A SALOON.

whole," $1.50; "rice with brandy peaches," $2; and "a square meal" for $3. "All payable in advance. Gold-scales on the end of bar." But the small, cheap gold-scales cost $30, and the coarse knives and forks not less than $25 the pair.

The aspect of the streets of San Francisco at this time was such as one may imagine of an unsightly waste of sand and mud churned by the continual grinding of heavy wagons and trucks, and the tugging and floundering of horses, mules, and oxen; thoroughfares irregular and uneven, ungraded, unpaved, unplanked, obstructed by lumber and goods; alternate humps and holes, the actual dumping-places of the town, handy receptacles for the general sweepings and rubbish and indescribable offal and filth, the refuse of an indiscriminate population "pigging" together in shanties and tents. And these conditions extended beyond the actual settlement into the chaparral and underbrush that covered the sand-hills on the north and west.

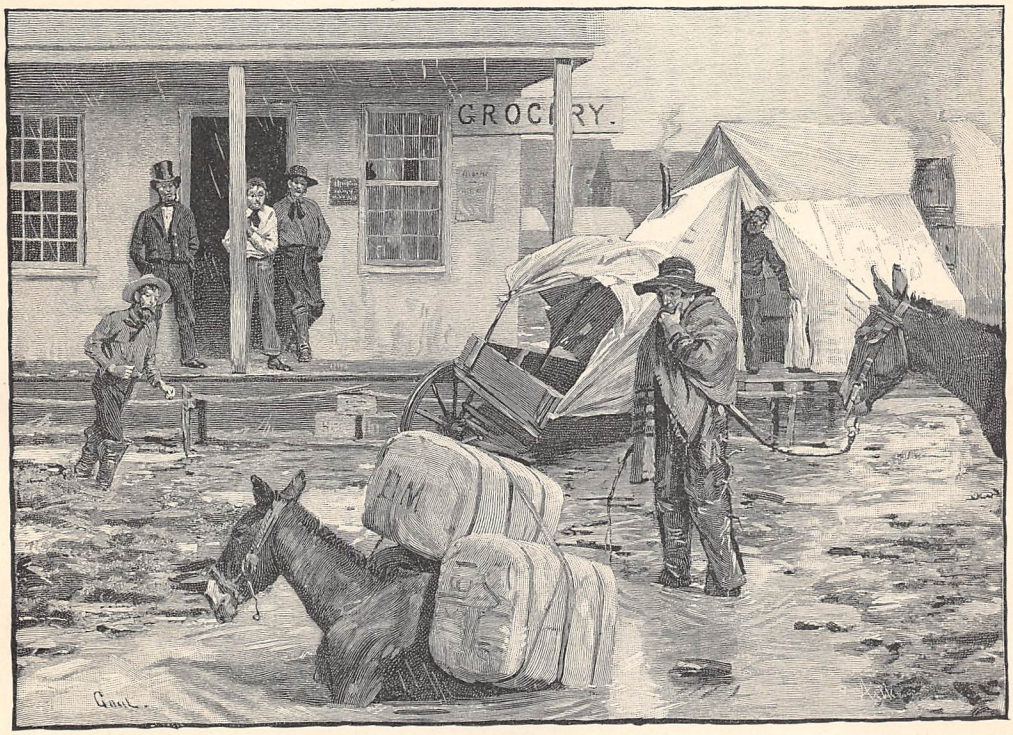
The flooding rains of winter transformed what should have been thoroughfares into treacherous quagmires set with holes and traps fit to smother horse and man. Loads of brushwood and branches of trees, cut from the hills, were thrown into these swamps; but they served no more than a temporary purpose, and the inmates of tents and houses made such bridges and crossings as they could with boards, boxes, and barrels. Men waded through the slough, and thought themselves lucky when they sank no deeper than their waists. Lanterns were in request at night, and poles in the daytime. In view of the scarcity and great cost of proper materials and labor, such makeshifts were the only means at hand. A traveler who came by sea in 1849 describes with graphic interest "the peculiar construction of the sidewalk between the store of Simmons, Hutchinson & Co. and the Adams Express office." This place was bridged with cooking-stoves, sacks of Chile flour, bags of coffee, and boxes of tobacco; and one yawning pit was stopped with a piano. Nevertheless, there were clumsy or drunken pedestrians who would have sunk out of sight but for timely rescue. Hittell tells of two horses that were left in the mud of Montgomery street to die of starvation, and of three drunken men who were suffocated between Washington and Jackson streets. And yet the rains that were productive of conditions so desperate and deadly in the city brought showers of gold to the miners in the diggings, and the monthly yield of dust and nuggets was three times greater after November than it had been in the summer.

Standing on the piazza of the Old Adobe custom-house, on the upper side of the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, and looking eastward across the open space, you had before you the Parker House and Dennison's Exchange, center and focus of all interest and all news to the San Franciscan of '49; and adjoining the Parker House, on the corner of the Plaza formed by the intersection of Kearney and Washington streets, was the El Dorado, most reckless of gambling-resorts and phenix of many fires. Amidships, on the north side of the square, was the original office of the "Alta California" newspaper, a journal which terminated its existence only a few months ago; and adjoining that, the Bella Union and Washington Hall—alike infamous, the former as a den of gam-

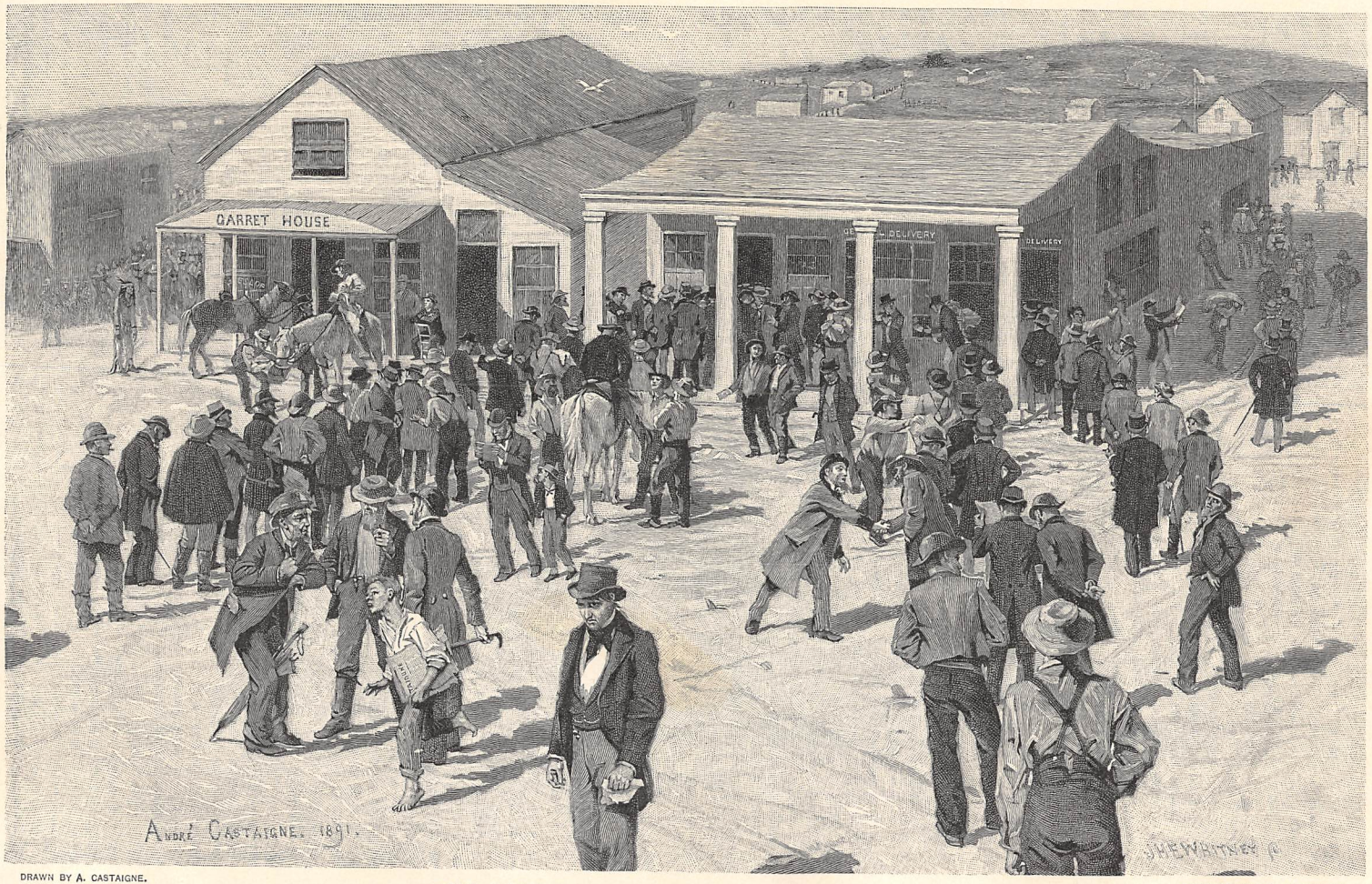
bling desperados and cutthroats, and the latter as a stew of polyglot debauchery.

Southward, on the Clay street side of the Plaza, and on the corner of Kearney street, was that historic adobe, the old City Hotel, the first important hostelry of Yerba Buena; and when the placers began to give out their treasures it was the headquarters of gambling miners, and overflowed with gold. "Scenes such as never before were and never again will be witnessed," said the "Alta California," "were common in the old City Hotel in 1848 and '49." In the spring of '49 the building was leased for $16,000 per annum, cut up into small stores and offices, and subleased at an enormous advance; but the City Hotel was "gobbled up" in the great fire of June, 1851. Higher up, on the south side, was Sam Brannan's office, where that redoubtable Mormon arraigned the "Hounds" before a concourse of exasperated citizens, and demanded their summary stamping out. Across the way, on the southwest corner of the Plaza, was the little frame school-house — the first school-house, which became, afterward, a concert-hall for Steve Massett's musical eccentricities, and then a police-station for a most inefficient constabulary. Between the school-house and the south end of the Old Adobe was the alcalde's office, where justice was informally dispensed by a Leavenworth or a Geary; and midway between the Old Adobe and the Parker House stood the original flag-staff, boldly flaunting Uncle Sam's title-deed to the land of gold.

The Old Adobe was a conspicuous landmark in the San Francisco of those wild times, and most dear to the memory of every Forty-niner. In the early days of the American occupation it had been used as a military barrack and guard-house, and later it became the first custom-house of San Francisco. A sedate, drowsy-looking structure, with sturdy brown walls, a low-pitched roof, tiled in the true rancho fashion, a long, rickety porch with planking all adrift, and posts and railings elaborately whittled, the Old Adobe from its coign of vantage on the higher ground overlooked the Plaza and took note of the various devilment that marked its reckless doings; while, with that handy cross-beam at the south end of the porch, it seemed to wait with cynical patience until the coming vigilance committee should bring their first victim their short shrift and their long rope. The ever-open portal admitted you to a wide vestibule which divided the house into unequal wings, and showed you on one side the desks of the inspectors and deputies, and on the other the sanctum of the collector — an imperturbable and dapper little man whose supernatural equanimity was the admiration of the time and place,



A MUDDY STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE POST-OFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1849–50.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

imparting an air of repose and hospitality to all his surroundings, and making even his iron safe, which should have been the grim receptacle of the public treasure, seem but a pleasing and confiding joke, seeing that he usually kept it as open as his own countenance, and free to display its golden lining to the day.

On the 22d of June, 1851, the Old Adobe disappeared from the map of San Francisco, swallowed up in that last great fire which devoured the City Hotel and the City Hospital, the Jenny Lind Theater and the office of the "Alta California." Other adobe houses characteristic of the old California life were the Mowry dwelling and the residence of Señora Briones, both on the northwestern skirt of the town. These were all of one story, and roofed with tiles. The entrance was set fairly in the middle of the front, and there was usually a hall extending from the front to the back door and equally dividing the house, so as to give a large sitting-room, which was also used for a guest-room, on one side of the hall, and on the other a bed-chamber in front and a kitchen at the back. In several of these houses the guest-room and the bed-chamber were floored with tiles of marble in alternate black and white, and the cornices showed some fair attempts at carving; these apartments were always hospitably furnished, and on occasions of entertainment made pretensions to luxury.

The post-office of that time was a frame building of one story and an attic on the corner of Clay and Pike streets. There was but small accommodation here for clerks and "handlers," and still less for the impatient and peremptory crowd of home-hungry men who came daily, but most of all on mail-day, which was once a month, and took the small windows and loopholes by storm. To avoid confusion and dangerous conflict, long queues were formed, extending from the windows along Clay street to the Plaza, and along Pike street sometimes as far as Sacramento, and even to the chaparral beyond. Here traders, miners, merchants, gamblers, and adventurers of every complexion waited in their places, often from the afternoon of one day, all night long, to the morning of the next, in the mud and the soaking rain, with weary limbs and anxious hearts. Men whose strength was unequal to the strain were glad to employ others to hold their places for them through the long hours; and there were those who, while not seeking or expecting letters for themselves, secured good standings in the line before the coming of the crowd, only to sell their right of place to richer men whose time was money. From ten to twenty dollars was a common price for such service.

The gamblers of '49 constituted a controlling class with whom was all the physical, moral, and financial force. Abounding in ready resources of a mixed and mysterious kind, and unscrupulous in the application of them; themselves well stocked with the adventurer's courage, and their courage imposingly backed up with six-shooters; numbering in their society, whether as professionals or amateurs, many of the "first men" of the city; having the largest show of "smartness," if not of a finer intellectuality and higher wisdom; of sophisticated observation, reckless speculation, and, most important of all, cash; paying the highest rents, monopolizing the most desirable business sites; prompt in applying every new and admirable improvement, commanding every comfort that invention or expensive labor could supply, every luxury that fine raiment, and pictures, and shows, and music, and wine, and a motley "world of ladies" could stand for—no wonder that they swayed the city, and carried the day with a high hand. For they paid twelve per cent. a month for money, and were ready to take all they could get at that price, offering securities in the good-will and fixtures of one "saloon" or another, a house, a lease, a water-lot, a bank.

Moreover, the gambler of '49 was no vulgar villain of the sordid stripe; he had his aspirations; it was proud game he hunted, and he put his own life into the chase. The law being to play fair or die, and the finest distinctions of the *meum* and *tuum* being defined by the pistol, it is easy to understand that there were honest gamblers in San Francisco in '49; in fact, I will go so far as to assert that, as a class, no others were so strict and punctual in all their dealings. No investment was safer or more profitable than a loan to a gambler; no rightful claim was more easy of collection. Nor were these men, though most dangerous on certain points of professional prerogative, by any means habitually quarrelsome. On the contrary, they were often the peacemakers of a fierce crowd whose explosive passions were stirred, constituting themselves an extemporaneous vigilance committee, in the name of the law and order they had themselves set up for the occasion; and then woe to the refractory!

As I have elsewhere said,

> not uncommonly the professional faro-banker of '49 was a farmer-like and homespun man, with a kindly composition of features and expression, patriarchal in his manners, a man to go to for advice, abounding in instructive experiences of life, and full of benevolent leanings toward the world; a man to lounge about the porticos of hotels, reading his "Alta," or the latest home papers, projecting city improvements and public charities, discussing important enterprises, overhauling the business of the ayuntamiento, considering at large the state of the country, defining the duties of

OLD ADOBE, USED AS CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Congress toward California, portraying the future of the State; and then — starting out to make the round of the tables, and deliberately to set about "breaking the bank." I have known such a man to take, in one day and night, five out of seven monte banks, besides a faro bank or two, seat his own dealers at them to keep the game going, and then subside into his pipe and newspaper, his political economy and projects of benevolence.

Of such was the fraternity that swayed the city in those days, and the secret of their paramount influence lay, partly, in their harmonious combination of the preëminently American traits—a faculty of taking accurately and at once the bearings of new and strange situations, fixity of purpose, persistence of endeavor, audacity of enterprise, ready hazard of life, ever fresh elasticity of sanguine temperament, but principally in the imposing figures of an omnipotent cash capital, wherewith they knew how to feed the enormous cravings of the people, and mitigate their privations and their pains.[1]

The people eagerly accepted the treacherous comforts and solacements so seductively displayed on the green cloth; and gambling became the recreation of the honest toiler or trader, as well as the revel of the reckless buccaneer. While occupations were as various as the needs and makeshifts of those who had recourse to them, it may be said that in all that din and bustle and hurly-burly there was but one pursuit. Miners and boatmen, laborers, mechanics, and builders, merchants and clerks and peddlers, thimbleriggers and fakirs from the streets, lawyers, physicians, judges, clergymen — all alike found a rapture in faro or bluff, a distraction in roulette or rondo, an edifying experience in monte or rouge-et-noir. The bar and the green table went into partnership, and, with a joint stock of cards and chips, decanters, fiddles, and pictures, and reckless women, did a madly merry business. There were hundreds of such places where, in the evening and all night long, keen fellows, horribly quiet, shuffled the fateful cards with deadly deliberation, or where bedeviled women, horribly beautiful, greedy, and cruel, twirled roulette-wheels to the mockery of music.

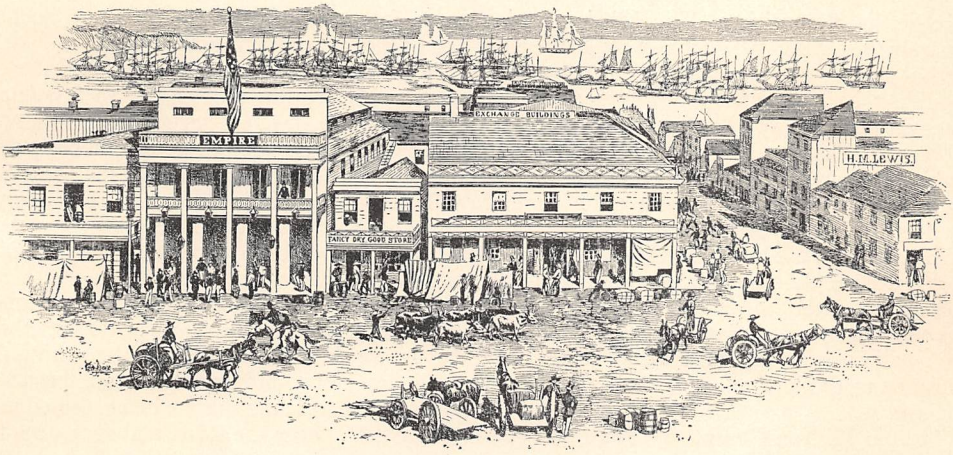
The great "saloons" were on the Plaza: all of the east side and the greater part of the north and south sides were given up to them. In each of these from ten to a dozen tables waited for players — for the man whose "blood was up," or the man who was bored, or the pleasant fellow who "might as well amuse himself." The man whose blood was up usually began with a stake of a thousand dollars and ended with fifty cents, and lost it; and the pleasant fellow who would amuse himself usually began with fifty cents and ended with a thousand dollars, and lost it; while the bored man won and won, and "took no interest." Piles of coin in gold and silver, bags of dust, and gold in nuggets, lay in the middle of the table; and the game went on in sweet repose and pensiveness, not even broken when the stakes were at their highest, and the spectators, standing three lines deep, waited for the luck of "that long-haired stranger who came to break the bank."

"Everybody gambled"—that was the excuse for everybody else. The phenomenal exception was the man who, having lost his all at three-card monte on the head of a barrel in the Plaza, was thereupon seized with acute compunctions on moral grounds, and a luminous theory of the ratio of chances. "While profits and wages were so high, while there were no homes, no comfort or decency to be found in lofts and bunks, men thought to take refuge in riotous excess, seeking for rest and recreation

[1] J. W. Palmer, "The New and the Old."

in gambling-hells, and bar-rooms, and dance-houses."[1] To find the few virtuous and worthy women of that time, you must have sought for them in tents and makeshift harbors, safely withdrawn from the public gaze, or else in the struggling beginnings of churches that feebly held their little forts against the banded forces of a multifarious godlessness.

From the upper corner on Washington street to the lower corner on Clay street, the people filed across the Plaza, between the Old Adobe and the Parker House, in an unending procession, or broke into motley groups of many colors and many tongues, and loitered by the flag-staff, among the trucks, and the oxen, and the mules, the stalls of the small venders, and the handy boxes and barrels of the fakirs and thimbleriggers, and the dealers of three-card monte; while from time to time some jingling ranchero, picturesque in serape, sombrero, and silver bell-buttons, and heeled with formidable spurs, would come caracoling across the square, making a circus of himself for the delectation of señora and madame. Always conspicuous among these was the ubiquitous Chinaman, "child-like and bland," but slyly twinkling with the conscious smartness of ways that are as hard to find out as the thimble-rigger's pea, which he so cunningly resembles.



CORNER OF THE PLAZA, FEBRUARY, 1850.

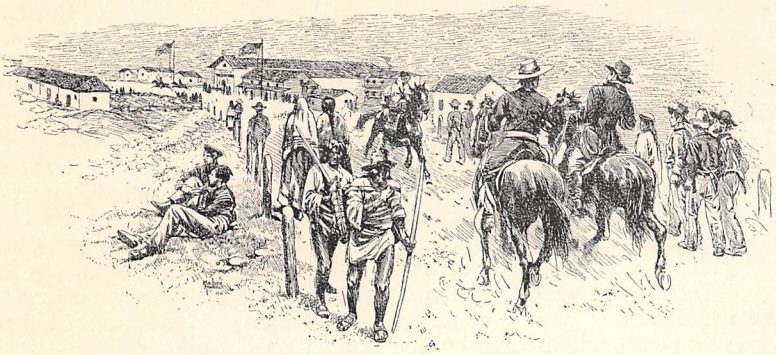
There is record of two Chinese men and one woman who came to California on the bark *Eagle* from Hong-Kong in 1848. By February, 1850, these had been followed by 787 men and two women, and still they came. Beginning in the mines, they spread into the farms and gardens, and thence into workshops and factories, outbidding the Caucasian with longer hours of work and smaller pay. "Then the men who had given them employment, displacing the American and European workmen, soon found that they had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. The Chinese quarter in San Francisco became, it was charged, a hotbed of depravity and crime. The opium-habit spread among the white youth of both sexes, and fetid dens were open day and night."[2] The oath of a Chinaman became a joke in the courts, and it was proved that in the Chinese quarter rewards were covertly offered for the slaying of innocent witnesses. Thus anti-Chinese legislation, for the suppression of the Chinese highbinder, became a foregone conclusion.

But there are Chinese and Chinese; they are not all coolies and highbinders. In "Little China," as the district which includes Dupont street and the upper part of Sacramento street is called, were many respectable and wealthy Chinese merchants, men who trafficked in the goods and wares of their country, and were regarded by their Caucasian neighbors as shrewd, polite, and well informed, having consideration for their social caste, holding themselves aloof from the washermen and the porters, and, so far as the exigencies of their business permitted, living retired. In common fairness they were not to be reckoned with the keepers of gambling-dens, opium-joints, and brothels, but rather to be accepted as an honorable protest and appeal in the interest of that class of their people who are industrious, decent in their lives and manners, and of good report, who are contented, peaceable, and thrifty, and who hold it a point of honor that the Chinaman who cannot pay his debts must kill himself for the credit of the survivors.

Even in those days a sentiment of Sundayness might be found in the suburbs of San Francisco; and in an equestrian scamper to the Lagoon, the Presidio (the old Spanish cantonment), or the Mission San Dolores, one might

[1] "Annals of San Francisco."

[2] San Francisco "Chronicle," September 7, 1890.



MISSION SAN DOLORES — SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

give his heart an airing. The Mission, so intimately associated with the early history of Yerba Buena and the later San Francisco, though it had been projected ever since the discovery of the bay in 1769, was not founded till 1776. The site was a small, fertile plain, embosomed among green hills, about two miles from the center of the present city. Several rivulets of clear, sweet water mixed their streams to form the larger Mission Creek. Further north were the bleak and sterile sand-hills on which the site of the present city was pitched; but the Presidio was more happily placed, and the small cove on the east, within the narrow entrance to the bay, afforded shelter and good anchorage.

The old Mission Church of 1850 was a spacious building of adobe, very plain without and partly whitewashed, except the front, which was relieved by certain crude architectural decorations, and showed several handsome bells. The interior was somber, grim, and cold. On the walls were rude paintings of saints and sacred subjects, and tinsel ornaments decorated the altar. But mass was still celebrated in the gloomy pile for the spiritual comfort of a small company of worshipers, mostly women of the Spanish races.

But the Mission was the favorite resort of holiday-makers from the city, especially of the Sunday revelers. Here bull-fights were held, and bear-baitings, and prize-fights of pugilists, and horse-races, and duels, and all the other mild diversions of the Forty-niner; and bars and gambling-tables supplied abundantly the indispensable refreshment and risk. Over the plank road, constructed in 1850, came an endless cavalcade of dashing equestrians of both sexes, and the highways extending southward to San José invited to pleasant excursions among green fields and hills.

But, after all, it was but a ghastly jollity, for under and all around it were destitution and disease, crime and despair and death. For the sick, the friendless, and the utterly broken there were, for many months, no infirmary, no hospital fund, no city physician.

"Your honor, and gentlemen," said the eccentric Mr. Krafft, addressing an imaginary ayuntamiento, "we are very sick, and hungry, and helpless, and wretched. If somebody does not do something for us we shall die; and that will be bad, considering how far we have come, and how hard it was to get here, and how short a time we have been here, and that we have not had a fair chance. All we ask is a fair chance; and we say again, upon our honor, gentlemen, if somebody does not do something for us, we shall die, or we shall be setting fire to the town first, and cutting all our throats."[1]

For these were the times when scurvied men were landing from the ships, and men crippled with rheumatism, and wasted with dysentery, and delirious with pneumonia and typhoid fever, were taking refuge in the city, to find only the bare, wet earth for a bed, under a leaky tent, or a foul bunk in the loft of a shanty, where a man had never a chance to die like a man, because of the cruel, carousing crew in the den below; no doctor, no nurse, no balm, no wine or oil, no cup of cold water, no decent deathbed. And so we found their poor, cold, silent corpses in lonely tents apart, or in the bush, or under the lee of a pile of lumber in Sacramento or Montgomery street; and we dug a hole and buried them right there, and the city of San Francisco is their gravestone, and this story is their epitaph.

Here is a passage from the address of the alcalde, Colonel John W. Geary, to the ayuntamiento in August, 1849:

> At this time we are without a dollar in the public treasury, and it is to be feared the city is greatly in debt. You have neither an office for your magistrate, nor any other public edifice. You are without a single police officer or watchman, and you have not the means of confining a prisoner for one hour; neither have you a place to shelter sick and unfortunate strangers who

[1] J. W. Palmer, "The New and the Old."

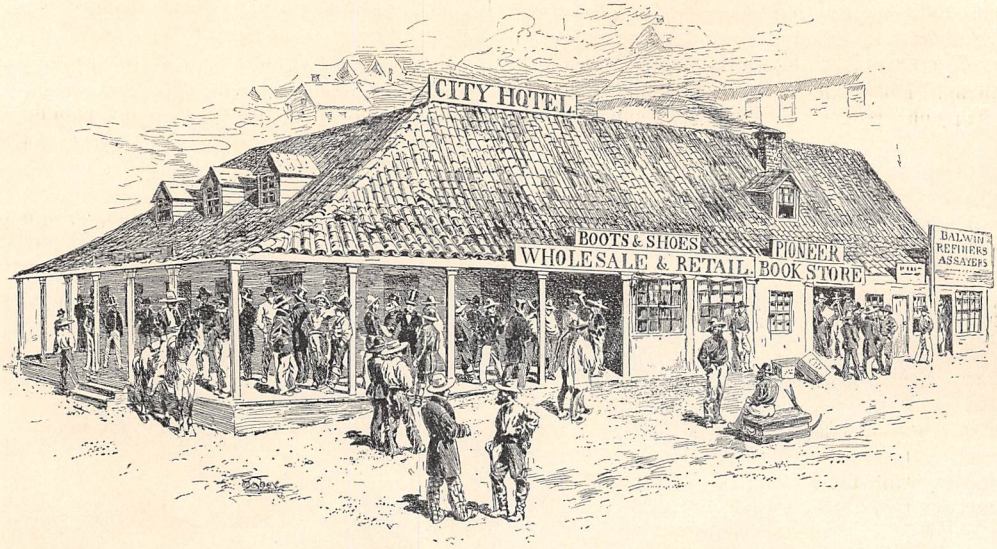
may be cast upon our shores, or to bury them when dead. Public improvements are unknown in San Francisco. In short, you are without a single requisite for the promotion of prosperity, for the protection of property, or for the maintenance of order.

Organized bands of ruffians, including thieves, burglars, and roughs, ever ready with knife and pistol, roamed unchallenged. Depredation and assault became familiar incidents in the life of the town. The conflagrations which subsequently laid waste the most valuable districts were traced or ascribed to the handiwork of "Sydney coves" and "Hounds," who plundered under cover of the general confusion and dismay incident to a great fire. And everywhere was the reckless apathy of "every man for his own hand," every man a law to himself, and the six-shooter his only constable. Only on a Sunday afternoon, on the piazza of the Old Adobe, was the voice of the prophet heard in righteous rebuke and warning—the voice of brave old Father Taylor, lifted up in stentorian psalm and prayer, arresting the passing miner and gambler, the "Sydney cove" and the courtezan, and holding them fast bound with his "Thus saith the Lord your God!"

Most dangerous, and for a time most numerous, of the immigrant criminals who came to recruit the gangs of "Sydney-town" were the old convicts and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, who feared nothing but the gallows anywhere, and even that not at all in this land of devil-may-care, where prosecutors and witnesses were too busy to concern themselves with courts; where judges were ignorant, careless, or corrupt; where trials were too costly for a bankrupt city; and where a man might hide easily and utterly under an alias or an alibi, a pea-jacket or a serape, a smooth face or a ragged beard.

"HOUNDS" ATTACKING CHILIANS.

The quarter known as "Sydney-town," the "Five Points" and the "Seven Dials" of San Francisco, lay around Clark's Point, in Broadway and Pacific street. Here a policeman hardly dared to enter, night was made hideous with debauchery and assaults, and for a few ounces a fellow could be hired to kill a man or fire a house, and no questions asked. "Although hundreds of murders had been committed" by the desperate denizens of these and other



THE FIRST HOTEL AT SAN FRANCISCO.

quarters, "and many murderers had been arrested, not one had been hanged, either legally or at the hands of self-appointed executioners; and the very courts themselves had become a by-word." [1]

But the very excesses and intolerable outrages of this state of things presently compelled their own stamping out by methods that were short and summary. On the 15th of July, 1849, a gang of young men who called themselves "Regulators," but were commonly known as "Hounds," and who were the "Mohawks" and "thugs" and "plug-uglies" of that time, proceeded to "take the town" after a fashion which they had made their own. This gang, which had been first heard of toward the close of 1848, began to make itself felt and feared in the spring of the following year. Under the pretense of mutual defense against the encroachments of foreigners, especially Chileans, Peruvians, and Mexicans, they had adopted a sort of military organization with a regular headquarters, which they called Tammany Hall, in a tent near the City Hotel. They paraded the town in broad daylight, with flag and fife and drum, armed with revolvers and bludgeons; and at night, when the streets were dark and unguarded, they often raided saloons and taverns, eating and drinking at the charge of the proprietors, and afterward making a wreck of stock and furniture in the very devilment of wantonness and fun.

Returning from a marauding excursion to the Contra Costa on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th of July, they made the rounds of the town, equipped in fantastic toggery of ponchos and Canton crapeshawls, pillaged from Spanish-American and Chinese shops; and in the evening they marched upon the tents of the Chileños, cuffing and kicking the women and children, and clubbing and shooting the men, tearing down the tents, destroying their scanty furniture, and plundering them of clothing and valuables.

The limit of that criminal apathy which had so long passed for patience was reached at last. On the 16th the community of "all good citizens" met on the Plaza in response to a proclamation of Alcalde Leavenworth, who had been urged to vigorous action by a committee of merchants and others. The meeting was organized with Mr. W. D. M. Howard as chairman and Dr. Fourgeaud as secretary. Sam Brannan addressed the multitude, and denounced the "Hounds," and the whole foul herd of criminals and miscreants, in unmeasured terms. A subscription was opened for the relief of those who had suffered by the outrages of the 15th; a volunteer police force was organized, consisting of 230 special constables, armed with muskets and revolvers, and commanded by Captain W. E. Spofford; and that same afternoon twenty of the "Hounds," including Sam Roberts, their leader, were captured and lodged on board the United States ship *Warren*. On Tuesday a grand jury of twenty-four citizens found a true bill against the prisoners, who were brought to trial on Wednesday before a jury specially impaneled. Sam Roberts and his mate, Saunders, were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor, and the others to shorter terms with fines. But these penalties were never enforced. Several of the leaders were sent out of the country, the rest were set at liberty; and although the "Hounds" were muz-

[1] San Francisco "Chronicle," September 7, 1890.

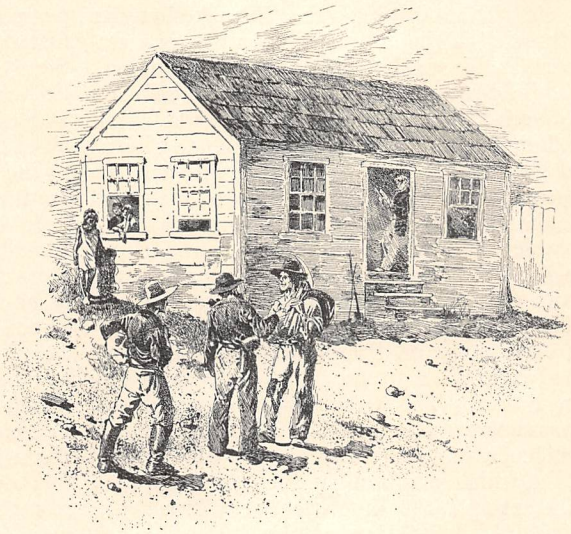
zled, other criminals and desperados, more daring and dangerous than they, were encouraged to show a bold front and strike deadlier blows. The famous Vigilance Committee of 1851, with its swift and tragic executions, was the inevitable response to the general cry for retribution and protection.[1]

The hotels of San Francisco may be regarded as the consummate product of that primitive system of coarse feeding-places which began in 1848 in the makeshifts of a mining-camp, and was developed in the growth of "saloons" and restaurants of every imaginable description: dining-rooms, chop-houses, cabarets, and fondas. There were cooks for every people and tribe under the sun — American, English, German, French, Italian, Chilean, Mexican, Chinese, Kanaka, Negro. There were beef and mutton from the ranches, fish from the bay and rivers, bear, elk, antelope, hare, squirrel, quail, duck, snipe, and plover from the inland hills and valleys, vegetables from the Pacific islands, and fruits from more distant ports. A hungry man might make a tolerable meal on beef at fifty cents, pork or mutton at seventy-five cents, a dozen canned oysters for a dollar, and a baked potato for half a dollar; or if his appetite was dainty and his pouch full, he might indulge in roast duck at five dollars, broiled quail at two dollars, and "top off" with sardines and *pâté de foie gras* regardless of expense.

Mr. Winn, the proprietor of the Fountain Head and Branch, arrived in San Francisco in 1849 without a dollar. He started business by making candy with his own hands, and peddling it about the streets on a tray slung from his shoulders by a pair of old suspenders. The San Francisco "Commercial Advertiser" of the 6th of April, 1854, notes that Mr. Winn "paid for ice and eggs last season (five months), $28,000; for one month's advertising, $1600; receipts at his two houses average $57,000 a month; has paid $200 a month for water; to one man in his employ, $1000 a month and his board; has paid $3000 for potatoes, and $5000 for eggs, for the same time; and fed poor and hungry people at a daily cost to him of $20."

The first of the San Francisco hostelries, in point of time, was the old City Hotel, which was built of adobes in 1846 at the corner of Clay and Kearney streets, and, until after the discovery of gold, was the only notable public house. Then followed, in 1849 and the succeeding years, the Parker House, the Graham House (afterward the City Hall), the St. Francis, the Union (destroyed in the fire of May 4, 1851), the Oriental, the Tehama, Wilson's Exchange, the Rasette House, and others.

The public amusements of San Francisco may be said to have begun at the old school-house on the Plaza on the evening of June 22, 1849, when Mr. Stephen C. Massett appeared in a sort of musical monologue, with recitations and imitations. The small room was filled, "front seats" being "reserved" for the four ladies who were present. The piano used on this occasion was loaned by Mr. Harrison, the collector of the port, and was said to be the only one in California; the charge for admission was $3, and $16 was the price paid for removing the piano from the custom-house to the school-house, half-way across the Plaza. In 1849 and 1850 there were equestrian and acrobatic performances in tents,— Rowe's and Foley's circuses,— and in January, 1850, the first dramatic performance was given in Washington Hall, "The Wife" and "Charles II." being indifferently played by a small company to a large audience. In April, 1850, a French vaudeville company appeared in a neat little house on Washington street near Montgomery, and, in September following, the original Jenny Lind Theater offered its attractions over the Parker House saloon on Kearney street. This house was destroyed in the fire of May, 1851. The large brick and stone building known as the New Jenny Lind, afterward the City Hall, was opened on the 4th of October, 1851, and the American Theater on Sansome street on the 20th.[2]



THE FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

The school-house on the Plaza was appropriated as a place of public worship in October,

[1] See this magazine for November and December, 1891.

[2] "Annals of San Francisco."

1848, the services being conducted by the Rev. Dwight Hunt, a missionary from the Sandwich Islands, who is remembered as the first Protestant clergyman in California. The little house was filled at every meeting, and on the first Sunday in January, 1849, the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to twelve communicants of different denominations. That congregation was composed of people who were not hampered by sectarian prejudices, or concerned to cavil about creeds and forms. The steamship *California*, which arrived in February, brought four missionaries from New York — Messrs. Wheeler, Baptist, and Woodbridge, Douglass, and Willey, Presbyterians. On the 1st of April the steamer *Oregon* brought the Rev. Albert Williams, who, after preaching for a while in the school-house, on the 20th of May organized the first Protestant society in the new city,— the "First Presbyterian Church,"— which was started with six members. In this small but notable group were Sarah B. Gillespie of the Presbyterian Missionary Church at Macao, China, and Mr. Frederick J. Billings, of the First Congregational Church at Woodstock, Vermont. This gentleman, by the early and earnest part he took in the moral sanitation of the city, won for himself an honorable name in her annals as a conspicuous pioneer in all good works; he was associated with General Halleck in the practice of law. The place of worship of this brave little congregation was on Dupont street in a tent that had been the marquee of a military company in Boston. This temporary accommodation was superseded in the fall of 1850 by a church edifice, complete with pulpit, pews, lamps, and bells, which was brought out from New York and set up in Stockton street near Broadway; but five months later it was burned, in the great fire of June 2, 1851. Although this represented the first religious society organized in San Francisco, it was preceded as a church edifice by the "First Baptist Church," on Washington street between Dupont and Stockton streets, erected to accommodate the congregation gathered by the Rev. O. C. Wheeler, who had arrived in the *California* in February, 1849. Then followed the "First Congregational Church," organized in July, 1849; "Trinity Church" (Episcopalian), and Grace Chapel, under the rectorship of that devoted missionary, Dr. Vermehr, who, in February, 1854, resigned the principal charge to Bishop Kip.

The early Roman Catholic "Church of St. Patrick," in Happy Valley, with its school and orphan-asylum, and those at the Mission San Dolores and in Vallejo street, were largely attended, and services were held in English, French, and Spanish. Jewish synagogues and Buddhist temples have their place in the religious history of the city, which, beginning with the Mormon elder, Sam Brannan, became in time worthy of the ministrations of Bishops Alemany and Kip; and no man did more to pilot her skittish flock to nobler heights than that brave, pertinacious, and magnetic Methodist, William Taylor, whose church was the open Plaza, and his pulpit the porch of the Old Adobe.

On the 4th of January, 1849, the "Californian," which in November, 1848, had been consolidated with the "Star," changed its name to the "Alta California." At first it appeared as a weekly, then three times a week, and finally it became the first daily paper in California. Then came in quick succession the "Journal of Commerce," the "Pacific News," and the "Daily Herald." On the 1st of August appeared the "Picayune," the fifth daily, but the first evening paper. These were followed by the "Courier," the "Chronicle," the "Bulletin," and others, including German, French, Italian, Spanish, and even Chinese newspapers, all of them marked in a greater or less degree by the ability, enterprise, pluck, and vim which are the characteristics of the country.

In describing the familiar features which should appear in a picture of the San Francisco of those golden years, the auction is not to be forgotten — that last resort of the consignee or supercargo who could find no storage for his shipment, no ready purchaser at any price. There were neither wharves nor warehouses to accommodate the overflowing freights brought by incoming fleets of merchantmen. Lighterage from ship to shore cost four dollars a ton, and the monthly rate for storage was ten dollars a ton. Perishable goods were often a total loss; cargoes were, in some cases, reshipped to the Atlantic States without breaking bulk. Excessive and indiscriminate shipments could but result in wholesale waste and recklessness, and the only relief was to be found in auctions of a slap-dash kind, conducted by any man who might see fit to put up a sign near the water-front.

At first the principal landing-place was at Clark's Point, where the water was deep at the rocky shore; but by October, 1850, there were wharves of considerable length at Market, California, Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson, and Pacific streets. The aggregate length of all the wharves exceeded six thousand feet, and the cost to that date amounted to a round million.

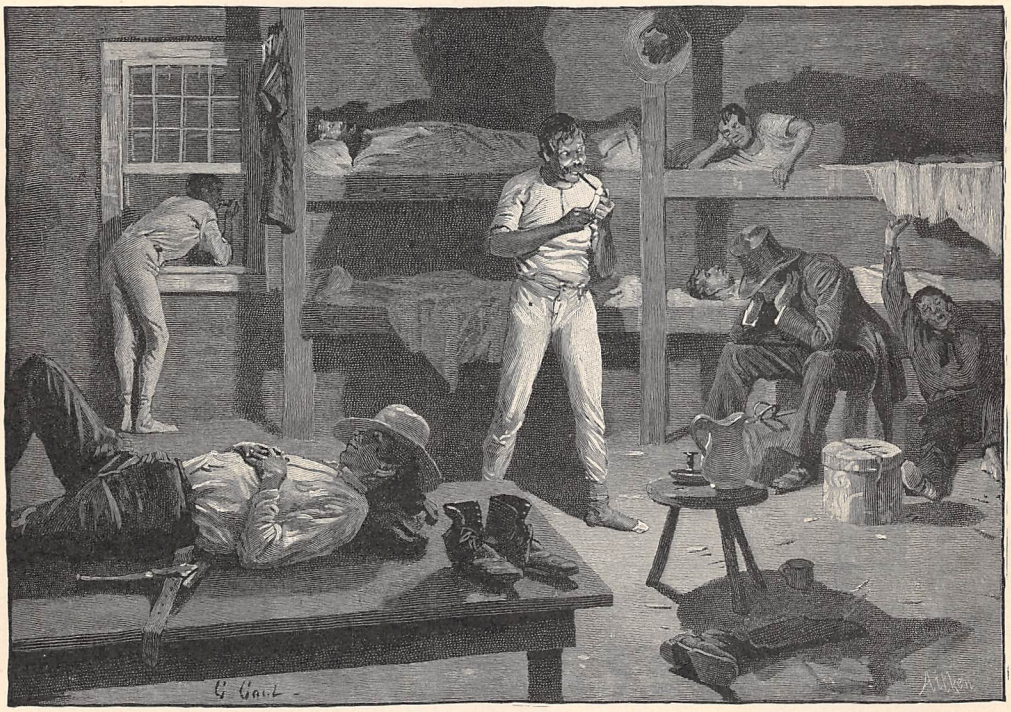
The famous clippers which had excited the admiration of the world of men who "go down to the sea in ships" by the beauty of their lines, their buoyant grace, and their capacity to carry great spreads of canvas, were racing against

time around Cape Horn to land on the wharves of San Francisco cargoes for which there might be no market, but at rates of freight that nearly paid the cost of the ship in a single run. Those were the days of the *Gray Eagle* and the *Grayhound*, the *White Squall* and the *Flying Cloud*, the *Typhoon* and the *Trade Wind*, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* — true couriers and wild riders of the main, that made the very storms their servants.

On Telegraph Hill — on the very spot where in 1847 our citizen of Yerba Buena had stood watching the incoming of the *Brooklyn* with her dispensation of Mormons — Messrs. Sweeny and Baugh erected early in 1849 a lookout, or observatory, which commanded the approach and entrance to the Golden Gate, and by means of a code of signals kept their patrons of the city informed of the approach of vessels of every class, from coasting craft to man-of-war. At a later day a station was established nearer the ocean, which transmitted earlier intelligence by signaling the inner telegraph-house.

Until the fall of 1849 small schooners and launches had afforded the only means of navigation across the bay and up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers; but in September a little iron steamer called the *Pioneer* began to ply the waters of the Sacramento, and was shortly followed by the *Mint*, the steam-propeller *McKim*, and the *Senator*. At first the run was made in not less than seven or eight days, "fares, $30 cabin, $20 deck, and $5 extra for berths; meals on board, $2." In 1855 a good boat could make the distance in half a day.

It is usual to speak of the conflagrations which from time to time laid waste the most populous and bustling parts of San Francisco as the "great fires," because any one of them sufficed to fill the measure of a citizen's conception of ruthless devastation and dismay. There were six of them, beginning with that of Christmas Eve, 1849. Then thin boards and lath, and flimsy cotton cloth, and painted canvas, were licked up like tinder by the lapping tongues of flame. The fire began in Dennison's Exchange, on the Plaza, in the early morning. That notable landmark of the Forty-niner, the Parker House, and all the buildings on Kearney street between Clay and Washington streets, were obliterated from the map of the city. It was the work of minutes, and the loss was a million. On May 4, 1850, the second great fire broke out on the site of the first, and swept away in its amazing rush and roar three entire blocks in the heart of the city. This time the loss was four millions. In the first conflagration it was the gamblers who had chiefly suffered; now it was the merchants. Six weeks later, on the 14th of June, when the wind was high, the entire district bounded by Clay and California streets, Kearney street and



A LODGING-HOUSE INTERIOR.

FREDERICK J. BILLINGS.

the water's edge, was swept away, buildings and goods being almost totally consumed.

On the 4th of May, 1851, the anniversary of the second great fire, the city was desolated by a conflagration which is remembered as *the* great fire. It made a jest and mock of "fire-proof" buildings, and iron frames and doors and shutters curled up in the flames like cardboard. It began late on the night of the 3d, in a store on the south side of the Plaza. The wind rose with the flames, and whirled them south and north; the streets beneath the planking became great flues; the whole business part of the city was a roaring furnace; and the reflection is said to have been visible in the sky at Monterey, a hundred miles away. Ten hours sufficed for the destruction of nearly two thousand houses; eighteen whole squares, with portions of five others, in the most important part of the city, were almost totally obliterated, and the loss was estimated at $12,000,000. On what had been the streets, men said, "Well, the bay is here, and the people are here, and the placers are left!" And they went straightway to work and built a new city, richer, stronger, handsomer than before. Hittell says of these fires that they exercised an important influence upon the politics and trade of the city. "The fire of May, 1851, was attributed to incendiarism. The amount of property exposed in the streets was so great that the citizens banded themselves into a committee of vigilance, which soon extended its jurisdiction and hanged murderers as well as protected property. Merchants put their goods into store-ships, and the harbor was filled with old hulks until 1854, when brick stores, really fire-proof, began to furnish room and safety on shore. Unable to make bricks or cut stone except at terrific cost, orders were sent abroad for incombustible building materials. Granite was brought from China or from Quincy, lava from Honolulu, and bricks from Sydney, London, and New York." Out of the ruin and waste sprang new life, new forces, higher hopes, and nobler endeavors.

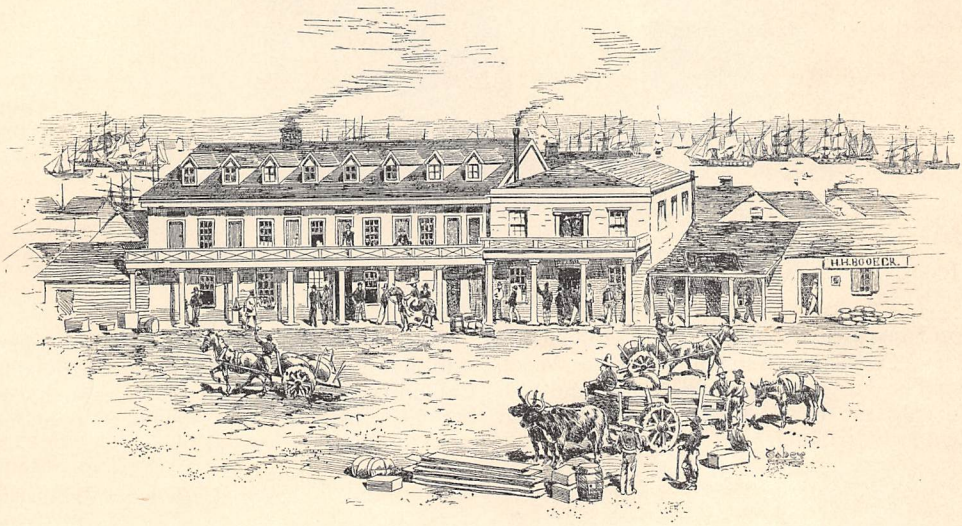
By 1852 the characteristics of a Spanish town had well-nigh disappeared from San Francisco. From Clark's Point to the Rincon, all had become American. The jingling ranchero, ostentatiously sombrero'd and bespurred, had been superseded by equipages familiar in the Eastern cities; omnibuses plied between the Plaza and the Mission; the "steam paddy" was busy in Happy Valley; and the sand-hills at the back of the town were being dumped into the water-lots in front. The city was moving bayward, and new streets were growing upon piles. "Where once floated ships of a thousand tons, now were great tenements of brick securely founded in the solid earth."

The sleepy little Yerba Buena of 1847 had become a metropolis of factories and great

stores, of schools and churches, of newspapers and theaters, of benevolent institutions and public works, of stage-coaches and mails, expresses and steamers; a city of brilliant bustle and magnificent dissipations. But a dollar was no longer paid for a pill, nor ten dollars for an ounce of carpet-tacks; for everybody was trying to sell, and everywhere was glut in spite of the ravenous extravagance and waste. Auctioneers tossed off ship-loads of merchandise for a song, and the enormous loss fell upon the foreign shippers; so "happy-go-lucky" was the temper of the hour, and a canter to the Presidio or the Mission, or a picnic excursion to the Contra Costa, was the usual diversion in the intervals of business.

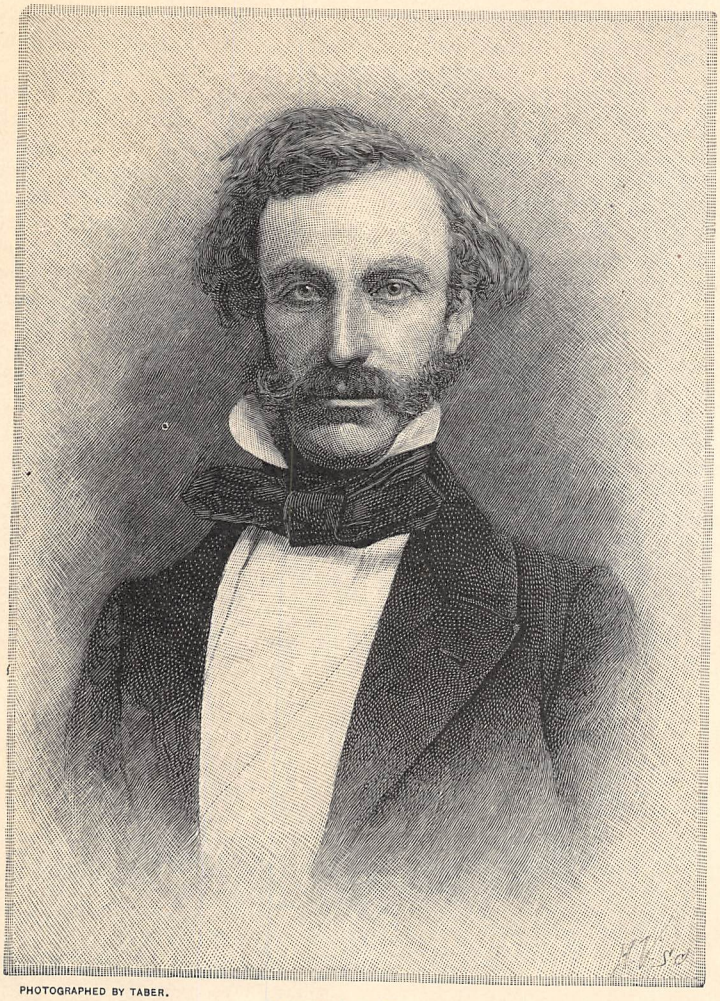
In August, 1850, the Society of California Pioneers was called into being, mainly through the influence and efforts of Messrs. Howard, Brannan, Bryant, Wadsworth, Folsom, and others; and its first appearance as a civic organization, preceding all others in California, was in the public obsequies appointed to honor the memory of President Zachary Taylor, on the 29th of that month. The officers first elected were Messrs. Howard, president; Brannan and Snyder, vice-presidents; Bryant, Parker, Folsom, and Wadsworth, secretaries; and Talbot H. Green, treasurer. Among these associated pioneers Captain Folsom was a conspicuous figure. He came to California as a staff-officer in the quartermaster's department of Stevenson's regiment, and was eventually made chief of that department on the North Pacific coast. With notable foresight, long before the apparition of the golden wizard, he invested all his means in the sterile sand-lots of Yerba Buena, and waited for the coming of the great city he foresaw.

The records of that parent society were destroyed in the great fire of May, 1851, with the exception of one book containing the constitution and the signatures of a few members. The officers, who had been chosen to serve a twelve-month, were compelled by the exigencies of that memorable period of disaster, danger, and turmoil to hold their respective places for three years; but in the imposing demonstration by which the admission of California into the Union of States was celebrated on the 29th of October, 1850, the Society of Pioneers appeared in force, and made a conspicuous impression by their moral and intellectual prestige. On the 6th of July, 1853, the association, which owing to the local troubles had so long been unable to meet, was reorganized at the Oriental Hotel, when Mr. Brannan was elected president; Messrs. Larkin, Snyder, and Lippincott, vice-presidents; and William Tecumseh Sherman, treasurer. The society as at present constituted is a social and benevolent, as well as a historical, scientific, and literary association; and its objects are to collect and preserve information relating to the early settlement and subsequent history of the country, and "in all appropriate matters to advance the interests and perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity and enterprise induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the founders of a new State."



DENNISON'S EXCHANGE AND PARKER HOUSE, BEFORE THE FIRE OF DECEMBER, 1849.

In the impressive list of honorary members and distinguished guests who in the past have imparted distinction to the meetings of this



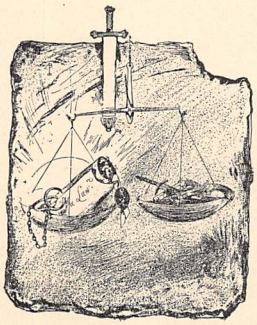
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

CAPTAIN J. L. FOLSOM.

most interesting association are to be found the names of Generals Sherman, Rosecrans, Wool, Frémont, Halleck, Schofield, Sutter, and Vallejo, and the Revs. Henry W. Bellows and Thomas Starr King.

Originally it was a condition of membership that the applicant should have arrived in California prior to the 1st of January, 1850; but the constitution has since been amended so as to admit the sons of pioneers.

John Williamson Palmer.



REFFEY.

By the author of "A Common Story," etc.

I.

AVE LEWIS ran passenger-train No. 14 over the range one day, and brought back passenger No. 3 the next. No. 14 dined at Topaz and suppered at Mitcham's, as they said on the road; No. 3 reversed the arrangement. Lewis was required to report his train from Mitcham's, where he knew the manager of the eating-house and the telegraph-operator. Both were young women.

For the last two months Reffey Deacon had not been sending in meals to the telegraph-operator when she was busy. For the same length of time Mattie Baker had forgotten to send Reffey's provision order to Denver until the next day. Reffey used the post now, and Mattie came to the hotel dining-room for her meals, like anybody else. Lewis had jilted one girl for the sake of the other.

The two lived alone at Mitcham's; other than the servants, they were the only inmates of the house and the entire population of the town, which began and ended at the eating-station. Their nearest neighbors lived ten miles away on a ranch up among the hills behind the hotel. The front windows of the hotel looked out on a cliff. It was a thousand feet high, and Reffey and Mattie did not see the sun in the mornings until it shone vertically down into their nest. The eating-station, which was also a hotel, had been placed at the exit from Red Rock Cañon, as being the only spot within thirty miles large enough to accommodate it. The floor of the valley — lying between the cañon wall on one side and the hills that climbed, beyond the river, toward a rugged grazing country on the other — was not above two hundred yards in width; the structure which the railway company had erected on this grudging space was an oblong frame building two stories high, painted a railroad gray, and containing only ten practicable bedrooms, in addition to the big dining-room, the refreshment-room, and the ticket-office and telegraph-office, occupying the ground floor. But in the cañon, through which the railroad had stolen a perilous way, there was room for nothing larger than the huts of flagmen or track-walkers; and these structures were likely to hang out over the river, propped at the fringe of the ledge along which the track wriggled and balanced. In summer parties of fishermen came to whip the Red Rock River, the stream that boiled and shouted through the cañon, and rooted night and day at the base of the rock on which the hotel was built. Holiday parties from the East, railroad-men in special cars, and English tourists, armed with expensive guns, also came at certain times, and spent a week or two at Mitcham's, troubling the echoes among the hills. But at other seasons the two women lived alone. The situation demanded an amiable relation between them, and was intolerable without it.

Dave and Reffey were to be married as soon as he could build her a proper house at Maverick. Reffey (the name represented her mother's fantastic shortening of Rebecca) had her own ideas regarding a fit residence, and was in process of imposing them upon Dave and upon his builder. Lewis was now "knocking down" more fares than before his engagement to Reffey: instalments on the house were coming due; he was beginning to look at furniture; and Reffey was in other ways an expensive young lady. Her standard of the presents to be expected from a lover in Dave's position was high.

The drummers, who had dared one another for a month to try it on with Lewis when he had first been promoted from the ticket-office at Denver, smiled at one another now when they met, and they winked at Lewis. Lewis, on these occasions, fixed his eye intently on the ticket in the hands of the passenger in the next seat, keeping the responsive wink for the baggage-car, the upper corner of the smoker, and the refreshment-counter at way-stations, where he came by cigars and drinks easily. Drummers who had once, long ago, stayed over a train or spent an extra night in a town rather than travel by his train now exchanged jokes with him on the purity of his first month's work on the road. The atmosphere was easy-going and friendly on Dave Lewis's train now that they all knew him for one of the boys, and the men who had lost money by betting during that first month that he had been put on the road by the company to spot the crooked work of other conductors now made him stand treat.

Dave asked them what they had taken him for, and they asked him how he expected them to "tumble" all at once to the fact that he was

one of themselves when he came straight from the Denver ticket-office. They quoted the other conductors as having shared their idea, and they wanted to know why he had kept them so long in suspense.

"Why, boys, to tell the truth, I was the young and blushing maiden of that situation. I had to wait until I was asked."

"The drooping violet of Maverick, that 's what you were—the shy little Denver daisy. Remember the cigars and talky-talk I wasted on you before I got up sand to offer you three dollars for a five-dollar fare? One-seventy-five is all you get out of me these days, you old fraud. We 've got to make you sweat somewhere for that shrinking violet business—eh, boys? Well, here 's my regards!"

Einstein, whose line was cloaks and trimmings, blew the foam off his beer and drank to Dave.

These regular patrons of the road forgave themselves slowly for their obtuseness; but since the suspicion had been lifted from Lewis they made it a point of honor to treat him as if it had never been. Now that they had proved his innocence, there was not a more popular conductor on the road. It was true that he was not thought exclusive enough since his engagement to Reffey. He now distributed his favors over a wider area, and almost any traveler who was a little "fly" could make a deal with him. It was a poor system for the company, but it worked well for Reffey; and if Dave ever had any doubts about it from a moral point of view, they were more than solaced in her society. The company charged passengers too much and paid him too little, so that whichever way he looked at it he was a remedial agent. This was probably the dumb reasoning with which he satisfied his conscience; but, on the whole, it would be easier to say how a murderer excuses his crime than how a man sophisticates such stealings. The one point clear to Dave was that they were *not* stealings. Certainly he never called them so, and since no one else did, since even the company had no word for practices of this nature and no remedy for them but dismissal, and since cases like his never got into the courts, nor even, oddly enough, into the newspapers, he was at liberty to create his own moral world. In this world he and his wants were easily chief, and the railway—from which everything you got was so much clear gain, and even clear righteousness, yet, conveniently, too, a disembodied, soulless, dividend-paying corporation, which nothing could injure—was easily last.

Reffey had not been able to help letting Dave see from the first that she cared for him. It had begun on the day she arrived from Topeka, where she had acted as head waitress of a hotel, to take charge of the eating-house at Mitcham's; and it may have been her evident preference for him which first flattered him into treason to Mattie. But his passion for her had not long needed a better reason than her own charms; once within the immediate range of them, her beauty inflamed him and he was snared by the strange, gipsyish, baleful witchery of a temperament scarcely more different from Mattie's than from his own. Her imperious, ardent loveliness ruled and fascinated him; Mattie's housekeeperly order of spirit and blessed calm of mind had merely cradled him.

He found the excitement of being engaged to Reffey a strain at times on a slow, mild disposition the actual need of which was a peaceful harbor; but, save when his conscience accused him for his faithlessness to Mattie's simple trust, he was aboundingly happy in the change. The characteristic quality of his feeling for Reffey was a huge admiration, and if he had been a woman, and she a man, he would have crawled at her feet; as it was, he let her worship him. But he continued to admire her. After a month's engagement she remained wonderful and inscrutable to him; entirely apart from his love, he could n't help feeling that he had made an astonishing bargain. Whatever else might happen, she was sure to remain the only person off her own piece of goods; and it was from this point of view, rather than out of the usual lover's feeling of his unworthiness, that he tried to live up to her. Every act of his life was penetrated with the thought of her, and none more than his daily reckoning up of his accounts with the company.

He was accustomed at the end of the day to find his way to the last seat in the smoker, which was likely to be vacant, and to pour out upon it the contents of his pockets, consisting of the tickets and money gathered from passengers on the trip. After counting and noting the tickets for his report, he told over the money for what he called a "division of the spoils." In these divisions, to which only one of the beneficiaries was a party, the company "got what was right"—that is, a little more than the least it was likely to accept without grumbling. But delicate questions often arose: there was not always enough to go around; the point of safety was not definite, nor was it invariable. It was n't even ascertainable, for yesterday's return might have aroused suspicion, while, on the contrary, it might have been so large as to form the germs of habit in the company's mind. The business had its good and its bad days, like another: when "commercial" travel was large, and Dave encountered other friends besides his drummers, the day was a success; if to this was added, by chance, a considerable flock of

passengers who had forgotten to buy their tickets, and who paid the full fare in the simplicity of their hearts (he gave them a duplex ticket, of course, but all contributions helped the exchequer), Dave remarked mellowly to himself that it was "a good day for ducks." If it had been possible to keep trade up to a really high standard, Dave would have become shortly a railway king, by methods not widely dissimilar from those generally recognized; but with all its faults it remained a lucrative business.

He liked best to divide with the company when he was making the western run, as every moment, in this case, brought him nearer to the object of these divisions, and to the object of all that he did. On these days he would usually begin his reckoning at the eastern end of the cañon, that he might know when he saw her what he had been able to do for her that day, even though he could n't speak of it to her.

He celebrated an unusually good day by treating himself to the best cigar that had been given him on the trip, lolling back on the front seat of the smoker, and making pictures of the smoke during the long run through the cañon, in which no stations occurred to disturb him. After a thirty-dollar day he usually put another story on the house, in these reveries, bought the big Persian rug which he had envied at Daniel & Fisher's in Denver, laid it on the parlor floor, seated Reffey in a deep wicker-chair on top of it, made the dull, rich red of the rug harmonize with the bronze red of her complexion, and with the flush of happiness on her cheek, caused her eye to rove from the rug to the furniture (red plush to match the rug—lots of gold on the chair legs), and from the furniture to the bright blaze he lighted on the hearth (their hearth !), and from the hearth to himself. The look of gratitude and love she gave him made his head swim in his vision, and, not to stint himself, he closed the scene by making her give him a royal hug of her own accord, just as the whistle sounded for Mitcham's—and down at the end of the cañon Reffey was taking her place behind the lunch-counter.

On the days when Dave brought No. 14 over the range from the east, Reffey went about her usual occupations with an attent ear. Long before the train came in sight on the bridge by which it crossed the river two hundred yards from the hotel, a whistle rolled down to her out of the heart of the cañon, multiplied in howling echoes. The whistle went to her heart, and, wherever she was, her dining-room girls would see her pause in her quick, commanding movements, arrested like a listening deer. Then she would go on proudly, giving the last neat touches to the dining-room tables, over which a hungry riot was immediately to sweep. A girl who had giggled in her palm one day when the whistle blew had shrunk away, scorched by a dozen words from Reffey, and had left Mitcham's that night, with her trunk, on the up-mixed-freight.

No. 14 stopped twenty minutes at Mitcham's, and the greater part of the passengers for this reason preferred a regular supper in the hotel dining-room to the chances of the lunch-counter. It was therefore from behind this comparatively unfrequented counter that Reffey usually directed her smile of greeting at Dave. The counter was of marble, and the triangular slices of pie were on their plates, the beans waited under their covers, and the ham sandwiches reared their pile of masonry.

She had spent a nervous half-hour behind this counter one warm spring afternoon, waiting for the whistle,—she could n't, of course, ask Mattie how late the train was,—when the resounding blast always given under arrangement by Dave's engineer leaped on her ear. As the echoes began to roll back on themselves into the cañon she gave a last polishing rub to the glass bell protecting her jelly-cake, trimmed the spirit-lamp under her monster coffee-urn, and put up a hand to the bunch of green bananas over her head to stop it twirling. Then she leaned over the counter, on her elbows, between the sandwiches and the cake, to nod happily to Dave, as his train rolled up to the solitary eating-house and he followed his passengers in.

In this attitude he restrained himself with difficulty from giving her a real hug—she looked so splendidly, satisfyingly beautiful to him. As a matter of fact, Reffey was unmistakably handsome in her large, arc-lamp fashion. She had uncommonly brilliant and beautiful eyes, passionate, liquid, beguiling, and shiningly resolute. Her face was not delicate, but it was strong with the same glow one saw in her eyes—a glow slightly crude, and perhaps more than slightly vicious, but richly alive. As she leaned over the counter her black, fluffy hair seemed nearer her heavy eyebrows than usual, her forehead looked lower, and her broad shoulders and abundant figure lost none of their value. She had a square, man's chin, and decided, compressed lips. She was carefully dressed, as was usual with her, in a figured cambric, without the apron worn by her dining-room girls.

She threw a smile at him, and began at the same time to attend rapidly and capably to the orders humbly suggested to her by the dozen passengers who had chosen the lunch-counter in preference to the dining-room. Dave threw a leg over the last stool in the row before the counter, and waited, with his elbows on the marble, for her to hand him the tenderloin steak and fried potatoes she was accustomed to keep for him. The steak came up through the dumb-

waiter in a moment, smoking hot, and their hands met under the plate as she set it down before him.

"What 's Henry McKelway come up on the 7 for?"

"To take my train to Portoe's Junction," returned Dave, with a smile. "It 's a change-off I fixed up with him. Any objection?"

She looked up from the plate and pretended to examine the idea disinterestedly.

"Just as livs," she said, as she swept a bewildering smile over her adorer, who shivered where he sat with a sensation of pure joy.

She turned from him to snatch a bottle of St. Louis lager from a shelf high above her head. Dave wanted to vault over the counter, pull it down for her, and take her about the waist in just this attitude. Instead, he watched her, as she stood on tiptoe, swing her arm up to it with the sureness and grace of all her movements, and deposit it before him, after whirling it once in the air under the counter and catching it by the neck, with a laughing glance at him. Then, without another look in his direction, she moved away to attend to other customers, only returning to ask, as he finished his steak and his lager.

"Want some pie — mince, apple, blackberry, blueberry, pumpkin, custard?" She radiated love at him through her waitress manner; and Dave, giving back her look, dreamed into forgetfulness of pie, until she called herself back with a sharp "Well?"

"Ain't you got none of my patent brand?"

"Not allowed. Bad for the complexion."

"It ain't hurt yours any as I notice."

"Just you mind your own complexion, Dave Lewis."

"I use Madame Necker's Frozen Balm night and morning. What do you want? Say, gimme some of that lemon meringue pie, now, you, and be quick about it."

She remained staring imperturbably at him through her lustrous, laughing eyes.

Dave knotted his fingers under the hand she spread out on the counter. "Come," he said worshipingly, "get a move on, will you?"

She popped her head under the counter, and drew forth the double slice of thick lemon pie that she had been keeping for him.

"There, Greedy!" she said affectionately, under her breath, as she slid it toward him over the marble with the twist she used for customers.

When the train had gone on in charge of McKelway, and Reffey had straightened up her lunch-counter, she put on a sun-hat and followed Dave along the track toward the bridge over the river. The hat was large and daringly trimmed, but it became her exceedingly, and during the first minutes of their walk she used all the advantage it gave her over his stunned admiration.

She stepped from tie to tie with a long, free, swinging step, taking two ties at a time, while Dave contented himself with one. Mattie, watching them from the window of her telegraph-office, told herself sadly that they were a fine couple, and Reffey, glancing at Dave as they walked, said to herself that he *was* handsome. Dave was straight and well made; his face had the regular beauty, his black hair the fetching curl, his fine eyes the appealing, tender, conquering light which women love. He had, moreover, the gallant carriage of a calling in which, more than in almost any vocation of peace, except that of a sea-captain, a man gains the habit of command and of responsibility. His train was always going on or stopping at his word, in Reffey's thought of him; when he was away from her she pictured him with an authoritative hand in the air, waving his train forward or back, or, with a despotic lantern, flashing upon the engineer orders that might kill or save a hundred souls. She found no difficulty in reconciling his careful habit of dress to this conception of a heroic calling; that touched the social side of his work, which demanded that a man should n't look like a fright in taking up tickets from ladies and gentlemen. She liked his little air of correctness, the black clothes, which made him singular among men engaged in ordinary affairs and even a little singular among his fellow conductors, the heavy gold watch-chain, the accurate, flat black bow which he wore under his celluloid collar at an angle not intended to conceal the rhinestone collar-button above it; above all, she liked his crisp, jaunty, almost rakish mustache.

Reffey, who often took the airs of a good-natured czarina with him, now made him account to her for every minute that had passed since they had last met; and in return, with the charming condescension of the president's wife talking to a master mechanic, gave him the news of the road, of which she often knew more than he by reason of her favorable post of observation. Every brakeman, conductor, engineer, and fireman on the Topaz division passed her eating-house regularly, and as all trains stopped, and as the trainmen were intimately dependent on her good nature for the quality of their meals, her shrewd eye and ear had their opportunities. She made the men talk, listening, watching, and deducing pitilessly. Her judgments were harsh; she did not believe in people. It was perhaps for this reason that she believed with such abandonment in Dave, with a kind of prostration and abasement, with a total and unreckoning gift of a nature wildly proud.

To both of them the road was a world; they thought of its hundreds of miles as having a local existence, and all their speech recognized the people who officered and worked it as the population of a single community. Both knew every person employed by the railroad, his history, his present situation, and his prospects, as if he had been their fellow townsman. They did not always sleep in the same place, this town population, but they all slept sometimes in the same place, and, going or coming, they all took the same meal at the same time and place every day. The unity of the life, like the unity of a regiment's life, was its real quality; its scattered and diversified air was its superficial aspect.

She told him, now, that they were to have three new "moguls" and a couple of new "hogs" on her division, and asked him in a detached way if he was likely to be affected by the change in the boundary of the division at present ending at Maverick. Engineer Demarz had been transferred from engine 210 to 403, as one of the consequences of the change; Cockleman was running 210 now, and Vigart was firing for him. William Masten, Mark Kites, and Fred Decker were to be the "hostlers" at Maverick. The roundhouse foreman at Portoe's Junction was to be married next week. How did Dave like Hammet to get ahead of him like that? Had he met the California horse-special that went through yesterday to take the trotters on to the Eastern race-meetings? The smelter at Rexiana had shut down, and the road was n't hauling any more ore there; the coal-field at Cannel was sending through thirty cart-loads a day, though. The boys said there was to be a new time-table out in a fortnight; but she did n't believe it would affect him, anyway.

"Look out there!" shouted Dave, as she stepped out gaily on the railroad bridge. "Let me go first."

The river which ran through the cañon took its course here through a deep gorge a hundred feet below the level of the track. The bridge spanning it was of wood, and a single plank was laid loosely over the ties, between the rails, for the use of track-walkers. The crossing of the bridge by this plank was a dizzying business, requiring experience and a cool head. Reffey, who had been brought up in a prairie country, had never seen such a bridge until two months before, and she had been accustomed to let Dave go ahead and to give her a guiding or supporting hand where she needed it. But she was in a mood to-day to make him wince under her power, and perversely, at the same time, in a mood of humbleness and frankness which made her wish to show herself to him as she really was.

"Pooh!" she cried, looking back at him over her shoulder, as she balanced on the plank above the gorge, in a way that turned Dave pale. "Think because you run trains over this bridge you 've got to run me over too? *I 'm* the conductor of this train."

She moved out a dozen steps further, taking care how she put down her foot, as indeed she must, but giving an effect of recklessness to her motions that made Dave sick with fear. He started to follow her out upon the plank, but she screamed peremptorily:

"Stay where you are till I say you may come. Don't you move, Dave Lewis!"

"You 're mad, Reffey! You 're mad! Wait till I can get to you." He made another movement to set forth toward her, but she shouted:

"If you take another step before I tell you, I 'll go out on the ties."

She made as if to suit the action to the word, and Dave's tongue hung limp in his mouth as he managed to cry back hoarsely, "All right; I won't."

He stood regarding her slow, balancing motions with horror. He had advanced some paces on the plank himself, and when he let his eyes drop he saw the river gleaming between the ties, a hundred feet beneath. Out there, under the spot where Reffey stood, the stream tossed and whitened over a scattered mass of rocks. She was not looking down; her head was up, her arms out, her eyes straight before her, and she was feeling for the plank with her feet. His heart melted in his breast as he gazed after her.

Suddenly he saw her stoop as she passed the water-barrel placed on wooden bridges as a precaution against fire. She crept out upon the platform on which the barrel stood, and, gathering her skirts under her, sat down at the edge of it, dangling her feet above the river. Then she looked around at him calmly, and called out:

"You can come now."

Dave drew a long breath, and ran out toward her on the plank. Long use had made the feat easy to him, and he was quickly at her side.

"Well, I 'll be——!" he said, standing above her.

She looked about at him with a challenging smile.

"Don't be. It 's more fun out here."

"You 're a wicked girl."

"Yes; I know that," she answered, contemplating the toe of her boot, as she swung it out over the abyss. "Did I worry you?" she asked.

"You killed me. I would n't go through what you just made me go through, again, for a thousand dollars."

"Well, I won't charge you that. Won't you be seated?"

She mimicked the parlor manner in a nim-

ini-pimini voice, and drew in her skirts to give him room on the platform. He sank down beside her, and seized her hand fast in his.

"Promise never to do it again," he demanded huskily in her ear.

She gave a little squeal of pain.

"Le' go my hand!"

"Promise."

She looked into his eyes. "All right, Dave; I promise."

"And you 'll never do it again?"

"Never. Not the same thing. I 'm tired of that."

He gave her a look of deep reproach, before which she lowered her eyes.

"O Dave," she murmured, as she cuddled her head on his breast, "I *am* wicked! You don't figure enough on that. It was partly to show you how wicked I am that I did it."

The need for a faith on his part answering to her utter faith in him caused her, at times, to test his belief in her wilfully. She had told him scores of things about herself, in the fear that he would find them out and cease to believe in her; she was accustomed to heap up the tale of her proud, passionate, selfish, jealous nature, in the nervous longing to make sure of his love once for all by exhausting in advance the possibilities of accusation.

They sat silent for a moment after this, while Dave took her to him, and they kissed in a long, reconciling embrace.

"You don't know me, Dave Lewis," she said, "and I don't suppose you ever will till I make you hate me by doing something that 'll hurt you so bad that you 'll never have anything more to do with me. It 'll be something I can't help doing; and I 'll love you all the same,— oh, yes, I 'll love you fast enough,— but I 'll have to do it. And then I 'll spend the rest of my life wishing I had n't. I 've got a regular black heart, Dave, that 's what I have; and the sooner you know it the better."

Dave laughed easily. "I always take mine black," he said.

She patted his hand as she looked up at him. "Well, I only hope you always will."

"I know what you 're thinking of," he said.

She enveloped him in the sultry atmosphere of one of her rich glances. "I 'll bet you don't," she answered, with her head up.

"You 're thinking of Mattie; you 're thinking we did n't do right by her. I often think that myself."

"*Do* you, Dave Lewis! That little, meek, chalk-faced hussy! Well, then, *I* don't. Do you hear that? *I* don't. I hate her, I do. Understand? I hate her. I 'd like to take a dozen men from her, one after the other, and toss her their old hats for keepsakes. I 'd like to have her out here where we 're sitting — that 's all."

"Great Scott, Reffey! You ought to want to be good to her. We 've done her harm enough. Anyway, *I* have. If I knew a thing to do for her that would n't hurt her worse 'n leaving her alone, I 'd do it *too* quick."

"Look here, Dave Lewis, if you want to go back to her, you 've got an easy chance. Just take that plank and march back to the hotel. You 'll find her in the telegraph-office, and glad to see you, I should n't wonder."

"I ain't hankering to go back to her," he said sulkily.

"Well, then!" ejaculated Reffey, decisively.

"You don't expect a man to play a trick like that on a woman, and *like* it, I hope."

"Don't I, though? Depends a little on who he plays it on, and who he does it for, I should say. If it were some girls I know and some men, I should think they 'd just go wallowing around in it. I only wish it had been my chance to give her the mitten. I 'd have worked some prickles into it."

"What a girl you are!" exclaimed Dave. He said it admiringly, though he had intended to say it upbraidingly.

"Well, I told you I was n't good. I ain't. I better tell you the kind of girl I am, I guess. You know I come from Topeka, but you don't know how I come to be there, nor what it was that drove me into the business. I ain't an eating-house manager by profession. My father — my own father — kept a store in Kansas City. He used to speculate in land. We was rich once, like other people. But the bottom dropped out of land in Kansas City, my father died, and my mother married again. My new father lived at Wichita. He had more education than my own father, but less brains. First we did n't like each other, and then we hated each other like mad; but I used to work for him like as if I 'd loved him. I got up every morning at four o'clock to get his breakfast and send him off to his machine-shop (mother was n't much good those days), and he was always rowing me about my cooking. The cooking was all right, if I do say it. That was n't the trouble. He 's one of these kind of men that 'd find fault with the Garden of Eden if the sun was under a cloud, and the next day 'd be praising Sunday-school picnic lemonade. You *could n't* please him. Well, one morning I was frying some bacon for him in the kitchen, because he 'd said the day before that if there was one thing he did like it was bacon, and I never give it to him. He came out into the kitchen, where I was heating myself up over the stove for him, and first he did n't like bacon, never eat it, and never would eat it; and then he began to criticize around about the way I was frying it. That got my blood up, but I did n't say nothing. Then he went sniffing at it, and

bending over to look at it close, and telling me to turn it this way and that, and showing me how he wanted it cooked, till I was ready to fly out of my skin. And I *told* him. Says I, 'Look here, you *know* I 've got a notorious temper. I ain't got no control of myself if you rouse me. Just take warning now, Jim Phelan, (that 's what I always called him), or it 'll be the worse for you.'

"He just smiled at me, and went on, and then I up with the whole boiling skillet of fat and grease and let him have it. It took him full in the face, and he dropped into a chair as if he 'd been shot, howling with the pain like a wild animal, and I just looked at him and asked him, 'Well, how do you like it?' I did n't have no more bacon to cook, and I could give my entire attention to him. He shrieked for a doctor (mother was n't to home that day), and I smiled at him. Then he knelt down on the kitchen floor, with that grease dripping all down his face and out of his beard (you don't know how funny he looked), and regularly prayed me to do something for him. But I told him I was n't running for doctors so much this week as I was last, and it did me good all through. Well, then I ran away, of course, and went to Topeka, and got a place as dining-room girl. After six months or so they found I could run girls, and they made me head waitress. You just see what I am, Dave. I ain't good. I love my friends and hate my enemies; and when it comes into my head to do a thing I do it, and if I 'm mad I 'll do anything. Sometimes I don't think a girl like me is going to bring you happiness, Dave. But then I remember how I love you, and after that I think of some one else having you, and—" She bit her white little teeth together. "Well, about that time I 'm willing to make you miserable."

Dave refused the prospect of wretchedness she offered him, of course, and denied her capacity to furnish it. He said she was his life, his happiness, and his only hope; and said it, as they sat on their dizzy perch, with a thousand circumstances of endearment. The narrow mountain torrent chafed against its walls down there at the bottom of the gorge, further beneath them than Reffey really liked to make sure of with her eyes. It tormented itself upon the rocks with moans and eery cries; it split and bubbled in showers of spray; and raced on to a crashing death over the fall in sight from the bridge. The crags rose on each side of their resting-place into pinnacles that hid the sun and made an early twilight in the cañon.

II.

MEANWHILE Mattie sat in her little telegraph- and ticket-office, "visiting" with Kate Farley, the operator at Red Rock, the station at the other end of the cañon. They held conversations like this over the wire daily, during slack hours after the day's markets had been sent through, and when the line was not much in use for commercial work. Their acquaintance had begun with an inquiry from Kate about the geraniums in Mattie's window. She telegraphed her that her "steady," Milton Drew (who had just been promoted from his position as fireman of 192 to that of engineer of 308), had noticed them blooming in her window on his journeys back and forth, and had twitted her on the poor show hers made beside those in the office at Mitcham's. Kate wanted to know how Mattie made hers grow, and Mattie, who was the most good-natured person possible, had told her. They knew all about each other's affairs now, and were bosom friends, though they had never met.

They even described their offices to each other: and Kate knew that Mattie had her walls papered with cuttings from copies of "The Illustrated London News," left by one of the English visitors to the hotel (Kate's walls were covered with fashion-plates); that there was a rag carpet on the floor, a "busy bee" clock on the shelf, a bearskin under Mattie's feet, and by her side a window-box covered with a piece from one of her mother's trousseau dresses. She also knew that her chief possession was a dog, an Irish setter, which she kept constantly by her. Kate pictured the little room as the neat, quiet, domestic spot it was; and rightly imagined it as like Mattie.

It was to Kate, as her nearest friend, that Mattie had first told the news of her engagement to Dave; and Kate had telegraphed back a hug, and a rattle of applause not in the Morse alphabet. Then she had fired questions at Mattie, who had ticked back her answers with shy jerkiness. She told her friend that Dave was the best and dearest fellow in the world, and Kate had shown her teeth from Red Rock, and laughed back that she supposed as much. Kate made Mattie give her daily news of the progress of the affair after this; it superseded their geraniums as a theme of conversation, and Mattie bore Kate's electrical digs and gibes without attempting retaliation in kind. Kate was n't at all shy about Milt, which made all the difference; and indeed Mattie liked the subject of Dave too well to grudge the expense of teasing for the right to talk him over. They talked almost as much of clothes as of Dave, for Mattie was doing in the office her own sewing for the wedding, and she could ask Kate's advice at the end of any seam by reaching out her hand. When the trains came in she put her telltale needlework carefully away, wrapped (with her dreams) in the fair linen cloth she

kept for the purpose, stood up in her little box, raised the rolling front of her ticket-rack, slid up the window separating her from the prose of the outer world, and was a woman of affairs again.

She stamped tickets with a business-like bang of her little fist, and rattled off train-messages, and received orders and reports, as if nothing of the Dave kind or of the love kind existed on the planet. When the train was Dave's, and he leaned over her counter to sign his name in the train-book, a perception of facts of this order certainly got into her eyes; but this was all she allowed herself in business hours. On Dave's day off, when he came over from Portoe's Junction, he loafed about her office, watching her movements affectionately while she attended to her duties, and made plans with her, when she was not busy, for the time after their marriage. When No. 3 had passed (Dave's train every other day), Mattie's time became her own, and it was their custom to take long evening walks in the cañon or among the hills. On the nights when their walks led them into the black and awful beauty of the cañon, Mattie liked Dave to pilot her over the bridge, though her mountain-bred step was surer than his railway-man's nimbleness. The moon, rising late for wayfarers in depths a thousand feet below the world that saw its first beams, would often discover a pair of lovers, far down in that rocky dimness, whispering to each other. These were sweet evenings to Mattie, and, until Reffey came, they were not less dear to Dave.

When he threw her over she seemed at first like one mortally stricken. Afterward she roused herself and went on, in order rightly to hate Reffey. It was the woman who had taken him from her whom she blamed, of course; Dave could never have turned false if she had left him his senses. She had bewitched him, and the fault was no more his than if a serpent had fixed a fatal eye on him. The deep forces of a still, temperate nature were alive in Mattie now; she had not the habit of valuing herself, nor of regarding herself as entitled to things, and she had almost no aggression, but Reffey had roused a tiger in her. She daily found new ways of hating her and new reasons for hating her. Reffey's assured and familiar air with Dave, as if it were to her that he had been long engaged, the easy impudence with which she had accomplished her theft, even the perception that Reffey would have borne the hurt much better if it had fallen to her lot, sharpened her rancor. She fancied, with gnashing teeth, how cleverly Reffey would have made a triumph of being jilted, so that every one would think it precisely what she had all along been desiring; she saw Reffey showing herself gaily the next day at an engineers' ball or at a firemen's excursion with a defying face and a rollicking smile for the boys; and Mattie loathed herself for not being strong enough for this, though she had no heart to answer back, so far as Dave was concerned, nor any real wish to shine with this impossible address. Toward Dave no pride, nor savageness of stolidity, nor mere concealment, nor any other maidenly defense, came to her aid; the wound he had dealt remained open and palpable to him. If he looked her way he could not fail to see his work, and perhaps this touched him more than any hardness could have done.

She suffered to herself; her mother was long dead, Mitcham's was her only home, and, unless she excepted Kate, she had no friends. The difficulty of telling Kate was finally the cruelest measure of his cruelty; for a week she continued to answer questions about her dresses, and even about him, with a breaking heart. She simply had not the courage to tell her; and when she brought herself to it at last, Kate wired back furiously that she was n't "sending" decently; how did she expect her to "take" from such work, especially when what she seemed to be trying to tell her was so interesting? Then certain male operators on the line who made daily bets with one another on the "game," and who wanted to talk over the drubbing Chicago had given New York (they had not let them get a run), cut in to ask if those girls were going to gabble *all* day; and Mattie gave it up.

Mattie watched Dave hanging on Reffey's words as he had been used to hang on hers, gazing into her eyes with the fond smile that had once belonged to her alone, using the thousand little tricks of affection that had once seemed invented for her (poor fool!) and consecrated to her; and she saw Reffey bloom under these stolen blessings. It was hard to see them together, but much harder when she did not see them, and her fancy was left to gnaw bitterly upon itself. Their walks in the cañon or among the hills brought tortures with them that seemed, each time, to leave a permanent mark on her spirit. To-day, from her window, she had watched them leave the hotel arm in arm, then separate, and step from tie to tie, disappearing in the direction of the bridge. She knew from the wires that a "special" was on its way over the range, bearing certain Eastern railway officials in their private car; and she knew that Dave and Reffey did not know it, and supposed the last train to have passed until the hour when the evening express was due. She followed them with gleaming eyes; it was n't her business to tell them. Dave was able to look after his new lady-love for himself, she supposed. They might meet the train in a part of

the cañon where there was room, like as not; and if it came around a curve before they knew, or caught them on the bridge, they 'd enjoy dying in each other's arms. It was n't her lookout. They did n't ask advice from her about their walks; they had n't invited her to follow them.

"Three 's a crowd!" whispered Mattie to herself, pressing her face against the pane.

She would be a murderer. What? Sitting in her office, looking out of the window? That was a good joke.

But she would.

"Who 's doing anything?" muttered Mattie to the window.

Kissing and spooning, they were having a good time in there, between the cañon walls. Better not interrupt them.

The thought of Dave came over her smotheringly; she gasped. It was not her Dave, nor Reffey's Dave — merely Dave. She loved him. She could not let him die like that. She threw a shawl over her head, and laid a hand on the knob of the office door. Then she stopped. Could she save them for each other? Could she bear to see them happy later, and know it to be through her? If they died together — they would n't; it was crazy to think that a railroad-man and a clever fellow like Dave would n't have more hustle about him than that; but if they did, it blotted out her trouble, it stopped the pain in her breast. She need n't turn the knob. Her hold relaxed. The grim thought that followed made her tighten it again; she turned the knob, and went out and down the track. What had come to her was that Dave would *not* be happy with Reffey,— no, never in this world,— and that if she wanted her revenge on both of them, she would save them to marry each other. When she came to the bridge and saw them seated there in the affectionate attitude already described, she halted, and had almost turned back; but her thought came to her again, and she called out sullenly from the edge of the gorge:

"Better come off there!"

They looked up at the sound, and together saw the little figure on the bank of the river — a small, pale face framed in a tightly drawn shawl, which fell down the straight lines of an almost tiny form. Her dog was standing by her side.

They recognized her together, and Reffey gave a shrill laugh. Dave laid a hand on her arm for silence.

"What 's the matter?" he called back to Mattie.

"Special!"

"The devil! Get up, Reffey!"

"Don't I look like it?"

"You look like a madwoman. Do you want to be killed out here?"

Reffey made her rosy mouth into a pout. "I don't want to be saved — not by her," she said, swinging her legs.

"Good heavens! What *do* you want?"

"This suits me pretty well," she said, glancing up at him with a tantalizing smile.

"Come! no fooling. There 's a train coming, I tell you."

"Well, get out of the way of it, then."

"Do you suppose I 'm going without you?"

No answer.

"Look here, Reffey Deacon, get up off there and come along with me, or I 'll carry you."

"I would n't do that," she responded quietly.

"Why not?" asked Dave, stupefied.

"I 'll jump."

Dave uttered a raging oath, and looked about him helplessly.

"Well, say what you *do* want me to do, then, and say it quick."

"Get out of the way of the train, I tell you, if it 's coming. Go over to your friend there. I 'll take care of myself."

"You 'll be killed."

Reffey pushed out her lower lip quickly, and dropped her eyes.

Dave laid a hand on her shoulder; she looked around at him.

"If I go, will you save yourself?"

"That 's *just* what I 'll do," she said, pursing her lips and nodding her head. "I don't have to ask Mattie Baker to do it for me." And, after a pause, "Nor you either, Dave Lewis, when she sets you on."

"Well, I 'll be ——!" began her lover.

She turned and nodded to him. "Good-by!"

"Oh, good-by!" shouted Dave, turning on his heel and going swiftly toward Mattie.

At the same moment Reffey got deliberately upon her feet, slipped out to the central plank, holding on by the barrel, and, turning her back upon him and upon Mattie, began a progress to the other bank best described as a saunter.

In building the bridge and making the curve in the track, on the bank opposite that on which Mattie stood, a deep hollow had been excavated in the face of the rock. Reffey had noted it from her seat above the river. She stepped off the bridge and tucked herself into it as the special roared by her, darted out upon the bridge, and swept by Dave and Mattie, on the other side. The wind it made caught her dress as she crouched back in her shelter, and blew it tight about her. She held her big hat on with one hand, and looked across the chasm to see the negro porter waving a greeting to her from the rear platform of the last car, and to catch sight of Dave standing on the oppo-

site bank talking earnestly to Mattie, who was turning away.

He was thanking her with embarrassment, or trying to say how they could never thank her enough. If Reffey could have heard him including her in the obligation, she would not have remained under the shadow of the rock until they parted.

Mattie was saying, with lowered eyes, "I guess you don't want to be very thankful to me, Mr. Lewis, and I guess I don't want to have you."

"Of course. You hate me. *I* know that. It 's only natural."

Mattie shook her head, and rubbed the gravel backward and forward with her foot. "No, Mr. Lewis; I don't hate you."

"Well, then, it 's because you 're too good. I 've given you cause enough, heaven knows. Mattie, I 've been wanting this long time to tell you — only, somehow, I never got the chance — that I don't think any more of myself than you do; not a bit. I had to; I was n't responsible. I can say that; and it 's the best I *can* say. But it don't excuse me any."

"There ain't any need for excuses as I know of," responded Mattie, with dignity.

"Well, then, there ought to be. If a woman had treated me the way I 've treated you, I would n't think *excuses* was in it — much! You 're a first-class, nickel-plated angel, Mattie; that 's what you are!"

Mattie shut one lip upon the other. "I guess I rather get what praise I *do* get somewheres else, Mr. Lewis," she said quietly.

"All right. But I 'll never get over what I done to you, Mattie. I want you should know that — never! If it 's any comfort, you can know that what I did ain't always such a comfort as it might be."

Mattie looked up, with a spark in her eye. "You mean — *her?*"

"Well, I was thinking how it hurt me all the time to remember about you."

"You need n't," interposed Mattie, for very shame, though the pretense of a hardihood in which she knew he could n't believe (how could he, when he knew her, when he had made her tell him a thousand times how she loved him?) did not give her the smallest pleasure.

"But perhaps it ain't so far from true of the other, either," Dave pursued thoughtfully. He had not even heard her protest.

Mattie drew her shawl together as if to leave him. She looked into his eyes a moment.

"You ain't going to be happy, Dave."

"You mean I ought n't to be after what I 've done?"

"I mean you ain't going to be," repeated Mattie, doggedly; and with this she turned and left him.

Next morning she received, through the usual channel, a communication from Kate, and when Reffey knocked at the window of her ticket-office, in the course of the morning, Mattie raised it and met her with a new look in her eyes.

"The less we have to say to each other the better," Reffey began from outside, as soon as the window was raised; "but I just came to say you need n't do that again. *I 'd* rather stay and take my chances with the cow-catcher twenty times over."

Mattie surveyed her for a moment, and they exchanged glances of cold repugnance.

"I ain't very likely to," said Mattie at last, measuring Reffey scornfully.

The manager of the eating-house was looking offensively well — tall, commanding, buxom, rich-colored, satisfied, prosperous. Mattie looked out at her from the other side of the window, conscious of her own pinched face, haggard with weeping and with wakeful nights, and a burning throb of jealousy went through her. All that fairness, and health, and well-being seemed stolen from her, too, as her lover had been stolen. A frenzy of loathing seized her, and the news that had saddened her half an hour before rejoiced her now with the hope of bruising that haughty happiness with it.

"Well, see you don't, that 's all," rejoined Reffey. "I can get along, I guess, without being beholden to *you* for my life, and so can Dave. Oh, I know what you did it for."

"I did n't do it for you."

"You did n't get the chance. *I* was ready for you."

"Nor for him, either," continued Mattie, without raising her voice.

"What then, please?" demanded Reffey, briskly.

"I did n't want either of you to get killed," pursued Mattie, steadily. "I wanted you to live."

"*Did* you!"

"To marry each other," Mattie went on quietly. "You 're going to marry a thief; did you know that?"

Reffey blew an amused, derisive sound between her lips, glancing carelessly down at Mattie from her superior height.

"Yes; you 're going to marry a thief. Heaven won't let such things be as you 've done and nothing to pay. Be sure of that, Rebecca Deacon. You 've swindled me out of Dave, but you can't swindle the powers above. Your house is being built with stolen money."

Reffey's face went quickly to a ghastly pallor. "Who says it? Who dares?"

"*I* do. Do you want any one worse to know it than me? I guess I enjoy it as much as most

any one would. You did n't rob me of such a prize, *after* all, did you, Miss Deacon?"

Reffey's face grew whiter, and then an unwholesome dusky blue. Rage choked her. She thrust her arms quickly through the ticket-window, seized Mattie by her narrow little shoulders, and shook her viciously.

"Aw, you——" she stammered, breathless with passion. "You——" But she could not piece another word to it.

Mattie wriggled out of her strong grasp, and retreated against the corrugated black-walnut roller of her ticket-rack.

"That 's all right," she said, gasping, but still quietly; "but he 's knocking down fares every day, all the same, and you 'll live in a house that 's built with them."

Reffey leaned through the window with blazing eyes, and hurled these words at her:

"Don't think it! Hear? *Don't—you—think—it!* You 're a liar, Mattie Baker; but if you were n't, and lived in hopes of *that* sweet sight to comfort your sore eyes, you 'd be the most almightily left little girl between here and Salt Lake. *I 'm* on in this scene. See! I 'm right here, and that ain't my sort. Cast off!" she ended between her teeth, in an indescribable fury of scorn and malice. Then she went.

III.

Six weeks later Reffey and Dave were married. She had not questioned him; not only because she would n't do Mattie so much honor, but because she did n't believe it, and if she did, Dave was too clever to be found out, so that it would n't be true, anyway. As to whether Dave was actually a thief or not she cared practically nothing; and besides, what he was doing, *if* he was doing it, which he was n't, was not thieving. It was—well, it was "knocking down," which was nothing out of the way unless discovered. *Then* it was stealing fast enough; but she did n't take herself for fool enough to be in love with a man who would do such a thing, *and* be found out. Hardly.

They were married in the dining-room at Mitcham's by a clergyman whom Dave dead-headed over from Portoe's Junction. All the dining-room girls were there, and the new eating-house manager, who had been transferred from Maverick to take Reffey's place; so were all the men on Dave's division who could get off. Reffey looked as beautiful and sumptuous and perfect in her bridal dress as Dave could have wished or fancied, and he quieted the accusing pang of memory, as he looked about him and saw that Mattie was n't there, with his deep satisfaction in the situation as it stood. He beamed on all his friends, in fact, as became a bridegroom, and no one who looked at his cheerful face could have supposed that a corner of his breast was given over to a heavy and dispiriting remorse. Mattie's words mixed themselves hideously with the words of the marriage service. "You ain't going to be happy, Dave," the clergyman seemed to be saying. Dave was uncertain in the responses.

The "collation" which Reffey had prepared with her own hands kept them, with other festival matters, until No. 3 stood at their door, like a bridal chariot, waiting to speed them over to Maverick. They had the compartment in the Pullman to themselves, of course; and it was one of the brakemen who got on the roof, while the crowd was shouting farewells on the eating-house platform, and shied rice at them through the ventilator.

They were not going to take a wedding journey, unless the trip over the range to Maverick could count for that. Dave could n't well get off for a long enough time to make it worth while.

Jake Riker, the station hackman whom Dave had been accustomed to employ for his hasty conferences with his builder, was waiting for them on the platform at Maverick by Dave's orders. The newly made husband gave the order to drive to the house he had prepared for Reffey with a nervous twitch in his voice; he was taking his wife home,—the word sent a pleasant tingle through him,—but would she like what he had done for her? He knew by this time Reffey's capacity for not liking things. Suppose she should n't like this? Suppose it should all prove useless, the affectionate planning, the solicitous overseeing, the choosing and buying, and thought and work? As they were whirled along toward the house, and Reffey's hand lay moist in his, hours stolen from sleep to get half a day at Maverick for a talk with his builder, and weary days at Denver with furniture-men and carpet-dealers and paper-hangers, and the prospect of a disappointment for Reffey at the end of it all, disheartened him. If she would only like it, how little he should grudge his pains. The notion of "surprising" her with it all, which had possessed so rich an interest for him, now seemed silly. It was only by reminding himself that, in any event, she could n't have left her work at Mitcham's long enough to advise at Maverick or Denver that he got up the cheerfulness to leap from the carriage when they drew up before the house, to throw open the front door for her, and then, as she came up the walk to him, to lift her over the threshold with a bouncing swing, and to welcome her, within, gaily.

She gave him his kiss when the hack had driven away, the door was shut behind them, and they stood in their little parlor, alone with

each other. It was a fierce, devouring kiss, claiming him and making him hers, and hers only, for all and forever. She clutched him to her tight, possessing him with a savage tenderness; she put back his head to gaze into his eyes; her own swam in a soft languor. Then she rumpled his hair over his forehead, making inarticulate murmurs of love; she kissed him again once, twice, and then very many times.

"O darling, darling, dear darling, I love you!" she whispered. "Did you know that? I love you."

Dave caught her to him rapturously, and then held her away and let his eyes feed long on her brilliant, ardent beauty. The adoring face, in which she let him read for the first time all her love, was dizzying, blinding. He snatched his gaze from it.

"You have n't looked at the room yet," he said.

"Have n't I?" she returned dreamily, cradling herself in his arms.

"No."

"Well?" cooed she, contentedly.

"Oh, well, there 's plenty of time."

"Lots. Only think, we 're going to live here."

"Yes; together."

"Together!" she murmured.

A long pause fell.

"Well, I suppose I may as well," she said at last, with a deep sigh.

"What?"

"See what you 've been doing for me, you old goose." She gave his cheek a playful cuff, and turned to survey the room, taking off her bonnet, as she did so, and laying it on the sofa. Dave watched her in pain and doubt.

"O Dave!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. What?" he rejoined anxiously.

"You *dear!* You Jim Dandy! You out-and-outer!"

He laughed in uneasy relief. "I did as well as I knew how, without you."

She heaved a deep breath. "W-e-l-l!" she said, spreading the monosyllable out to the thinness of ecstasy, "it 's my size!"

Dave trembled with happiness, and he let her kiss him in stupid unresponse.

She darted away from him to the couch she saw over his shoulder.

"So you went and got the white and gold and thin legs after all?"

"Yes."

She stamped her foot on the red Persian rug, letting her shoe sink confirmatorily into its thick pile. "And this?" Dave nodded. She gave a little shiver of luxury as she cast an inclusive glance round the room, and said, "If you ask *me*, Dave Lewis, *I* believe you 've bought all the things you told me you could n't afford."

Dave laughed. "Should n't wonder."

"Well, you 're a beaut' from Lovelyville, David, and I don't care who knows it."

"Better see the rest of the house before you make too sure. Come on up-stairs."

He lighted the huge parlor lamp, with its duplex burner and immense red shade, and she followed him. There were plenty of smaller lamps in the house, but he had a fancy that some of the things he had bought would look best through red, and, at all events, he wanted to show her the lamp at once. It had an immediate success with her; she praised it all the way up-stairs, where, however, further examples of her husband's lavishness and taste won away her applause. She went about hanging on his arm and patting it softly, with whispers of delight and gurgles of gratitude and pleasure, as he held the lamp aloft in his other hand, flashing it into rooms which they presently visited, illuminating corners and closets, and turning it on objects which he had bought expressly in the hope that she would like them. She always liked them, she liked everything, and Dave, his fears put to shame, was ready to break his red shade in embracing her.

Returned to the ground floor, he ushered her into the dining-room, which she greeted with a shout of approval.

She tossed her chin teasingly at him. "Laid yourself out on that buffet, did n't you?" It was a monstrous black-walnut structure, over which thick varnished bunches of machine carving were plastered; the top was of an ugly red marble; the woodwork terminated above the mirror in a point, on which a seedy angel pirouetted.

Dave grunted serenely. He had got beyond the articulate expressions of gratification. Reffey went up to the imposing piece of furniture and drew her hand reverently over the marble. After a moment she stooped to look at herself in the mirror, smoothing her hair.

"Well, I 've served things from buffets like that," she exclaimed, "and I 've worked for people that owned them; but I never thought to have one for my very own."

She opened the doors below the marble, and peered in at the shelves; she espied the silver and dragged it out and sprawled it on the table, rummaging it over lovingly. "Roll plate!" she said under her breath, "twelve table, two dozen tea, and—yes, a dozen dessert. Oh, I 've always wanted dessert!" She sprang on him, and gave him such a hug as he would never have dared to picture in his reveries.

"Well," she said meditatively, as she pushed him off to regard him properly, "you *have* done it!"

"I don't know as I 've spared money," said Dave, modestly.

She looked fondly at him. "You 've spent it through a hose, David. Come into the kitchen."

The kitchen also seemed good to her, better, if possible, than the things that had gone before. It appealed to her on the professional side; she saw opportunities in the shining rows of fresh tins, the blue enameled ware, the pots and pans. She turned them over skilfully, and sounded them with her knuckles, and lifted a lid from the cooking-stove, and sniffed at the sink. Then she took his arm and drew him into the parlor, and made him sit in the wicker chair before the fire, where he had always planted her in fancy, and, for herself, dropped on the floor, and leaned an arm on his knee, while she looked up at him in a rapture of content.

The fire of piñon logs blazing in the grate cast a ruddy glow upon her face, out of which the sinister lines seemed for the moment purified. She took a newspaper from the table, in idleness, and glanced up and down its columns with the indulgent glance women give newspapers. It was a copy of the Maverick "Sentinel."

"Have you subscribed, Dave?"

"Yes; I thought it 'u'd make us feel sort of homelike to find a paper in the house, as if we 'd always lived here."

"You sweetums! You 've thought of everything. I wonder if every girl is so lucky." She mused a moment, as her eyes returned to the paper. "They 've got a railroad column, have n't they?" she commented, pointing to a series of items headed "Track and Round-House Cinders," and surmounted by a cut of a locomotive.

"Yes; that 's the advantage of living at the end of the division. We 'll get all the news."

"That 's the kind," said Reffey, approvingly. "Why, here 's your name!" She started up. "But *Dave*—!"

"Well? They got a grind on me about the ceremony? Preacher, county clerk, and furnished house for two? I supposed as much."

Something in her averted face startled him. "Why, what 's the matter, Reffey?" He forced her to turn toward him, and she faced him with a gaze of reproach and bitterness that searched his soul. He snatched up the paper and read for himself:

Dave Lewis, the popular conductor of Nos. 3 and 14, has got the grand bounce from headquarters, we understand. Moving cause, the good old custom of "knocking down." As he has just led to the altar Miss Reffey Deacon of Mitcham's, well and favorably known as the manager of the railroad eating-house at that place, the g. b. comes at a bad time for the happy pair. O *Dave!*

He looked up and encountered Reffey's hard eye still fixed on him.

"Don't look that way, Reffey. What 's the dif.? They all do it."

"I know that," answered she, hoarsely; "but the rest don't get found out!"

He turned from her accusing and scornful gaze. "I suppose you 're afraid I can't get another situation. You need n't be. I 've got a place offered me on another road; I 've had it this long time. I 'll take that."

"Oh, I ain't worrying about you none. Don't you fret. Where 's my bonnet?" She turned and found it on the sofa, where she had left it, and clapped it on her head, adjusting it with a vigorous movement, and jamming in the long pins in her haste as she could.

"Where are you going?"

"Out of this house."

"Don't be a fool!"

"Well, I 'm going to try hard not to be, Dave Lewis." She gave him a quick look. "You coming?"

"Did n't know as I was invited," he responded, with a ghastly effort at gaiety.

"Well, you are. 'T ain't *you* I 'm running away from."

He dropped the paper, and stared at her. "What then?"

"This house."

"*What!*"

"That 's what I said," returned Reffey, coldly, drawing her wrap over her shoulders.

"Why?"

She shut her lips. "Mattie Baker."

"See here, Reffey Lewis, are you a rip-roaring maniac, or a sensible woman and my wife?"

Reffey came and stood before him, with blazing eyes.

"Do you think I could live an hour in a house that Mattie Baker could say was built with knock-downs?"

The ferocious pride and malignity of her tone beat him down. He could not lay his tongue to a word.

"How do I know?" he said at last, sulkily.

"Well, then, put on your hat."

"Now look here—" he began with renewed anger, as he found himself.

"Don't I tell you I can hear her saying it? I ain't responsible for myself just about now, I give you notice, Dave Lewis. Come on!"

He restrained an inclination to clasp his hands about her fair throat and draw them tighter till she begged for mercy.

"What kind of woman are you, anyway?" he cried in rage as she gathered the strings within her cloak and caught them about her waist, where she tied them with a vicious jerk.

"The kind that don't take a man from another woman and then give her the chance to

say she 's better off without him than I am with him. The kind that don't give any living mortal a whip over her. The kind that 'u'd kill herself with a smile before she give it to Mattie Baker. The sort that hates, if you want to know."

She was drawing on her gloves rapidly. Dave regarded her in helpless admiration and fascination as she gave vent to this astounding outburst. She *was* the only one off her piece of goods!

"I know that, Reffey; I know it," he said soothingly. "But you ain't going to leave our house on our wedding night — the house I 've built and furnished for you, the house I 've worked so to please you with. You don't know what it 's cost me — the work and the money! *Our* house, Reffey! Ours, however it come! Ours! That sounds pretty good to me; I don't know how it does to you."

He stooped over her shoulder and tried to kiss her, but she pushed him off.

"Ours! Not much it ain't! A house that any one can point at and nudge the person with him, and smile, and say, 'Pretty tidy house that. Know how it was built, I suppose?' A house that Mattie Baker 'll know *that 's* happening to every day! Ours! It 's hers, I tell you — *hers! I* don't belong to her to pity, though — not yet! Come along if you 're coming!"

She strode from the room, and Dave could only follow her. She waited at the gate while he locked the door; then they walked on together in silence toward the railroad from which they had come an hour before. A full moon shone down on them out of the fathomless, steely blue of these altitudes, blanching the snowy hills behind them to the whiteness of light. It was midnight, and the radiance fell upon a silent town, expressing its raw, haphazard outlines with a bareness and cruelty beyond the cruelty of daylight. The moonshine turned molten on the tin roofs, which grew upon the eye in the similitude of floating vessels of silver. The stillness was broken suddenly by a crash of brass instruments, which cleared itself in a moment into the strains of "He 's gone and he 's married Yum-Yum"; the sound came from the outskirts of the town. Dave guessed that "The Independent Maverick Brass Band — Sons of Veterans" was on its way to serenade them at the house they had just quitted.

Reffey was pushing hurriedly on with a long, nervous stride; her face was absorbed and white; she had not heard the band. He was about to call her attention to it, when she turned suddenly upon him.

"Lemme have your key. I 've forgotten something."

Her voice was harder than before; but deep down in it he thought he detected a sob. Perhaps she was relenting.

"Lemme take it," she repeated nervously. He handed it to her. "Wait here," she said, and went quickly back to the house.

She put the key into the door, and pushed into the parlor. The fire was still burning brightly in the grate. With the tongs she snatched it out upon the floor — one log and then another, until they lay scattered flaming on the Persian rug. The pile was thick; the rug did not catch instantly. She went to the window, tore down the lace curtains hanging there, and fed them to the flame. Seeing the "Sentinel" still lying on the table, she added it. Then the pile leaped up.

At the door she paused for a last look at the dear room — fresh, lovely, habitable a moment before, now melting into flames before her eyes. She made an instinctive motion forward as if to stop it, then checked herself proudly, and, without another look behind her, locked the door, and walked back to rejoin Dave.

She gave him the key. "Better go to the hotel, had n't we?"

He looked at her curiously. "Yes; I suppose so."

They went on in silence. As they reached the railroad platform, where the hotel stood, Dave looked up, perceiving the light in the sky that was not the light of the moon. He wheeled about and gazed behind him.

"Good God, Reffey! What 's that?" He clutched her arm.

"The house."

"What? How do you know? Who — who did it?" the poor fellow stammered.

"*I* did," she answered coldly.

He turned a pale, staring, sick face upon her.

"*You!*"

"Hm, hum!" nodded Reffey, comfortably.

A cold feeling tightened about his heart. The vision of a long life with the woman beside him seemed to stretch away and away into a hopeless blackness.

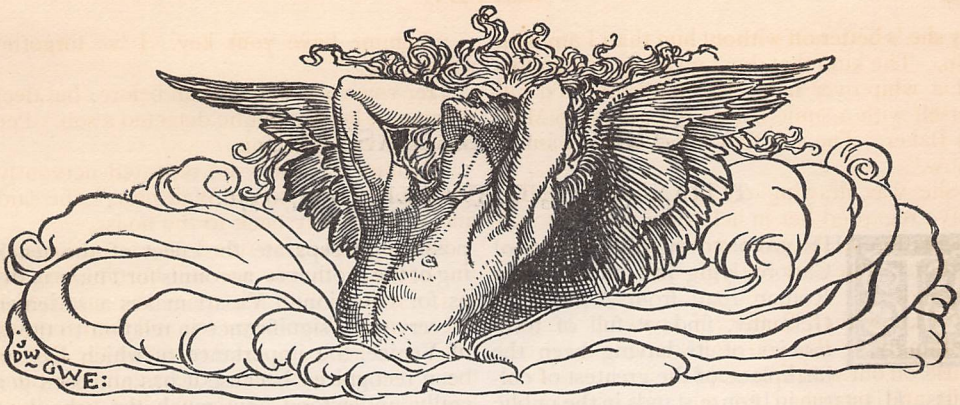
He gazed at the mounting flame that was swallowing up his work, his love, his happiness, his honesty. The town was alive now; the shouts came to him, the gong on the hurrying engine seemed sounding on his soul.

"'You ain't going to be happy, Dave,'" he said to himself softly.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Wolcott Balestier.



ENCELADUS.

I SHALL arise; I am not weak; I feel
A strength within me worthy of the gods—
A strength that will not pass in utter moans.

Ten million years I have lain thus, supine,
Prostrate beneath the gleaming mountain-peaks,
And the slow centuries have heard me groan
In passing, and not one has pitied me;
Yea, the strong gods have seen me writhe beneath
This mighty horror fixed upon my chest,
And have not eased me of a moment's pain.

Oh, I will rise again, I will shake off
This terror that outweighs the wrath of Jove!
Lo, prone in darkness I have gathered hope
From the great waters walking speaking by.
These unto me give mercy, thus foreshown:

"We are the servants of a mightier lord
Than Jupiter, who hath imprisoned thee;
We go forth at his bidding, laying bare
The sea's great floor and all the sheer abysms
That drop beneath the idle fathoms of man,
And shape the corner-stones, and lay thereon
The mighty base of unborn continents.
The old earth, when it hath fulfilled his will,
Is laid to rest, and mightier earths arise,
And fuller life, and liker unto God,
Fills the new races struggling on the globe.

"Profoundest change succeeds each boding calm,
And mighty order from the deep breaks up
In all her parts, and only night remains
With all her stars that minister to God,
Who sits sublimely shaping as he wills,
Creating always." These things do they speak.
"The mountain-peaks, that watch among the stars,
Bow down their heads and go like monks at dusk
To mournful cloisters of the under-world;
And then, long silence, while blind Chaos' self
Beats round the poles with wings of cloudy storm."

These things and more the waters say to me,
How this old earth shall change, and its life pass,
And be renewed from fathomless within;
How other forms, and likelier to God,
Shall walk on earth and wing the peaks of cloud;
How holier men and maids, with comelier shapes,
In that far time, when he hath wrought his plan,
Shall the new globe inherit, and like us
Love, hope, and live, with bodies formed of ours—
Out of our dust again made animate.

These things to me; yet still his curse remains,
His burden presses on me. God! thou God
Who wast before the dawn, give ear to me!
Thou wilt some day shake down like sifted dust
This monstrous burden Jove hath laid on me,
When the stars ripen like ripe fruit in heaven,
And the earth crumbles plunging to the void
With all its shrieking peoples. Let it fall!
Let it be sown as ashes underneath
The base of all the continents to be
Forever, if so rent I shall be freed!

Shall I not wait? Shall I despair now Hope
On the horizon spreads her dawn-white wings?
Ah, sometimes now I feel earth moved within
Through all its massive frame, and know his hand
Again doth labor shaping out his plan.
Oh, I shall have all patience, trust, and calm,
Foreknowing that the centuries shall bring,
On their broad wings, release from this deep hell,
And that I shall have life yet upon earth,
Yet draw the morning sunlight in my breath,
And meet the living races face to face.

Charles J. O'Malley.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLI), 1477–1576.

THE visitor to the little village of Cadore, lying just off the great Roman road from Aquileia to Germany, finds it full of testimonies of its having been the birthplace of the greatest of colorists. His statue in bronze stands in the public square, and a little cottage near by is charged with a tablet inscribed with the information —of doubtful accuracy—that it is the house in which the painter was born.

Cadore is not a pictorial country, in the sense of furnishing subjects for the landscapist, but it has here and there strong motives and in parts is very wild; and no doubt when the boy came to live in Venice, with its islands moored on the almost tideless sea, the land stretching in every direction but seaward as far as the eye can reach, and almost as level as the sea itself, he longed for his mountains. His frequent returns to these native mountains in later life must have intensified the impressions of his boyhood to a strength which they would never have obtained had he remained among them. He did not find his color there, for the landscape is extremely monotonous in color; but he kept the feeling of the mountain-land,—its aiguilles, and its vigorous light and shade,—and besides being a great colorist, which he owed to Venice, he became a great landscape-painter at a time when such a thing was unknown. The Tuscan and Umbrian backgrounds serve only to make you feel that you are out of doors, that the blue sky is overhead, and the pleasant earth underfoot; the clouds stand for nothing, and the hills have no function but to break the monotony of the composition; the trees are mere symbols, and the nearest view of nature that we get is a bit of plant-drawing in the foreground: but Titian has the spirit of the hills, and he loves the anatomy of the trees as much as that of the human beings. He was nine or ten when he went to Venice to live, not, so far as we know, with any intention on the part of his noble father of making a painter of him, but, according to Vasari, to be with his uncle, "an honored citizen of Venice," who, finding that he had a disposition to become a painter, put him to study with Giovanni Bellini. Speculation has been wasted on his relation with other masters, and has gone so far as to make him the pupil of his comrade, Giorgione; but the art of the Bellini—it is impossible to separate the effect of the teaching of the brothers—accounts for Titian as well as for Giorgione. Vasari makes a statement of very great significance in relation to the art of Venice, the importance of which has not been recognized because it has not been generally understood how much the schools of central Italy depended on tradition and convention. He says:

> Giovanni Bellini and the other painters of Venice, having no knowledge of early art, were accustomed to work altogether from life, though in a dry and severe manner. Titian therefore was educated in this way.

As there is here an intelligent distinction between the work of men who had inherited the precepts of a line of painters extending from Giotto to Perugino, and that of those who had only three generations of artistic predecessors, and those not of high ability, and therefore had been compelled to lean more on nature, it is impossible not to admit that the observation of Vasari was well made, and that the Venetians did study nature severely, but that the Tuscans did not. But when Vasari goes on to say that Giorgione, and Titian after him, followed the practice of painting directly, and without the preparatory drawing or cartoon, he can be correct only so far as decorative work was concerned, such as that which called out the remark, on the façade of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi; for in this class of work the correctness of drawing was of minor importance, while the vividness of the color throughout the composition was all-important. But the work of Titian, as well as that of the painters of the central schools, is full of evidence that they did not paint directly from nature, but from a carefully prepared study, probably in monochrome; and in the case of portraits the system of Titian, and possibly of the school of Venice in general, seems to have been to get the likeness in monochrome and then to put in the color according to a system as settled as that of the Tuscans, but utterly different as to technic. That the neglect of the previous preparation of cartoons was not the rule in Titian's work is clear from various data which chance has given us. When working with assistants in fresco, the work on the wall must have been left to them, and the only part the master could take was that of the preparation

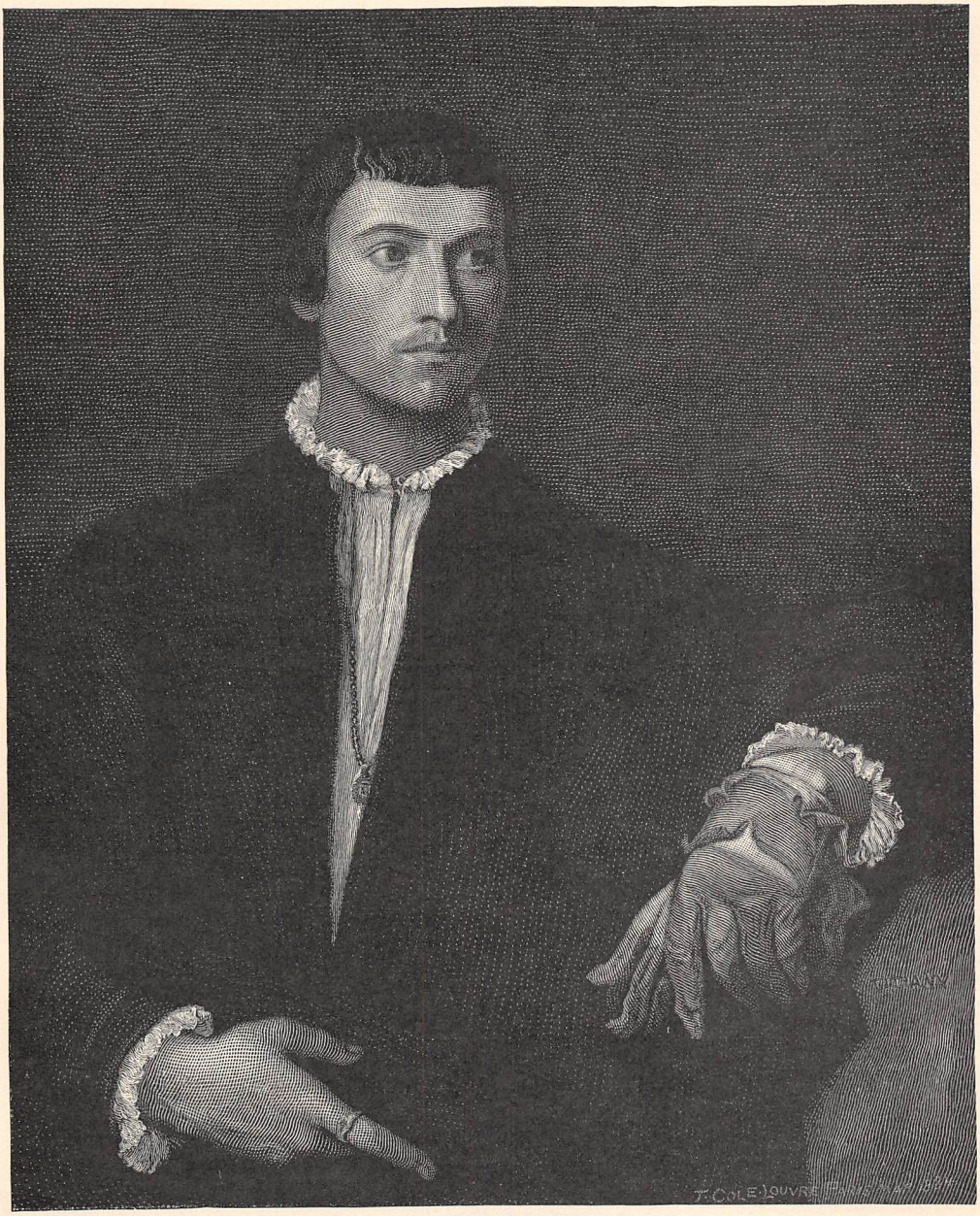
ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

THE ENTOMBMENT, BY TITIAN.

of the design for tracing on the wall. The use of oils led, no doubt, to a much greater latitude in the preliminary operations, and permitted the painter to complete his design directly on the canvas in the modern manner, and the absence of cartoons of Titian's work makes this plausible to a certain extent; but that this was a rule it is impossible to believe, for the general absence of changes in the composition of a work during progress—changes which can always be more or less easily discovered in the finished picture—indicates that the subject was put on the canvas in its final form. This definiteness of preparation in compositions of such complexity would have been impossible without a cartoon. And the fact that we have no more evidence of the practice of Bellini of making a cartoon, which he must have done while working in tempera, makes the argument of little weight in reference to Titian. I suspect, therefore, that Vasari's dictum grew out of occasional and exceptional work, which, even exceptionally, would not have been possible in tempera, the medium of the painters before Titian.

We have already seen that Bellini introduced an amount of individuality in the heads of his sacred personages which was not found as a rule or admitted as orthodox in the earlier Tuscan schools; and this characteristic is found in all the Venetian school, and became the foundation of its greatness in portraiture. The visit of Albert Dürer to Venice in 1506 does not seem to have affected Titian, though it may have had a slight influence on Bellini; nor does Titian ever appear to have been much influenced in the tendencies of his art by any of the foreign schools. There seems to have been a deep-rooted individualism in the Venetian race, which, with the strong naturalistic tendency, kept the art of Venice from being invaded by that of the southern provinces; but even this does not account for the powerful grasp of the most subtle and difficult problem in all art—that of the true relations of color to design. The intercourse of Venice with the East, and familiarity with eastern products, always so naïve and poetic in their use of color, probably had much to do with it; but there must have been something in the temperament which made the ground propitious to the development of the color sense, for the men of the central Italian schools, even when they had the work of Titian and Giorgione before them, never understood the mystery and never caught the true color feeling. They learned to paint with more warmth and fidelity to nature, but the essential motive of Venetian color was orchestral (to borrow a word from the sister art of music), and this was never apprehended by the Tuscans. This quality is found in the work of Bellini, and was extended by Titian and Giorgione; it is seen in individual forms in Tintoretto, Veronese, Bassano, and others of the time, and appears in a fantastic and artificial development in Tiepolo, who was the last of the great colorists. The date of the new departure from the restraint in which Bellini held the system was probably that of the work of Giorgione and Titian on the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, in decorative work which was freed from the conventional limitations. This was in 1507--08. After that time there was a period of turmoil and great political vicissitudes in which at the last Venice was worsted, and the records of the time are full of more important matters than art. In 1511 we learn that Titian was at work at the school of Padua with Campagnola, who was his assistant. He returned to Venice in 1512, and in the following year he appears as the applicant for an order for a battle-piece for the Council Hall and for the first vacancy as broker at the Fondaco, a privilege already accorded to Bellini and Carpaccio. In the mean time he had received and declined an invitation to go to Rome to work for the pope, and at the death of Bellini he became his successor in the brokership and in the office of portrait-painter to the doges. In 1517 he went to Ferrara at the call of Alphonso d'Este, and for him painted several pictures, of which part are now in various public and private collections. From this time Titian was occupied in work for various royal and princely clients until 1523, when he returned to Venice to paint the portrait of a new doge, Andrea Gritti. Of this time is the fresco over a landing of the Ducal Palace—"St. Christopher Carrying the Christ-child"—which still remains in not too damaged condition to be judged as an example of his fresco-work. About this time he married, and in 1530 was a widower with three children.

In 1532 the artist is called to Bologna to paint Charles V., who had come there to meet the pope. This call—which he obeyed, one can imagine, with a satisfaction meet for the occasion, for he was avid of honors and noble relations—was important to his after-life. He became the painter of the emperor, and shared his friendship, which, if we may believe the chronicles, was more to his pecuniary advantage indirectly than directly, for the emperor was a heedless paymaster; but the relation led him to Rome, where he was charged with various commissions and made the acquaintance of Michelangelo and the works of Raphael and the Greeks. But though much has been said of his having been influenced by the great Tuscan, I cannot find evidence of it in his work. Titian and his great contemporary, Michelangelo, greater intellectually than he, had little in common except the love of art. The combi-



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

L' HOMME AUX GANTS, BY TITIAN.

nation of their forms of art was impossible. Titian was then sixty-nine years old, and had a mastery of his own form of art which was as much beyond that of Michelangelo in painting as the latter was above the Venetian in his creative power in pure form as we see it in his sculpture. Michelangelo might envy the color of Titian and desire to add it to his design, as he is said to have attempted to do through Daniele da Volterra; but to imitate the color of Titian it was necessary to have the Venetian temperament, which could not be assumed for an imitation. It is impossible that Titian should have been led away by the Tuscan's color, and he drew well enough to give any degree of refinement he aimed at. But the naturalism inherent in the genius of Venice rejected the ideal forms of Michelangelo, and was indifferent to the creations of antiquity. Vasari says that he went to the Belvedere, where Titian was painting in Rome, to accompany Michelangelo on a visit to the painter. They saw the "Danaë," and, as Vasari reports, the sculptor said of Titian "that his color pleased him, but that it was a fault that at Venice they did not first of all learn to draw well; for if this man were assisted by art as he is by nature, especially in imitating life, it would not be possible to surpass him, for he has the finest talent and a very pleasant, vivacious manner."

This expression may be taken as the demonstration of Michelangelo's one-sided estimate of art. He could not admit that color required the same profound study and was capable of as great exaltation and artistic refinement as design. His feeling and powers were those of the sculptor, and color was merely the accident of nature. What art gave, to his way of thinking, was the mastery of design, the faculty of carrying the imperfect material with which nature furnished the artist up to the ideal, as one saw it in the work of the Greeks and as he tried to carry it in his own; beyond this, or compared with this, art had no aims other than subsidiary. Titian's comparative indifference to the perfection of his forms seemed to Michelangelo ignorance of art; the former may have felt, if only as an incidental charm, the dignity of the types of his great rival, but if so, it produced no permanent influence on his art.

Titian remained at Rome only a year, and in 1547 he was summoned to Augsburg to the emperor, who was in his glory, and wished to secure its record. Of this visit many portraits of the great or noble men about the emperor were the fruits, of which some remain. Titian's court life was brilliant and, what was not always the case, profitable, and he returned to Venice much the richer, but always greedy of wealth and ready to adopt any form of servility to improve his estate. He was ready to kiss the hands or even the feet of the potentates who held the keys of success, and to beg or petition for places for his son or commissions for himself. In 1549 he was back in Venice, and returned to the imperial court at Augsburg again in 1550. His life from this time forward is little else than a succession of honors and triumphs. Vasari wrote his notice during the artist's life, and after having visited him in Venice. He says:

> When the present writer was in Venice in 1566 he went to visit Titian, and found him, old as he was, with his brush in his hand painting, and he found great pleasure in seeing his works and talking with him.

Of his work Vasari says:

> It is true that his way of working in his last pictures is very different from that of his youth. For his first works were finished with great diligence and might be looked at near or far, but the last are executed with masses of color so that they cannot be seen near; but at a distance they look perfect. This is the reason that many think they are done without any trouble, but this is not true. And this way of working is very effective, for it makes the pictures seem living. . . . He has been most healthy and as fortunate as any one has ever been; in his house at Venice he has received all the princes, all the learned and famous men who came there, for besides his greatness in art he has the most pleasant and courteous manners. He has had some rivals, but not very dangerous ones, and has earned much, his work being always well paid, so that it would be well for him in these last years of his life to work only for his pleasure lest he should injure his reputation.

This glimpse of the painter at work in the fullness of his reputation, having, as Vasari says, painted every lord of note or prince or great lady, gives an idea of him which is delightful in its naïveté and suggestiveness, and the delicate bit of advice (the painter was still living when the book was printed) not to do what the critic evidently thought he was doing — sacrifice the quality of his work to the haste to get his orders executed — is significant.

Titian succeeded to the favor of Philip on Charles's death, who seems more anxious on his entry into sovereignty to pay his father's debts to Titian than he was in later years to pay his own, for we have Titian's letters appealing for payment for the pictures he had painted for the emperor, and in the last year of his life (1576) he recalls to Philip the work of the past twenty years, for which he had not been paid. The end of his life, as he died alone of plague, is not pleasant to contemplate, and the last phase of his art shows that he had outpainted his reputation. There is always Titian in it,

but Titian feeble and with tremulous hand, failing to respond to the call of the will, and the sense of color fading. There has lately been discovered, by Signor Cavalcaselle, a half-length, nearly profile St. Jerome of the artist's extreme old age, a picture of peculiar interest, for it has the likeness of himself as the Saint, in devotion over a crucifix. We recognize the mighty sweep of the brush and the clear intention, but the brush trembles and the line vacillates, as it does in the master's latest work at Venice. This work is often spoken of as the evidence that his powers were unenfeebled when he painted it, but to me it shows the failing of eye and hand alike. The tints are hot, and the impasto tremulous, the composition labored, and inspiration wanting. As the work of one who was almost a centenarian it is amazing, but as that of Titian only a lesson. Of no other painter has it ever been said that he painted ninety years, and when we look at it in that light it becomes a miracle.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE TO THE LIFE OF TITIAN.

THE following passage from Boschini (Ricche minere della pittura Venetiana, di Marco Boschini: Venezia, MDCLXXIV) will prove of interest to those who care for the ancient methods of painting, as Boschini was a friend of Palma Giovine, and near enough to Titian's age to have seen him paint, though, as he does not say that he did, this is not to be presumed. At all events, he certainly was able to learn all that Titian's pupils and personal circle could tell of his ways. He says: "Giacomo Palma the young [so called to distinguish him from the other Giacomo Palma, called the elder], who had the good fortune to enjoy the instruction of Titian, assured me that he toned down his pictures with such a quantity of colors that they served [so to speak] as a bed or foundation to the expression which he was to elaborate on them; and I have seen bold touches with masses of pigment, sometimes a strip of terra-rossa pure, which served [so to speak] as middle tint; at other times with a brush full of white, and with, on the same brush, a tint of red, of black, and of yellow, he formed the modeling of a light and shade, and in this manner he brought out in four touches the indication of a fine figure. And in every respect such ways of laying in delighted those best acquainted with the manner of working technical processes, and desirous of learning the best way to venture on the ocean of painting. After having prepared these precious under-paintings, he turned the canvas to the wall and left it there sometimes for months without seeing it, and when he wished to take it up again he examined it with great care, as it were one of his worst enemies, to see if he could find in it any defect; and if he found anything that did not agree with his intention, as a benevolent surgeon he reduced the protuberances and excesses of flesh, straightening an arm, etc., and so working, and reforming the figure, he reduced it to the most complete symmetry that was demanded by the beautiful in nature and in art; and then, this all done, he set about another painting till the first was dry, and repeated the operation; and from time to time he covered them with living flesh [here he uses an expression which I cannot explain or understand], *these extracts of the fifth essences*, bringing the work up with repeated repaintings to such a point that only the breath was lacking. Nor ever did he work *alla prima;* and he used to say that he who sings, improvising, can never make scholarly verses, nor well polished. But the perfection of these last repaintings came at last when from time to time he united the lights with touches of his finger, bringing them near the middle tints, working one tint into another; at another time with a smear of the finger he put a passage of dark into the corners to strengthen them, besides certain touches of red, as it were a drop of blood which strengthened some superficial quality; and so he went on bringing his figure to perfection. And Palma assured me positively that in the finishing he painted more with his finger than with brushes."

DE HANT ER BUZZARD'S NES'.

"DO you think that the buzzards will build in the old nest again this year, Uncle Abner?"

"Why, bress your leetle heart, honey, I cert'n'y hopes dey will. Dey 's been er-buil'in' dar fur nigh onter er hundud yeah, an' when you retches your han' in de holler an' don' feel sumpen lack two leetle balls er cotton, dar gwine come trouble on dis heah lan', shore."

"Tell about it, Uncle Abner; do, please."

"Hain't it 'mos' time you was er-bed, honey? White folkses cain't toas' dey shins all night lack niggers. Well, well, ole Unc' Abner tell it jes' dis onct. You, Rob Roy, fling ernudder chunk on dat ar fire! Squar' 'roun' an' give dese heah ole foots er chance! Um! gittin' mighty cole fur Feberwary, an' de a'r smell powerful lack snow; de ole 'oman shake de fedders out'n her piller-slip 'fore mornin', I spec'.

"Well, as I were er-gwine fur ter tell you, dey 's been er-buil'in' dar fur nigh onter er hundud yeah, an' dey nebber fail but one time; den dey fail right erlong fur three yeah! It

"AN' TELL 'IM MIGHTY SOLEMN 'BOUT DE NES'."

were long erbout '59 or '61, an' dar were er mighty gedderin' er comp'nies, fur we all spec' we gwine ter have er wah. Sech er gittin' up er fine toggery an' sech drillin' an' cavortin' 'mongst de boys! It were all mighty fine fun fur ter be sodgers, er-shakin' er dey long fedders on dey hats, all hitched wid er gole star, an' er-prancin' in dey gray clo'es, fur dey don' know what wah were *den!*

"Your paw he were ole Miss's baby boy, he git ter be er cap'n, an' de house were plum' full er sodger boys, er-gittin' ready ter 'go out' fur ter whup dem Yanks tuther side er nex' week. Ole Marse, your gran'pap, honey, he were too ole fur ter go out, but he give he house ter 'em, an' work fur 'em, an' ride fur 'em, an' hope 'em cuss. Nobody think nuffin' 'bout de buzzard's nes' den. Well, dey 'go out,' an' we heahs big things 'bout de boys er-bein' er-'moted an' sech, an' we all proud, lack ter bust. Well, de early spring come 'roun', an' ole Marse he sen' me one day, he did, wid er letter ter Misser Powell, wha' live on de nex' plantation. I hatter pass right by de ole holler oak, an' I says ter myse'f, says I, 'When I comes back I feel an' see if de buzzards come yit.'

"Well, I tucken de letter an' putten de answer in my pocket. It were er mighty putty day, de a'r all hazy wid de 'leetle wood-folkses house-cleanin',' an' de trees an' de plum thickets so fresh an' sweet wid dey new leaves. I sees de ole tree, 'way over yander, er-flappin' her arms fur ter make de leaves come fas'er, an' I falls ter wond'in' how ole she air, an' what make de big holler right in her heart, an' how de buzzards fin' it out. I comes 'long closter, an' I sees de white sand-pit, flat an' big as er flo', whar nuffin' ever grow, an' whar de hants dance in de dark er de moon; an' I sees de big brack'n on dis side, wha' grow tall 's er big man, dough I feels sorter oneasy in my min', 'ca'se, honey, I were *borned wid er veil.* But I kneels down an' retches my han' in de holler, an' dar wa'n't but *one* leetle buzzard dar, an' he were *dead!* Lawdy! did n't de cold sweat jes bu'st out an' rin down! But I riz up, an' taken de letter ter ole Marse, an' tell 'im mighty solemn 'bout de nes', an' 'bout de ole prophesyin'; but he jes laugh an' say, 'Go 'way, Abner, 'long er your nigger tales!' dough he do look mighty cu'i's, an' go see fur hese'f; den 'pear ter furgit plum' all erbout it. White man ain' lack er nigger; he heah onsart'in things, den laugh an' go 'bout he business; but er nigger he tote it in he min', an' steddy 'bout it.

"Well, bimeby all de niggers gits holt er it, an' dey all trapes down fur ter feel de dead buzzard wid dey own han's. Den dey hole er big meet'n' on Sad'day night down by de sand-ditch, an' ole Parson 'Bias he lead. He were f'om Misser Tarleton's plantation, but dey could n' have no big meetin' dout'n[1] ole 'Bias fur more 'n fifty mile erroun'. Oh! how de pra'rs went up, full an' strong, fur 'liverance

[1] Without.

f'om de spell er Satan, f'om de transgressions er de people wha' bin er-dancin' sumpen 'sides de 'ligious dance, f'om de sins wha' besot us on bofe han's, dat we mought be geddered tergedder lack chickens on one roos'! Oh, dey was fetchin' pra'rs, honey! Dar was no lessen twenty unner conviction, an' ten mo' onsart'in s'archers on de mourners' bench! But bimeby dey all git quiet, an' de white folkses done furgit all erbout it; de niggers don' tell all dey sees, but keeps up er power er steddyin'. Dar were shore 'nough wah now, an' your paw, honey, wha' were ole Miss's baby boy, he ain' got no time fur ter come home, dough ole Miss she gittin' mighty po'ly, an' ole Marse he walk de flo' res'less-lack. We hatter ride 'way over tuther side er Bolivar fur ter git papers an' sech f'om de front, an' when ole Miss git 'em, 'pear lack she dat glad she 'mos' eat 'em.

"Well, de two year roll roun' erg'in, an' dey ain' one leetle buzzard dar, not eben er dead one, airy spring! We all feels sorter on-easy in de min' fur er while, but dar ain' nuffin' happen. De buzzards jes tired, an' wanter give de ole tree er rest, dat all, an' de niggers sorter laugh at ole 'Bias. But he shake he head slow, an' 'zort an' prophesy 'bout de lamentations er de people gwine bust, lack er mill-dam in de spring; fur de wicked gwine wag erlong lack er big warnut-tree dout'n any warnuts on it; but de winter comin', an' de ax gwine hunt fur dem roots, an' it gwine be split inter fire-wood, 'ca'se it done tuck up de groun' fur nuffin'! De ole uns cry an' holler, 'O Lawd! how long it gwine be?' but de young uns walk off peart an' sassy, lack de goslin's dat gwine git inter trouble 'fore de hin kin git dar.

"Well, I knowed dar were trouble er-comin', honey, 'ca'se I were borned wid er veil. Bimeby we don' heah no more f'om young Marse, an' one day we fixes up good eatin' fur de Rebs, an' sont word by 'em; an' nex' day de Yanks come 'long an' rob de smoke-house, twel we ain' got nuffin' good fur ter eat lef'. Den one rainy, soggy mornin' young Marse he comes home wid er ball in he shoulder. I never will furgit dat day! Dar he lay, so still an' white, jes lack he dead, an' we all fly 'roun' lack chickens wha' git dey neck runged. Ole Miss she cry, an' wring her han's; she ain' got no darter, all her chillun bein' manchiles, an' your maw she come over an' stay wid ole Miss, an' hope nuss young Marse.

"FUR TER FEEL DE DEAD BUZZARD WID DEY OWN HAN'S."

"She were er putty leetle gal den, in er white coat, wid big blue eyes an' long yaller hair,—she had n' married your paw den,—an' sech times we all had! Dar she were, er-beatin' er he pillers an' er-readin' ter 'im, when he got better, an' er-goin' in de kitchen, er-scrapin' up, fur ter make good things fur 'im (honey, we was mighty short), an' er-smilin' at ever'body, twel it seem 'mos' lack we ain' got no trouble nor wah nor nuffin'! Well, bimeby young Marse he git erbout, an' he look mighty white, but he say he got he principles ter fight

"OLE 'BIAS."

fur, an' one putty mornin' he kiss 'em all 'roun', an' ride erway. Den ole Marse he shut hisse'f up in he steddy, an' ole Miss she fall mighty po'ly, but Miss Kate,—she ain' got no maw,—she stay wid her, fur ter hope her up. But ole Miss she don' git no better; she want her boys herse'f, an' want 'em ter fight fur dey principles, too! Po' ole Miss! But 'oman folkses is cu'i's creeturs! Ole Marse he say he sen' fur 'em, but ole Miss she say, No; she b'ar it lack er Sparting, er sumpen. But she did n'—po' ole Miss! She were de bestest 'oman dat ever breaved, shore! But she were po'er an' po'er, twel she sorter laugh sad-lack, an' say ter Silvy dat her clo'es don' fit her no mo'; dat clorf were hard ter git anyhow, an' she cut 'em up an' have two dresses whar she had one. Ole Marse he don' 'pear ter see how she fail, but de doctor he come an' say it were her heart dat was de matter, dat she want her boys, dat she mus' 'peart'n up an' be proud er 'em, an' let 'em be true ter dey principles.'

"Den ole Miss she git mad, an' say she don' want 'em home; she would n' let 'em come! Ef dey wanter, dey no sons er hern; but if Doctor Jinkins did n' have no physic fur ter hope her, he mought as lief stay at home. But po' ole Miss! she were er-grievin', an' we knowed it. One night dey wake us all up, an' say ole Miss mighty sick, an' dey want some un ride fur de doctor right quick.

"It were de dark er de moon, an' de very stars look skeered-lack an' hazy; de big owls hollers an' laughs down in de wood-lot, an' er leetle screecher he keep er-shiverin' 'way over in de nigger buryin'-groun'. Eben he knowed he hatter pass dat buryin'-groun', but he say he go, an' he mount de ole gray mar' muel, an' start. Well, he ride 'long, er-whistlin' fur comp'ny, er-feelin' mighty scrumptious as he nigh de nigger graveyard, dough he ridin' right fas'; but he ride right 'long twel he come ter de buzzard's nes' tree, when dat ole Jinny muel, she r'ar an' fling dat Eben plum' over her head—I allus did 'spise er gray mar' muel. Well, he pick hisse'f up,—er muel never did break er nigger's neck, nohow,—an' mount erg'in; den she r'ar dis time, an' Eben look, an' right dar under de buzzard's tree, er-standin' wropped in de robe er de windin'-sheet, were er hant, wid his long arm er-p'intin' over at de big house!

"Dat Eben he did n' wait fur it ter call him, but he 'clude mighty quick fur ter go ter de doctor's roun' tuther way. So he ride fitten ter bu'st er trace; but when he git ter de crossin' dar wa'n't no crossin' dar, fur de rain done swell de branch twel she rin lack er ribber; but he swing dat ole Jinny muel in, an' swum it!

"Well, Doctor Jinkins he git here jes 'fore day, an' dat nigger he come in rale ashy, er-shakin' lack he got de agur. He don' want ter tell what he seed, but he set in de cabin, an' rock hisse'f, an' moan, twel he rin we all pretty nigh plum' crazy.

"Well, de doctor say dar ain' no hope fur ole Miss; her heart were jes plum' broke, dat was all. She mought live two days, an' den erg'in her moughten live fo' hours.

"Oh, dat sun, when he come up, seed er power er weepin' an' cryin' 'mongst we all—'mongst de big an' de leetle, de black an' de yaller! Fur de niggers all loved ole Miss, plum' lack she were kin, bred er blood an' bone; fur she keep ole Marse f'om bein' hard on de lazy uns, an' de good workers she make much er herse'f. Arter breakfus ole Miss she sont fur us dat waited roun' de house. Dar wa'n't many er us, fur Marse Clar'nce, ole Miss's ol'es' boy, he caired er big lot er niggers off ter Texas at de breakin' out er de wah.

"Well, ole Miss she sont fur us, and we all come in wid er big lump in de thote; den she talk ter we all, twel it seem lack we 'mos' see de pearly gate er heaven er-swingin' back fur ter let her in! Ole Marse he sot dar wid he head on he han's, an' jes keep er-lookin' at er spot in de carpit. Den ole Miss she talk ter him sof'-lack, an' tell him ter be good ter her niggers when she gone, an' ole Marse's lip it

trimble, an' he look hard at de spot in de carpit, an' she say we has all been on de place so long twel we was chillun ter her, plum' lack her chillun.

"Den she tell Dilsy, wha' were de housekeeper an' tote de keys, ter allus give Aunt 'Nerve some white sugar, if dar any dar, when she ailin', lack she allus do; ter see dat ole Mammy Mary got plenty flannens an' tea fur her rheumatiz when it cole: ter do dat if she love her, an' dat Dilsy she fling her ap'un over her head, an' cain't talk fur she cry so; but she nod her head, fur ter say, 'Yes 'm; I do it.'

"Den ole Miss she say good-by; dat she wait fur we all tuther side er de ribber, wha' dar room fur all good white folkses an' niggers too. Den we all go out solemn, lack 't were er funeral, an' dar wa'n't no work done dat day. De a'r was all hazy, an' de sun keep gittin' behin' er cloud, an' we all sot erbout an' talk low in de quarters. 'Bout sundown de dorgs 'gin ter howl moanful-lack, an' er whup'-will he cry so lonesome an' pitiful; den ole Mammy Mary she say solemn dat 'Def done come!' an' fol' her arms, wid de big water er-drappin' out 'n her eyes, an' rock, an' chant er song er de dead. Honey, dey were times er sorrer an' great tribberlati'n, dey was! Arter while we all could n' talk fur de choke in de thote, an' jes sot an' wait; we don' want nuffin' ter eat, fur it wa'n't no time fur eatin' an' drinkin', an' 'mos' all er us could n' swaller. Bimeby Dilsy she come er-swingin' an' er-rockin', wid her face all kivered up, an' go in her cabin an' shet de do'. Den we knowed it were all over.

"Po' ole Miss! dat allus hoped up de po'ly, an' make de weepin' laugh; dat went erbout jes er-totin' comfort fur de sufferin', be dey white er be dey black! Po' ole Miss! dat 'u'd take her fines' linen any day fur ter make er po' ole black nigger er windin'-sheet! Honey, if dar 's one angel in de big sky erbove, your gran'maw 's dar.

"Well, dey laid her out in de big parlor, wha' ain' been open sence young Marse went erway, wid her ole red Bible, wha' she read ter we all eve'y Sunday nigh onter thirty yeah, wide open on her bres' at de tex', 'Bressed air de pure in heart: fur dey shall see Gord.' An' she do see him, honey, right now, at dis bressed minute. Dat night de big owls dey come an' set on de well-house, an' holler an' look in at de winder, so 's we hatter beat 'em off wid brooms; an' de frogs hollers lack dey miss sumpen; an' de dorgs howls lack dey miss sumpen; an' ever'thin' seem lack it cryin'. We cain't git no word ter any er de boys, fur de blockage, so nex' day de neighbors f'om all erroun' comes, all er-cryin' an' er-tellin' sumpen wha' ole Miss done fur 'em, an' we lays her erway in de fambly buryin'-groun', wid ole Marse, Miss Kate, an' all de niggers fur de fambly mourners. Dat evenin' when de sun was nigh onter set, me an' Silvy went an' plant some white vi'lets, wha' ole Miss loved, on de new grave, an' sot dar an' talk low twel it gittin' plum' dark; den we comes in, slow an' sad-lack, an' lef' ole Miss 'lone ter Gord!

"Arter dat, trouble come thick an' fast. One by one dey fotch in de boys, woun'ed or dead, all 'cep'in' ole Miss's baby boy, your paw, honey. He stay an' fight fur de principles er all 'em, de livin' an' de dead, an' 'pear lack de bullets were erfeared, an' cain't tech 'im no mo'. Den ole Marse he taken de p'ral'sis jes as hopeliss as er baby; an' twix' de bushwhackers an' de grillers, an' de grillers an' de bushwhackers, we ain' got but two er three hosses er muels lef' an' leetle er nuffin' in de smoke-house. We all niggers hatter run dis heah place by ourse'fs, on one wheel, an' one wid de spokes bruk, at dat. We hatter lie ter de derned ole blue varmints, an' de grillers, wha' were jes as bad, dough dey do w'ar de gray, 'bout de fambly silver an' ole Marse's money, wha' we all buried, twel dey 'clar' dey make eve'y year ole tree in de county hol' er strung-up nigger!

"'Pear lack ole 'Bias, wha' prophesied 'bout de buzzard's nes', wa'n't no sech big fool arter all, an' de niggers wha' laughed don' laugh no mo'. Den dey sot it er-goin' dat de hant stan' unner de ole tree eve'y night; he don' wait fur de dark er de moon, but stan' dar in de shinin', er-swingin' his long arms ter de norf, an' den ter de souf, an' ole 'Bias he prophesy erg'in, an' chant 'bout de strong man er-bein' tucken in de battle, an' de mighty fighter hatter give in; an' he say dat de Yanks gwine whup us shore! Den he perpare ter 'view de sperrit, wha' cain't res' in he grave, an' ast wha' he do wid de buzzards, an' wha' he got on he min'. An' ole 'Bias he gadder de brack'n seeds while he chant, an' putten 'em in he shoe; den he taken he charm, wha' were er rabbit fut, er sarpint's toof, an' er squorerpin's[1] tail, wid er pinch er graveyard dust, sewed up in er bag, an' wait fur night ter come. Well, de moon were er-hidin' dat night, an' we all went wid ole 'Bias nigh ter der nigger buryin'-groun,'—all de preachers, de 'zorters, an' de Christians,—den he went on erhead, in de plum thicket, fur ter strive wid de sperrit. He creep up by de tree, an' taken he shoes off in de high brack'n, wha' were er-rockin' in de night-wind, lack it were er-grievin'. Den he riz up an' chant low an' solemn-lack, er-callin' on de sperrit, wha' ain' flesh, needer blood nor bone, fur ter answer him; an' he stan' dar wid de wind er-blowin' er he white hair, an' wait. Jes den er big owl in de holler tree he open he head

[1] Scorpion.

an' holler, 'A-hoo! A-hoo-a!' an' ole 'Bias he don' wanter wait fur ter heah wha' de sperrit gotter say; he ain' got no time fur ter git he shoes, but he jes light out f'om dat ar place quick, in he bar' foots!

"Arter while dey hatter bury er dead nigger in de graveyard; den we fin' out wha' make de hant. Dar in de cornder er de worm-fence, wid he gray clo'es done all spotted wid blood, were de body uv er Cornfedrit sodger; he were woun'ed, an' were er-comin' home, but he could n' git no furder, an' he jes laid down ter res' whar de po' ole niggers sleeps. Well, dey buried him in de fambly buryin'-groun', 'longside er Marse Roy. Dey don' know who he be, but dey w'ar de same clo'es, an' dey fit de same fight, an' dey was brudders in de principles!

"Well, de hant still walk roun' de buzzard's nes' tree, an' we don' know wha' he want, fur dar ain' nobody try ter 'view 'im sence ole 'Bias, an' dar ain' no nigger on dis heah place dat 'll go d'in[1] er mile er it at night; an' 'pear lack he 'll walk an' walk, twel de 'lenium[2] come fur ter let 'im go!

"Yas, sir; if de buzzards don' buil' in de ole nes' dis yeah, dar gwine come trouble on dis heah plantation, shore!"

"Uncle Abner, do you reckon the hant 'll catch me if I run all the way between here and the house?"

"De Lord bress your soul, chile! hain't you gone ter bed yit? You Silvy, tote dis heah chile up ter de house, quick! Miss Kate 'll be er-thinkin' dat dese trompers done steal him, shore!"

"Good night, Uncle Abner."

"Bress your leetle heart! good night, honey!"

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

[1] Within. [2] Millennium.

THE AUSTRALIAN REGISTRY OF LAND TITLES.

THE hearty approval which has been given to the method of voting known as the Australian ballot, and its adoption in several States, may rightly raise the question whether a body of Englishmen brought up under the English common law, containing among their number an unusual proportion of well-bred men, migrating to colonies of great productive capacity, may not have found out many other ways to improve upon English methods before such inherited methods had become wholly incorporated or ingrained in the customs of the people of the new States.

In one respect, at least, the settlers in the United States improved upon the mother country in establishing a registry of deeds. But the Australians seem to have made a long step in advance even of ourselves in the matter of registering titles to land, and by the same process assuring indefeasible possession, while taking possession of the deeds or evidences of title after the registrars have passed upon them.

To the mind of the writer the distinction between the registry of a deed and the assured registry of title was not at first very plain; it may not be very apparent to the readers of THE CENTURY who are not of the legal profession until it has been explained by one who is also not learned in the law.

The registry of deeds suffices to put upon a public record the conveyance of all claims to the possession of land, good, bad, or indifferent, whatever they may be; but it does not clear or assure a title. Through ignorance or carelessness in making deeds, this public record may even bring the possession of land which has once been clear and free from any cloud into a condition of complexity and doubt, and it may, as time goes on, increase rather than diminish the defects and may cloud more and more the titles to land.

The registry of titles, on the other hand, according to what is called the Torrens system, which has been adopted throughout Australia, New Zealand, and in British Columbia, clears all fair and honest titles, removes all existing clouds, and gives the occupant whose title passes the examiners in the first instance indefeasible possession; while at the same time rendering the future transfer or conveyance of the land as simple and as ready as the transfer of a share of railway or factory stock now is in this country, and reducing the cost of conveyance, as it has been well put, "from pounds to shillings."

The legal aspect of this question might well be presented by some one who is learned in the law. The writer purposes to give only a simple description of this method, which was introduced into South Australia in the year 1858 at the instance of Sir Robert R. Torrens, who was first an officer in the customs department and subsequently colonial treasurer. This gentle-

man had gained a good deal of experience in the customs department in passing the indefeasible titles to ships by a registry. Upon entering upon his duties in Australia, his attention was called to the growing complexity in the system of land tenure, which was then conducted in English fashion under the law of primogeniture, the system which on the decease of the owner vested the title to real estate in the eldest son. He conceived the idea of establishing a system of surrendering all deeds to land, coupled with a registry of title by the state in a manner corresponding to the sale and registry of the titles to ships.

His purpose has been most fully accomplished, and the benefit which has ensued could not be more concisely stated than in the book of Mr. Franklyn entitled "A Glance at Australia in 1880." Mr. Franklyn, page 126, writes thus:

> Nor must we forget to remind our readers in England that under the Land Transfer Act (New Zealand), which is almost a transcript of the admirable measure introduced into South Australia by Sir Robert R. Torrens, and afterward adopted by the legislature of Victoria, real estate can be bought, sold, or mortgaged by a very simple and inexpensive process. The Government guarantees an indefeasible title; and all transactions relating to land are so expeditiously and cheaply effected that, in the year ending the 30th June, 1879, the cost of each of 17,422 registration sales and mortgages, covering property to the value of £7,585,291, was only 22*s.* 9*d.* Let any one who knows anything of conveyancers' bills in the mother-country ponder well upon the full force and meaning of these highly significant statistics. Land can be dealt with as easily as a share in a ship or a joint-stock company, and with the same security as regards title. Trusts are not registered; but instruments declaring trusts may be deposited with the registrar for safe custody and reference. These deeds are binding between the parties to them, but they in no way affect persons dealing with trustees who are registered proprietors. Under the Land Transfer Act it is not necessary to examine the deeds in the abstract of title; these no longer exist. They have been delivered up to the registrar, and when a certificate of title is granted they are canceled. An investor, therefore, does not run the risk of a mistake or blunder of his solicitor. Every transaction has its finality and complete security.

The Torrens system opens the way to this useful end in a perfectly simple and safe manner.

Leaving, therefore, all the legal aspects of the case for treatment by others, the writer will deal with this subject in a popular way, treating only the existing laws of the British colonies in a way that may be readily comprehended. In doing this he will refer to a pamphlet (undated) published by the Cobden Club about the year 1881, which contains essays and addresses which were prepared by Sir Robert R. Torrens in his futile attempt to overcome adverse influences in Great Britain, which have thus far prevented the introduction of this system into his native country. This pamphlet is published by Cassell and Co., price 6*d.*; it can be ordered from their place of business in New York. The writer will also refer to very instructive letters received by himself, in answer to his inquiries, from Mr. T. V. Townley, Registrar of Titles in British Columbia, and from Mr. J. M. Thomas, Secretary, and Mr. W. M. Bacon Carter, Registrar-General of the Colony of South Australia, from whom he has also received copies of the acts under which the land titles are now registered.

The acts consulted by the writer are chapter 67 of the Acts of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, 1888; and Act No. 380, known as the Real Property Act of 1886 of the Colony of South Australia, in which all previous acts were consolidated, subject to only three amendments since that date, which are contained in Act No. 483 of 1887. The writer has also been furnished with data by the Surveyor-General of western Australia, and has obtained valuable information from the officials of New Zealand.

Reference may also be had to the excellent "Consular Report" of Consul G. W. Griffin, Nos. 110 and 111, page 760, published by the State Department of the United States.

The writer is thus definite in giving references to documents which can be readily obtained, for the reason that it can hardly be doubted that it may become expedient for the people of many States in this country to give close attention to the subject. In the Southern States especially it will soon be absolutely necessary to take measures to clear the titles to land.

Without making further specific reference to these authorities, the following simple treatment will cover the main points of this system. I shall incorporate in this treatise many statements in substantially the same form as they are given in the authorities which I have cited, without confusing the text by marks of quotation. My object is merely to give a clear and concise digest of what has come to my hands upon a subject about which I had no previous knowledge until, among many of the benefits of being a member of the Cobden Club, the essays of Sir Robert R. Torrens were sent to me. Even then my interest was not fully excited until the merits of the Australian ballot were developed in practice in this country.

It should be remembered that no one is compelled to bring his land upon the registry of titles; if one prefers to rest upon the regis-

try of deeds as now established, there is nothing in any of the acts to prevent his doing so. If, however, a title is once registered, it cannot be withdrawn, because all deeds are then surrendered and the register of the deeds must be closed. Transfer by registered title thereafter takes the place of the execution of deeds.

It may be remarked that the change could be made in this country much more readily than in a country where there had been no previous common practice of registering deeds, and therefore no adequate preparation. Whereas there are now established registry offices and public officers empowered to register deeds, therefore the registry of titles could be established so as to be conducted by the same officers, to whose number would be added the examiners of titles prior to their admission to the registry. It would be very easy to provide for the payment of the examiners of titles by established fees suitably governed according to the amount of work and the value of the property, so that the same conveyancers who are now employed by owners in passing a title would be employed by them in putting that title on the registry. A long time would elapse before the whole land had been treated; therefore while in the end the number of conveyancers would be very much diminished, yet for a considerable time even more work might be required of them. In the interval the work of the title insurance companies would also be of great service, but their function would probably be gradually converted into that of mortgage security companies lending money on registered land titles.

What then may be done to promote this change, if it proves to be expedient?

Conveyancing by deed without registration is the common rule in England; registering deeds, the common rule in the United States. Conveyancing by registration of title was not new when Sir Robert Torrens applied it in Australia, although it is said that his attention was first drawn to the subject through his experience in the registry of ships. It has been in operation for over a century in Prussia, in Bavaria, and in other European states, notably in Hamburg, which until lately was one of the free cities, where a similar system has been in operation for over six hundred years. Purchasers of estates in Paris may also obtain an insured title by payment of a small fee to the city.

In Australia the method of procedure is described as follows: The person or persons in whom the fee is claimed to be vested may apply to have the land placed on the registry of titles; these applications, together with the deeds, evidences, and abstracts of title, accompanied by plans of the land, are submitted for examination to a barrister and to a conveyancer, who are styled examiners of titles, who examine the titles exactly as they would on behalf of an intending purchaser, if the title were not to be registered. The report of the examiners is made to the registrar. If the title is a good holding title, the application is admitted. Should the applicant fail to satisfy the examiners, it is rejected. If there is evidence of title wanting, of which the reputed owner can compel completion, notices corresponding in many respects to those required in our probate courts are served, according to the nature of the case. Notices are served, if any are required, as the examiners may indicate, upon any person likely to be interested in law or equity who has not joined in the application, and upon owners and occupiers of contiguous land. These notices set forth the purport of the application, and intimate that unless objection be made by lodging a *caveat* within the time prescribed by the registrar, the land will be brought under the provisions of the act and an indefeasible title will be granted to the applicants. If within the time appointed a *caveat* is lodged, the action of the registrar is suspended until it is withdrawn, or until a final judgment of the supreme court can be obtained upon the question raised. These notices are given by publication, and are complete and final.

The certificates of title are issued in duplicate. These certificates set forth the nature of the estate of the applicant, whether a fee simple or a limited ownership; they notify, by memorials indorsed, all lesser estates, leases, charges, easements, rights, or other interests current or affecting the land at the time. Ample space is left for the indorsement of subsequent memorials recording the transfer or extinction of future estates or interests.

Applicants are not subjected to the expense of putting the paraphernalia of a court of justice in motion, unless there be some adverse claim to be adjudicated upon.

It is held that "indefeasibility is indispensable if the dependent or derivative character of titles, out of which all the evils of the English system originated, is to be got rid of." But yet, since in spite of every precaution a mistake may be made in granting indefeasible titles, a small charge is made at the rate of one halfpenny in a pound sterling, which amounts to twenty-one one hundredths of one per cent. (say one fifth of one per cent.), upon the value of the land when first brought under the system, and upon the value of the land transmitted by will, or upon the intestacy of the registered proprietor. This almost inappreciable sum has been found far more than sufficient for the object. A large insurance fund has accumulated in each colony during the period in which the act has been in operation.

It was held that this principle of compensating a rightful owner by a money payment, if perchance a lawful claimant had been deprived of land by an error, instead of allowing him to recover the land against a good holding title, would commend itself to the sense of natural justice, as contrasted with the principle of English law which in such case would place an owner in possession not only of his inheritance of the land itself, but also of the capital of parties who, being wholly innocent of all fraudulent intent, may have invested their fortunes in buildings and other improvements thereon.

On the other hand, it was held that a great economic principle would be subserved by a system which would give absolute security to the employment of capital in improved land. At the time of the publication of Sir Robert R. Torrens's essays in 1881 he was enabled to say that the practical result had already been to add largely to the wealth of the community by restoring to their value as building sites many blocks of land which had been deprived of that special value by technical defects and uncertainties attaching to the title. Subsequent evidence more than sustains the testimony of Sir Robert R. Torrens.

The rules in respect to the registration of mortgages are equally simple. The evidence of many parties who have borne testimony in parliamentary investigations of the subject, and in other ways, is conclusive on this point.

In 1879 Sir Arthur Blyth, Agent-General of South Australia, in which colony he had resided over twenty years, holding a high political and commercial position, testified before a committee in the House of Parliament as follows:

> Registration of title is almost universal; for one transaction under deeds now there are one thousand under the Real Property Act; it is a curiosity if you get a person with deeds. To a person wanting to borrow money of me, I should say, first, "Real Property Act, I suppose?" Then the next thing would be, "You do not want a lawyer, I suppose?" He would probably say, "No." I should then say, "Come with me to the registry office; you have got your certificate with you." I should draw out a mortgage on the counter at the registry office, where printed forms are provided, have it witnessed and handed to the clerk, saying to him, "It will be ready to-morrow afternoon, I suppose?" When the mortgage is paid off, the transaction is even simpler. Suppose you were the mortgager and I were the mortgagee. Before you give me the money I should sign this receipt before a well-known person, and give it to you, and let you go and clear your title.

To the suggestion adverse to the adoption of this system in England, derived from the more recent origin of titles in the colonies, it was held that many of the titles there dealt with, and those among the most valuable, dated back sixty years or upward; and that owing in part to unskilful conveyancing in the earlier days, and in part to the frequency of dealings with land in new countries, complexities and difficulties no less grievous than those which oppress the landed interest in the United Kingdom had been superinduced upon comparatively recent titles.

These difficulties and clouds appear to have been fully cleared.

The registrar of New South Wales reported in 1881 that although the Real Property Act, or Torrens system, had been in operation eighteen years, no compensation had been made upon the titles registered, nor had any claim been sustained against the assurance fund, which at that time amounted to a little over thirty-eight thousand pounds sterling.

Under date of February 4, 1890, Mr. W. M. Bacon Carter, Registrar-General of South Australia, in answer to questions put to him by the writer, gives the following information:

> The Torrens system is working satisfactorily. It has been established so long (since 1858) that all doubts as to the benefits of the system have nearly vanished. The area of South Australia in acres is 243,244,800. There had been alienated from the crown since the foundation of the colony 6,963,961 acres, of which 5,793,707 had been brought under the Real Property Act. The assurance fund continues to accumulate, and on the 31st of December, 1889, it amounted to eighty-two thousand pounds.
>
> In this colony the estate of deceased persons is vested in all cases in the executors or administrators, instead of the devisees or next of kin, the onus being thrown on the executors or administrators to transfer to the persons beneficially entitled. The law of primogeniture was abolished in 1867, and the real estate in cases of intestacy is administered in the same manner as the personal estate.
>
> The owners of land which has not yet been brought under the act steadily apply whenever they desire to deal with the land, not before. If an owner can prove a title by possession for the requisite number of years provided by the statute of limitations, and can show that the true owner was under no disability when such adverse possession commenced, his application would be passed.

In the colony of British Columbia a slight change has been made: the indefeasible title is not granted until after seven years have elapsed from the first application. The act which is now in force in this colony was framed by a special commission appointed by the local legislature, and was brought into effect in 1870. Before that date a system of recording deeds was in use, but the business done was very trifling. The whole province is now un-

der the later method. It differs from the Torrens system in two important particulars:

First. There is no guarantee fund on the first registry.

Second. The certificate of title first issued is only a *prima facie* title of record.

To effect registration of an absolute fee, the following course is pursued: The application is filled out. It is then the duty of the registrar to examine all title-deeds produced, and if satisfied that the applicant has established a *prima facie* case, a description of the property is recorded in a book called the Absolute Fees Parcels Book, and is also entered in the Register of Absolute Fees, in which is given a short epitome showing the nature and legal effect of the title. A certificate is then issued. After registration for seven years the owner may apply for an indefeasible title. If after advertising for three months no adverse claim is made and substantiated, he obtains a certificate of indefeasible title, good against all the world except the crown. The registrar must be a duly qualified barrister or solicitor. The best evidence that the act works satisfactorily is that no certificate of title has ever been attacked since the beginning of registry under the act in 1870. The popular verdict is entirely in its favor, for every title is sifted as it comes in, and the mistakes of ignorant conveyancers, or those arising from other causes, are rectified before they are allowed to affect the title. One great advantage is that any one can search a title for fifty cents. The great expense arising from the registration of deeds is entirely done away with.

The ordinary fees for registration are as follows: A fixed fee of $2.25 on each registration and in the case of an absolute fee; in the latter case one fifth of one per cent. of the declared value of the land up to $5000, and one tenth of one per cent. of the value over that amount, is paid. Suppose a person declares the value of his land at $7500, and applies to register the title:

The fees are, fixed	$2.25
One fifth of 1 per cent. of $5000 .	10.00
One tenth of 1 per cent. of $2500.	2.50
	$14.75

If the $7500 were a mortgage, the fees would be, fixed	$2.25
One tenth of 1 per cent. of $7500.	7.50
	$9.75

The whole province is under the operation of the act. Mr. T. V. Townley, the district registrar, who kindly gave me this information, says: "I cannot give you any better idea of the value of the land dealt with than by saying that the fees in this office alone for the last six months have averaged about $2200 per month; and there are two offices in the province."

In bringing this subject before the readers of THE CENTURY it will be assumed that all readers will substantially agree upon the following premises:

First. That private possession or ownership of land is necessary to its most productive use.

Second. This ownership, granted or secured among English-speaking people by original titles derived in the first instance from the king, subsequently either derived from the state or acknowledged by it, is held under certain conditions, and is subject to the reserved power of eminent domain, with all that is implied in that legal phrase.

Third. The conditions under which this land is held in private possession may be rightly varied from time to time under due process of law, with compensation for injury done when land is taken, and with due consideration given to admitted rights.

Hence it follows that any system of conveying land from the possession of one person to another which has been so badly administered as to raise a doubt as to who is entitled to hold it in possession, must of necessity be reformed by the state, which holds the only power to apply the remedy to the defects and which may therefore resume its control.

There are many persons who rightly object to state interference in the every-day business of life, but in this matter, if an indefeasible title is to be established, the state must intervene, and may or must resume control because it is the source of title. The state alone has the power to remove the uncertainties which hang over titles to vast areas of land and now prevent their occupancy and use, such clouds having been permitted to gather through the ignorance or carelessness, or in some instances through the fraud, of individuals.

The variable conditions on which land is now held in possession by individuals are as follows:

a. In respect to the burden of taxation.

b. In respect to sanitary provisions.

c. By rules for the prevention of injury to neighbors.

d. By regulations as to use, as under building acts and the like.

e. Under the provisions of general or special acts for taking the land for highways, railroads, or other purposes, consistently with the provisions of the laws, which laws may be changed from time to time.

There is, therefore, no absolute private ownership of land in this country.

Under these conditions of private possession, which may be varied from time to time according to the circumstances or the necessities of

the case, it is commonly held that every facility which can be rightly given, and every form of legislation which may be rightly adopted for promoting a wide distribution of land among the largest possible number of persons, conduce to the safety of the state as well as to the common welfare of the people.

To this end the whole influence of the savings-banks has been developed in New England and to a considerable extent in New York. The same object is also promoted by the organization of coöperative banks, so called. In Pennsylvania and in Maryland the distribution of land has been promoted in yet greater measure than in the Eastern States by the organization of building-societies, by sales on terminable ground rents, by title insurance and mortgage security companies, and in other ways. In other parts of the country building-societies, savings-banks, and other organizations are being rapidly established with the same object in view. But underneath, and in greater or less measure obstructing all these instrumentalities or agencies for promoting the division, sale, and productive use of large parcels of land, lie the growing complexity and uncertainty in documentary titles, often accompanied by heavy cost in conveyancing, and in very many cases by doubt as to the existing title to the land itself being a perfect one. Upon such matters only the state can take action.

The vast amount of litigation which has occurred in California in connection with Spanish grants of land will be recalled; and the present clouds resting upon the titles to very great areas of land in the mountain region of the Southern States may be cited as an example of the condition to which the present system of conveyance of land may bring a portion of the country which has been occupied for a long period, but which has been very sparsely settled by a class of people who have been in the habit of adjusting their own disputes as to metes and bounds with the rifle and the bowie-knife rather than by well-recorded conveyances.

This great evil must be overcome. How can it be done?

The same kind of cloud may rest upon some titles even in the most densely occupied sections, where the valuation of land is very high.

The danger of defects in titles is now being overcome in some measure by the organization of title insurance companies. But these are private corporations, and while they may reduce the expense of conveyancing, may give a well-guarded and well-guaranteed title to the buyer of estates on which it would be unsafe to expend capital without a guaranty of possession, yet private corporations can merely palliate an evil which is growing everywhere, and which is a very great existing evil in some of the most valuable parts of the United States long since sparsely settled, but now being occupied and developed according to modern methods.

It will become an absolute necessity for the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas to clear the title to much of the land in the mountain region of the New South and on the Piedmont and Cumberland plateaus, in order that the vast deposits of minerals, the great wealth of timber, and the immense natural capacity of the soil may be put to productive use, and may be safely and surely developed.

Whatever method of land tenure may be established, no person whose judgment is of any value can doubt the necessity of making it so certain as to promote and not to prevent the land being put to its most productive use.

Even where the communal system of land-holding still exists, of which the village communities in Russia are often cited as examples, the land is held in common, but only under such rules and regulations as will render the product secure to the individuals to whom its cultivation for the time being has been assigned by the commune.

The advocates of what is known as the "single tax" theory who have not become socialists sustain most fully the necessity of "legal ownership" of land and "peaceable possession" backed by the full power of the state. The private ownership which Mr. Henry George advocates is under conditions which may vary very much from the present conditions in the matter of taxation; but his proposed method of taxation is incapable of application unless, as he himself expresses his own views, the "legal ownership" of land and its "peaceable private possession" in distinct and separate parcels should be established and maintained by the state in exactly the same way that legal ownership and peaceable private possession are now assured.

Any doubt, uncertainty, or cloud upon the title to land which prevents the application of labor and capital to its development would be as inconsistent with the application of the single tax upon land valuation as it would be with the present method of obtaining a part of the public revenue by taxation upon land valuation; because no one will develop land either by applying to it the necessary cost of cultivation or of construction unless the title can be maintained in such a way as to assure a return upon the labor and capital expended. If the present taxes on land valuation are not paid by owners, it is sold to other private owners who will pay them. In this way the state already recovers the title to land and resettles it.

Not a mile of railroad can be laid down unless the state sustains the right of way vested

in the corporation; even if the state itself, acting as a corporation, should construct a railroad as towns and counties construct the highways, it must maintain its own title to the land taken for that specific use against its own citizens separately or collectively.

The success of the Torrens system has been so great in British Columbia as to lead to the organization of the Canada Land Law Amendment Association, to which many of the most prominent men in Canada belong, and at whose instance the registry of land titles may be extended throughout the dominion of Canada. In this country little attention has been yet given to this subject; but in some places, notably in the city of New York, it early attracted attention, mainly among members of the legal profession, who have been grappling with the increasing difficulty in the conveyance of land for several years.

The agitation has resulted, however, in the passage of an act by the State of New York to provide for recording and indexing instruments affecting land in the city of New York according to the "Block System," so called, and also an act to provide for short forms of deeds and mortgages. These acts are now enforced. They simplify the present methods of registering deeds, and they remove many other special difficulties which have rendered titles doubtful and conveyancing costly. But these acts fall far short of the simplicity and effectiveness of the Torrens method. They appear to have been framed mainly with a view to remedying legal difficulties in the practice of the existing system of conveyancing rather than substituting indefeasibility of title through the intervention of the State; they may therefore be considered only as preliminary steps to more effective measures.

The economic side of this question is the one which the writer desires to bring conspicuously into notice. His purpose is to call attention to the simple fact that in the practice of the English colonies *indefeasible and peaceable possession and occupancy of land have been assured at the minimum of cost and by the adoption of the simplest methods of dealing therein.* The small premium collected by the state as an insurance fund for its protection has become a large sum in every colony, in many colonies never having been drawn upon. That single fact may perhaps be accounted conclusive against all technical objections.

In order to adapt this system to the conditions of the several States of this Union, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the Australian colonies have been organized without written constitutions; hence it follows that many acts can be done by administrative authority which cannot be done in that way in this country. It is possible that in some States the application of this system might require slight changes in the written constitution. In Massachusetts it is probable that no constitutional amendment would be required, but that the whole system would be carried out under statute law creating courts of competent jurisdiction to deal with titles by adjudication, under formal notices of proceedings corresponding in many respects to those which are taken under the orders of the probate courts in dealing with land devised by will.

In a very large number of States in the Union proceedings may be had under orders of court which go very far toward clearing titles of which the deeds are registered, without requiring anything but a public or published notice to possible claimants who may not be within the State in which the land is, or within the actual jurisdiction of the court itself. A committee appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts is now (November, 1891) dealing with this matter. Doubtless before this article appears their report will have been rendered. It will contain the evidence given by many members of the Massachusetts bar in favor of the adoption of the system, together with *pro forma* acts carefully prepared to meet our present conditions.

Edward Atkinson.

SONG AND SINGER.

I SAW him once, the while he sat and played —
A stripling with a shock of yellow hair —
His own rare songs, in mirth or sorrow made,
But tender all, and fair.

And as the years rolled by I saw him not,
But still his songs full many a time I sung,
And thought of him as one who has the lot
To be forever young.

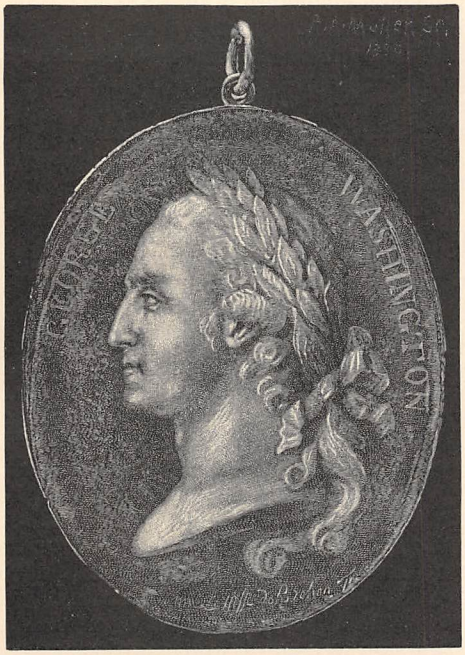
Until at last he stood before mine eyes
An age-bent man, who trembled o'er his staff;
My sight rebelled to see him in such guise,
Ripe for his epitaph.

I grieved with grief that to a death belongs;
How Time is stern I had forgot, in truth,
And how that men wax old, whereas their songs
Keep an immortal youth.

Richard E. Burton.

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON,[1]

INCLUDING HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MRS. WASHINGTON AND NELLY CUSTIS.



THE DE BREHAN MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON.
(ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. F. T. MOORHEAD.)

THE centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States and the exhibition of personal memorials of him collected on that occasion, together with the several illustrated articles that have since appeared in THE CENTURY and other periodicals, have brought to light many interesting mementos of Washington and Mrs. Washington hitherto unknown except to the privileged few who were of the inner circle of the fortunate owners. The possessors of these invaluable relics are, however, ready to recognize that while the individual pieces remain their personal property, the interest in them and their enjoyment rightfully belong to the whole people.

To those previously brought out of their hiding and laid bare to the public eye can now be added several of no less importance belonging to Mrs. F. T. Moorhead, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, who has inherited them in direct succession from Martha Dandridge, the widow of Daniel Parke Custis, who, January 6, 1759, became the wife of Colonel George Washington. As is well known, Mrs. Custis had two children, a daughter named for her mother, who died in 1773, when just budding into womanhood, and a son, John Parke Custis. The son married, when a mere youth, Eleanor, daughter of Benedict Calvert, a lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore, and dying while he was with his stepfather before Yorktown, left three daughters and one son. The two younger children, Eleanor and George Washington Parke Custis, were adopted by Washington, and the two elder, Eliza and Martha, became the wives respectively of Thomas Law and Thomas Peter. Mrs. Peter had three daughters, whom she named Columbia, America, and Britannia Wellington. America married Mr. Williams, and one of her daughters became the wife of Rear-Admiral John H. Upshur, whose daughter is Mrs. Moorhead, sixth in lineal descent from Martha Washington.

While all personal memorials of Washington are fraught with great interest, those that hand down a portrayal of his noble lineaments as they were revealed to the minds of the many artists who sought thus to immortalize themselves are without doubt the most important. With this article are given reproductions of three of these original portraits, each in profile, and taken at different periods. The earliest one, by the Marchioness de Brehan, is among the treasures belonging to Mrs. Moorhead, to whom we are indebted for the privilege of reproducing it, the exact size of the original, while the skill of the engraver has preserved its character with the utmost fidelity.

The Marchioness de Brehan was the sister of the Count de Moustier, who succeeded the Chevalier de Luzerne as minister from France to this country. She was a woman of marked eccentricities, and was accomplished both with her pen and with her pencil, and in the autumn of 1788 accompanied her brother on a visit to Mount Vernon. While there she persuaded her host to give her a sitting "to complete a miniature profile which she had begun from memory, and which she had made exceedingly like the original,"—as Washington records in his diary, October 3.

On the same occasion she painted a profile miniature of Nelly Custis, then in her tenth year, which is particularly interesting from the

[1] See previous illustrated articles of the same title by Mr. Hart in THE CENTURY for April, 1889, and May, 1890.—EDITOR.

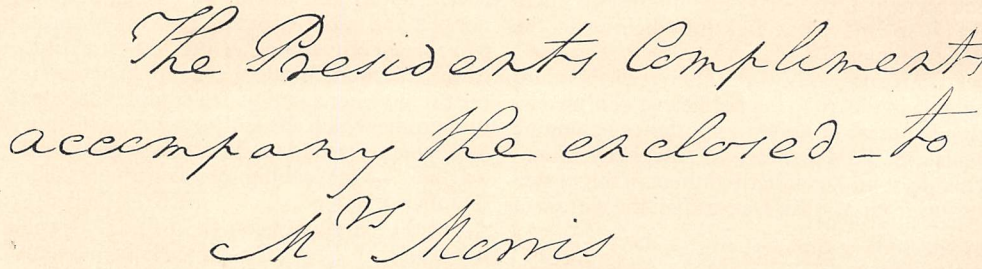
THE DE BREHAN MINIATURE OF NELLY CUSTIS.
(ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. F. T. MOORHEAD.)

thoughtful character of the features, quite unusual in a girl so young. The two profiles are framed back to back, with a gold band, as a medallion, and are painted upon ivory in monochrome, water-color, very light in treatment, upon a background originally dark blue, but changed by time to a chocolate brown. When the writer's article under the same title appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1889, the whereabouts of this original, which was reputed to have been painted upon copper, was unknown, and its discovery is very gratifying.

Madame de Brehan is said to have made several replicas of her profile of Washington with more or less variation, in one of them the profile of Lafayette being accolated behind that of Washington. This last-mentioned belonged, in 1848, to the master of Arlington House. That she took one home with her to France when she returned the next year is assured from the fact that Washington writes to her brother, the Count de Moustier, November 1, 1790, acknowledging the receipt of his "letters of the 11th of May and 12th of July last, together with the flattering mark of your and Madame de Brehan's regard which accompanied the former." This flattering mark of regard was some proof impressions from a copperplate of the profile engraved in Paris; and Washington emphasized the guinea stamp he had already given in his diary to the correctness of the likeness by presenting these proofs to several of his friends. One of them went to Mrs. Robert Morris with the autograph inscription: "The President's compliments accompany the enclosed to Mrs. Morris."

Among Mrs. Moorhead's mementos are a small silver cup used by Washington throughout the Revolutionary war as a wine-glass, with the Washington crest engraved upon it; a heart-shaped locket containing on one side the hair of Washington and Mrs. Washington and of her four grandchildren, with the cipher "W. C." (Washington-Custis) in gold, and on the other side the initial "S" with the hair of Mrs. Washington's daughter-in-law and several of her children by her second husband, Dr. David Stuart; also, a miniature of Mrs. Washington, by Field, similar to the one belonging to Mrs. Moorhead's great-aunt, Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon, reproduced in THE CENTURY for May, 1890. Mrs. Kennon's collection has been freely drawn from on a previous occasion, but we are permitted through her courtesy to give two illustrations of exceeding interest never before made public.

When Charles Willson Peale painted his first portrait of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1772, he painted a miniature of Mrs. Washington for her son, then a youth of eighteen, for which Washington, as his guardian, paid ten guineas, the receipt for which, dated May 30, 1772, in Washington's handwriting, signed by the artist, is still in existence. Mrs. Washington was at that time in her fortieth year, and allowing for the greater youthfulness always appearing in a miniature by reason of its delicacy and minuteness, I have no hesitation in placing the illustration at this period and the work as that of the elder Peale. I re-



AUTOGRAPH PRESENTATION OF THE DE BREHAN PICTURE.

cently had the privilege of examining critically this artistic and historic treasure, and the artist's signature is clearly found in the drawing, color, and general treatment. The eyes are grayish-blue and the hair dark-brown, slightly powdered in front. The dress is a delicate lilac, with rich white lace about the neck, fastened by a butterfly pin. A white lace veil, caught in the back of the hair with pearl ornaments, hangs over the right shoulder, and around the neck is a row of pearls.

The miniature, the size of the illustration, is as fresh as though it were just painted, and the artist's reputation could safely rest upon it alone. It is exquisitely set in gold, richly chased, as a pendant. With it is mounted a portrait in enamel of John Parke Custis, the son for whom it was originally painted. How interesting it would be to know that the guardian subsequently acquired the miniature painted for his ward, and that this is the identical one that George Washington Parke Custis tells us Washington wore around his neck through all the vicissitudes of his eventful career until his last days at Mount Vernon!

The reproduction of this early portrait of Martha Washington seems to be an appropriate occasion to refute the statement of Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in the introduction to his recently published volume entitled "George Washington and Mount Vernon," that the well-known Woolaston portrait of Martha Washington is not a portrait of Martha, the wife of George Washington, but of his sister Betty, who married Fielding Lewis. Mr. Conway says:

> It is one of the many curiosities of Washington portraiture that the portrait of Betty Lewis at Marmion (probably by Woolaston) should be going about the world as that of Martha, General Washington's wife. There are portraits representing Martha Washington at all ages, and it appears inconceivable that any one could discover a resemblance between her and the portrait published as hers in Sparks (I., p. 106), in the "Republican Court," and even in the centennial CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1889. How this delusion originated one can hardly conjecture.

The only evidence adduced by Mr. Conway in support of his assertion is a copy of the print from Sparks's "Washington," with the following inscription written over it by Lewis W. Washington:

> This engraving is taken from the portrait of Betty Washington, only sister of the General, who married Colonel Fielding Lewis. One of the original portraits is at Marmion, the residence of the late Daingerfield Lewis, of King George County, Virginia, one other at the residence of the late Lorenzo Lewis, of Clarke County, Virginia, and one in my possession.

Against these statements two pieces of evidence can be presented which seem to be unanswerable and conclusive. The portraits of Betty Lewis and her husband Fielding Lewis, named by Lewis W. Washington as being "at the residence of the late Lorenzo Lewis," were both exhibited in New York at the Washington Loan Collection, in April, 1889, and at Philadelphia in December, 1890, when they were sold by Birch's Sons to Mr. Charles Gunther of Chicago. On each of these occasions the writer critically examined the portrait of Mrs. Lewis, and in Philadelphia, in view of what Mr. Conway had written, paid especial attention to a comparison with the engraving of Martha Washington from Sparks. This com-

THE CHARLES WILLSON PEALE MINIATURE OF MRS. WASHINGTON.
(FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. B. W. KENNON.)

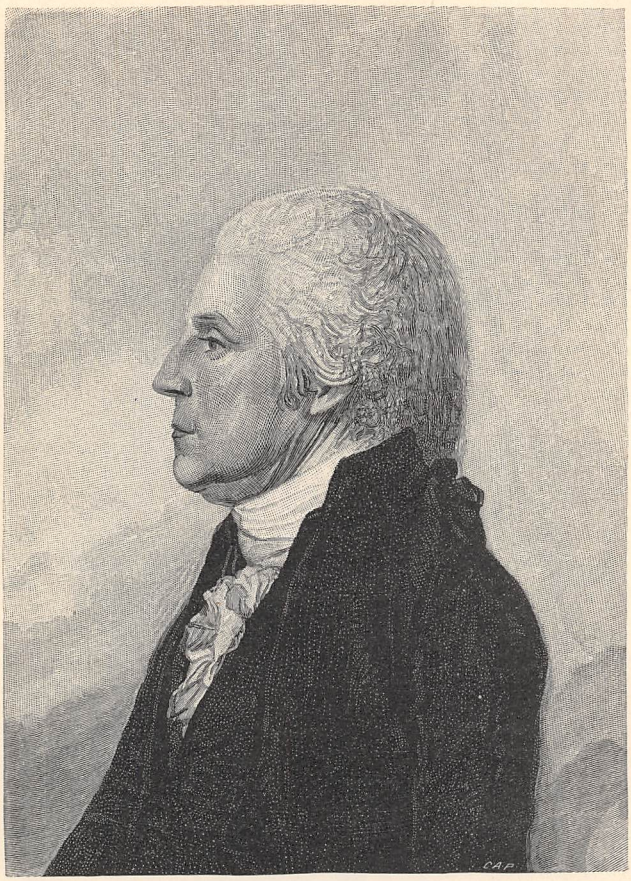
parison showed satisfactorily that the engraving of Martha Washington from Sparks was *not* made from the portrait of Betty Lewis. The pose and the arrangement of the hair are very similar, but the crudely painted features, drapery, and points of detail are very different. The chief resemblance is in the handling, such as artists much more eminent than itinerant John Woolaston are not unapt to carry through their work. Particularly is this likely to be the case in portraits painted about the same time, and Martha Washington and Betty Lewis were probably limned together. As an illustration of the correctness of this remark many readers will recall how the portraits painted by Stuart about the time he was painting Washington are tinctured with the General's characteristics. So much is this the case that Stuart's portraits of Thomas Willing and William Shippen are frequently taken for portraits of the Pater Patriæ, and that too not by the uninitiated.

This is the direct evidence on the sub-

THE WASHINGTON PLAQUE BY CHAMPION. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. B. W. KENNON.)

ject. The circumstantial evidence is possibly stronger.

The portrait of Martha Washington in Sparks's work was published in 1837. It is inscribed "From the original picture by Woolaston in the possession of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., Arlington House." At this time Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew, the son of his sister Betty, was living at Arlington House with his wife, Eleanor Custis, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, by whom she had been reared. Is it to be believed that George Washington Parke Custis, Martha Washington's grandson, with whom he had lived from his infancy to her death, would give Sparks a picture to publish as a portrait of his grandmother in his possession, when it was not? Or that Lawrence Lewis would allow his own mother's portrait to be engraved and published as a portrait of his aunt and his wife's grandmother? Or that he did not know his own mother's portrait? Or that Eleanor Custis Lewis would quietly stand by and allow her husband and brother to perpetrate such an ignoble fraud upon the nation? Such propositions are too absurd for serious consideration, yet they must be accepted, just as here stated, before Mr. Conway's iconoclasm can avail.



THE JAMES PEALE WATER-COLOR OF WASHINGTON.
(FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MR. CHARLES HENRY HART.)

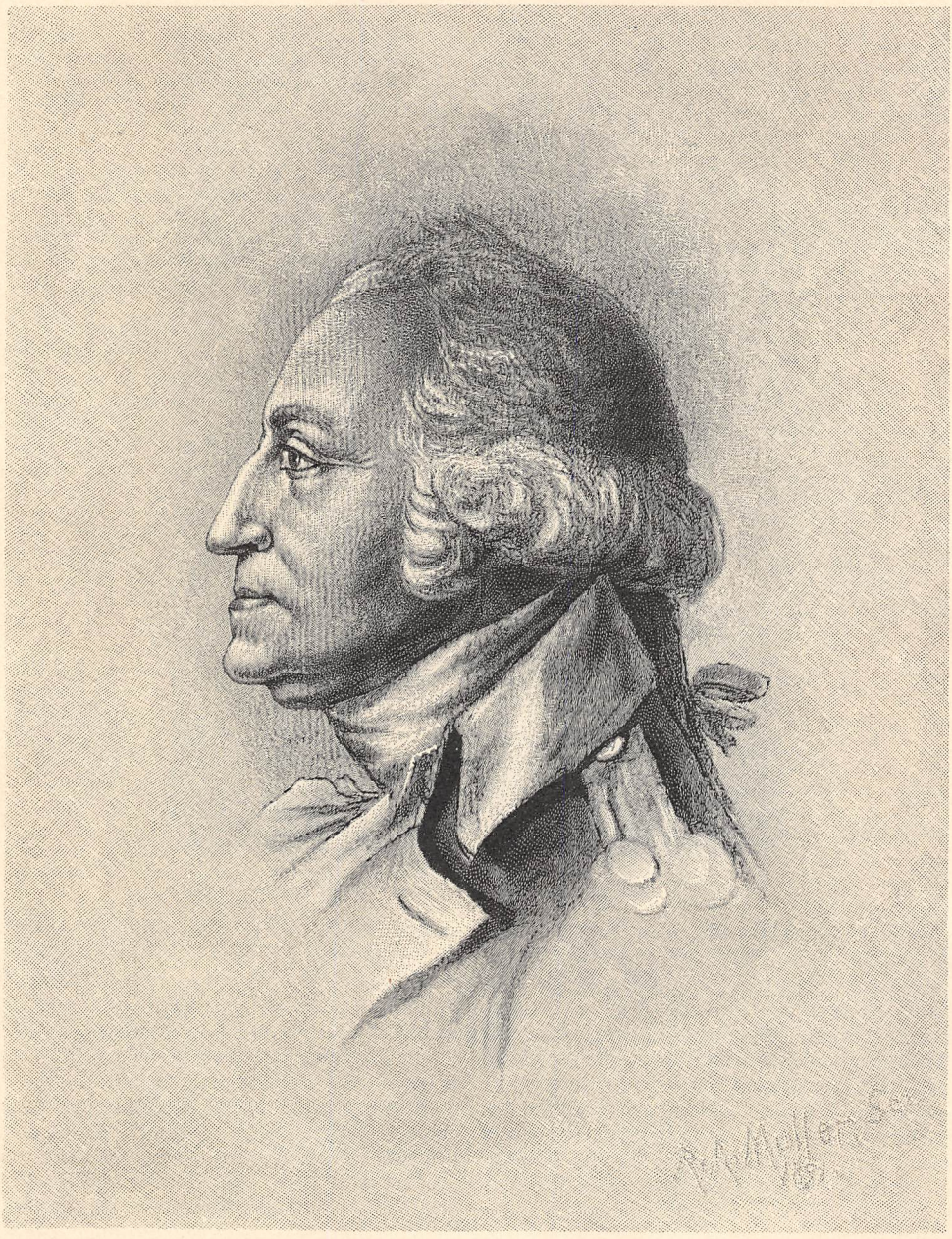
When I visited Mrs. Kennon at her noble old mansion, "Tudor Place," Georgetown, D. C., I was irresistibly attracted by a deep oval frame in one corner of the drawing-room, and an inspection revealed the beautiful relief plaque in pure white porcelain which is shown on another page. I recognized it immediately as a companion to a similar plaque of Franklin, by Richard Champion, that had been sold, as once the property of Washington, in the Philadelphia sale of 1890 with the Lewis portraits. Another, that had belonged to Franklin himself, was exhibited by a descendant at the Washington Loan Collection, and a third is in the Edkins Museum at Bristol, England. This last Mr. Owen engraves in his "Two Centuries of Ceramic Art in Bristol," and says, "Champion's admiration of Franklin evidently impelled him to produce this elaborate work, which is the most important one that has been preserved to us." He then fixes 1778 as its date,—"the best period of the Bristol works." But the Washington plaque discovered by the writer is a much more important and elaborate work than the Franklin, and, as it is heretofore unknown and undescribed, it is probably unique.

The portrait is evidently after Peale's picture of 1777. Above the medallion are the emblems of the revolted colonies, liberty cap and rattlesnake, crowned by a coronet with thirteen points, for the thirteen original States, each point capped with a star. Beneath the emblem is the shield of the Washington arms, and around it the flags of the Congress are festooned. When we remember that this was made in England by an Englishman during the heat of the war, his daring and friendliness must elicit our homage and our admiration.[1]

These plaques have a history as interesting as their art. They were the product of the famous china-factory in Bristol, England, started by Richard Champion in the year of the pas-

[1] Mrs. Kennon writes to the editor concerning this plaque:

"All I can tell you about it is that it is *a relic from Mount Vernon*. It was brought from there by my mother, after the death of my grandmother, Mrs. Washington, and later was given to me. I more than once asked her if she could tell who it represented, and she always said she could not."



THE ST. MEMIN PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MR. CHARLES HENRY HART.)

sage of the Stamp Act. Champion was a firm friend of the colonies, and in the early days of the struggle with the mother country kept Robert Morris, who was his business correspondent in the middle colonies, fully and regularly advised of the movements and operations of the British Government. He doubtless made these plaques and presented them to Washington and Franklin as a mark of his esteem for their characters and of his deep interest in the cause in which they were engaged; for the production of these elaborate and important pieces, eight and three quarter inches by seven and one eighth inches, could never have been undertaken for profit, the actual trade cost of the most simple ones being more than five pounds each. One of these minor flower-plaques is in the writer's cabinet. They are wonderful examples of the application of hard porcelain to works of great delicacy and beauty; for it will be un-

derstood that the entire design is in relief, the flowers being skilfully modeled with botanical accuracy.

Champion was one of the leaders in the movement caused by the political exigencies of the time, and was foremost in the strife in Bristol toward the close of 1769. He nominated Burke for Parliament at the famous election in November, 1774, which resulted in the return of Cruger and Burke, and the greatest work of his factory was the tea-service he made and presented to Mrs. Burke in commemoration of her husband's return as member for Bristol. The tea-pot of this service has been sold for £210, the milk-jug for £115, and a cup and saucer for £90, realizing the value of their weight in pure gold. The china-factory was not a financial success, and Champion abandoned it and left Bristol, November, 1781. The next spring Burke, upon being appointed paymaster-general by Lord Rockingham, named Champion as his deputy, and he held the office until the collapse of the ministry in 1784. Late in that year Champion sailed from England for South Carolina, where his brother-in-law, Caleb Lloyd, resided and had held the obnoxious office of stamp-distributer. He settled in Camden, became a planter, and was naturalized, and there he died October 7, 1791, the seventh anniversary of his sailing for America. The De Saussure family of South Carolina are his descendants, his only grandchild having married the only son of the eminent Chancellor De Saussure.

The remaining illustrations will be dismissed in a few words.

James Peale, a younger brother of Charles Willson Peale, was a very superior miniature-painter, excelling his elder brother in this branch of the art. He painted Washington at least three times, and possibly four times, from life. The last sitting was in 1795, when Charles Willson, his young sons Raphael and Rembrandt, and his brother James all painted Washington at the same time. Three sittings were given, and the profile engraved for this article is the result of one of them. It is painted in water-color upon a small piece of paper, and only the face is finished; but for repose and placid, quiet dignity it is unequaled by any other portrait of Washington. The writer feels himself fortunate in the ownership of this charming drawing.

The last known original portrait of Washington also accompanies this article, and the outline of the profile must be true to life. It was made with the physionotrace at Philadelphia in November, 1798, by C. B. F. de St. Memin. The outline, the size of life, was produced upon pink drawing-paper and then finished in crayon. From this drawing a reduced profile of any desired size could be obtained by the use of the pantograph, and St. Memin's chief business was to reproduce profiles on copper, in a circle of two inches diameter, from which prints were made, and which were the *carte-de-visite* photographs of the end of the last century. The head of Washington he, however, reduced to a very much smaller size, and used the impressions for commemorative mourning-rings after Washington's death. The original drawing, excellently rendered in facsimile from a photograph, did belong to Mr. J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, but since his death, a few years ago, no trace of it can be found.

Charles Henry Hart.

HEART OF HEARTS.

WILL you come to my heart of hearts? 'T is a path o'ergrown with rue,
Where rarely a footprint parts the mosses or dims the dew;
Yet there in the thorn tree cloven her nest hath a song-bird woven,
And deep in my heart of hearts the love-lights burn for you.

Would you wend from my heart of hearts? Shall I hold my guest my thrall?
Peace to the rose that starts wherever your footsteps fall!
But leaping in fitful flashes, the hearth-fire pants to ashes,
Shadow on bench and ingle, shadow on floor and wall.

All dark in my heart of hearts? Nay; we deemed the skies too far,
When we builded with rustic arts a roof for the storm to mar.
Only the wind at the latches, but in through thy broken thatches,
O shrine in my heart of hearts, gleams a glory-tinctured star.

Katharine Lee Bates.

PAINTED BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH. (SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

KILLING THE MOOSE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

MONSIEUR ALCIBIADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLOMANIACS," ETC.

TRANSPARENTLY gentle despot, who might have been led by the finger-tip of the youngest member of his class, was M. Alcibiade de St. Pierre, the Belhaven dancing-master, who gave also lessons in his native tongue. Nature had endowed him with a stationary scowl, his mustaches curled wildly, and he bore upon the brow a cicatrix that caused his pupils to liken him to the swashbuckler heroes of Dumas, Scott, or Cervantes. In outward appearance he was Aramis, Athos, Porthos, and D'Artagnan in one, with a dash of Le Balafré and Don Quixote thrown in.

Although this picturesque personage was a comparative newcomer in the town, the forebear of M. Alcibiade had arrived in America as pendant to an expedition supplying an interesting chapter of colonial history. Early in the spring of 1790 came into port at Belhaven a party of French immigrants engaged by Playfair, an English agent, and De Soissons, a nimble-tongued deceiver of his compatriots, in behalf of an enterprise organized in New England, and styled the Ohio Land Company, to people the wilderness near the mouth of the Kanawha River, beyond the western woods of Virginia. Among the travelers, whose weary hearts beat high with hope as they touched the shore of a fancied El Dorado, were men skilled in the exquisite handicrafts of a perfected civilization. Carvers there were of furniture like wooden lacework; beaters of fine brass fashioned into *rocaille* decorations; painters of shepherds piping to their fair, of Cupids turning somersaults in chains of roses; harpsichord-tuners; makers of gilded carriages; varnishers of panels that shone like mirrors; disciples of Boule and Martin; confectioners; perruquiers—and all, by a fine irony of fate, bound for a log-hut settlement, where the cry of savage beasts, or the war-whoop of the deadly Indian, was to be their nightly lullaby.

What eloquence had prevailed upon these hapless beings to believe they were to be the founders of a brave new Paris in the western hemisphere, their wily managers alone could tell. The first instalment of the five hundred Frenchmen said to have been thus deluded, numbering with their wives and children about sixty, after much waiting at Belhaven, their souls within them vexed by homesickness and hope deferred, split up into variously minded factions. Some pressed on, under charge of a long-delayed messenger of the company, to the frontier; others put their all into a return passage to France; and a few elected to remain and try their fortunes in the little town which in those days had no end of ambitious projects for future greatness.

One of these prudent ones was a gay old bachelor, Alcibiade St. Pierre, self-styled "Hair-Dresser to the Court of France." He opened a snug little shop, where the gentry of town and country dropped in to have their perukes dressed and tied, to be shorn, perfumed, and shampooed, after the latest fashions in vogue before Alcibiade had set sail for the New World. He was sometimes sent for to bleed, or to apply leeches, and his *mille-fleurs* graces impressed the townspeople mightily. As his trade increased, Alcibiade was called on to lament the sad fortunes of his fellow immigrants. Most of those who became frontiersmen had succumbed to want and hardships, had met the horrors of Indian massacre, or had gone under in the collapse of an international speculation that carried down its promoters in the crash. From those who returned to France had come dolorous accounts of commotion in their beloved capital. Decidedly, thought M. Alcibiade, it were better to stagnate in Belhaven than be forced by a mob in Paris to dress the head of some former patron upon a pike!

Simple-minded, kindly, cheery as *le petit homme gris*, the little hair-dresser became a great favorite. A trig Scotch lassie, daughter of a settler, having fallen in love with him, the father consented to the match on condition that the intended son-in-law would renounce his French patronymic and translate himself into plain "A. Peters" upon his sign and in his official signature. And thus it came to pass that, instead of the stylish frontispiece so flattering to town pride, there arose above the shop door an announcement remaining there until its blue and gold were dimmed by time:

A. PETERS, LADIES' AND GENTS' HAIR-DRESSER AND BARBER.

And, farther down:

WIGS AND TOUPETS.
DISEASES OF THE SCALP.
ONGUENTS AND SCENTS.
HAIR-POWDER, ROUGE, AND PATCHES.
ATTENDANCE AT HOUSE FOR BALLS AND ROUTS.

Also:

TEETH PULLED, AND LIVELY LEECHES CONSTANTLY IN STOCK.

By the smiles and blushes of his buxom bride the gallant Alcibiade considered himself well paid for his self-sacrifice. Continuing to prosper, he gave hostages to hair-dressing in the shape of several little lads who spoke English with a broad Scotch burr, French not at all, and, later in life, seized with nostalgia, emigrated with his family to end his days on the soil that gave him birth.

Old Mr. Peters had become a figment of tradition in the town when his grandson, the present Alcibiade, appeared upon the scene. To the ancestral St. Pierre the new representative had prefixed a patrician "de," vaguely explained as having been resumed by the family on recovering possession of estates lost in the French Revolution. To plain people in Belhaven this prefix was interpreted to be an initial letter D, doing duty for a middle name not given. As for the estates, they must have been limited to the amount aptly if not elegantly designated by the French Commandant Marin in the conference with the Half-King of the Six Nations, recorded by Washington in 1753, when he said, "Child, you talk foolish; there is not so much land as the black of my nail yours."

When first arrived in Belhaven, the poor Frenchman was indeed in a pitiable plight. The attention of the town was called to him by certain readings and recitations in his own language, advertised to be given in Lafayette Hall.

Gay Berkeley, who, with her maiden aunt Penelope, had gone into Mrs. Dibble's shop to purchase pens and writing-paper, picked up from the counter a document in manuscript that excited her amused curiosity. It was apparently a program, written on foolscap in a fine copperplate hand, and expressed in a queer French-English that would have been a credit to the manual known to fame as the "Portuguese Grammar and Guide to Polite Conversation."

On my arrival from the France, me Alcibiade de St. Pierre, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and ex-artist of the theaters of Paris, do make hurry to throw myself at the feet of illustrious citizens of Belhaven, with a presentment special of selections from the immortal Racine et Corneille, such presentment to have place Hall Lafayette, the Monday evening to follow. Receive, ladies and gentlemen, my distinguished hommages and impressed salutations your very humble serviteur.

"What in the world is this, Mrs. Dibble?" asked the young lady, with dimpling cheeks.

"Indeed, Miss Gay, I told the Chevalier that it would n't be long catchin' the eye o' my best customers," responded Mrs. Dibble, complacently. "I helped him out a bit with the words he did n't know. Dear heart, if it was n't only but for the handwritin', as good as Mr. Johnson's nephew that was put in State's prison for forgery, pore fellow, he that used to practise here with fine nibs an' broad nibs, writin' cards — spread eagles with your name in curlicues comin' out o' their beaks — an' true-lovers' knots an' doves, if 't was a new-married pair. Miss Penelope, I 'm ashamed to say I 'm clean out o' quills; but old Farmer Berry up at the cross-roads, the only one I can trust to pick the geese properly, 'll bring me a new lot to-morrow. Miss Gay, now, she 's new school, 'n uses steel — sand, ma'am? Yes; of course. The usual quantity? Here 's sweet note-paper, Miss Gay, just received from Baltimore, the tip o' the mode, they say — pale pink an' skim-milk blue. Plain white, did you say, miss? Yes; I 've some cream-laid, like you 've always used befo'. If you 've nothin' better to do, ladies, 't would be a charity to that pore Mounseer to patronize his performance a Monday night. If 't was only for old times' sake, Miss Penelope, ma'am; many 's the head he 's dressed — I mean his grandfather's dressed — for your fam'ly. Yes; old Mr. Peters's grandson, as I 'm alive, ma'am, an' the entertainment most genteel. Selections from Corneel an' Raycine; fifty cents for adults, twenty-five for children, an' a special reduction for ladies' schools. I thought there 'd be a chance to get the young gentlemen from Mr. Penhallow's Academy; but the Chevalier kinder shriveled up at the mention o' boys, an' said 't was too hard to keep up the true dignity o' the drama when they was present — Lord knows, since I took to keepin' sweet stuff in t' other winder, I 'm up to the ways o' boys. If it 's only a penny horse-cake — comin' back as bold as brass, with the hind legs eat off, declarin' they 's found a dead fly instead o' a currant for the eye, an' wantin' their money or another cake —"

"Do take some tickets, Aunt Pen," pleaded Gay.

"You know my sister does not approve of anything theatrical, my love," whispered Aunt Penelope. "Most of our church-members think with her. To be sure dear mama used often to tell us of the time when General Washington and his lady, and Miss and Master Custis, drove up to stop two nights at grandpapa's, expressly to attend 'The Tragedy of Douglas,' by Mr. Home, and a play called 'The Inconstant; or, The Way to Win Him.' Mama saw all the entertainments of the kind, I believe. It was thought of differently in those days."

"Doctor Falconer," ventured Gay, mentioning an eminent divine, "quoted, when he last drank tea with us, a passage from Racine. And

these are only recitations, auntie, no acting or costumes."

"Oh, in that case," said Aunt Penelope, taking out her purse, "you may give me four tickets, Mrs. Dibble, and you may invite two members of your French class, child. Seats in the second row, if you please, Mrs. Dibble. In a thing of this kind it is well to be near enough to study the expression of the performer's face; and one likes to forget the crowd when it 's poetry. I 'm sure sister Finetta will be pleased to hear about old Mr. Peters's grandson."

Lafayette Hall was a dingy, ill-lighted room over the second floor of the building in which Mrs. Dibble kept her shop. To the young people it was associated with the intermittent delights of performances by trained dogs and canaries; by Blind Tom, a negro pianist who could repeat every air suggested to him by the audience, and play better with his hands behind him than most of his hearers in the natural attitude; by the tuneful Hutchinson family, who stood in a row and warbled; by jugglers always interesting, and returned missionaries less alluring to the young; of May exhibitions of female seminaries, whereat the pupils in book-muslin with arbor-vitæ wreaths recited before applauding parents poems in honor of their queen, and were afterward regaled with lemonade and cake. It was there that Gay, as first lady-in-waiting, had once retired behind the queen's throne in tears, because her majesty had not scrupled to twit her with wearing one of Aunt Pen's muslins "made over"—which was too true.

Even now Gay could not divest herself of the exhilaration produced by the sight of that green baize curtain and the oil-lamps serving as footlights. When, on the evening of the Chevalier's *début*, she came into the hall, she nodded on every side to her friends, with a feeling that this was life. Mrs. Dibble, whose person was attired in grass-green *mousseline de laine*, with a wide collar of dotted net, trimmed with cotton lace, took tickets at the door; and in a conspicuously good seat sat Viney Piper, the little day-dressmaker, whose passion for the drama led her to patronize every respectable show that came to town. Viney had arrived upon the opening of the doors at six o'clock, and the performance was advertised to begin at half-past seven. She was an odd-looking, albino sort of creature, with pinkish eyes and eyelids, pale flaxen hair, and a hook-nose much to one side of her face. The Chevalier, entering the hall, had caught sight of her on his way to the rear of the stage, and forthwith executed a sweeping bow that Viney thought the perfection of foreign elegance.

When the hall was fairly filled, and the shuffling of feet announced the right degree of impatience on the part of the audience, the curtain, pulled up by the performer himself, rose upon a stage empty save for a small pine table displaying a white china water-pitcher and a goblet. M. Alcibiade, wearing a suit of rusty black, with a scarlet satin stock and white kid gloves, an order in his buttonhole, his hair fiercely ruffled, and his eyes gleaming at some foe unknown, holding a dinner-knife in his clenched hand, stalked on the scene. At this alarming apparition a little girl sitting by her mama burst into tears, and had to be consoled with gum-drops from the parental pocket, interspersed with audible assurances that the gentleman meant no harm. Opening his lips, Alcibiade poured forth a cataract of words, of which the most advanced French scholars in Miss Meechin's senior class could make neither head nor tail. He raved, he roared, he ranted; then seizing a goblet from the table, half-filled it with water, and, holding the dagger in his other hand, advanced to the footlights calling on Heaven to end his woes. At last, drinking the contents of the poisoned cup, he threw away the dinner-knife, and fell with a gurgling groan and a crash that made the lamps rattle in the chandelier. This, by agreement with Mrs. Dibble, was the signal for that worthy lady to hurry behind the scenes and let fall the curtain on the direful sight; but she, unfortunately, stood like a stock, averring afterward that her blood was that cruddled with awr she could n't 'a' budged a mite! Next, M. Alcibiade, coming slowly back to life, sat up to confront the audience with a smile of absolute fatuity; then scrambling to his feet, bowed, kissed his hand, and, going off, let the green baize descend on act the first.

It was long since Belhaven had enjoyed such a merry spectacle. The school-girls leading off with infectious giggles, every bench caught the contagion, and only Viney Piper, mopping real tears from her eyes, announced herself a connoisseur of true art.

The rest of the program, although less explosive, met with hysterically suppressed mirth. Before its close, indeed, the audience had filtered slowly from the hall, leaving only the faithful Viney and Mrs. Dibble, the newspaper-carrier (who was stone-deaf), a scrub-woman with her baby in arms, and a few citizens who exacted their money's worth.

It was evident that provincial taste had not been educated to the dramatic standard of old Mr. Peters's grandson. Alcibiade, failing in other occupations, sank from poverty to want. One day when Miss Viney Piper, arriving at the Berkeleys' house in Princess Royal street, had established herself in the sewing-room, the ladies in submissive attitudes before her, the

little dressmaker could hardly wait to dispose of business before introducing the subject near her heart.

"Just keep on running up them skirt-widths, Miss Gay; an' Miss Penelope, ma'am, you could be gofferin' that sleeve while I get the body ready to try on," she said, marshaling her forces like a general in command. "Did you hear the news—that old Mr. Peters's grandson ain't expected to live the day out? Fairly starved, I reckon, 'fore he 'd let Mrs. Dibble know, an' he sleepin' in a hole of an attic at the Drovers' Hotel—kinder low fever, nothin' catchin', the doctor says, but nothin' to bring him up again. Such a beautiful genius he is, ma'am, an' a temper like a child, for all he looks so fierce."

"Starving! What do you mean, Viney?" said Miss Penelope, excitedly. "Go, Gay, fetch me my bonnet and mantilla, and help Susan to pack a basket with some things. How comes it that nobody knew?"

"It 's all right for the present, Miss Penelope, ma'am," said Viney, blushing. "That 's what 's kep' me a little late this mornin'. I took up a few trifles, an' Mrs. Dibble she 's got somebody to mind the store, and is to stay with him all day. But if you 'd let Peggy put on a chicken to boil down for jelly, it would n't be wasted if—" here she swallowed once or twice and stabbed her pincushion—"if the pore Mounseer can't make no use of it."

The "pore Mounseer," however, surviving the day under Mrs. Dibble's kindly care, and finding no lack of nourishment during the days that followed, was, with the assistance of a subscription among some charitable people, transferred in the course of a week to a spare room let to single gentlemen by Mrs. Piper, Viney's mother, which by happy accident had been recently vacated.

The Pipers lived in one of the small frame-houses built to open directly upon the moss-encircled bricks set diagonally in the ancient sidewalk of a modest street. Their door-stone of white marble was accounted in the neighborhood a badge of distinguishing elegance, as was also a small brass oval serving as a bell-pull, when most people used knockers, or "knuckles," the gossips would aver. The late Mr. Piper had been a seafaring man, and had risen to be first mate of the brig *Polly and Nancy*, when, on a return voyage from Cadiz with a cargo of fruit, salt, and wines, bound for Belhaven port, he was swept overboard in a hurricane and lost.

The best room of the little house, into which one stepped out of the street direct, was a sort of marine museum like a chill grotto, suggesting a mermaid's clutch or the grip of shark's teeth. Here Mrs. Piper did not care to raise the shades, except at one side window permanently darkened by a trellis overgrown with a vine of the Isabella grape. The children of Miss Viney's customers liked to be sent to make appointments with that busy little body; for Mrs. Piper, too deaf to answer questions, and droning her explanations in a sing-song voice, always showed them around the museum with great affability. The old woman usually sat in a clean kitchen opening upon the back yard, where, under the damson-trees and amid the hundred-leaf rose-bushes, were constructed little winding walks, edged with shells, and leading up to seats made of a whale's backbone.

After the Chevalier de St. Pierre had succeeded in obtaining classes in dancing and deportment that enabled him to live, and had settled down to become a fixture in the widow's house, his spare moments were given to cultivating flowers in the beds between the shell-bordered walks. Everything grows easily in soft Belhaven air, and soon the Pipers' garden became a proverb in the place. Mrs. Piper's only complaint against her lodger was couched in the expressive phrase, "The Lord knows how often he empties his water-jug"; but even a distaste for ablution yielded in time to the insistent cleanliness of his surroundings. Sometimes, to cheer "Madame Pipère" in her solitude, Alcibiade would descend to the kitchen and proffer to the old woman, knitting in her sunny window-seat, "a leetle divertissement from ze classique drama of La France." He had a *vrai* inspiration for the stage, St. Pierre confessed to Viney, and but for political intrigue would be now in his rightful place on the boards of the Théâtre Français. These exhibitions, repeating the celebrated performance of his début at Lafayette Hall, were as deeply and religiously admired by the widow as by her daughter.

One day occurred a variant upon the usual exercise. Alcibiade had always treated poor lank Viney as if she were one of the great ladies of the court in bondage to his ancestor's curling-tongs; but she was unprepared for the scene that greeted her return when, having stepped down to Slater's for a spool of "forty" cotton, she found the Chevalier, in his best black suit, wearing white kid gloves, and holding a bouquet in one hand, kneeling at Mrs. Piper's feet and kissing her finger-tips with reverence.

"I ask you, madame, for the hand of your beautiful and admirable child in marriage," was what Viney and the whole neighborhood within ear-shot heard him roar.

Viney, with all her good qualities, was a bit of a virago. The absurdity of the proceeding, and the sense that her adjacent acquaintances were laughing at her affairs, flooded her thin skin with blushes, and her soul with anger. While Mrs. Piper, scared out of her wits, was

about to open her lips for a feeble screech, Viney whisked into the kitchen, snatched Alcibiade's bouquet, threw it away into a parsley-bed, and boxed the professor's ears.

"You 'd better believe I give 'im a piece of my mind," she narrated afterward to Miss Penelope and Gay. "But, bless you, he cried so pitiful, an' begged our pardons so kind o' honorable, I had not the heart to turn him out o' the house like I threatened to. Them white kids, Miss Gay! An' at his age, an' mine! The notion 's too cryin' ridic'lous." And she snapped a seam into the beak of her sewing-bird with vicious emphasis, giving at the same time a sidelong glance into the mirror, and a complacent toss of the head.

No one could be long in the Chevalier's company without discovering that a very dove of gentleness and affectionate gratitude dwelt in his gaunt envelop of flesh. So, restraining his pretensions as a lover, he meekly accepted Miss Viney's fiat, and went about the town looking as warlike as ever, but inwardly carrying a broken spirit. One of his dancing-class encountered him crossing a windy common in the suburbs of the town pursued by a flock of geese, from whose sibilant obloquy he was making nervous efforts to escape; and it was known to the boys and girls that the Chevalier was always alarmed by the apparition of a spider or a cow. No wonder the young people decided that Alcibiade had been reduced to pulp by Miss Viney's vigorous rejection of his suit. The little dressmaker's peppery temper was familiar to the offspring of her customers, from whom she would stand no trifling around her temporary throne in their respective households.

When the war between the States broke out, Viney seemed to have found her destined vocation as a red-hot secessionist. Not very clear, fundamentally, as to what she resented on the part of the national authorities at the other end of the Long Bridge, some eight miles away, she threw out her rebel banner on the wall, sang "Dixie" in her shrill treble, declaimed, protested, and, in short, kept everybody in her vicinity in a boiling state of excitement about the condition of political affairs. When the Belhaven regiments went on to Richmond or Manassas, Viney stitched her fingers to the bone making shirts for them, while Mrs. Piper knit socks of gray wool as fast as her needles could fly. They also turned out a number of the white linen havelocks and gaiters adopted by one of the companies and afterward discarded as a too shining mark for opposing riflemen. Viney trotted to the train to see the boys go off, and stood there in the crowd, cheering and waving with the best. As she watched the last car recede on two gleaming lines of steel, its rear platform thronged with gesticulating shapes in gray, she felt her heart inflate and her stature grow with a yearning desire to go out and fight or do something helpful in their ranks.

When she turned to walk home that afternoon of balmy spring, there, haunting her footsteps, was the faithful Alcibiade. He looked into her watery blue eyes as if imploring to be allowed to speak his sympathy.

"Have it out, an' be done with it, for gracious sake," said Viney, pettishly. His smooth-finished black coat, his waxed mustache, the bunch of jonquils in his buttonhole, fretted her beyond endurance.

"Those tears for the brave they are a benison," said Alcibiade, sentimentally. "Who would not be inspired by them to deeds of glory?"

"It 's not the boys I 'm cryin' for," said Viney. "It 's us that are left behind and have got to put our necks under the vandal's heel." That "vandal" afforded a famous outlet for secession wrath in those days; it may be doubted whether the war could have been carried on without him. "Oh! if 't worn't for mother, d' ye think I 'd stay? I 'd go to-morrow, an' carry a water-pail to fill canteens; or I 'd nurse in hospitals — or anything."

"It is a noble, a sacred cause," replied the Chevalier, looking down at the toe of his varnished boot to avoid the needle-point of her eye. "You will permit me, *chère* Mees Viney, to mingle with yours my prayers for its success? When I think that this Virginia that has sheltered two exiles of our house — my ancestor, who came here to find a home, a bride, a thousand friends, a thousand tendernesses; and me, less fortunate, but ever grateful for the hour that brought you, an angel of goodness, to my rescue in distress — "

"That 's neither here nor there," interrupted Viney, cruelly. "Besides, it was as much Mrs. Dibble as me, anyway."

"But you will not deny me the privilege of sharing your patriotic anxiety for the welfare of the troops? You will allow my heart to beat in unison with yours?"

"Nobody ain't a-preventin' your heart doin' what it pleases," said the uncompromising lady of his love, now fairly out of patience with his phrasing. "But it 's deeds, not words, that show what a man 's worth nowadays. When I think what a fool I used to be 'bout fine talkin', an' how I believed if a feller spread himself in speechifyin' he was boun' to be a hero, it makes me fairly sick. I 'd rather have the little finger o' one o' them privates that 's in the train we hear whistlin' up yonder — bless their souls! — than the whole body of a dandy Jim that stays at home. But, law me! I 'm foolish talkin' such stuff to *you*."

Foolish and manifestly unjust, we will agree with her. But Viney's seed was not sown upon barren soil, as we shall see. From that date the Chevalier's mustaches lost their jaunty curl, his eye its martial fire. The dancing-school declining with the growth of military rule in town, his occupation was chiefly to walk along the streets picking up such rumors and crumbs of gossip about the movements of either army as might bring a spark of interest into the orbs of Miss Viney on his return to the widow's house.

The days of June wore on, and Viney's temper, taxed by anxiety about the issue of the approaching battle, became more tart, her taunts more frequent; but the Chevalier suddenly seemed to take heart and to walk with a firmer tread. One night he did not return to sleep in his tidy bedroom, and Viney, going into it, found a letter addressed to herself upon the table.

Adieu, my benefactress, beautiful inspiration of my unworthy life [the Chevalier had written], I fly to win the approval of your noble tears or to sleep eternally upon the soldier's bloody couch. To you, in this supreme moment, I dare avow a truth for which my manhood does not blush — that I have, until now, held back because of a weakness of temperament that made my soul blanch at thought of the soldier's baptism of fire. Now that the struggle is over, I am resolved to ally myself with the armies of the South, that has given me a shelter, and given me you, adored one, whose hand I embrace in spirit, with that of your respected mother; to whom, and to you, the salutations the most distinguished of your all-devoted ALCIBIADE.

"The land o' Dixie!" cried out Miss Viney. "If that pore creeter 's in earnest I 'll never draw a free breath till he gets back."

M. Alcibiade was very much in earnest. A few days later Miss Viney had a visit from a lawyer who informed her that the Frenchman, before going through the lines to enlist in the Southern army, had caused to be drawn up a will bequeathing to her some hundreds of dollars which by frugality and care he had saved during his residence beneath their roof. Viney had an honest crying fit after the lawyer left, and, putting on her bonnet, sped down to Princess Royal street to take counsel with the Misses Berkeley as to the best way of tracing the absent one and conveying to him some token of her appreciation and regard. Those ladies could give her little hope. They promised, however, to write recommending Alcibiade to the care and kind offices of their friends in Belhaven regiments, should the Frenchman find his way among his old acquaintances and pupils; and with this Viney was forced to be content.

After Bull Run, Manassas; and after Manassas, a breathing-space in which North and South held themselves in check, dreading to pierce the veil shadowing the future of the conflict. In the dusk of a warm summer evening, when Viney had carried out a bucket of fresh water with which to drench and cool the already clean bit of pavement appertaining to their front door, a country wagon with a hooded canopy of canvas, drawn by mules and driven by a long-legged rustic in a linen duster, wearing a broad straw hat, pulled up beside the curb. Inside was heard the cackle of resentful fowls. The driver, carrying a basket of eggs, leaned over and accosted her:

"No; I don't want anything to-day, I 'm 'bliged to ye," began Viney — and broke down with a gasp. "Good Lord! It 's you, Mounseer?"

"It is, charming Mees Viney," said the pretended farmer, with a warm grasp of her hand. "Hush! Not a word that the neighbors can overhear."

"But I don't understand; you are not in the army, after all?"

"There are ways and ways of being a soldier," he went on in a low whisper. "Believe me when I tell you I have kept my word. Take a few of these eggs and count them into a dish or basket — yes; your apron will do — that I may go on talking without fear. Then I will find it troublesome to gif you change."

"But where in the land did you come from?" she asked, burning with curiosity.

"*Ma foi*, from a Union camp, to-day, where the soldiers have left me little to sell to you, *belle dame*. To-morrow at daybreak — for I shall find fresh mules outside the town — I present myself to a general whom a Frenchman is proud to serve — ze peerless Beauregard."

"You are — you are —" she began, her face blanched, her teeth chattering.

"Never mind what I am; let me but look once more upon that face of which I so often dream, and then I must hasten away."

"Oh, go, go!" she pleaded. "It was perfect madness for you to come here. Not ten minutes ago a patrol of Yankee soldiers walked down this street."

"Bah!" he said, with a shrug, "have I not enjoyed the company of their compatriots all day? But for your sake I will go. Have no fear, *belle* Viney; you will hear from me again."

Was this the timid, the cringing Alcibiade, Viney asked herself all through a sleepless night. Many and many a night thereafter she was destined to toss and wonder as to his fate. In the autumn she had a line from him, left by a wood-seller from far up in the interior of the county; he was safe and well, and still in the service of the employer who retained him when

he had seen her last; and he was always her devoted and faithful A. de St. P.

After that a blank of long years extending to the close of the dreadful war.

Viney had given him up for dead, of course; had put on mourning and made her mother do the same; and everybody said how strange it was that Viney Piper should make all that fuss about a man that just walked out of her house one day and gave her the "go-by" without a word. She could never persuade herself to touch a penny of his bequest, but had consulted her confidante, Miss Penelope, about the propriety of using it for a fine monument to be erected to his memory in the Belhaven graveyard, when the correspondent of a New York paper, mousing around the old Virginia town for material, announced to the public that he had discovered the identity of the famous and daring rebel scout, Peters, who, after countless adventures, and escaping the noose a dozen times by a miracle, had disappeared from sight. This dashing character, it was confidently stated, was none other than a so-called French dancing-master, known at the time as St. Pierre, who had lived in Belhaven pursuing his harmless occupation for some years prior to the war.

In the comments of the press upon this announcement more than one reminiscence of Peters was soon given currency; and presently the editor of a journal in an obscure western town wrote to the New York paper that Peters, *alias* St. Pierre, *alias* no-one-knew-what beside, was then actually residing in the family of a charitable Frenchman of his locality, having survived a wound and an imprisonment that had left him helpless upon his benefactor's hands.

When this was published Viney's friends saw the little woman smile. Then she cried, then she fell down on her knees and thanked God for his mercy, and lastly she packed her little trunk, and set off for Illinois.

"You have come to me, and I was too proud to bring the remains of me to you, *belle* Viney!" said Alcibiade, when she arrived. "It is enough for me to see you, to forget that prison where I laid so long."

Poor little, homely Viney was utterly overcome. She took his thin hand, with the claw-like fingers, and, stooping down, kissed it and cried over it.

"Lord, lay not this sin to my door!" she said, gazing on the wreck before her with a sudden, bitter self-reproach. "O Mounseer, tell me that you forgive me for what I drove you to, for I 'll never forgive myself."

"Listen to me, Mees Viney," the Frenchman said, looking about him anxiously to see that no one overheard. "You have done for me what a thousand times, in peril of my neck, in cold, in hunger, in a prison cell, I have thanked you for—you have made of me a man! *Bon Dieu*, a man!"

Viney brought him back to the little chamber beneath the roof of Mrs. Piper's house, where the two women nursed him into comparative comfort; health he might never fully know again. In summer-time, his chair rolled out upon one of the shell-bordered walks, he would remain gazing in absolute content upon Viney sitting on the door-step with her work. In his eyes she was always beautiful; and when, with many misgivings, she one day consented to let Dr. Falconer, with Miss Penelope and Gay as witnesses, step into the grotto of marine curiosities and make her Madame Alcibiade, the ex-spy straightened up with something of his old dancing-master's grace.

"*Tiens!* I have won the flower of womanhood," he said. And so he thought to the last.

Constance Cary Harrison.

A TIRED HEART.

SOMETIMES I cry: "Oh, give my tired heart rest!
It is so weary of the throb and pain
Of loving, weary of the stress and strain
Of care for others. Pluck love from it, lest
It faint beneath the burden on it pressed;
As one takes work away from hand or brain,
Saying, 'Rest a little, then work on again;'
So take love from this thing within my breast;
Give it from all its struggle glad release;
Calm its wild beats; and soothe its restless cry!"
Then to myself my tired heart makes reply:
"O foolish one, should all my loving cease,
Thou wouldst have rest as clods and stones have peace,
Lifeless, inert—for without love I die!"

Bessie Chandler.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

IX. (Continued.)

KATE saw little of Tarvin during the next few days. Mrs. Estes made her known at the palace, and she had plenty to occupy her mind and heart. There she stepped bewilderedly into a land where it was always twilight—a labyrinth of passages, courtyards, stairs, and hidden ways, all overflowing with veiled women, who peered at her and laughed behind her back, or childishly examined her dress, her helmet, and her gloves. It seemed impossible that she should ever know the smallest part of the vast warren, or distinguish one pale face from another in the gloom, as the women led her through long lines of lonely chambers where the wind sighed alone under the glittering ceilings, to hanging gardens two hundred feet above the level of the ground, but still jealously guarded by high walls, and down again, by interminable stairways, from the glare and the blue of the flat roofs to silent subterranean chambers hewn against the heat of the summer sixty feet into the heart of the living rock. At every step she found women and children, and yet more women and children. The palace was reported to hold within its walls four thousand living, and no man knew how many buried, dead.

There were many women,—how many she did not know,—worked upon by intrigues she could not comprehend, who refused her ministrations absolutely. They were not ill, they said, and the touch of the white woman meant pollution. Others there were who thrust their children before her and bade her bring color and strength back to these pale buds born in the darkness; and terrible, fierce-eyed girls who leaped upon her out of the dark, overwhelming her with passionate complaints that she did not and dared not understand. Monstrous and obscene pictures glared at her from the walls of the little rooms, and the images of shameless gods mocked her from their greasy niches above the doorways. The heat and the smell of cooking, faint fumes of incense, and the indescribable taint of overcrowded humanity, caught her by the throat. But what she heard and what she guessed sickened her more than any visible horror. Plainly it was one thing to be stirred to generous action by a vivid recital of the state of the women of India, another to face the unutterable fact in the isolation of the women's apartments of the palace of Rhatore.

Tarvin meanwhile was going about spying out the land on a system which he had contrived for himself. It was conducted on the principle of exhaustion of the possibilities in the order of their importance—every movement which he made having the directest, though not always the most obvious, relation to the Naulahka.

He was free to come and go through the royal gardens, where innumerable and very seldom paid gardeners fought with water-skin and well-wheel against the destroying heat of the desert. He was welcomed in the Maharajah's stables, where eight hundred horses were littered down nightly, and was allowed to watch them go out for their morning exercise, four hundred at a time, in a whirlwind of dust. In the outer courts of the palace it was open to him to come and go as he chose—to watch the toilets of the elephants when the Maharajah went out in state, to laugh with the quarter-guard, and to unearth dragon-headed, snake-throated pieces of artillery, invented by native artificers, who, here in the East, had dreamed of the *mitrailleuse*. But Kate could go where he was forbidden to venture. He knew the life of a white woman to be as safe in Rhatore as in Topaz; but on the first day she disappeared, untroubled and unquestioning, behind the darkness of the veiled door leading to the apartments of the women of the palace, he found his hand going instinctively to the butt of his revolver.

The Maharajah was an excellent friend, and no bad hand at pachisi; but as Tarvin sat opposite him, half an hour later, he reflected that he should not recommend the Maharajah's life for insurance if anything happened to his love while she remained in those mysterious chambers from which the only sign that came to the outer world was a ceaseless whispering and rustling. When Kate came out, the little Maharaj Kunwar clinging to her hand, her face was

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

white and drawn, and her eyes full of indignant tears. She had seen.

Tarvin hastened to her side, but she put him from her with the imperious gesture that women know in deep moments, and fled to Mrs. Estes.

Tarvin felt himself for the moment rudely thrust out of her life. The Maharaj Kunwar found him that evening pacing up and down the veranda of the rest-house, almost sorry that he had not shot the Maharajah for bringing that look into Kate's eyes. With deep-drawn breath he thanked his God that he was there to watch and defend, and, if need were, to carry off, at the last, by force. With a shudder he fancied her here alone, save for the distant care of Mrs. Estes.

"I have brought this for Kate," said the child, descending from his carriage cautiously, with a parcel that filled both his arms. "Come with me there."

Nothing loath, Tarvin came, and they drove over to the house of the missionary.

"All the people in my palace," said the child as they went, "say that she 's your Kate."

"I 'm glad they know that much," muttered Tarvin to himself, savagely. "What 's this you have got for her?" he asked the Maharaj aloud, laying his hand on the parcel.

"It is from my mother, the Queen — the real Queen, you know, because I am the Prince. There is a message, too, that I must not tell." He began to whisper, childlike, to himself, to keep the message in mind.

Kate was in the veranda when they arrived, and her face brightened a little at sight of the child.

"Tell my guard to stand back out of the garden. Go, and wait in the road."

The carriage and troopers withdrew. The child, still holding Tarvin's hand, held out the parcel to Kate.

"It is from my mother," he said. "You have seen her. This man need not go. He is"— he hesitated a little — "of your heart, is he not? Your speech is his speech."

Kate flushed, but did not attempt to set the child right. What could she say?

"And I am to tell this," he continued, "first before everything, till you quite understand." He spoke hesitatingly, translating out of his own vernacular as he went on, and drawing himself to his full height, as he cleared the cluster of emeralds from his brow. "My mother, the Queen,— the real Queen,— says, 'I was three months at this work. It is for you, because I have seen your face. That which has been made may be unraveled against our will, and a gipsy's hands are always picking. For the love of the gods look to it that a gipsy unravels nothing that I have made, for it is my life and soul to me. Protect this work of mine that comes from me — a cloth nine years upon the loom.' I know more English than my mother," said the child, dropping into his ordinary speech.

Kate opened the parcel, and unrolled a crude yellow and black comforter, with a violent crimson fringe, clumsily knitted. With such labors the queens of Gokral Seetarun were wont to beguile their leisure.

"That is all," said the child. But he seemed unwilling to go. There was a lump in Kate's throat, as she handled the pitiful gift. Without warning the child, never loosening for a moment his grip on Tarvin's hand, began to repeat the message word by word, his little fingers tightening on Tarvin's fist as he went on.

"Say I am very grateful indeed," said Kate, a little puzzled, and not too sure of her voice.

"That was not the answer," said the child; and he looked appealingly at his tall friend, the new Englishman.

The idle talk of the commercial travelers in the veranda of the rest-house flashed through Tarvin's mind. He took a quick pace forward, and laid his hand on Kate's shoulder, whispering huskily:

"Can't you see what it means? It 's the boy — the cloth nine years on the loom."

"But what can I do?" cried Kate, bewildered.

"Look after him. Keep on looking after him. You are quick enough in most things. Sitabhai wants his life. See that she does n't get it."

Kate began to understand a little. Everything was possible in that awful palace, even child-murder. She had already guessed the hate that lives between childless and mother queens. The Maharaj Kunwar stood motionless in the twilight, twinkling in his jeweled robes.

"Shall I say it again?" he asked.

"No, no, no, child! No!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees before him, and snatching his little figure to her breast, with a sudden access of tenderness and pity. "O Nick! what shall we do in this horrible country?" She began to cry.

"Ah!" said the Maharaj, utterly unmoved, "I was to go when I saw that you cried." He lifted up his voice for the carriage and troopers, and departed, leaving the shabby comforter on the floor.

Kate was sobbing in the half darkness. Neither Mrs. Estes nor her husband was within just then. That little "we" of hers went through Tarvin with a sweet and tingling ecstasy. He stooped and took her in his arms, and for that which followed Kate did not rebuke him.

"We 'll pull through together, little girl," he whispered to the shaken head on his shoulder.

X.

DEAR FRIEND: That was very unkind of you, and you have made my life harder. I know I was weak. The child upset me. But I must do what I came for, and I want you to strengthen me, Nick, not hinder me. Don't come for a few days, please. I need all I am or hope to be for the work I see opening here. I think I can really do some good. Let me, please.— KATE.

Tarvin read fifty different meanings into this letter, received the following morning, and read them out again. At the end of his conjectures he could be sure only of one thing — that in spite of that moment's weakness, Kate was fixed upon her path. He could not yet prevail against her steadfast gentleness, and perhaps it would be better not to try. Talks in the veranda, and sentinel-like prowlings about her path when she went to the palace, were pleasant enough, but he had not come to Rhatore to tell her that he loved her. Topaz, in whose future the other half of his heart was bound up, knew that secret long ago, and — Topaz was waiting for the coming of the Three C.'s, even as Nick was waiting on Kate's comings and goings. The girl was unhappy, overstrained, and despairing, but since—he thanked God always — he was at hand to guard her from the absolute shock of evil fate, she might well be left for the moment to Mrs. Estes's comfort and sympathy.

She had already accomplished something in the guarded courts of the women's quarters, for the Maharaj Kunwar's mother had intrusted her only son's life to her care (who could help loving and trusting Kate?); but for his own part, what had he done for Topaz beyond — he looked toward the city — playing pachisi with the Maharajah? The low morning sun flung the shadow of the rest-house before him. The commercial travelers came out one by one, gazed at the walled bulk of Rhatore, and cursed it. Tarvin mounted his horse, of which much more hereafter, and ambled toward the city to pay his respects to the Maharajah. It was through him, if through any one, that he must possess himself of the Naulahka; he had been anxiously studying him, and shrewdly measuring the situation, and he now believed that he had formed a plan through which he might hope to make himself solid with the Maharajah — a plan which, whether it brought him the Naulahka or not, would at least allow him the privilege of staying at Rhatore. This privilege certain broad hints of Colonel Nolan's had seemed to Tarvin of late plainly to threaten, and it had become clear to him that he must at once acquire a practical and publishable object for his visit, if he had to rip up the entire state to find it. To stay, he must do something in particular. What he had found to do was particular enough; it should be done forthwith, and it should bring him first the Naulahka, and then — if he was at all the man he took himself for — Kate!

As he approached the gates he saw Kate, in a brown habit, riding with Mrs. Estes out of the missionary's garden.

"You need n't be afraid, dear. I sha'n't bother you," he said to himself, smiling at the dust-cloud rising behind her, as he slackened his pace. "But I wonder what 's taking you out so early."

The misery within the palace walls which had sent her half weeping to Mrs. Estes represented only a phase of the work for which Kate had come. If the wretchedness was so great under the shadow of the throne, what must the common folk endure? Kate was on her way to the hospital.

"There is only one native doctor at the hospital," Mrs. Estes was saying, as they went along, "and of course he 's only a native; that is to say, he is idle."

"How can any one be idle here?" her companion cried, as the stored heat from under the city gates beat across their temples.

"Every one grows idle so soon in Rhatore," returned Mrs. Estes, with a little sigh, thinking of Lucien's high hopes and strenuous endeavors, long since subdued to a mild apathy.

Kate sat her horse with the assured seat of a Western girl who has learned to ride and to walk at the same time. Her well-borne little figure had advantages on horseback. The glow of resolve lighting her simply framed face at the moment lent it a spiritual beauty; and she was warmed by the consciousness that she drew near her purpose and the goal of two years' working and dreaming. As they rounded a curve in the main street of the city, a crowd was seen waiting at the foot of a flight of red sandstone steps rising to the platform of a whitewashed house three stories in height, on which appeared the sign, "State Dispensary." The letters leaned against one another, and drooped down over each side of the door.

A sense of the unreality of it all came over Kate as she surveyed the crowd of women, clad in vermilion, dull-red, indigo, saffron, blue, pink, and turquoise garments of raw silk. Almost every woman held a child on her hip, and a low wailing cry rose up as Kate drew rein. The women clustered about her stirrup, caught at her foot, and thrust their babies into her arms. She took one little one to her breast, and hushed it tenderly; it was burnt and dry with fever.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Estes; "there is

smallpox in the hills behind us, and these people have no notion of precautions."

Kate, listening to the cry of the women, did not answer. A portly, white-bearded native, in a brown camel's hair dressing-gown and patent-leather boots, came out of the dispensary, thrusting the women right and left, and bowing profoundly.

"You are new lady doctor?" he said. "Hospital is quite ready for inspection. Stand back from the miss sahib!" he shouted in the vernacular, as Kate slipped to the ground, and the crowd closed about her. Mrs. Estes remained in the saddle, watching the scene.

A woman of the desert, very tall, gold-colored, and scarlet-lipped, threw back her face-cloth, caught Kate by the wrist, and made as if she would drag her away, crying aloud fiercely in the vernacular. The trouble in her eyes was not to be denied. Kate followed unresisting, and, as the crowd parted, saw a camel kneeling in the roadway. On its back a gaunt skeleton of a man was muttering, and picking aimlessly at the nail-studded saddle. The woman drew herself up to full height, and, without a word, flung herself down upon the ground, clasping Kate's feet. Kate stooped to raise her, her under lip quivering, and the doctor from the steps shouted cheerfully:

"Oh, that is all right. He is confirmed lunatic, her husband. She is always bringing him here."

"Have you done nothing, then?" cried Kate, turning on him angrily.

"What *can* do? She will not leave him here for treatment so I may blister him."

"Blister him!" murmured Kate to herself, appalled, as she caught the woman's hands and held them firmly. "Tell her that I say he must be left here," she said aloud. The doctor conveyed the command. The woman took a deep breath, and stared at Kate under level brows for a full half-minute. Then she carried Kate's hand to the man's forehead, and sat down in the dust, veiling her head.

Kate, dumb under these strange expressions of the workings of the Eastern mind, stared at her for a moment, with an impulse of the compassion which knows no race, before she bent and kissed her quietly on the forehead.

"Carry this man up," she said, pointing; and he was carried up the steps and into the hospital, his wife following like a dog. Once she turned and spoke to her sisters below, and there went up a little chorus of weeping and laughter.

"She says," said the doctor, beaming, "that she will kill any one who is impolite to you. Also, she will be the nurse of your son."

Kate paused to say a word to Mrs. Estes, who was bound on an errand further into the city; then she mounted the steps with the doctor.

"Now, will you see the hospital?" he asked. "But first let me introduce. I am Lalla Dhunpat Rai, Licentiate Medicine, from the Duff College. I was first native my province that took that degree. That was twenty years ago."

Kate looked at him wonderingly. "Where have you been since?" she asked.

"Some time I stayed in my father's house. Then I was clerk in medical stores in British India. But his Highness have graciously given me this appointment, which I hold now."

Kate lifted her eyebrows. This, then, was to be her colleague. They passed into the hospital together in silence, Kate holding the skirt of her riding-habit clear of the accumulated grime of the floor.

Six roughly made pallets, laced with hide and string, stood in the filthy central courtyard of the house, and on each cot a man, swathed in a white sheet, tossed and moaned and jabbered. A woman entered with a pot full of rancid native sweetmeats, and tried vainly to make one of the men eat of her delicacies. In the full glare of the sunlight stood a young man almost absolutely unclothed, his hands clasped behind his head, trying to outstare the sun. He began a chant, broke off, and hurried from bed to bed, shouting to each words that Kate could not understand. Then he returned to his place in the center, and took up his interrupted song.

"He is confirmed lunatic, also," said the doctor. "I have blistered and cupped him very severely, but he will not go away. He is quite harmless, except when he does not get his opium."

"Surely you don't allow the patients opium!" exclaimed Kate.

"*Of course* I allow opium. Otherwise they would die. All Rajputs eat opium."

"And you?" asked Kate, with horror.

"Once I did not — when I first came. But now —" He drew a smooth-worn tin tobacco-box from his waist, and took from it what appeared to Kate a handful of opium-pills.

Despair was going over her in successive waves. "Show me the women's ward," she said wearily.

"Oh, they are all up-stairs and down-stairs and round about," returned the doctor, casually.

"And the maternity cases?" she asked.

"They are in casual ward."

"Who attends to them?"

"They do not like me; but there is very clever woman from the outside — she comes in."

"Has she any training — any education?"

"She is much esteemed in her own village," said the doctor. "She is here now, if you wish to see."

"Where?" demanded Kate.

Dhunpat Rai, somewhat uneasy in his mind,

made haste to lead the way up a narrow staircase to a closed door, from behind which came the wail of a new life.

Kate flung the door open wrathfully. In that particular ward of the State Hospital were the clay and cow-dung images of two gods, which the woman in charge was besprinkling with marigold buds. Every window, every orifice that might admit a breath of air, was closed, and the birth-fire blazed fiercely in one corner, its fumes nearly asphyxiating Kate as she entered.

What happened between Kate and the much-esteemed woman will never be known. The girl did not emerge for half an hour. But the woman came out much sooner, disheveled, and cackling feebly.

After this Kate was prepared for anything, even for the neglected condition of the drugs in the dispensary,—the mortar was never cleaned, and every prescription carried to the patient many more drugs than were written for him,—and for the foul, undrained, uncleaned, unlighted, and unventilated rooms which she entered one after another hopelessly. The patients were allowed to receive their friends as they would, and to take from their hands whatever misguided kindness offered. When death came, the mourners howled in chorus about the cot, and bore the naked body through the courtyard, amid the jeers of the lunatic, to carry to the city what infection Heaven willed.

There was no isolation of infectious cases during the progress of the disease, and children scourged with ophthalmia played light-heartedly with the children of the visitors or among diphtheria-beds. At one point, and one point only, the doctor was strong; he was highly successful in dealing with the very common trouble entered on the day-book as "loin-bite." The wood-cutters and small traders who had occasion to travel through the lonely roads of the state were not infrequently struck down by tigers, and in these cases the doctor, discarding the entire English pharmacopœia, fell back on simples of proved repute in the neighboring villages, and wrought wonders. None the less, it was necessary to convey to him that in future there would be only one head of the State Hospital, that her orders must be obeyed without question, and that her name was Miss Kate Sheriff.

The doctor, reflecting that she attended on the women of the court, offered no protest. He had been through many such periods of reform and reorganization, and knew that his own inertia and a smooth tongue would carry him through many more. He bowed and assented, allowing Kate's reproaches to pass over his head, and parrying all questions with the statement:

"This hospital only allowed one hundred and fifty rupees per mensem from state revenues. How can get drugs all the way from Calcutta for that?"

"*I* am paying for this order," said Kate, writing out a list of needed drugs and appliances on the desk in the bath-room, which was supposed to serve as an office; "and I shall pay for whatever else I think necessary."

"Order going through me offeecially?" suggested Dhunpat Rai, with his head on one side.

Unwilling to raise unnecessary obstacles, Kate assented. With those poor creatures lying in the rooms about her unwatched, untended, at the mercy of this creature, it was not a time to argue about commissions.

"Yes," she said decidedly; "of course." And the doctor, when he saw the size and scope of the order, felt that he could endure much at her hands.

At the end of the three hours Kate came away, fainting with weariness, want of food, and bitter heartache.

XI.

TARVIN found the Maharajah, who had not yet taken his morning allowance of opium, sunk in the deepest depression. The man from Topaz gazed at him shrewdly, filled with his purpose.

The Maharajah's first words helped him to declare it. "What have you come here for?" he asked.

"To Rhatore?" inquired Tarvin, with a smile that embraced the whole horizon.

"Yes; to Rhatore," grunted the Maharajah. "The agent sahib says you do not belong to any government, and that you have come here only to see things and write lies about them. Why have you come?"

"I have come to turn your river. There is gold in it," he said steadily.

The Rajah answered him with brevity. "Go and speak to the Government," he said sulkily.

"It 's your river, I guess," returned Tarvin, cheerfully.

"Mine! Nothing in the state is mine. The shopkeeper people are at my gates day and night. The agent sahib won't let me collect taxes as my fathers used to do. I have no army."

"That 's perfectly true," assented Tarvin, under his breath. "I 'll run off with it some morning."

"And if I had," continued the Maharajah, "I have no one to fight against. I am only an old wolf, with all my teeth drawn. Go away!"

They were talking in the flagged courtyard immediately outside that wing of the palace occupied by Sitabhai. The Maharajah was sitting in a broken Windsor chair, while his grooms brought up successive files of horses, saddled

and bridled, in the hope that one of the animals might be chosen for his Majesty's ride. The stale, sick air of the palace drifted across the marble flags before the morning wind, and it was not a wholesome smell.

Tarvin, who had drawn rein in the courtyard without dismounting, flung his right leg over the pony's withers, and held his peace. He had seen something of the effect of opium upon the Maharajah. A servant was approaching with a small brass bowl full of opium and water. The Maharajah swallowed the draught with many wry faces, dashed the last brown drops from his mustache and beard, and dropped back into the chair, staring with vacant eyes. In a few minutes he sprang to his feet, erect and smiling.

"Are you here, Sahib?" said he. "You are here, or I should not feel ready to laugh. Do you go riding this morning?"

"I 'm your man."

"Then we will bring out the Foxhall colt. He will throw you."

"Very good," said Tarvin, leisurely.

"And I will ride my own Cutch mare. Let us get away before the agent sahib comes," said the Maharajah.

The blast of a bugle was heard without the courtyard, and a clatter of wheels, as the grooms departed to saddle the horses.

The Maharaj Kunwar ran up the steps and pattered toward the Maharajah, his father, who picked him up in his lap, and fondled him.

"What brings thee here, Lalji?" asked the Maharajah. Lalji, the Beloved, was the familiar name by which the Prince was known within the palace.

"I came to exercise my guard. Father, they are giving me bad saddlery for my troopers from the state arsenal. Jeysingh's saddle-peak is mended with string, and Jeysingh is the best of my soldiers. Moreover, he tells me nice tales," said the Maharaj Kunwar, speaking in the vernacular, with a friendly little nod toward Tarvin.

"Hai! Hai! Thou art like all the rest," said the King. "Always some fresh demand upon the state. And what is it now?"

The child joined his little hands together, and caught his father fearlessly by his monstrous beard, which, in the manner of a Rajput, was brushed up over his ears. "Only ten little new saddles," said the child. "They are in the big saddle-rooms. I have seen them. But the keeper of the horses said that I was first to ask the King."

The Maharajah's face darkened, and he swore a great oath by his gods.

"The King is a slave and a servant," he growled—"the servant of the agent sahib and this woman-talking English Raj; but, by Indur! the King's son is at least a King's son. What right had Saroop Singh to stay thee from anything that thou desiredst, Prince?"

"I told him," said the Maharaj Kunwar, "that my father would not be pleased. But I said no more, because I was not very well, and thou knowest"—the boy's head drooped under the turban—"I am only a little child. I may have the saddles?"

Tarvin, to whom no word of this conversation was intelligible, sat at ease on his pony, smiling at his friend the Maharaj. The interview had begun in the dead dawn-silence of the courtyard—a silence so intense that he could hear the doves cooing on a tower a hundred and fifty feet above his head. But now all four sides of the green-shuttered courtyard were alive, awake, and intent about him. He could hear muffled breathings, the rustle of draperies, and the faintest possible jarring of shutters, cautiously opened from within. A heavy smell of musk and jasmine came to his nostrils and filled him with uneasiness, for he knew, without turning his head or his eyes, that Sitabhai and her women were watching all that went on. But neither the King nor the Prince heeded. The Maharaj Kunwar was very full of his English lessons, learned at Mrs. Estes's knee, and the King was as interested as he. Lest Tarvin should fail to understand, the Prince began to speak in English again, but very slowly and distinctly, that his father also might comprehend.

"And this is a new verse," he said, "which I learned only yesterday."

"Is there any talk of their gods in it?" asked the Maharajah, suspiciously. "Remember thou art a Rajput."

"No; oh, no!" said the Prince. "It is only English, and I learned it very quickly."

"Let me hear, little Pundit. Some day thou wilt become a scribe, and go to the English colleges, and wear a long black gown."

The child slipped quickly back into the vernacular. "The flag of our state has five colors," he said. "When I have fought for that, perhaps I will become an Englishman."

"There is no leading of armies afield any more, little one; but say thy verses."

The subdued rustle of unseen hundreds grew more intense. Tarvin leaned forward with his chin in his hand, as the Prince slid down from his father's lap, put his hands behind him, and began, without pauses or expression:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand made thy dread feet?

"There is more that I have forgotten," he went on, "but the last line is:

"Did he who made the lamb make thee?

I learned it all very quickly." And he began to applaud himself with both hands, while Tarvin followed suit.

"I do not understand; but it is good to know English. Thy friend here speaks such English as I never knew," said the Maharajah in the vernacular.

"Aye," rejoined the Prince; "but he speaks with his face and his hands alive—so; and I laugh before I know why. Now Colonel Nolan Sahib speaks like a buffalo, with his mouth shut. I cannot tell whether he is angry or pleased. But, father, what does Tarvin Sahib do here?"

"We go for a ride together," returned the King. "When we return, perhaps I will tell thee. What do the men about thee say of him?"

"They say he is a man of clean heart; and he is always kind to me."

"Has he said aught to thee of me?"

"Never in language that I could understand. But I do not doubt that he is a good man. See, he is laughing now."

Tarvin, who had pricked up his ears at hearing his own name, now resettled himself in the saddle, and gathered up his reins, as a hint to the King that it was time to be moving.

The grooms brought up a long, switch-tailed English thoroughbred and a lean, mouse-colored mare. The Maharajah rose to his feet.

"Go back to Saroop Singh and get the saddles, Prince," said he.

"What are you going to do to-day, little man?" asked Tarvin.

"I shall go and get new equipment," answered the child, "and then I shall come to play with the prime minister's son here."

Again, like the hiss of a hidden snake, the rustle behind the shutters increased. Evidently some one there understood the child's words.

"Shall you see Miss Kate to-day?"

"Not to-day. 'T is holiday for me. I do not go to Miss Estes to-day."

The King turned on Tarvin swiftly, and spoke under his breath.

"Must he see that doctor lady every day? All my people lie to me, in the hope of winning my favor; even Colonel Nolan says that the child is very strong. Speak the truth. He is my first son."

"He is not strong," answered Tarvin, calmly. "Perhaps it would be better to let him see Miss Sheriff this morning. You don't lose anything by keeping your weather eye open, you know."

"I do not understand," said the King; "but go to the missionary's house to-day, my son."

"I am to come here and play," answered the Prince, petulantly.

"You don't know what Miss Sheriff's got for you to play with," said Tarvin.

"What is it?" asked the Maharaj, sharply.

"You 've got a carriage and ten troopers," replied Tarvin. "You 've only got to go there and find out."

He drew a letter from his breast-pocket, glancing with liking at the two-cent American stamp, and scribbled a note to Kate on the envelop, which ran thus:

Keep the little fellow with you to-day. There 's a wicked look about things this morning. Find something for him to do; get up games for him; do anything, but keep him away from the palace. I got your note. All right. I understand.

He called the Maharaj to him, and handed him the note. "Take this to Miss Kate, like a little man, and say I sent you," he said.

"My son is not an orderly," said the King, surlily.

"Your son is not very well, and I 'm the first to speak the truth to you about him, it seems to me," said Tarvin. "Gently on that colt's mouth — you." The Foxhall colt was dancing between his grooms.

"You 'll be thrown," said the Maharaj Kunwar, in an ecstasy of delight. "He throws all his grooms."

At that moment a shutter in the courtyard clicked distinctly three times in the silence.

One of the grooms passed to the off side of the plunging colt deftly. Tarvin put his foot into the stirrup to spring up, when the saddle turned completely round. Some one let go of the horse's head, and Tarvin had just time to kick his foot free as the animal sprang forward.

"I 've seen slicker ways of killing a man than that," he said quietly. "Bring my friend back," he added to one of the grooms; and when the Foxhall colt was under his hands again he cinched him up as the beast had not been girt since he had first felt the bit. "Now," he said, and leaped into the saddle, as the King clattered out of the courtyard.

The colt reared on end, landed stiffly on his fore feet, and lashed out. Tarvin, sitting him with the cowboy seat, said quietly to the child, who was still watching his movements, "Run along, Maharaj. Don't hang around here. Let me see you started for Miss Kate."

The boy obeyed, with a regretful glance at the prancing horse. Then the Foxhall colt devoted himself to unseating his rider. He refused to quit the courtyard, though Tarvin

argued with him, first behind the saddle, and then between the indignant ears. Accustomed to grooms who slipped off at the first sign of rebellion, the Foxhall colt was wrathful. Without warning, he dashed through the archway, wheeled on his haunches, and bolted in pursuit of the Maharajah's mare. Once in the open, sandy country, he felt that he had a field worthy of his powers. Tarvin also saw his opportunity. The Maharajah, known in his youth as a hard rider among a nation of perhaps the hardest riders on earth, turned in his saddle and watched the battle with interest.

"You ride like a Rajput," he shouted, as Tarvin flew past him. "Breathe him on a straight course in the open."

"Not till he 's learned who 's boss," replied Tarvin, and he wrenched the colt around.

"*Shabash! Shabash!* Oh, well done! Well done!" cried the Maharajah, as the colt answered the bit. "Tarvin Sahib, I 'll make you colonel of my regular cavalry."

"Ten million irregular devils!" said Tarvin, impolitely. "Come back, you brute! Back!"

The horse's head was bowed on his lathering chest under the pressure of the curb; but before obeying he planted his fore feet, and bucked as viciously as one of Tarvin's own broncos. "Both feet down and chest extended," he murmured gaily to himself, as the creature see-sawed up and down. He was in his element, and dreamed himself back in Topaz.

"*Maro! Maro!*" exclaimed the king. "Hit him hard! Hit him well!"

"Oh, let him have his little picnic," said Tarvin, easily. "I like it."

When the colt was tired he was forced to back for ten yards. "Now we 'll go on," said Tarvin, and fell into a trot by the side of the Maharajah. "That river of yours is full of gold," he said, after a moment's silence, as if continuing an uninterrupted conversation.

"When I was a young man," said the King, "I rode pig here. We chased them with the sword in the springtime. That was before the English came. Over there, by that pile of rock, I broke my collar-bone."

"Full of gold, Maharajah Sahib. How do you propose to get it out?"

Tarvin knew something already of the King's discursiveness; he did not mean to give way to it.

"What do I know?" answered the King, solemnly. "Ask the agent sahib."

"But, look here, who *does* run this state, you or Colonel Nolan?"

"You know," returned the Maharajah. "You have seen." He pointed north and south. "There," he said, "is one railway line; yonder is another. I am a goat between two wolves."

"Well, anyway, the country between is your own. Surely you can do what you like with that."

They had ridden some two or three miles beyond the city, parallel with the course of the Amet River, their horses sinking fetlock-deep in the soft sand. The King looked along the chain of shining pools, the white, rush-tipped hillocks of the desert, and the far-distant line of low granite-topped hills, whence the Amet sprang. It was not a prospect to delight the heart of a king.

"Yes; I am lord of all this country," he said. "But, look you, one fourth of my revenue is swallowed up by those who collect it; one fourth those black-faced camel-breeders in the sand there will not pay, and I must not march troops against them; one fourth I myself, perhaps, receive; but the people who should pay the other fourth do not know to whom it should be sent. Yes; I am a very rich king."

"Well, any way you look at it, the river ought to treble your income."

The Maharajah looked at Tarvin intently.

"What would the Government say?" he asked.

"I don't quite see where the Government comes in. You can lay out orange-gardens and take canals around them." (There was a deep-set twinkle of comprehension in his Majesty's eye.) "Working the river would be much easier. You 've tried placer-mining here, have n't you?"

"There was some washing in the bed of the river one summer. My jails were too full of convicts, and I feared rebellion. But there was nothing to see, except those black dogs digging in the sand. That year I won the Poonah cup with a bay pony."

Tarvin brought his hand down on his thigh with an unguarded smack. What was the use of talking business to this wearied man, who would pawn what the opium had left to him of soul for something to see? He shifted his ground instantly.

"Yes; that sort of mining is nothing to look at. What you want is a little dam up Gungra way."

"Near the hills?"

"Yes."

"No man has ever dammed the Amet," said the King. "It comes out of the ground, and sinks back into the ground, and when the rain falls it is as big as the Indus."

"We 'll have the whole bed of it laid bare before the rains begin — bare for twelve miles," said Tarvin, watching the effect on his companion.

"No man has dammed the Amet," was the stony reply.

"No *man* has ever tried. Give me all the labor I want, and *I* will dam the Amet."

"Where will the water go?" inquired the King.

"I 'll take it around another way, as you took the canal around the orange-garden, of course."

"Ah! *Then* Colonel Nolan talked to me as if I were a child."

"You know why, Maharajah Sahib," said Tarvin, placidly.

The King was frozen for a moment by this audacity. He knew that all the secrets of his domestic life were common talk in the mouths of the city, for no man can bridle three hundred women; but he was not prepared to find them so frankly hinted at by this irreverent stranger, who was and was not an Englishman.

"Colonel Nolan will say nothing this time," continued Tarvin. "Besides, it will help your people."

"Who are also his," said the King.

The opium was dying out of his brain, and his head fell forward upon his chest.

"Then I shall begin to-morrow," said Tarvin. "It will be something to see. I must find the best place to dam the river, and I dare say you can lend me a few hundred convicts."

"But why have you come here at all," asked the King, "to dam my rivers, and turn my state upside down?"

"Because it 's good for you to laugh, Maharajah Sahib. You know that as well as I do. I will play pachisi with you every night until you are tired, and I can speak the truth —a rare commodity in these parts."

"Did you speak truth about the Maharaj Kunwar? Is he indeed not well?"

"I have told you he is n't quite strong. But there 's nothing the matter with him that Miss Sheriff can't put right."

"Is that the truth?" demanded the King. "Remember, he has my throne after me."

"If I know Miss Sheriff, he 'll have that throne. Don't you fret, Maharajah Sahib."

"You are great friend of hers?" pursued his companion. "You both come from one country?"

"Yes," assented Tarvin; "and one town."

"Tell me about that town," said the King, curiously.

Tarvin, nothing loath, told him—told him at length, in detail, and with his own touches of verisimilitude, forgetting in the heat of admiration and affection that the King could understand, at best, not more than one word in ten of his vigorous Western colloquialisms. Half-way through his rhapsody the King interrupted.

"If it was so good, why did you not stay there?"

"I came to see you," said Tarvin, quickly. "I heard about you there."

"Then it is true, what my poets sing to me, that my fame is known in the four corners of the earth? I will fill Bussant Rao's mouth with gold if it is so."

"You can bet your life. Would you like me to go away, though? Say the word!" Tarvin made as if to check his horse.

The Maharajah remained sunk in deep thought, and when he spoke it was slowly and distinctly, that Tarvin might catch every word. "I hate all the English," he said. "Their ways are not my ways, and they make such trouble over the killing of a man here and there. *Your* ways are not my ways; but you do not give so much trouble, and you are a friend of the doctor lady."

"Well, I hope I 'm a friend of the Maharaj Kunwar's too," said Tarvin.

"Are you a true friend to him?" asked the King, eyeing him closely.

"That 's all right. I 'd like to see the man who tried to lay a hand on the little one. He 'd vanish, King; he 'd disappear; he would n't be. I 'd mop up Gokral Seetarun with him."

"I have seen you hit that rupee. Do it again."

Without thinking for a moment of the Foxhall colt, Tarvin drew his revolver, tossed a coin into the air, and fired. The coin fell beside them,—a fresh one this time,—marked squarely in the center. The colt plunged furiously, and the Cutch mare curveted. There was a thunder of hoofs behind them. The escort, which, till now, had waited respectfully a quarter of a mile behind, were racing up at full speed, with leveled lances. The King laughed a little contemptuously.

"They are thinking you have shot me," he said. "So they will kill you, unless I stop them. Shall I stop them?"

Tarvin thrust out his under jaw with a motion peculiar to himself, wheeled the colt, and waited without answering, his empty hands folded on the pommel of his saddle. The troop swept down in an irregular mob, each man crouching, lance in rest, over his saddle-bow, and the captain of the troop flourishing a long, straight Rajput sword. Tarvin felt rather than saw the lean, venomous lance-heads converging on the breast of the colt. The King drew off a few yards, and watched him where he stood alone in the center of the plain, waiting. For that single moment, in which he faced death, Tarvin thought to

himself that he preferred any customer to a maharajah.

Suddenly his Highness shouted once, the lance-butts fell as though they had been smitten down, and the troop, opening out, whirled by on each side of Tarvin, each man striving as nearly as might be to brush the white man's boot.

The white man stared in front of him without turning his head, and the King gave a little grunt of approval.

"Would you have done that for the Maharaj Kunwar?" he asked, wheeling his mare in again beside him, after a pause.

"No," said Tarvin, placidly. "I should have begun shooting long before."

"What! Fifty men?"

"No; the captain."

The King shook in his saddle with laughter, and held up his hand. The commandant of the troop trotted up.

"*Ohe*, Pertab Singh-Ji, he says he would have shot thee." Then, turning to Tarvin, smiling, "That is my cousin."

The burly Rajput captain grinned from ear to ear, and, to Tarvin's surprise, answered in perfect English: "That would do for irregular cavalry,—to kill the subalterns, you understand,—but we are drilled exclusively on English model, and I have my commission from the Queen. Now, in the German army—"

Tarvin looked at him in blank amazement.

"But you are not connected with the military," said Pertab Singh-Ji, politely. "I have heard how you shot, and I saw what you were doing. But you must please excuse. When a shot is fired near his Highness it is our order always to come up."

He saluted, and withdrew to his troop.

The sun was growing unpleasantly hot, and the King and Tarvin trotted back toward the city.

"How many convicts can you lend me?" asked Tarvin, as they went.

"All my jails full, if you want them," was the enthusiastic answer. "By God, sahib, I never saw anything like that. I would give you anything."

Tarvin took off his hat, and mopped his forehead, laughing.

"Very good, then. I 'll ask for something that will cost you nothing."

The Maharajah grunted doubtfully. People generally demanded of him things he was not willing to part with.

"That talk is new to me, Tarvin Sahib," said he.

"You 'll see I 'm in earnest when I say I only want to look at the Naulahka. I 've seen all your state diamonds and gold carriages, but I have n't seen that."

The Maharajah trotted fifty yards without replying. Then:

"Do they speak of it where you come from?"

"Of course. All Americans know that it 's the biggest thing in India. It 's in all the guidebooks," said Tarvin, brazenly.

"Do the books say where it is? The English people are so wise." The Maharajah stared straight in front of him, and almost smiled.

"No; but they say you know, and I 'd like to see it."

"You must understand, Tarvin Sahib,"—the Maharajah spoke meditatively,—"that this is not *a* state jewel, but *the* state jewel—the jewel of the state. It is a holy thing. Even I do not keep it, and I cannot give you any order to see it."

Tarvin's heart sank.

"But," the Maharajah continued, "if I say where it is, you can go at your own risk, without Government interfering. I have seen you are not afraid of risk, and I am a very grateful man. Perhaps the priests will show you; perhaps they will not. Or perhaps you will not find the priests at all. Oh, I forgot; it is not in *that* temple that I was thinking of. No; it must be in the Gye-Mukh—the Cow's Mouth. But there are no priests there, and nobody goes. Of course it is in the Cow's Mouth. I thought it was in this city," resumed the Maharajah. He spoke as if he were talking of a dropped horseshoe or a mislaid turban.

"Oh, of course. The Cow's Mouth," repeated Tarvin, as if this also were in the guidebooks.

Chuckling with renewed animation, the King went on: "By God, only a very brave man would go to the Gye-Mukh; such a brave man as yourself, Tarvin Sahib," he added, giving his companion a shrewd look. "Ho, ho! Pertab Singh-Ji would not go. No; not with all his troops that you conquered to-day."

"Keep your praise until I 've earned it, Maharajah Sahib," said Tarvin. "Wait until I 've dammed that river." He was silent for a while, as if digesting this newest piece of information.

"Now, you have a city like this city, I suppose?" said the Maharajah, interrogatively, pointing to Rhatore.

Tarvin had overcome in a measure his first feeling of contempt for the state of Gokral Seetarun and the city of Rhatore. He had begun to look upon them both, as was his nature in the case of people and things with which he dwelt, with a certain kindness.

"Topaz is going to be bigger," he explained.

"And when you are there what is your offeecial position?" asked the Maharajah.

Tarvin, without answering, drew from his breast-pocket the cable from Mrs. Mutrie, and

handed it in silence to the King. Where an election was concerned even the sympathy of an opium-soaked Rajput was not indifferent to him.

"What does it mean?" asked the King, and Tarvin threw up his hands in despair.

He explained his connection with the government of his State, making the Colorado legislature appear as one of the parliaments of America. He owned up to being the Hon. Nicholas Tarvin, if the Maharajah really wanted to give him his full title.

"Such as the members of provincial councils that come here?" suggested the Maharajah, remembering the gray-headed men who visited him from time to time, charged with authority only little less than that of a viceroy. "But still you will not write letters to that legislature about my government?" queried he suspiciously, recalling again over-curious emissaries from the British Parliament over seas, who sat their horses like sacks, and talked interminably of good government when he wished to go to bed. "And, above all," he added slowly, as they drew near to the palace, "you are most true friend of the Maharaj Kunwar? And your friend, the lady doctor, will make him well?"

"That," said Tarvin, with a sudden inspiration, "is what we are both here for!"

(To be continued.)

THE DEGRADATION OF A STATE;

OR, THE CHARITABLE CAREER OF THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

OUBTLESS there are men among us who harbor scruples against a money-wager, just as there may be women too timid or too conscientious to smuggle; but that we as a people have a growing courage of our gambling propensities is a fact too obvious to be gainsaid. Now and then a hostile voice is heard, but it is not always irreconcilable. A recent public letter from a distinguished church authority contains an implied censure on the Louisiana Lottery, but at the same time makes the distinction that "a lottery, under certain conditions, is not opposed *per se* to the moral law." In justice to the Louisiana Lottery, I shall endeavor to show later that it is an institution which fosters with jealous care the *per se* of the business; so a person who is merely opposed to the manner in which the Louisiana Lottery is administered may yet learn to admire its benefactions in the past and its new and improved scheme of benevolence for the future.

It is a trait of the self-righteous to forget the past, when they were no better than the rest of us. Who says there shall be no more lotteries in Thomas Jefferson's land of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," when that great man was himself constrained to favor lotteries for public purposes? To be sure, in his old age he took philosophic ground against them, but if he could return to us to-day, he might well be interested to see how large a part the wheel of fortune plays in our present "pursuit of happiness." As a lover of democratic equality he would see tens of thousands mingling amicably in "exchanges" of different sorts where no particular gamble is raised above any other gamble; where the old and the young, the affluent man of success and the young clerk or messenger-boy just beginning his business life, make their bets on the results of horse-races or base-ball games, or pugilistic encounters, or even on the outcome of the American citizen's proud exercise of the right of manhood suffrage. As a maker of laws he would be amused to learn that the laws of the land are opposed to all these practices, which nevertheless are carried on openly because the hearts and souls of the people cry out for them. As the founder of a university he would speculate on the importance of athletic contests in our college life, and observe, if he had half an eye, that nine out of ten of the students also speculate on them. As a one-time advocate of a national lottery, he would be interested to know that the yearly proceeds of the Louisiana Lottery have grown to be twice as large as the revenues of the United States in 1800; and if he should feel any disappointment that out of the annual millions of profit to a handful of lottery-owners only a bagatelle of $40,000 a year (in lieu of all taxes) is contributed to the charities of Louisiana, he would be asked to consider, first, that some philosophers look upon a large charitable fund with distrust; second, that the Lottery Company has promised to raise its benefactions to $1,250,000 a year, as a bid for a new lease of life and a firm seat on the corner-stone of the State; and, last that the Louisiana Lottery is the most important training-school we possess for the higher gam-

bling institutions of our grand republic. It is the kindergarten, so to speak, in which the happy school-boy or the luckless orphan may bet the dimes he has hoarded, begged, or stolen; and it is the sequestered sanctuary where the frugal housewife or the lone widow may also drop her nickel in the slot and cause the wheel of fortune to revolve for her. It is after this manner that lotteries do good by stealth. And let no purse-proud statesman who will not be beggared if he lose his political wager, nor any well-to-do citizen who thinks the thrill of losing a thousand dollars on a horse-race is worth all it costs, nor the gentleman who enjoys the sedentary amusement of "bucking the tiger," presume to take from the poor their cherished game of chance! The profligate rich have ever been ready to resent the so-called pernicious amusements of the poor!

When the traveler turns his face toward New Orleans, a still small voice asks if Fortune has ever done anything for him. If not, why not? And may not Fortune have been waiting for this very visit to the capital of lottery gambling? Visiting actors forget their cues in devising lucky numbers; conventions of bankers compliment the local bankers, many of whom favor the Lottery, by making a losing investment; boards of serious business directors, when they meet, often contribute to a common fund for lottery tickets.

In the very heart of the city the large main office of the Lottery stands, with its opaque windows and general air of being something sinister; in the courtyard an alligator suns himself in the shallow fountain and gives color to the rumor that the poor of the city, in worshiping the goddess Fortune, cast their children to the monster; some say they only starve and poorly clothe their children to this end, the live alligator being merely an emblematic character.

Turn whichever way from his hotel the stranger will, his attention is arrested by neatly printed slips of paper hung on strings in the windows of shops. He learns that these are mostly fractional lottery tickets, worth a dollar apiece, and that twenty of them make a whole ticket. Since 100,000 whole tickets constitute the ordinary monthly drawing, their money value is $2,000,000. What opulence! Out of that sum $1,054,600 is alleged to be distributed in 3134 prizes, ranging from $300,000 to $100. What benevolence! The clever device of dividing each ticket into twenty parts was invented so that the Lottery Company, by keeping back parts of each ticket, when there is a likelihood that all the tickets will not be sold, may preserve the ratio of sales and liability for prizes, and thereby avoid all risk to itself. The word "risk" is here used in a Pickwickian sense; it has no other meaning in the Lottery dictionary. The exact case is that *you and others* hand to the Lottery $2,000,000, and it gives back to *some of you* $1,054,600, or about $52 out of every $100. That this is a swindle on the face of it is the very thing which the Lottery as a profound student of human nature counts upon. If it says it receives $100 for nothing, anybody will believe it can afford to surrender $52.

And likewise when a so-called sailor comes into your office with gaudy goods which he says he has smuggled, the temptation is not to kick him out; the temptation is to buy the goods at "a great reduction," with the certainty, as you afterward discover, that they are worth nothing at all.

Twice a year the Lottery increases its capital prize to $600,000, and the price of each ticket (of forty fractional parts) to $40; so the ratio is the same as in the ordinary monthly drawing. This semiannual drawing is devised to attract money from foreign countries as well as from the American citizen. The aggregate of these monthly and semiannual schemes is $28,000,000. Crœsus outdone! And out of this great sum $40,000 (in lieu of all taxes, which by law would be several times as much) is paid to the Charity Hospital of New Orleans. A new miracle of the loaves and fishes! Since the Lottery has a local daily drawing which pays all the expenses of the concern, there is the possibility that its net income is only $13,440,000, if we admit that the drawings are honest; and this is a case in which honesty costs nothing except the tedium of waiting for the prize-money to come back as the price of more tickets. It is a case also in which a semblance of honesty may serve as a great advertising feature. Fractions of the November capital prize were drawn in six widely separated cities, by which it appears that only three tenths, or $90,000, of the capital prize of $300,000 may ever have left the coffers of the Lottery, in case only one fractional ticket was sold in each of those cities.

A drawing occurred the third day after my arrival. On that morning New Orleans was in a ferment over the local primary election for delegates to the State convention, in which election the Lottery candidate for governor got all the men chosen. But in the business section of the town the excitement over the drawing was paramount. Women venders of tickets were making their last calls at offices, and street brokers were thronging hotel lobbies and barrooms. As eleven o'clock approached, dealers rushed with their unsold tickets to the main office, preferring their fifteen per cent. commission on the tickets they had sold to the

chance of winning a great sum by becoming responsible for the unsold tickets. Opposite, in a theater, the drawing promptly began. One of the boxes was occupied by ladies who took a homelike interest in the proceedings. The sparse company of men, in the body of the theater, were redolent of rum and tobacco and poor bathing facilities, and had no taste or money for clean raiment. In their character as investors they made one think of Cable's 'Sieur George, of the old French quarter near by, who was respected for a supposed trunk full of money, that proved to be a trunk full of unlucky lottery tickets.

Though the onlookers were a thin and a sad show, it was no ordinary spectacle to see General G. T. Beauregard and Lieutenant-General Jubal A. Early presiding over the wheels of fortune and producing by virtue of their ancient reputations a large part of the allurement of the Lottery. The former carried off the honors of the first pitched battle of the Confederacy, and to the last day of the struggle stood among its foremost soldiers. He had a genius for controversy, and was the object of much misrepresentation which credited him with the threat that he would "water his horse in the Tennessee River or in hell." Most Confederate soldiers think the Tennessee should have sufficed; but they say little about the matter for the sake of a cause which remains only in sentiment. His is a job requiring only a few hours' time each month,—I will not call it easy,—the pay of which is variously estimated at $12,000 to $30,000. No matter how large the sum, it is a good bargain for the Lottery. In marshaling the forces of the smaller wheel that contains the prize-slips in gutta-percha tubes, he did not wear full Confederate uniform, or medals of honor. He was simply a quiet, dignified gentleman in civilian's dress, who in any company would be singled out for a man of distinction. He sat in a chair, received the prize-tubes from a blindfolded boy, and every twentieth prize closed the wheel for the periodical stirring up. Occasionally he yielded his place to an assistant.

General Early, the other "commissioner" on a similar salary, seldom divides the honor of his office with anybody. His wheel, on the day mentioned, contained the hundred thousand numbers. It is six feet or more in diameter, and in contrast with the other wheel justifies the remark of a New Orleans accountant, who bought lottery tickets until he visited a drawing and saw "an omnibus full of numbers, and a silk hat full of prizes," which well represents the benevolent basis of the scheme. General Early is over six feet tall; he still affects gray cloth, and, with his patriarchal beard and stoop, certainly has a saintly look as he sits on the platform and calls off "fortune's favorites." He makes no claim to saintliness, however, and it is well known that when he was the trusted lieutenant of Lee and was fighting up and down the Valley with limited resources, "Old Jube" could hold his own with any mule-driver in the Confederacy. Besides being a good soldier, General Early was a careful writer; his reports are among the best-written documents in the Official Records. It is said that a prominent "Daughter of the Confederacy" once took him feelingly to task for accepting a degrading position to which General Lee would not have assigned him, since Lee would have died before he would have taken it at any price.

The facts in regard to this Lottery and its personnel, no matter how indirectly put, will seem to be harshly said. To a stranger the "daily drawing" with the "policy" playing, in one hundred and eight special local offices, has a look compared with which the rest of the business is divine. It is hard to speak disrespectfully of any charity, but every local shop I entered breathed the atmospheric ooze of a pawnshop, and almost every customer I saw was a fit object of charity. Some showed a tremor of excitement in asking for their favorite number or combination. The best-dressed customer I saw was a widow in her weeds, her hat having the shape of a sun-bonnet. Children are sent for tickets, sometimes in the suburbs for a long distance.

In the daily drawing, held at 4 P. M., the chances are absurdly slight for the players, and all the delusions of ignorance and fatuity are at work. On the streets may be seen trained parrakeets that for five cents will pick out a winning number. A famous play is the "washerwoman's gig," 4-11-44. On the two days preceding the primary election, it so happened that approximations to that "gig," such as 3-11-44 and 4-11-54, were drawn, a coincidence which excited comment. Inveterate players stop children in the street and ask their age; they consult voodoo doctors; if they see a stray dog, they play 6; a drunken man counts 14, and a dead woman 59; an exposed leg plays the mystic number 11; and to dream of a fish is a reminder to play 13. Such nonsense as this takes the place of ideas of thrift and industry with a steadily growing part of the population, as the diminishing returns of the savings-banks sufficiently prove.

The promoters of the Louisiana Lottery should not be venerated as the inventors of this scheme of public benefaction; but they have had the ability to improve on previous models, which in one form or another date back to those dreamy days of Rome when even vice was esteemed a virtue, and all mankind was gay, if not happy. In the middle ages the lottery re-

appeared as one of the relics of civilization saved from the wreck of Italy. It was a chartered resource of nearly all the free cities. Those French kings whose deportment continues to be the theme of sad-eyed moralists all placed their trust in lotteries. Louis XIV. was as charitable in his intentions as the Louisiana Lottery, which must have borrowed its preamble from that pious king. Sometimes the proceeds were devoted to war and rapine, and sometimes to the endowment of public or religious institutions; the Church of St. Sulpice is said to have been built by lottery; and from that time to this the charitable lottery, the meek raffle, and the pious grab-bag have often demonstrated by their proceeds that they are "not opposed *per se* to the moral law." But there was an isolated bishop of Autun who rebelled against the receptivity of the church, and said the lottery was no better than any other form of gambling; the Archbishop of New Orleans has fallen into the same way of thinking, and has forbidden the blessing of lottery tickets. This is an interference with the spiritual freedom of the Louisiana Lottery and its home patrons which will lead, no doubt, if it has not already done so, to the placing by the Lottery of a part of its appropriation for church work outside the State or perhaps abroad. To form an adequate idea of the temerity of the Archbishop of New Orleans one must visit his fine old cathedral, listen to the tuneful Creole choir, and hear a nickel run riot in the contribution-basket as it is carried about by the grizzled verger with his staff, sword, red coat, and cocked hat. How can laying up treasures in heaven be anything but uncongenial business in a city where twenty-five cents will buy a chance in a "daily drawing," under the temporal protection of the great State of Louisiana and the guarantee of high spiritual authority that "under certain conditions it is not opposed *per se* to the moral law"?

In England lotteries once flourished, but since 1826, with that sublime inconsistency which enables the Englishman to make a fetish of race-betting and an aristocratic privilege of baccarat, the lottery, *per se* and all, has been banished to the other side of the Channel. Advantage has been taken of the failure of the Panama Canal to dig itself by lottery to prejudice people against such enterprises in France; but human nature there, as elsewhere, has too much faith in its own good luck to be discouraged by the failures of others; so, in spite of the prejudice that has grown up in the last century against lottery swindles, they still flourish in several European cities; but they all distribute from twenty-one to thirty-three per cent. more of their proceeds than the Louisiana Lottery, and have less to say about charity.

In our own land the lottery has never greatly prospered until in New Orleans it fell into hands whose benevolence has been tempered by audacity. The Louisiana State Lottery Company was founded on the proposition that "every man, woman, and child is at heart something of a gambler," and it has been sustained by the axiom that "every man has his price." This last discovery has been imputed to the present principal owner in the Lottery, but I am not sure that he claims it as his own. He is the acknowledged inventor of the charitable scheme involved in the proposition for a new charter, and his is the only name mentioned in the prospectus. All that has been accomplished, therefore, by the propaganda of the last two years in the legislature has been achieved in his name, when not actually promoted by himself.

It will be no violation of the privacy of so public a character to say that John A. Morris is esteemed by many for his personal qualities and for his readiness to subscribe money to everything that reaches the springs of public influence. Since he has for many years owned property at Throgg's Neck, New York, where he has his country seat, and is now the most considerable Morris in Westchester County, it is natural that a part of the public should associate him with the descendants of Lewis and Gouverneur Morris, the former of whom gained some notoriety by signing a Declaration of Independence. The latter, when Senator of the United States, so a biographer says, "favored the purchase of Louisiana," but it is not recorded that he ever did so out of his own pocket, These Revolutionary Morrises have always been associated with government which has been called chartered tyranny, or with law, often described as an abridgment of freedom, or with war, which is sometimes called public murder. They are quite distinct from John A. Morris's family, who for many years have been identified in a public-spirited way with the gambling amusements of the masses. John A. Morris inherited his sphere of usefulness from his father, Francis Morris, who is said to have left lottery interests to his son, and who also founded the racing reputation of the family. He was the owner of the noted breeding-farm at Holmdel, New Jersey, and between 1857 and 1859 was associated with Richard Tenbroeck in the effort to carry off the laurels of the English turf with the American horses Prior and Prioress. Francis Morris was the owner of the celebrated brood-mare Barbarity, three of whose daughters were named Ruthless, Remorseless, and Merciless, which shows that, for his time, he had a keen literary sense of the relation of terms to things. In his son's altruistic day the same mare would more appropriately be called Benignity, and her fillies Faith, Hope, and Charity.

In the affidavits of John A. Morris and his associates, made on the occasion of various suits among themselves over the proceeds, the origin of the Louisiana Lottery may be traced back to the Allied Gambling Industries of the country: the lottery, the race-track, and the gambling-house. The headquarters of these industries then, as now, was New York City. In the early days (1863) John A. Morris had lottery interests and turf aspirations, but he did not stand at the head, as he does now, of these two branches. A fortune of at least twenty millions of dollars is attributed to him, mostly earned by the sweat of poor negroes, washerwomen, and other fatuous speculators, through his lottery gambling. He has invested hard upon a million and three quarters in the new race-track called Morris Park, and the breeding-stables of himself and son rank second among those gambling establishments that make a pretense of ennobling the horse.

Early in his lottery dealings we find Mr. Morris standing behind the name of Zachariah Ephraim Simmons, commonly called "Eph," whose surname, thanks also to his brothers, has always been a nosegay in lottery annals. A prominent partner was the Hon. Benjamin Wood, brother of the late statesman Fernando Wood, who in the early days was chiefly devoted to the policy and lottery business, and who for years has made complaint of the manner in which he was ousted from a large interest in the Louisiana Lottery and its charitable reputation.

Another associate was the Hon. John Morrissey, who, notwithstanding that his nose had been damaged during his early career as prize-fighter, was for years the noblest figure in gambling circles. Though Morrissey was a shareholder in the lottery firm of C. H. Murray & Co., his gambling-houses in New York and Saratoga, and his race-track in the latter place, absorbed his personal attention; and in his last years he was slightly diverted from his natural pursuits by the allurements of statesmanship. His gambling-houses and race-track interests have been conserved to the public use, however, by his old-time partner, Charles Reed, Esq., who recently electrified the racing-world by paying $100,000 for St. Blaise. Mr. Reed's name does not appear in the records of the Lottery, but he is mentioned here as helping to show that the Allied Gambling Industries from which the Louisiana Lottery sprung have great vitality, and may be expected to persist in serving the public. It is possible, indeed, that Mr. Reed, who stands high among roulette and faro gamblers, like many of his craft, looks down upon lottery gambling as "a skin game" unworthy of his serious business aims.

On October 14, 1863, a diversity of lottery interests were combined in New York under the firm-name of C. H. Murray & Co. According to the court records the operations of that firm rested upon charters granted by the legislatures of Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, and Georgia. The original interests assigned to C. H. Murray & Co., for "ten years, from September 1, 1863," were represented in the deed of trust by Richard France and William C. France of Baltimore, and Zachariah E. Simmons, the Hon. Benjamin Wood, and Charles H. Murray of New York, behind whom stood a few other owners. This assignment was denominated a "trust," and was an early example of the kind of trust which has since become notorious in business life. Zachariah E. Simmons, Lewis Davis, and Charles H. Murray were appointed trustees, and it is a sign of the men behind them that in the event of the death of Simmons the vacancy was "to be filled by a successor nominated by John A. Morris, of Throgg's Neck in Westchester County, New York"; while in case of the demise of Lewis Davis the vacancy was to be filled by the Hon. "Ben" Wood, who at that time was very busy in Congress aiding his brother in opposing the war. The prospects of the infant Trust were rosy, but some wicked fairy dropped into its cradle a clause to the effect that any lottery franchise which might be acquired thereafter by any of the parties to the Trust should be forthwith conveyed to the above trustees and held by them subject to the same provisions. This was the seed of trouble. In his demurrer of June 3, 1872, John A. Morris alleged that the firms of Wood, Colton & Co. and Wood, Dickinson & Co. "were shams gotten up" by those men to injure C. H. Murray & Co. In the same paper he avers that while Simmons received from Colton the money to pay for the shares of C. H. Murray & Co. which the "shams" claimed to own, the transaction was really for the account of the Hon. John Morrissey, who, as Mr. Morris intimates in his affidavit, had the inclination as well as the ability to bruise Mr. Colton's head, and, therefore, could not be dealt with directly.

In 1866 and 1867 Charles T. Howard, the most remarkable figure in the Louisiana enterprise after John A. Morris, was operating in New Orleans as the agent of C. H. Murray & Co. In defending one of the suits, Mr. Morris claims that Howard was not a representative agent, "but only accounted for tickets sold, and paid exorbitant prices for information of drawings of use in his business as policy-dealer," the argument being that because he was plucked, so to speak, by C. H. Murray & Co., he could not have been a full-fledged agent. Howsoever, Howard had busi-

ness, as agent or otherwise, in the lobbies of the negro legislature of the State of Louisiana in 1868, and on the 17th of August that legislature passed "An act to increase the revenues of the State and to authorize the incorporation and establishment of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and to repeal certain acts now in force." In 1876 Jesse R. Irwin, whose name appears in the act as one of the incorporators, alleged in an affidavit that Howard had used large sums "for bribing members of the General Assembly of Louisiana and other persons, whose influence on behalf of himself or of said company the said Howard wished to purchase or retain"; and that the sums so paid out "amounted to at least $50,000 during the first year of the organization of the company, which amount was paid to redeem promises made for votes in favor of the bill incorporating the company, and for other similar services." He declared, furthermore, that he believed "the sums so apportioned and used by the said Howard since that time amount to at least $300,000"; that is, during the first seven years of the company's existence. Another incorporator, F. F. Wilder, made affidavit to the same general facts.

If bribery seems a harsh means to employ with a legislature, it must not be forgotten that beneficent ends were in view, for the act proclaims "that whereas many millions of dollars have been withdrawn from and lost to this State by the sale of Havana, Kentucky, Madrid, and other lottery tickets, policies, combinations, and devices, . . . it shall hereafter be unlawful to sell any of them, . . . except in such manner and by such persons . . . as shall be hereinafter authorized." Only adepts in philanthropic effort could have made so neat an exposé of the harm that may arise to a State from lottery enterprises, and have devised so sovereign a remedy as a lottery monopoly. The act says the objects of the corporation are "to save money to the State," "to establish a reliable home institution for the sale of tickets," and "to provide means to raise a fund for educational and charitable purposes." Another clause provides that "the corporation shall pay to the State $40,000 per annum, to be credited to the educational fund of the State," and that "the corporation shall be exempt from all taxes and licenses from State, parish, or municipal authorities." As the capital stock was fixed at $1,000,000, in ten thousand shares of $100 each, the mind is stupefied with admiration for the sagacity that imposed a gift of $40,000 a year in return for immunity from all taxes on so large a working capital. Although the act embodies all the virtues of opera bouffe, H. C. Warmoth, who, as governor, was at the head of the Louisiana government of those serio-comic days, neither vetoed the bill nor placed his signature to it, but, by overlooking it for the statutory lapse of time, gave the Lieutenant-Governor (a negro), and the Speaker of the House the honor of certifying it to the people of Louisiana.

Charles T. Howard emerged from the corporation as its president and F. F. Wilder as secretary. John A. Morris, as he says in his demurrer of June 3, 1872, happened to be in New Orleans about the time the Lottery Act was passed, and suggested to the company that he would furnish the $100,000 of capital required to be paid in before the company could begin operations, provided that all the privileges of the charter were given to him and two associates by a deed of trust. The company would appear to have been foreordained to acquiesce, for on August 26, nine days after the act passed the legislature, the corporation signed away all the rights of the company for twenty-four years, from January 1, 1869, to Z. E. Simmons, John A. Morris, and Charles H. Murray. Charles T. Howard as its president obviously could not sign away the rights of the corporation to himself, but as soon as the Trust was legally established, some transformations were effected which revealed the corporation in its true light as a mask for the Trust, which assumed the title of Howard, Simmons & Co. In 1872 Murray and Simmons withdrew, or were bought out, and Howard assumed the duties of "managing partner" to John A. Morris.

Thereafter Zachariah E. Simmons was in a position to reveal the secrets of the Lottery councils, which he did when Marcus Cicero Stanley brought suit in 1880 as an owner in C. H. Murray & Co., which firm, by the way, had been thrown into the hands of the Hon. John Morrissey, as receiver, in 1869, and its assets closed out to W. L. Simmons, brother of the outspoken Zachariah. The latter, in bringing aid and comfort to Stanley, swore that the money used to secure the charter in Louisiana really belonged to C. H. Murray & Co. (in opposition to Morris's allegations given above), and that he (Simmons), Murray, and Morris devised a plan to deprive that firm of its benefits. He alleged also that Morris and his brother-in-law, W. D. Hennon, were sent to New Orleans expressly to represent C. H. Murray & Co. in response to a telegram from C. T. Howard. And as though this would not bring confusion enough to his old partners, he alleged besides that Howard as president refused to sign away the privileges of the corporation unless Simmons, Morris, and Murray would give him a quarter interest in the Trust, which, as soon as the promise was fulfilled, was called Howard, Simmons & Co. Thus we see how the Lottery Company came to be a mask for the ultimate owners, Howard and Morris. The fiction

of a company has been kept up to this day, a fiction in everything except as to its stock and the ability of the postal authorities to proceed against its officers for infractions of the postal laws, which is now being done. During his lifetime Charles T. Howard was its figurehead president; after his death M. A. Dauphin lent his name to the same purposes; and on his recent demise Paul Conrad assumed the rôle of chief marionette: for the deed of trust left the corporation neither duties nor obligations, nor any privilege except the right to name a commissioner to superintend drawings, and to see that the prizes were distributed; and of course the trustees took care also to hold a controlling interest in the stock. The incorporators Jesse R. Irwin and F. F. Wilder alleged in 1876 that in the early days Howard set aside a very large sum as a "reserve" (in New Orleans jocularly called the bribery fund), and by other measures depressed the stock to half its face value with a view to buying it in. They allege also that he distributed 6800 shares as full-paid stock among the directors, and 3200 shares in some manner not known to them or relished by them.

The supremacy of Howard and Morris under the deed of trust is best indicated by the provisions for dividing the profits. Out of the gross proceeds were to be paid all the cost of carrying on the business, such as working expenses, including, of course, advertising, salaries, and the cost of maintaining the friendliness of the press and the legislatures; of the remainder, or net profits, one half was to be taken by the trustees, and the other half declared as a dividend on the company's stock. The profitableness of the business is partly indicated by the fact that the remnant distributed among the stockholders in 1887 was 110 per cent. on a capital of $1,000,000; in 1888 it was 120 per cent., in 1889 (before the postal law became an interference) 170 per cent., and in 1890 it was 125 per cent. These figures have been furnished by a person who controls some of the stock; they represent the payments made to his wards. They show that in 1889 the net profits as revealed to the stockholders were $3,400,000. Nobody outside the trustees and their confidential employees, not even the stockholders, seems to know whether the remnant divided as dividends is one half or one tenth of the net profits of the whole concern, because the power of the trustees is limitless, the opportunity for piling up "reserves" is great, and the machinery of the semiannual, monthly, and daily drawings and the daily policy business is complicated; and, furthermore, before a stockholder is able to draw his fractional remnant, it is said he must sign a receipt by which he disposes in legal form of all rights except the right to the fractional remnant and consents to the destruction of the accounts, which he has never seen. However, the number of people in the United States who would accept 170 per cent., even though it were a fractional remnant, and agree to any amount of invisible "addition, division, and silence," is supposed to be large.

The Lottery prospered from the start, but the brilliant idea of utilizing two of the great names of the Confederacy then in need of occupation, but all the more sacred for that, and of extending the business to every town in the United States and to foreign countries, was not fully developed until the early seventies. By that time Morris and Howard's old partners in New York began to sniff carrion off the trade-winds from the Gulf. The Hon. Benjamin Wood and Henry Colton were the first to get within toothsome distance. On January 5, 1871, they filed a bill in the United States Circuit Court for Louisiana, in which, as members of the old Murray Trust, they laid claim to shares in the profits of the Louisiana Lottery. The suit was defended by pleading the immorality of the business engagements alleged by Wood and Colton. Murray charged these two with being parties to a lottery scheme which was "illegal, corrupt, against the policy of the State and the public order," and with attempting "to establish a monopoly of the trade of gambling in lotteries throughout the United States, prejudicial to law and morals"; and he asked the court to punish the complainants on their own showing. This, of course, was great fun for both sides, like laying the corner-stone of a gambling-house with religious rites, or opening a horse-race with prayer. It is not known whether Mr. Morris adopted the same facetious tone in his answer, because that document has absented itself from the records of the court. The suit was never pressed, perhaps for the reason mentioned by Morris in his demurrer to the next attack, made March 9, 1872, by James S. Watson, and Marcus A. Little of New York, and William R. McKee of Maryland. In that case he offered the defense that they never properly held an interest in the Murray Trust, which made the immorality plea unnecessary; and possibly for the latter reason his answer in the suit has consented to remain on file among the court records. But the point of chief interest in Morris's answer is his statement that associates in the Murray Trust, who had not lent a helping hand when the Louisiana Lottery was in its infancy, had, as soon as it proved a success, begun to harass its owners in Federal and State courts, and that "said Morris, Murray, Howard, and Simmons were induced as a matter of economy to buy their peace by compromising said pretended claims." An exhibit attached shows that Howard and Murray had compromised

with Henry Colton by the payment of $36,000. On the same date as this last suit, Little and McKee began a similar attack on Howard, Wilder, Murray, and Davis. The demurrer of Howard and F. F. Wilder is the blandest document remaining on file in these suits in November, 1891 (I mention the date because it may take the notion to absent itself in the near future). In this paragon of frankness Howard and Wilder, "not confessing or acknowledging all or any of the matters" stated in the complaint, aver "that the subject-matter of complainants' bill, on which their prayer for discovery and relief is based, arises from transactions, contracts, and business reprobated by law and contrary to public policy and good morals." The Hon. Benjamin Wood, having grown weary of the truce established by his suit in 1871, filed a new petition on June 19, 1875. This contention was shuttlecocked until the state of war faded away into the peace that passeth understanding except for Mr. Morris's explanation of their policy of compromise as a matter of economy.

None of the defendants' answers in this last suit remain on file in the clerk's office of the United States Circuit Court in New Orleans. I asked the officer in charge if care were not taken to preserve the records of the court. He replied that persons asking to see the records were helped to them as I had been, and if they had a mind to slip them into their pockets, so much the worse for the records. He informed me that my opportunities were as good as anybody's, yet I contented myself with taking copies and notes of such documents as were still on file. A search in the office of the County Clerk in New York reveals a similar state of absenteeism on the part of important documents in the Lottery suits brought in the Supreme Court of New York. The custodian said: "I would n't be surprised by anything that might happen to the records of those suits." On the other hand, the Lottery records in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York appear to be carefully guarded.

In 1876 an attempt was made by Henry Da Ponte, owning sixty shares of the stock, to have the contract which gave all power and half the profits to Howard and Morris set aside by the courts. He was joined in this family row by Jesse R. Irwin, an original director, and by F. F. Wilder, who, in addition to being an original director, had served the corporation as secretary, treasurer, and superintendent, and was in a position to allege that some of the directors were only nominal stockholders holding really for Howard, and that, while he was the ostensible treasurer of the company, not a dollar came into his hands, the whole financial business of the company having been conducted by Howard. The revelations of stock distributions and wholesale bribery alleged by these two incorporators have already been set forth. This suit was never tried, but the initial steps appeared to cement the friendship of Howard and Morris for Da Ponte, who has ever since stood high in Lottery circles.

And again comes Z. E. Simmons, the faithful Zachariah of Murray Trust days, the coadjutor of 1868, who, in a suit now pending in the United States Circuit Court in New York, has had testimony wrung from him to the disadvantage of his old friends Murray and Morris, and in aid of the heirs of Isaac Bernstein. Mr. Morris puts in a simple plea of being a citizen of New York, and not of Louisiana, as alleged by the complainants. On this score he pleads lack of jurisdiction. Mr. Murray, who husbands his savings, reckoned at several millions, in New Jersey, in part sets up his old plea that the Lottery contracts were "illegal and void."

Though a fruitful theme, the campaign of 1879, by which the Lottery secured a lodgment in the State constitution, can be touched here but briefly. Everybody knows that Louisiana was ruled for years by colored statesmen and white carpet-baggers, and that a shot-gun cataclysm in 1874 was the sad origin of a new era. Although the Lottery people had begun to take an intimate interest in State politics, they had the merit of belonging to both political parties. But arrange matters as they might in each legislative session, there would be somebody to introduce a bill granting a new lottery charter, or withdrawing the old one. Only one of these measures, for surmisable reasons, prospered beyond a certain stage. In 1876 General Francis T. Nicholls, who had left both an arm and a leg between the Rapidan and Petersburg, was nominated for Governor and was elected. Some whole veterans in that region earn wages from the Lottery. Being only half a veteran, the Governor was not at heart sound on the Lottery question; so, when the legislature in the spring of 1879 actually rescinded the charter of the Lottery Company, Governor Nicholls signed the bill with his remaining arm. A Creole once implied approval of General Robert E. Lee by saying, "I hear Gen'ral Beauregar' speak well of him." Up to the signing of that bill, Beauregard's employers had spoken well of General Nicholls, but now such words as "scoundrel" and "traitor" were heard; they claimed to have contributed large sums for the sustaining of his government, as when thirty-two colored statesmen were induced at large expense to leave the rival "Packard Legislature," thereby depriving it of a quorum. But the repeal of the Lottery charter was annulled by an injunction

issued by Judge Billings of the United States Circuit Court, who took ground at variance with decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. And as a constitutional convention was called for the autumn of that year (1879), the Lottery very soon perceived a way to fortify itself further. Powerful interests were at work for selfish ends, and the Lottery at once allied itself with them. A strong lobby had been formed particularly in the interest of the refunding bondholders of the Kellogg régime. New bonds had been issued to conceal the identity of millions of bonds which were regarded as fraudulent, and for that reason there was a move to repudiate them. These allied interests carried the day in the convention, from which the Lottery emerged with a limited berth in the fundamental law of the State. Article 167 of the new constitution says: "And the charter of said [Lottery] Company is recognized as a contract binding on the State for the period therein specified [until January 1, 1894], except its monopoly clause, which is hereby abrogated, and all laws contrary to the provisions of this article are hereby declared null and void, *provided* said company shall file a renunciation of all its monopoly features." The lottery *renounced*, with a flourish of trumpets, and even talked approvingly of another clause which provided that all lottery "charters shall close and expire on the 1st of January, 1895, from which time all lotteries are prohibited in the State." The picayune offering of $40,000 a year in lieu of all taxes was not increased, but was given the distinct stamp of philanthropy by allotment to the Charity Hospital of New Orleans.

Though the new constitution meditated the chartering of new lotteries, and although legislators were always seeking to introduce such bills, the magnetic influence of the State Lottery was equal to the task of keeping the field to itself, and for another ten years it has rioted in its millions of profits and its benevolence of $40,000 a year.

It was only after the Lottery, by the renunciations mentioned above, had made its peace with some of the best people of the State that John A. Morris came out prominently as a pillar of the institution. He had spent his winters in New Orleans, and as a gentleman of leisure had been elected to some of the best clubs, but was not generally known as the right bower of Charles T. Howard. The latter gentleman had been Lord of the Lottery, and certainly no knight of old, of the bar sinister or otherwise, ever carried his authority with greater aplomb. Charles T. Howard was a large, commanding figure whose gray hair and general aspect would, after the traditions of romance, have likened him to a handsome gambler. Those who knew him well say he was fitted to be the hero of such a great epic as Milton's "Paradise Lost." He aimed at success, not glory. When the Metairie Racing Club, famous for the race of Lexington and Lecompte in 1853, treated his candidacy for membership with an indifference bordering on disdain, he quietly served notice that he would turn their racecourse into a graveyard, and he did. This was not building a mansion in the skies, but at least it bore the look of preparing a way-station. When a place of respectable amusement on Canal street extended the cold shoulder toward him, he volunteered to convert it into something more to his taste; but he did not live to see his full hopes realized. He was killed, half a dozen years ago, by being thrown from his horse at Dobbs Ferry, New York, where he had a summer home. His tomb is a notable one in Metairie Cemetery, the finest "city of the dead" in New Orleans, where some of the heroes of the Confederacy are commemorated by statue and monument. Mr. Howard loved the dignifying memories of the war, and had himself elected a member of the Society of the Army of Tennessee. Some claimed that, as orderly sergeant, he had served at Shiloh. Though his election to the Army of Tennessee led to the resignation of two of its prominent officers, the practical work of the society was advanced by his munificence. It is said to have been his wish that his heirs should provide a home for the Louisiana Historical Association. They have done so handsomely, in a building that cost $20,000, where the veterans meet, where relics of the war are kept, and where the purposes of history are efficiently served. This Veterans' Hall is an annex to the handsomest public building in New Orleans, the "Howard Memorial," dedicated to the memory of the philanthropist under discussion, on which over $100,000 was spent, and which in every detail of construction and furnishing is a model public library. It stands almost in the shadow (if the sun were not on the wrong side) of the austere figure of Robert E. Lee, towering on the column in Lee Circle. Only esteem can be felt for the filial act which devoted these buildings to a father's memory. It is the single unselfish benefit that Lottery money has conferred upon New Orleans, whose people have been impoverished by the daily drawings; and no doubt the heirs would be glad if they could disassociate from the gift its mute influence as a bribe to public respect on behalf of a gambling corporation.

For ten years the Lottery owners have prepared for the struggle which is now at its height, and which is to result in the further degradation of the State, or in the death of the monster after 1893. They long assumed content with the provision abolishing all lotteries after January

1, 1895. Before that time, they said, they would have money enough. So they gathered in five to thirteen millions a year,—nobody knows how much, but their schemes on their face prove that the highest sum is possible,—and began to intrench their power. Lottery money flows in almost every channel of trade and manufacture in New Orleans, even of the State. Some of the leading banks that dominate the reserve capital of the State are allies of the Lottery. The anti-lottery leaders claim that many depositors and borrowers who at heart are opposed to the proposition for a new charter, are constrained to conceal their opposition by fear that they might be denied credit on favorable terms. Four national banks are advertised sponsors of the Lottery, and, besides the certificate of Generals Beauregard and Early, each lottery ticket carries on its back the guarantee of "R. M. Walmsley, President Louisiana National Bank; P. Lanaux, President State National Bank; A. Baldwin, President New Orleans National Bank; Carl Kohn, President Union National Bank." The New Orleans National Bank is the declared cover of the Lottery mail under the new postal regulations. The president, Albert Baldwin, who is the leading merchant and banker in New Orleans, is supposed to be a large owner of Lottery stock, as well as one of the six unnamed incorporators of the proposed new charter. He is an ardent Republican, just as John A. Morris is an ardent Democrat. Baldwin's reputed large gift to the Harrison campaign fund, be it said in justice to the Administration, along with other powerful influences, was not sufficient to keep the recent postmaster in his place for more than a year and a half after the new régime came in. This postmaster was appointed under President Cleveland, and was not suspected until the end of the latter's term to be one of Morris's friendly assistants. Because of his high character, and his social relations with the best people of the State, the urgent popular demand for his appointment to the guardianship, as it were, of the Lottery mail, bore a public-spirited aspect. The colored statesman, Ex-Governor Pinchback, is also regarded as one of the political pillars of the Lottery, and is supposed to be a large stockholder.

Lottery capital controls the water-works that sustain the living, and Metairie Cemetery, the home of the aristocratic dead; it supports the old French opera-house, the rendezvous of the best, and it is a brilliant, society; it turns the great cotton-mills, and has built a large plant which is the initial experiment of taking the manufacture of sugar off the hands of planters. It was a hobby of the Hon. Don Caffrey that if central mills for the grinding of cane could be set up independently of the planters, the latter would be relieved of a large business burden. When Mr. Morris learned through one of his friends of Mr. Caffrey's desires, he took hold of the subject with enthusiasm, furnished the capital, placed Mr. Caffrey at the head of the concern, and then saw the coveted lawyer withdraw in haste when the duty of the head of the enterprise to the Lottery propaganda was foreshadowed. Mr. Caffrey's eloquence in favor of the Lottery, or even his silence, would have been an ally to prize; his active hostility has been a tower of strength to those who are trying to rid the State of the blight of Lottery charity.

Then there is the Lottery "reserve fund." We have seen that long before 1876 it amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. By the habit of the trust-owners it may be increased each year out of the gross receipts, before half of the net profits are doled out to the stockholders. That it is an enormous fund is evident from the demands upon it; and it is well known that in its idle moments it has been augmented by investments in real estate and as interest-bearing capital, which reminds one of Gilbert's optimistic lines: "When the coster is n't jumping on his mother he loves to lie a-basking in the sun." It is the duty of this reserve fund to grease the wheels of both political machines through the regular channels, and to feed the ambition of all sorts of big and little, better and rougher, political bosses by private subscriptions; to aid the influential who are needy, and the unscrupulous who are useful; to quicken the wisdom of the press, which in its secular aspect in the State is 173 for the Lottery to 28 against; to compromise with legislators so that no rivals shall enter the field; in brief, to make the Lottery a perfume in the nostrils of influential people in every walk of life. The number of regular pensioners on the fund is believed to be enormous: some are parasites, and others are quickened into silent or audible advocates. The avenues of employment are a powerful lever also for indirect influence. In the main lottery-offices are innumerable employees, often poor relatives of influential people who are thereby kept in a state of moral coma. The 108 suboffices of the "daily drawing" and its attendant "policy" business are let to outside persons, and are sources of large profit. Two or three members of the legislature are known to occupy suboffices by proxy. When application is made to fill a vacancy, or to open a new office, it is said that if the aspirant does not bring a recommendation from two members of the legislature, he must have other powerful influence, or be foreordained to failure. These suboffices do not include the myriads of agencies at cigar-stands, barber-shops, and other stalls, where

a commission of 15 per cent. helps to keep another army of somebody's friends or poor relatives in a maintenance. Many an advocate of the Lottery on charitable grounds has proven later to be a pampered stockholder. A prominent case was the president of the leading social club, who was also a surgeon of more than Southern fame. He gave quiet help in getting the Lottery into the Constitution of 1879. When he died, after an extravagant life, almost his entire fortune was found to consist of Lottery stock.

When the campaign for governor and a new legislature opened four years ago, John A. Morris buckled on his armor because he had made up his mind to serve the State by applying for a new lease of Lottery life. It is a peculiarity of Louisiana politics that the governor who is in is unpopular, and the governor who is out arouses enthusiasm. Governor Samuel D. McEnery was a candidate for a renomination. The Lottery was looked upon as his friend, although in a message in 1882 he had said: "The constitution declares gambling to be a vice, yet it encourages that vice in its worst forms, not only inciting to breaches of faith and embezzlement in the effort to get rich in the turn of a wheel, but demoralizing society, corrupting politics, and impeding legislation." Nine years later, from the Supreme Bench, Justice McEnery, by his decision and that of two associates, placed the Lottery amendment before the people; and now, by the nomination of December 18, 1891, he is the candidate for governor of every pro-lottery Democrat in the State. Against him are arrayed the anti-lottery Democrats and the Farmers' Alliance, who on the same day nominated the leader of the Anti-Lottery League, Murphy J. Foster, a State senator of commanding ability and proved integrity. This split in the Democratic party gives the Republicans a variety of opportunities, and as many of their influential leaders and legislators have always aided the Lottery, the situation has an aspect of humor and victory to John A. Morris and his six concealed coadjutors, whether or not the Lottery Republicans bolt in McEnery's interest or join in electing a straight Republican ticket. The Lottery people claim that the contest is a political squabble for offices, but everybody knows that the Lottery amendment is the great issue involved.

When McEnery lost the nomination four years ago, Governor Nicholls came again into power. Toward the end of the latter's canvass, when success was apparent, the Lottery insinuated $10,000 into his campaign fund, but not with his knowledge. With the end of winter, in 1890, came an awful flood, the ever-threatening demon of the Lower Mississippi. Levees were swept away, planters were in distress, and a peremptory cry for help arose to which Governor Nicholls could not immediately respond without violating his oath. When the clamor was at its height, the Lottery sent him a check for $100,000. This Governor Nicholls returned. He was willing to see the State disappear in a crevasse before he would save it with Lottery money. This was the Lottery's opportunity to put him in a crevasse, and Mr. Morris's agents promptly sent checks of proportionate size to every levee officer in the suffering section, only one of which was returned. They also loaded several steamboats with supplies for the people of the inundated regions, and when the flood subsided spent thousands of dollars in distributing seed. In 1890, $50,000 was given to New Orleans for levees. This large-heartedness was all the more noticeable because the Lottery had seen several floods come and go in the past without signs of sympathy. It is said that Lottery money built two churches; and as though charity were a disease that feeds on itself, the Lottery began to distribute a few other "capital prizes," some of which were not accepted. When an offer was made to relieve the diocese of New Orleans of its debts, the Archbishop declined this *per se* emanation from the Lottery; when a shaft of $5000 was aimed at the Normal School at Natchitoches, it was warded off with the cold shoulder. When the Sanitary Board of New Orleans was offered $30,000, partly for public bath-houses and in part for the indispensable summer work of flushing the gutters, the Board received the gift in spite of the protests and resignations of members who "would not indorse the Lottery as a charitable institution to the children of New Orleans, for $30,000."

In laying the foundation for influence in the legislature of 1890, the Lottery had the help of all the hack political bosses, and of some private agents of social position. The dread of political domination by bosses is very strong in Louisiana; and it is said that John A. Morris, on appealing personally to Senator Avery of Iberia parish to support the amendment, reached a condition of moral fervor in which he declared "it would be a crime to refuse this great benefaction to suffering Louisiana." "Mr. Morris," said the Senator, "eleven of my kinsmen were killed at Fort Griswold by Benedict Arnold, in their effort to rid this country of one-man power; I and my kinsmen have fought for the State of Louisiana, and there is no influence strong enough to make me vote to place this State in the power of one man, whether he be you or somebody else."

This was the summer of 1890. Governor Nicholls had anticipated the "Revenue Amendment," which is the sugar-coated popular title

of the Lottery bill, by marshaling, in his message to the legislature, every reason in common morals and State policy why it should be voted down. Nevertheless, the "Revenue Amendment" was brought before the legislature, and such a struggle as Louisiana had never seen before was begun. As adopted it proposes a new article for the constitution of the State, to be voted upon in April, 1892. It is called "Article on Levees, Schools, Charities, Pensions, Drainage, Lotteries, and General Fund." It seeks to reëstablish the Lottery for twenty-five years, from Jannary 1, 1894, in the name of John A. Morris and six other persons *hereafter to be revealed.* In consideration of the "contract" (no charter this time) John A. Morris is to undertake that during the life of the Lottery $31,250,000 shall be paid to the State in yearly parts of $1,250,000, the latter sum to be apportioned (in quarterly payments) as follows: $350,000 to the public schools; $350,000 to the levees; $80,000 to State hospitals; $40,000 to State insane asylums; $25,000 for the deaf, dumb, and blind; $5000 to the Soldiers' Home (a State institution); $50,000 for pensions to "disabled, infirm, or indigent Confederate soldiers (as there is no State pension fund at present, the shrewdness of this bribe is obvious); $100,000 to the city of New Orleans for drainage and other sanitary purposes; and $250,000 to the general fund of the State. Rival lotteries are effectually shut out by the necessity of coming into life in the same way and of paying an equal amount to the State. The company, besides, is to be exempt from taxation; but the sum of $1,250,000 is not far from the equitable taxes on the new capitalization at the premium value of its stock, according to the present laws.

At first the legislature was tempted with $500,000 a year, but as one member thought his scruples could not be overcome by less than $1,250,000, and as others deemed it wiser to confront their constituents with that sum behind them, Mr. Morris good-naturedly consented. What was a million, more or less, to him, when all this money was coming out of the pockets of the people it was supposed to benefit, along with as much more to line his own pockets! A word like "selferosity" should be invented to express such boundless love of mankind. The delusion of those statesmen may be inferred from the fact that $1,250,000 is not far from the present State taxation; but they were told by the Lottery that 93 per cent. of all its business comes from outside the State; yet it is a demonstrable fact, on the theory that each of its 108 local policy-shops brings in a business of $60 a day (which is said to be the minimum tolerated, a shop being moved or the management changed if the income is less), that the local daily drawing will more than pay the new obligation to the State, showing that it will really come out of the pockets of Louisianians, and from the class least able to pay it. But could anything be more fascinating as a bribe to the average citizen than the abrogation of all taxes? Some very good men in Louisiana have persuaded themselves that this is the real and not the apparent effect of the "Revenue Amendment." They do not see, among other incongruities, that in public schools supported by the Lottery, the teachers might properly be agents for the sale of tickets, and that it would be laudable for the pupils to economize on luncheons so that during a week they might save the price of at least one ticket.

As an amendment to the constitution the bill could be passed only by a two-thirds vote in each house. For a time the Lottery was slightly in arrears. All of the colored brethren were on its side, in plenty of white company. Little by little the opposition saw their forces flowing to the Lottery side, a final sign of weakness being the plea that support of the bill was, after all, only saying to the constituencies, "If you don't want this Lottery, don't vote for the amendment." A member who yielded to this plea said he would rather his son should die than be educated by that fund. At the critical moment the anti-lottery members in caucus pledged their sacred honor not to be bought or wheedled into support of the bill. A senator who had given that pledge, who had been impoverished, who was in poor health and harassed as to the support of his family, was the last man needed for a Lottery victory. He voted to submit the question to the people, sank into his chair, and in shame buried his face in his hands. Nearly a year afterward this pitiable man was carried ill to the Hôtel Dieu in New Orleans. After his death a belt containing $18,000 was found on his person, and was considered to be the remaining part of a larger sum. A relative published a defense to the effect that he voted according to his convictions, but did not deny that the money was found upon him. There was a white Baptist minister in the legislature who voted for the bill, it was said, because the Lottery had subscribed to his church. He was turned out of his church and afterward out of the denomination. Symptoms of sudden wealth broke out on many members, previously poor, who are mentioned by name in the talk of the town.

Amid much jubilation, on that great day for charity, the bill was sent to Governor Nicholls, who returned it, on July 7, with his veto. The House lost no time on the following day in passing it over the Governor's head by a vote of sixty-six to thirty-one, one member being absent. The Senate would doubtless have followed suit but for an unforeseen accident. One

of its members had been to New Orleans on the wings of victory, where he had acquired a state of delirium tremens. His vote was needed to override the veto, and his physician had declared that his life would be forfeited, probably, if he were carried to the Senate. Nevertheless, his wife is said to have favored the attempt; an effort was made to get the use of the Lieutenant-Governor's room for his accommodation; then it was suggested that the Senate should meet where the sick man lay. But the opposition threatened to investigate the ability of the man to cast a legal vote. The man died, and in desperation the Lottery senators decided that as the bill had already been passed by a two-thirds vote it was unnecessary to submit it to the Governor for approval. The House adopted this view; and when the Secretary of State declined to certify the bill on that ground, and for the reason that alterations and changes in the journals of the two houses, regarding the bill, had been made without proper authority, the Supreme Court of the State, by a three to two judgment (Associate Justice McEnery concurring), set aside both objections, and the bill was promulgated. In such trappings of fact does John A. Morris's Child of Charity appear before the altar of manhood suffrage for consecration.

A month after their defeat, a convention of the Anti-Lottery League met in Baton Rouge. Such able speakers as Murphy J. Foster (the leader in the Senate), Judge E. D. White (now United States senator elect), Edgar H. Farrar, and Charles Parlange made the air red with eloquence and blue with the moralities of the question. Mr. Farrar has since led in a campaign of hard facts to show that the city and State are prosperous, not poor, and to expose the fallacy of the Lottery on business principles. United States Senator Gibson has also turned his logic against the amendment. The league was formed in New Orleans in April, 1890, by Judge White, Colonel J. Davidson Hill, Judge Frank McGloin, Colonel C. Harrison Parker, Judge F. A. Monroe, Colonel W. G. Vincent, and Senator Charles Parlange. Hundreds of men prominent in the law, in education, and in business, like the attorney-general, Walter H. Rogers, the Hon. Don Caffrey, the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, Colonel William Preston Johnston, and Branch M. King, have rallied to it. Foremost among them are men who wore the same uniform as Generals Beauregard and Early, but who spurn the idea of salaries or pensions from the Lottery. They are determined men, and have enlisted their lives and whatever fortune they possess in the cause of restoring Louisiana to the sisterhood of respectable States.

As the Lottery question pervades church and society in New Orleans, it is not surprising that the women have formed a league of their own, with branches in all the parishes. Mrs. William Preston Johnston is president, and the parent branch of New Orleans in November numbered 700. These women are earnest and outspoken. An incident in the autumn was the offering by a member of her only valuable piece of jewelry, a gold watch, which she asked the finance committee to sell for the benefit of the fund.

The only real setback to the Lottery has come from the new postal regulations. At various times since 1883, Inspector George A. Dice has done efficient work in obtaining evidence of violations of the postal law, but in every instance the United States Court in New Orleans proved an obstacle to conviction, so liable is the ermine to lose its luster in a Lottery atmosphere. Finally, Congress passed a new law in September, 1890, which made it possible to prosecute for the posting of lottery tickets or advertisements, along the route or at the destination. The day that law was signed, Mr. Dice heard a salute of one hundred guns fired in New Orleans by the anti-lotteryites in honor of their first and only success. Inspector George C. Maynard has since picketed the Gulf district, and, in addition to the Louisiana Lottery, has had also to watch the Juarez Lottery, a Mexican concern to which Confederate General John S. Mosby is commissioner. Mexico is a paradise for gamblers. A traveler who has just returned says that at a watering-place in that country he entered a tent in one end of which was a gaming-table for adults, while in the other end was a table for youths; a pawnshop occupied the center.

At the New Orleans post-office, in ten days prior to the passage of the new law, the Lottery Company received 30,000 letters; in the same time the New Orleans National, the Lottery bank, received 8464 registered letters. For ten days in July, 1891, the Lottery received only 534 letters, and the bank only 41 registered letters. One third of the New Orleans mail formerly went to the Lottery, the receipts of the post-office on that account alone amounting to $125,000 a year. Postmaster-General Wanamaker, who has sustained the new law with untiring energy, says in his last report: "The mails are no longer used by the Louisiana State Lottery Company for the transmission of printed matter in packages or unsealed envelopes. Its patronage of the post is now limited to letters and packages under seal, and I have reason to believe that such matter is sent only to points that can not easily be reached by the express companies. Statistics show that during the calendar year of 1889 there were received at the Dead Letter Office 11,266 Lottery letters, or an average of 938 letters per month. During

the first six months of 1890, 5686 Lottery letters were received, or an average of 947 per month. During the next five months of the same year — these include about two and a half months succeeding the date of the approval of the Anti-lottery Act — there were received 2597 letters, or an average of 519 per month. During the eleven months beginning with December, 1890, and ending with October, 1891, 686 letters containing lottery tickets were received, an average of only 62 per month. At present the average is less than 40."

If necessary, the Lottery would no doubt conduct its carrying business by pony-express or even by foot-messengers; but just at present it finds the express companies a handy agency, against whom, however, the Postmaster-General is preparing legal warfare. Of the extent of the express traffic he says in his report: "Some of the expresses have instructed their agents and employés to refuse the business of the Louisiana Lottery, but the instructions are ineffective, because packages are sometimes smuggled into the express by persons not known to be connected with the Lottery, but more frequently because the employé is either indifferent to his instructions or in sympathy with the Lottery; and it is not disputed that such matter is received and conveyed without dissent by express companies professing to refuse it, when offered by connecting lines forming a part of the entire route over which it is to be carried. Other companies, as for instance the Southern Express, openly receive and transport all printed matter offered by the Lottery Company and its agents, sealed or unsealed, and all sealed packages, presumably of written or partly written matter, insisting that they are prevented from either making special inquiry as to the contents of the packages or disturbing the seal."

In the past, as at present, the Lottery mail has been the chief source of corruption to the postal employees, and to an extent which official prudence, to aid its detective work, has felt bound to conceal. But the facts are astounding. With the purpose of discrediting the New Orleans post-office, the Lottery bank has recently charged indifference on the part of the authorities, who are obliged to work in quiet, and who have no surveillance over the employees of the bank; for the Lottery mail corrupts alike those that handle and those that receive it. An account of the subterfuges of the Lottery to evade the postal law would fill a volume. Some of their home journals in the Lottery interest are making a desperate assault on the constitutionality of the law, for excluding from the mails newspapers that print Lottery advertisements. The case was argued in November, and in the middle of December the decision had not yet been rendered. That public opinion strongly favors the exclusion of Lottery matter from the mails is indicated, the Postmaster-General says, by the fact that "of the 2259 newspaper editorials, published in 850 papers, which have come to the notice of the Department during the past year, 2172 have opposed the use of the mails by lotteries, and 87 have favored it." It would be interesting to know how many of the 87 were printed outside Louisiana.

A year and a half of public arguments and appeals have had no effect on lottery-workers and respectable sympathizers; either the Lottery *per se* or the supposed tax-paying power of the "Revenue Amendment" has full command of their influence. The sole hope of the Anti-Lottery League is with the people of the parishes; in New Orleans it has only a strong fighting minority, made up of the better elements, but they are men who cannot be trifled with, and who mean to have fair play at the polls. Their home money resources are nearly exhausted, for they are men of moderate means. One member subscribed $15,000, and others according to their ability. To get a hearing in the press, they were compelled to start, in May, 1890, the "New Delta," which is ably edited by Colonel J. Harrison Parker and Colonel John C. Wickliffe. Every week a committee canvasses for funds to keep this necessary agency up to its vital work, while the old-established newspapers draw sustenance from the Lottery's advertisements, and give the impression that the power and prestige of the State are all for the Lottery bill.

With millions of Lottery money to contend against, and with lessening resources, the League has in desperation collected its Winchester rifles, which were kept under cover near every polling-place during the white primary election of November 10; for it was doubted if the Lottery's ward bosses and heelers would count their votes in case the election was close. No law-abiding citizen can approve of the mob of last spring, that taught the Mafia its terrible lesson; but no citizen of the North can understand, except on the ground, the provocations of the would-be law-abiding people of New Orleans. In this fight all of the various Mafias are on the side of the Lottery, which is the masterful vampire Mafia of them all. W. S. Parkerson, the leader of the men who marched to the parish prison and who has been prominent in the movement to crush out corrupt boss rule in local politics, came into the League as soon as he found that the bosses were to a man in the Lottery camp. Another sign of the desperation of the League is its appeal for outside money support. The good people of New Orleans have the habit of depending upon themselves, but in the hour of exhaustion they are

willing to beg for this cause, and General George D. Johnston was sent to New York to ask for aid, the great mass-meeting of November 13 being the first response to his efforts.

Some have thought that abuses at the North ought first to be righted before aid should be sent South; for few understand to what an extent this is a national question, so silent and insidious has been the spread of lottery gambling. *It is, first and last, a national question!* New Orleans is only an incident. In justice to Louisiana, the whole North ought to lead in this fight—with its support when the battle is in New Orleans, and in Congress if the victory in April is with the Lottery. Has not the Lottery proclaimed that ninety-three per cent. of its business comes from abroad? Within a year it has made a desperate attempt to obtain a charter from North Dakota, as a refuge in case it should fail to get a new footing in Louisiana. A journalist, traveling last autumn in the Canadian Northwest, was asked by his guide to withhold his pay till it amounted to five dollars, with which he intended to buy a Louisiana Lottery ticket. New York hatched this Lottery, and New York, in spite of the postal law and the police, is to-day its main dependence. The dishonest real-estate clerk who, two or three years ago, robbed a prominent New York law firm of upward of $250,000, confessed that most of the money was lost in policy and lottery gambling. Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Washington, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Denver, and San Francisco are hotbeds of its virus. On my way to New Orleans I visited Detroit, where the Lottery agents are active but under cover. In Chicago the inspector of police from his office in the City Hall, in answer to my inquiry, pointed to a doorway opposite his window, and through that doorway I walked into a room off a side hall where lottery tickets were being sold openly, and where a silent file of youths and men followed each other in and out. On the wall were rough placards giving the names of recent drawers of portions of "capital prizes" in two large manufacturing houses. These I visited, to find that the facts were as stated. At one place the proprietors were unfriendly to the business; in the other the sentiment was favorable. The havoc of the Lottery in Chicago was attested by stories of riotous living and ruin wrought by lucky tickets, and by several cases in which the police had been debauched. Two years ago a policeman won part of a capital prize, set up a saloon called the "Louisiana," soon ran through the money, and was welcomed back to the police force. The sensation while I was there was the recent "breaking" of a detective who had been caught by his "partner detective" (a new man of firm character) taking bribes of tickets and money from the Lottery's chief agent, who keeps the office described above. The agent was made to admit his crime, and on December 19 he and his clerk, after long immunity, were find $100 each. In St. Louis I found the Lottery's agents active but sly. The office of the chief agent was a pretended cigar-store, a mere hole, six by fourteen, with a screen in front. Near by the whole interior of a vast block was given up to a labyrinth of pool-rooms, packed with motley crowds of men, youths, and negroes. All kinds of pools were being sold on horse-races in the East and South, and on base-ball games. There were counters where half-dollars could be staked, and to these youths who looked like clerks and mechanics were thronging in the noonday hour. Shortly after my visit, the Supreme Court of that State sustained the Missouri law against pool-selling, and that hive of industry has since been closed.

Though the people of this country have been strangely blind to the fact, the "Louisiana State Lottery" has been a national question for twenty years; the moral view aside, it remains a business and a political issue. A National Committeeman is authority for the statement that in the campaigns of 1884 and 1888, the Lottery made large and equal contributions to the fund of each party. What would it not give for a deaf, dumb, and blind Postmaster-General in Washington and a friendly postmaster in New Orleans, no matter of which party!

The Lottery is the farthest reaching of all the pestilent gambling enterprises of the Union. Saloons, barber-shops, and cigar-stands are the centers of its traffic. Even if the Lottery is stripped of the power of the State that it degrades, this kind of crime will of course be carried on by somebody in secret though on a smaller scale. But if the Lottery fastens itself anew on Louisiana, owning her, as it will, both body and soul, and if it secures control of Congress and the United States mail, as it is trying to do by its political contributions, then let the country be equally kind to her allies the gambling-houses and pool-rooms; establish them by constitutional amendments; let each State have its own lottery; and induce John A. Morris to extend his benevolence by teaching his own New York, as he has taught the Pelican State, how to feed her children off her own flesh, while she fattens him.

C. C. Buel.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Will an American State be Guilty of Suicide?

IN this number of THE CENTURY we present some of the results of a recent personal investigation made by one of the editors of the magazine into a subject of pressing national importance — namely, the Louisiana Lottery. We think that no fair-minded reader can go through this paper carefully without being amazed at the gradual revelation there made of unworthy and demoralizing habits and passions, fostered in the coldest blood by designing and greedy men, through all the various expedients of temptation, corruption, chicanery, and intimidation. Never was the livery of heavenly charity more flagrantly stolen "to serve the devil in" than by the beneficiaries of this far worse than mere gambling institution.

If the lottery should succeed, it is no mere figure of speech to say that the life of one of the fairest States of the Union would be crushed out of it for at least one generation, and those who mistakenly, weakly, or corruptly assist in the deed, and their children after them, will suffer dishonor and injury to an extent they now seem little to realize. But it is not merely a State question, or a national question having to do with one of the States of the Union: the Louisiana Lottery is a curse from one end of the country to the other. Its ramifications and evil designs are only half understood by the people at large. Unless it is crushed out it will ally itself with every sinister influence in the nation, and breed evil, and that continually, to the end of its pestilent days.

A "Cheap-Money" Hand-Book.

THE articles upon cheap-money experiments and delusions which have appeared in this department of THE CENTURY during the past year have been collected into a neat pamphlet of twelve chapters, which The Century Company has published at ten cents a copy, or five dollars a hundred. This publication has been fairly compelled by the wide-spread interest which the articles have aroused, and by the requests which have come to us for them in a convenient and cheap form, suitable for popular distribution.

As a sample of the interest awakened, evidences of which have reached us in almost innumerable letters and newspaper clippings, we cite the following voluntary and gratifying testimony from the editor of an important newspaper in Kansas:

> We are finding THE CENTURY a most valuable aid in fighting the financial heresies that have taken possession of Kansas during the past year. Your articles on finance have furnished the backbone of thousands of campaign speeches and newspaper articles in our much-maligned State. Give us more of them and we will soon be restored to health and sense.

It was for the purpose of supplying material for such use as this Kansas editor says was made of the articles that we published the series. It seemed to us that the most effective way in which to meet and refute unsound financial theories of the present time was to show that they had been tried and found wanting in other times; to show that, instead of being new, they were as old as economic science itself, and that, instead of being experimental, they had an unbroken record of human experience against their success in practice, extending over a period of nearly three hundred years. We began the demonstration with the history of the English Land Bank scheme of 1696, and ended it with the story of the Argentine Republic's experience with similar theories in our own day. In the twelve chapters of the pamphlet will be found the history of the more important of the cheap-money experiments of past and present times, including those of several of our State banks in the early part of the present century.

The material thus brought together is to be found in no other single publication. It has been obtained from many sources, some of them very difficult of access, and all of them entirely trustworthy and impartially accurate. The pamphlet is, therefore, a compact hand-book of exact information upon a branch of financial and economic history which is especially interesting and instructive for the American people. It will show them that all the schemes that are advanced in these later days for making money more plentiful and increasing everybody's prosperity have been tried in times past, and have, without exception, failed in practice, leaving behind them nothing but disaster and disgrace.

We are rejoiced to be able to say that since we began the publication of this series, a year ago, the danger that the United States might be misled into repeating as a nation some form or other of these financial blunders has been greatly lessened. The Farmers' Alliance, with its mischievous subtreasury scheme, the details of which are set forth in chapter VII of the pamphlet, was at that time in the height of its power. It had carried the State of Kansas in the preceding November election, and was making serious inroads upon the strength of the two great political parties in various Southern and Western States. The "silver craze" was also at its height, and had such powerful support in Congress that the country seemed destined at an early day to make a descent to the silver standard of value. To-day the outlook is much less ominous. The Farmers' Alliance was defeated as signally in the recent November election in Kansas as it had been successful in the election of a year earlier. In the Southern States, notably in Mississippi, the fallacies of the subtreasury scheme were taken up for public discussion by leading Democrats, and were argued with such fearlessness and ability as literally to be driven from the minds of the people. Even among the Alliance members themselves discussion of the subtreasury scheme has brought it so much into disfavor that a majority is to-day against it, and it is passing rapidly into the oblivion set apart for financial heresies. The silver craze has so far spent its force that there is now little danger of free-silver-coinage legislation by the present Congress, and if that should adjourn without action there is every reason to believe that the danger will have passed, never to return.

If THE CENTURY has contributed, as our Kansas

correspondent says it has in his State, to produce this healthier tone in public sentiment throughout the country, this sounder, because more intelligent, view of financial principles and economic laws, it has accomplished the purpose it had in view in publishing the series. The result is gratifying in many ways, but chiefly so in confirming the belief, profound and abiding, which we have always maintained in the intelligence and honesty of the American people. The history of all the financial delusions which have possessed this country from time to time shows that the duration of each of them has been short — that it has in fact kept its hold upon popular opinion only so long as was necessary for the people to inform themselves as to its real character. The duration of this hold would have been much shorter in every instance if the professed leaders of the people, the men whose duty it was to guide them aright in all such matters, had been worthy always of the positions they occupied. If, when a "craze" breaks out, such leaders, instead of yielding to it, for fear opposition might cost them votes and place, were to explain to the people its real nature and its powerlessness to bring to them any of its promised blessings, it would make very little headway. The leaders have opportunities which the masses of the people do not have for informing themselves upon these questions, and if they were true leaders instead of false, they would impart their information when it was most needed. No one who has studied the history of popular "crazes" can fail to be struck with the fact that all of them have received their death-blow from a few courageous men or journals that have had sufficient faith in the American people to tell them the truth without fear or favor.

The Metropolitan Museum.

NOTHING could bring to mind more forcibly the rapid growth of artistic expression, and of the interests of art generally, in this city within a short time, than to turn, as we did the other day, to what we said on the subject in these columns not quite eight years ago (April, 1884), and contrast our remarks with the present condition of affairs. We have not reached the millennium yet,— nor, to be sure, is there any immediate danger of its approach,— but how much there is in that article which we could not say to-day, even were we so inclined!

We said, while urging the importance of an architectural department in the museum, that in this city "more bad architecture has been perpetrated in the last thirty years than perhaps ever was accomplished elsewhere"; but hardly were the words out of our mouth when matters began to improve. The down-town buildings began to express the dignity and solidity of our wealth, where before they had illustrated only its less attractive characteristics; corporations straightway took unto themselves souls, and demanded that their structures should be more artistic, as well as bigger, than those of their neighbors; the Washington Arch, undreamed of then, is a well-nigh accomplished fact; and now the joyous beauty of the Madison Square Garden has come to teach that even the every-day places of amusement are not unworthy of the highest efforts of the architect.

We believe we mentioned "blue china, and Capo-di-Monte and Limoges enamel" as the only kinds of acquisitions to be expected from American millionaires, fearing that great masterpieces were hardly to be looked for from their generosity. Since that time one of these same millionaires has given the Metropolitan Museum a collection of old masters which any museum in Europe would be glad to possess, a gift of which a prince justly might be proud. Others have followed his example in giving or lending splendid pictures for the benefit of the public,— though the number of such benefactors is by no means as large as it might be,— and while it is still true, as we then said, that there is not in this country, to our knowledge, any really great Italian painting, the northern masters are worthily represented in quality, if not in numbers, in both public and private collections. The Sunday-afternoon opening, which, like many another good and Christian work, was accomplished only with toil and sorrow, has proved to hard-working people of all classes the greatest blessing which the trustees had it in their power to confer.

It was the Metropolitan Museum, its methods and its management, which formed the burden of our lament in the article we have in mind. More than once we have had occasion to say a serious word upon this topic, a duty which we felt the more imperative because of our interest in the institution itself, and our ambition to see it occupy the position it should in a community like that of the New York of to-day. For the same reason we hail with pleasure so much the keener every movement in the right direction, every endeavor to make its usefulness broader and more substantial; and our pleasure is no less genuine because the advances and reforms at the museum have been most conspicuous in the line of the program suggested in the editorial first referred to. In the light of recent events, we look back with peculiar satisfaction to what we said upon the subject of casts. It will be remembered that at the time we wrote the museum possessed no casts or plastic reproductions of whatever kind. The only conception of Greek sculpture which the visitor could acquire was that offered by the Cyprian statues; and even their most enthusiastic friends must admit that these suggest little of the glories of Pheidias and Praxiteles. They are hardly the examples which our sculptors would select for inspiration, and it amounted to a libel upon Greek art that these should be its chief representatives in a museum intended to be educational. It was with this fact in mind that we said: "It would seem natural that the first attention of a great American museum should be directed to such things as these; that one of the first acquisitions should be a collection of casts of all the great Greek sculptures. Sculpture has the immense advantage that it can be more adequately represented than any other art," and so on. We will not quote our own wisdom, but notice what has happened since those words were written. In a most overwhelming manner have those been discredited who once despised the plaster cast as unworthy a place in an institution of the first rank. First, the president of the museum, with characteristic liberality, realizing the necessity of including reproductions in the museum collections, gave $10,000 with which to form a nucleus. Then we began to reap the benefit of Mr. Willard's magnificent bequest of $75,000 for the purchase of architectural casts and models — a sum probably much larger than has ever been devoted to this purpose by any museum in Europe, with the ex-

ception of what the French government has done for the Trocadéro. Last, and best of all, comes this new committee of gentlemen, interested both in the subject and in the museum, who have already raised some $100,000, a large part of which they have contributed themselves, for the purpose of presenting to the museum, on the part of the public, a collection which, supplementing those already mentioned, and devoted mainly to sculpture, will produce a museum of reproductions without a peer in the world. Is there not cause for rejoicing?

The composition of the committee shows that the desire for such a collection is not confined to any one class or profession; and the manner in which the project has been started is the best guarantee that it will be carried out satisfactorily. First of all, amateur knowledge has been discarded. From the beginning the committee have placed themselves under the guidance of experts. They began by inviting experts in this country to prepare for them lists of objects which it would be desirable to have in a collection intended to be illustrative of plastic art in all epochs. These lists, which were drawn up by Mr. Edward Robinson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and Professors Allan Marquand and A. L. Frothingham of Princeton, were published in a sumptuous style as "Tentative Lists," for the purpose of inviting further suggestions. Copies were sent to the principal European authorities on the history of art, as well as to those of this country. As a result of the replies received, and of Mr. Robinson's visit to Europe in the interests of the committee, the final lists of the collection have been prepared, the orders have been sent out, and we presume that there is hardly an important foundry of plaster casts in Europe which is not occupied with work of which our city is to enjoy the benefit. The prospect of so much that is good and valuable makes us impatient for the time when the ultimate hopes of the committee shall be realized, and all the casts of the Metropolitan collections be brought together in a separate building erected especially for them — a building in which all questions of effective arrangement and proper lighting can be settled without restrictions of space or regard to the needs of other departments. The present structure, even with the addition now being completed, will of course be far too small for all that is to be comprised in these collections, and if the intentions of the committee are fully carried out, we shall be able to boast of a museum which is absolutely unique — a place where students may find all the necessary materials for inspiration and instruction, where painters, sculptors, and architects may enjoy, not indeed a substitute for study in Europe, but a most delightful and useful reminder of treasures seen there, and where everybody may feel the quickening influence of great thoughts expressed in beauty of form and line.

There are other reforms and improvements still possible at the museum, which would bring the institution into still higher esteem throughout the world of art; but as this is a subject on which our views are well known, and as we desire to say only complimentary things at the present moment, we will not be specific on these points. Just now we heartily wish success to the liberal plans of the committee on casts.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Regular Army and the National Defense.

HOW to prepare the republic for war is a topic that has been quite frequently discussed of late in the public journals. The articles upon this subject have been unanimous only in one respect — they have all maintained that preparation is necessary. Each writer has his own theory as to how the preparation should be accomplished, and any one of them would be feasible with a central government that could enforce the measure. None, however, seem practicable under a republican government such as the United States, because our institutions are incompatible with the requirements of military service. We must have a military system adapted to our form of government, and any attempt to assimilate it to the methods of the European powers must fail for the want of an arbitrary power to enforce it. Our statutes have borne upon their pages for nearly a century some military laws that are fundamentally the same as those of the German empire to-day, but for half a century they have been a dead letter. They constitute every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five a soldier, and require of him certain services. These services are never rendered, and the laws are complied with in but few trifling particulars, and in their tendency to the national defense they amount to nothing.

The regular army of the United States is content with trying in a feeble manner to imitate European methods in such details as the authorities are able to enforce. These imitations are limited mainly to matters of dress, drill, and exercises, and are usually patterned after that military power that was considered to be in the ascendant. So long as the French were victorious we wore the French uniform and taught French tactics, and when the Germans conquered the French we donned the helmet, and now gather our ideas of progress from the German ranks, regardless of the difference of environment. The conditions of our service are so very different that we are not justified in this humiliating imitation and importation of foreign military methods. We should have a purely American and republican army, adapted to our surroundings and our form of government. There are no conditions on this continent that call for anything approximating to the standing armies of Europe. Such preparation here would be a waste of energy and time.

On the continent of Europe the situation requires that the armies should be ever ready for immediate action, and no first- or second-class power can afford to neglect this precaution. No such condition exists on this side of the water. When we consider these facts, it is difficult to understand why we should imitate and adopt so many of the details of their vast preparation. Much of the duty these large armies are engaged in has been instituted to furnish occupation for the troops dur-

ing times of peace; otherwise they would much more frequently become an element of danger to their own government. Take the matter of drill. Very much the largest part of drill tactics has no practical application in actual warfare. There was a time when it did. When battles were won by the shock of compact bodies of men from three to six ranks deep, drill was an important factor in maintaining compact formations. Now, to conduct a compact formation, even at the regulation route-step, within range of the improved long-range arms would be fatal. Compact formations are justifiable only beyond range for the comfort of the men and to economize space. Then why should we on this side waste so much time on the minutiæ of complicated drill tactics, repeating, from one year to another, what a soldier is able to acquire in a few weeks as well as he ever can, when, as will be shown hereafter, he might be so much better employed? All we need or use of drill in actual war is to pass from column into line and from line into column by the simplest possible methods.

The use of drill tactics constituted an insignificant factor in the war of the Rebellion. That a large proportion of the exercise of it can be dispensed with even in the European armies is evident from the fact that the German volunteer, when his means will enable him to do it at his own expense, can get through with the military duty the Government requires of him in one year, while the impecunious conscript must take three years, when it is possible that the latter may be endowed with natural abilities to do the same duty better and in half the time. Different conditions justify different tactics. The Indian has no use for Upton, and all the information we could acquire from that manual would be of little service in qualifying us to meet the wily savage in the use of his own tactics. Our great difficulty in fighting the Indian is to adapt our service to his tactics. Every nation endeavors to put its military establishment on a footing that will make it superior to the dangers which threaten it.

While we need not be wasting our strength and resources in preparation for immediate war, we cannot afford to ignore the necessity that exists that we should be organized and properly instructed for war, as the surest method of preventing it. It is in war above all other maladies that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We should have a sufficient military system to enable us to keep pace with other countries in the knowledge of the art of war, and to be able to utilize our resources in the event of the misfortune of war coming upon us. This is the general character of the preparation to which the intelligence of the nation must be directed.

The first requirement for national defense is an army properly officered; that is, fully supplied with officers thoroughly informed in their duties and capable of instructing the rank and file in their duties. Our present army can be utilized to that end by making every military post a military school, for which the graduates of the academy would be the proper instructors, and could educate the enlisted man to that degree which would qualify him to serve as an officer in the event of a war. To this end, the age for enlistment should not be over twenty-one years, and reënlistments should be exceptional. The matter of reënlistment has grown into a serious detriment to the service. The rank and file should be young men always, and for the subalterns youth is the first qualification also. War is the young man's opportunity to realize his dreams of greatness and the admiration of mankind. He has less to lose and more to gain than the man of maturer years, who has entered upon the career he has chosen, and assumed responsibilities that he cannot lightly forgo.

If, in addition to the condition of youth, the recruits be selected *pro rata* from all portions of the Union, we provide for the dissemination of military knowledge throughout the country where it will be needed when the nation calls upon its sons to defend it in the hour of danger.

By constituting the regular army an educational institution for the purpose of furnishing instructors for the available militia of the land in time of need, there would be little if any addition necessary to the annual appropriation to carry the measure into effect. The low social status of the enlisted man would be at once raised to a plane of the highest respectability. The character of the duties would be such as to exclude from the ranks that element which furnishes the deserters, the gamblers, and the drunkards of the service, who have thrown so much discredit upon the army in times of peace as to deter the respectable youth of the country from entering its ranks.

By making the army respectable and introducing as the fundamental principle of the service the education of the young soldier, and his preparation for a higher station in life, at the public expense, there would be no difficulty in keeping the army filled with the best and most energetic of the youth of the land. We have had ample proof in the history of the country, and the existence of the military organizations in every State and Territory, and the devotion with which the people worship their military heroes, to make it certain that there would be no difficulty in keeping our little army full of the right kind of material for the defense of the nation in case of danger. But the army must be made distinctively republican, and adapted to our form of government.

Our army is limited to 25,000 men. If the recruits were selected from the different sections of the Union *pro rata*, fifteen from each congressional district annually would keep the army full, and at the end of five years they would return in the same proportion to the districts which sent them, and after the system was fully established, it would supply, every five years, seventy-five young men graduates from the army, instructed in all the duties necessary, from which the officers could be selected to supply the quota that would be called into service from the district in the event of a war. This number would be ample, the supply would be continuous to replace casualties, and the knowledge which they would bring would be up to date as regards progress in military methods.

With such a source from which to draw instructors, the raw levies called for could be in a condition for defense in the shortest possible time, and if the war clouds were as slow in gathering as they would be in the event that our enemy came across the ocean, they might be sufficiently prepared to act on the offensive by the time the storm burst upon the country. It is self-evident that there is no method provided by which the forces of the Union can be utilized and made effective to meet an emergency; the nation would be subjected to

humiliation and disaster before her strength could be organized for defense, and it would be impossible to estimate the loss that must be endured before the military strength of the country could be in a condition to act on the offensive.

To carry these views into effect, nothing more is required than a resolution of Congress to the effect that the army in time of peace shall be conducted as an educational establishment, for the purpose of preparing officers and instructors in military duties, and to disseminate a military knowledge throughout the entire Union, so that every section may have means of defense in any emergency. The enlistment laws should be amended so that the recruits would be obtained from the various sections in proportion to the population, and only young men under twenty-one years of age should be enlisted. Reënlistment should be authorized only in special cases where men had shown themselves exceptionally qualified as instructors, and should be an honorary privilege attended with increased pay and distinction, to serve as a stimulant to all.

Should this system be adopted, it would take five years with the present period of enlistment before the supply of material for officers would begin, but at the end of ten years every section of the Union would be supplied with a sufficient number of army graduates to officer and prepare for the field any number of volunteers that would be likely to be called for or required in any emergency.

Should war fail to come,—and the fact that we had such a means of preparing for it would be a very effective method of warding it off,—the young men from the army would still be a valuable element of the communities to which they would return. Besides being good patriotic citizens, they would be valuable as instructors for the National Guard organizations, and would keep alive in the country the military spirit so essential to our existence as a nation.

The measures herein suggested are so simple and easy of execution, and so important in their object, with little if any additional cost to the Government, that their adoption should follow in view of the fact that there is so little preparation for the national defense. The plan is both democratic and republican, for it would make our army a representative institution, drawn from the people, for the people, and would be as beneficial during peace as in war, and would give a strength to the republic it has never had. The social and political status of the army would rise to be the pride of the nation, and as long as our enemies are as remote as at present, no other means for marshaling the troops would be required for the national defense.

August V. Kautz,
Brevet Maj.-Gen., U. S. Army.

A National Militia.

"Solon said to Crœsus, 'If another come whose iron is better than yours, he will take away all this gold.' "

THE United States is to-day the Crœsus of nations, but there are in Europe at least six great powers whose iron of war is better than our gold. Any one of these, by merely arranging a convention to secure the neutrality of the others, could extract indemnities from us, limited only by its cupidity and our wealth.

For some years there has been more or less friction in our relations with the German empire. Our relations with Canada and hence with England have been for some time decidedly strained. The same causes which brought about the Mexican war, in 1846, exist to-day, but in vastly increased ratio, viz.: the presence of a numerous colony of our people on Mexican territory and the investment of many millions of our capital in Mexican enterprises. China has repeatedly entertained against us a *casus belli* more strong and just than any which has led to the numerous wars of this century. Should the Panama canal ever be completed, we can look forward to it as a fruitful source of diplomatic discussion, if not of serious international contention. Some of our leading statesmen have asserted on the floor of the Senate that the mere existence of that canal as a European property, under foreign control, would constitute an infraction of the Monroe doctrine, which is at present our sole foreign policy, and which we cannot now abandon without losing national prestige and incurring national disgrace.

All history shows that the suggestions of a nation are respected and heeded only in proportion to the amount of organized, equipped force with which she is ready to emphasize them. If we expect our just and reasonable demands to be respected and heeded by the powers, we must have a navy and we must organize and train a national militia. We are to-day building ships, but we are without soldiers, and these cannot be made of the standard pattern in a day, or a week, or a month. But war may come upon us with giant strides. With the vast accumulations of wealth in our defenseless lake and sea-bound cities, we offer to any well-armed, first-class power the safest, richest picking which the earth has furnished since Pizarro sacked Peru.

The Constitution fully recognizes the vital importance of the subject, and invests Congress with ample powers to enact the necessary laws. In 1792 Congress passed a Militia Act which is to-day the militia law of the United States. Under its provisions must be drilled and trained, if they are to be trained according to law, the seven millions of able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who are to form the reserve to our little regular army.

Through the neglect of Congress, the whole nation is left without a practicable militia law. Hence the individual States are left to their own devices in providing a reënforcement to their various municipal police forces. This police reserve is a measure of necessity merely as an additional insurance on life and property where a dense population exists in proximity to vast accumulations of wealth.

For all the purposes for which it was intended, it would be difficult, without a vast increase of expenditure, to devise a more reliable or perfect organization than the New York State Guard. But when we come to look at these organizations from a national standpoint, they present a very different appearance. In fact, they do not exist at all so far as the United States is concerned. Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that Congress, acting within its constitutional powers, declares war and calls out the militia, and that the President then makes requisition on the governor, say of New York, for a certain number of militiamen. Of course the only militia which he has a right to call

for are the national militia, those existing by reason of and in accordance with the Constitution and the Act of 1792. The governor might truthfully reply that there was not a single national militiaman in his State, that the men at his disposal were the State Guard, organized and maintained by acts of its legislature, and that, as they were not the product of any national legislation, he did not recognize the right of the President of the United States to make requisition for them. This would be a very temperate and civil response for a governor to make compared with some recorded in our history. The President's only recourse then would be to issue calls for volunteers. He might get them and he might not, depending on whether or not his war was popular in that State. Thus it is evident that even the small number of militia in our country who are drilled and disciplined are entirely beyond the control of the President in time of war. Of course the individuals composing the State armies are at liberty to assist the President in his war, provided the governors do not interfere to prevent them. But there have been several instances where governors have so interfered. In short, the citizens accept or decline the invitation to attend the war, as best pleases them. When everything in the nation is staked on the chances of battle, the President of sixty millions of people should not be an issuer of invitations, but of orders.

Of late years there has been a growing and manifest desire on the part of the Government to disseminate military instruction among the people. This important question resolves itself into two parts: first, how shall the requisite number of men be disciplined and drilled; second, how shall the Government be guaranteed that in time of need it can command the services of the identical men upon whom it has spent its time and money. The Government would not be justified in arming and drilling men and yet leaving the matter in such shape that, when it called for soldiers, the State governors could give it either raw recruits or none at all, at their pleasure, which would be the state of affairs should it spend money on the so-called National Guards as they now stand. In short, the Government, in proposing to arm and train A. and B. to be soldiers, should have the power of insuring itself that when it asks for soldiers in an emergency, it shall get A. and B., whom it has trained, and not C. and D., who are ignorant of a soldier's business.

To attain this end, there is no more simple and practical method than to pursue our great national precedent of a subsidy; but always having it clearly understood and fully admitted by all concerned that the Government reserves the right to command, at any time, the services of the identical men whom it has trained. Next, let us establish a standard militiaman, and fix the price to be paid for him. On looking the world over, we will find that there is no commodity in its markets whose price varies so much as that of the soldier. A soldier costs Germany, per year, $202; France, $208; England, $405; the United States, $990. These figures represent the cost of regular soldiers, whose entire time is devoted to armies. In our own country, New York, which has the largest and perhaps the best State Guard, pays annually, per man, about $35.00. All things considered, the United States Government could well afford to pay annually, per man, $50.00 for standard United States militiamen. In this way Congress could fix the number of men for whose military instruction it saw fit to provide by inserting a corresponding sum in the yearly appropriation bill. It could train twenty thousand men for one million dollars, forty thousand for two millions, and so on, according to the varying needs of the country.

The dual allegiance which every citizen owes the general and State governments should be recognized. The militia would be entirely under the control of the State for local purposes, except at such times as Congress might call them forth for the national defense. The States would furnish the men and the nation would pay the cost. The general Government, being the major power, should claim the right of precedence in commanding their services. A more just and equal copartnership cannot be devised. It is constitutional, rational, and practicable, and were it adopted by the States generally, it would have the effect of rendering the State National Guards constitutional and legal, which at present they are not.

Robt. Kennon Evans,
FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS. *Lieut., U. S. A.*

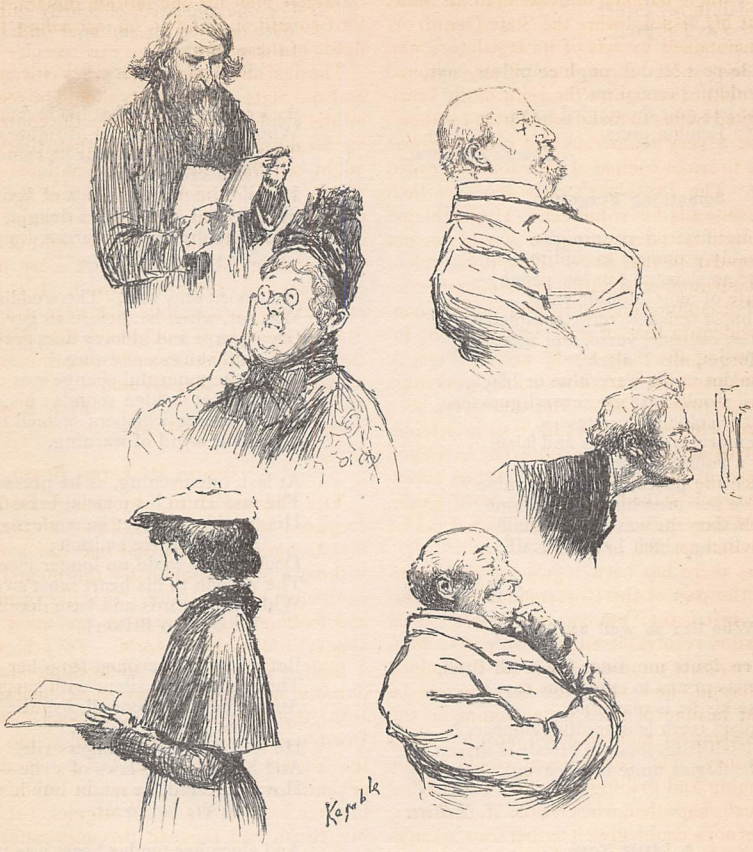
George De Forest Brush.

THE "Moose Hunt," by George De Forest Brush, engraved in this number of THE CENTURY, is probably his strongest picture; and one can hardly regard it without high admiration for the mental and technical equipment of the painter. It is like opening a window and looking out into another age, upon another race, almost into another world. To achieve this result a high resolve and an unflinching steadfastness of purpose are needful, and these qualities, combined with great technical skill, have been observable in Mr. Brush's work since 1880, when, at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, he made his first appearance before the American public with a picture inspired by Bret Harte's "Miggles." Up to that time Mr. Brush had pursued the uneventful career of an art student, first at the Academy of Design in this city, from 1871 to 1873, and after that, from 1874 to 1880, in the studio of Gérôme in Paris. Returning to this country in the latter year, Mr. Brush, with the courage of his conviction that as an American he must paint subjects suggested by American life, has passed much time in the West and in Canada gathering the material for a large number of pictures of Indian subjects which have greatly increased his reputation.[1] In 1890, at the age of thirty-five (having been born in Shelbyville, Tennessee, in 1855), Mr. Brush returned to Paris, where he still remains. Rumors of a change in his opinions, a realization that art, to be American, need not necessarily be local, have reached his friends here, and may be true or not, though the classical subject which he is reported to be painting would bear out such a supposition. But whether his views remain fixed or change with the seasons, Mr. Brush will always be an important factor in our art, where we have too few men who think, and, thinking, execute with sureness born of knowledge.

* * *

[1] For Mr. Brush's individual views on his art, see THE CENTURY for May, 1885. Mr. Brush was elected member of the Society of American Artists in 1882. In 1888 he received the first Hallgarten prize at the National Academy Exhibition, and was elected an associate of that body the same year. He has also had charge of classes at the Art Students' League and the Women's Art School, Cooper Union.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.



IN AN ART-GALLERY.

A Valentine Villanelle to Kate.

ON this St. Valentine his day
The feathered songster woos his mate,
And each true lover chants his lay.

The lilting birds trill clear and gay,
And strive with song to pierce heaven's gate,
On this St. Valentine his day.

The swelling buds show green to-day,
For tardy spring they scarce can wait,
And each true lover chants his lay.

The coyest maid yields to love's sway
(As troubadours' old tales relate)
On this St. Valentine his day.

How easy "Yes" it were to say!
Let those sweet eyes consent to fate
While thy true lover chants his lay.

A word of cruel scorn like "Nay"
Should fall not from the lips of Kate
On this St. Valentine his day,
When each true lover chants his lay.

Mary C. Hungerford.

Yo te Amo.

"Yo te amo!" Would you know
What these words mean, you must go
Where eyes speak and lips are still.
There where sings the mountain-rill
"Yo te amo," in its flow
To the rushes bending low,
And the blushing cloudlets sigh
"Yo te amo" to the sky.

"Yo te amo!" 'T is a breath
Soft, but lingering till death—
Murmured by the moonlight fair,
O'er the perfumed grasses there.
E'en the flowers at your feet
Kiss them as they breathe it sweet,
And faint echo calls it low—
"Ah! I love thee, love thee so!"

Rosalie M. Jonas.

A Contrast.

CERTAIN it is, in ancient times,
That poetry was free from rhymes.
To-day, alas! most rhymes are free
From anything like poetry.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Consistency.

REPROACH me not, though it appear,
While I true doctrines teach,
I wholly fail in my career
To practise as I preach.

Yon guide-post has, through countless days,
"To London" pointed on,
Nor once has quit the angled ways,
And up to London gone.

Doane Robinson.

Something Forgotten.

I MET her first on yesternight,
And rashly promised to indite —
For one so charming in her prime —
A tribute of most humble rime.
'T is almost finished, quite complete
In meter, cadence, verse, and feet;
But I forget, alas! alack!
If those dear eyes were blue or black,
While it would cost me several guesses
To hit the color of her tresses.
Ah, memory, treacherous and false,
Was it a polka or a waltz
In which the pleasing task was mine
To guide her breathing form divine?
And whether she was short or tall
Is something which I can't recall.

J. A. Macon.

Who lies as well as Truth?

WHY do men doubt me, since the truth I tell,
While Ananias prates to credulous ears?
Is it because his lie is plausible,
While my plain truth less credible appears?
Thus Hell itself from modern creeds is driven,
While all theologies unite on Heaven.

S. R. Elliott.

A Little Tory.

WHEN knickerbockers were the style,
She dwelt upon Manhattan Isle,
Where now a massive granite pile
Frowns grim and gloomy.
Her laugh was like the trill of bird;
A brook-note seemed her every word;
And it may rightly be inferred
Her cheeks were bloomy.

To storm those hostile to the king
Keen verbal missiles would she fling;
She deemed a patriot a "thing"
Without discretion.
The throngs of troopers clad in red
So turned the lovely maiden's head,
She *worshiped* Britons all, she said,
And *liked* a Hessian.

Her merry bosom thrilled with pride,
One evening at her mother's side,
When bowed before her, ardent-eyed,
A gay young captain:
And through the mazy minuet
She played the shy, demure coquette,
Till hopelessly her Cupid-net
She had him trapped in.

Alas! his lover-reign was brief;
He fell from grace as falls the leaf
When crisp October days bring grief,
And hills grow hoary;
For one appeared, of courtly suit,
With dashing air and spur on boot,
In war and love no raw recruit —
So runs the story.

And rumor said — that fickle dame
Who breasts the brunt of righteous blame —
That from the camp afar he came
On secret mission.
He told the maid of fields of fight;
She listened with a keen delight,
Until she dreamed a warrior knight
No vague tradition.

He wooed and won. The wedding-day
Was set, when he, before so gay,
Grew grave and gloomy as a gray
And sunless morning.
To all the mournful change was clear;
He paled at sudden sounds; his ear
In soft breeze-whispers seemed to hear
Some word of warning.

At last, one evening, as he pressed
The maiden to his martial breast,
His troublous secret he confessed,
By conscience smitten;
Declared he could no longer meet
The woman to his heart most sweet
With lying words and base deceit —
He was no Briton!

But love still beaconed from her eyes,
Though she was silent with surprise;
And as he, free from all disguise,
Now bent above her,
He told her of the dangers rife,
And hinted at the laws of strife —
How, captured, he might lose his life,
And she her lover.

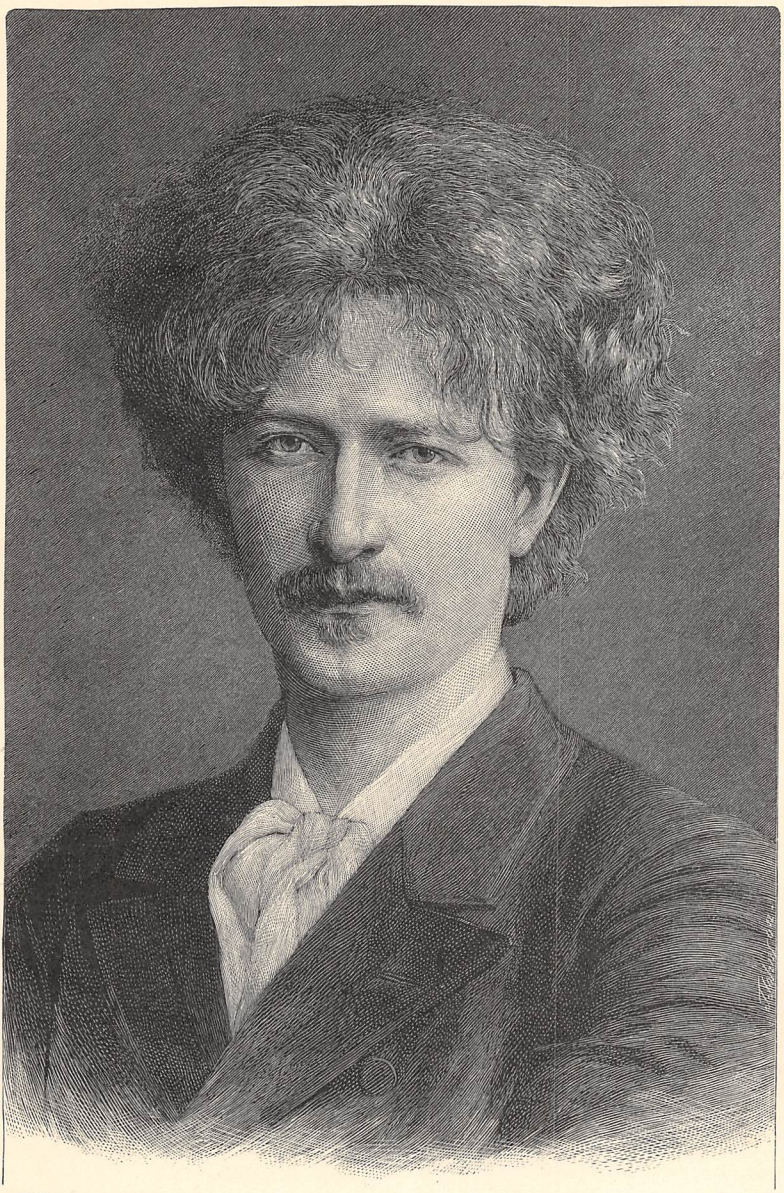
And since her tender heart was true,
What could this *loyal* maiden do,
When it was "all for love," she knew,
That he had tarried,
But join him in his hurried flight,
And cross the slumbering lines at night?
Kind Fortune led the lucky wight;
No plan miscarried.

When every danger had been passed,
And they had reached the camp at last,
The soldiers' arms aside were cast
To greet their idol.
Then, ere another day was done,
The chaplain came and made them one —
'T is said that General Washington
Danced at the bridal.

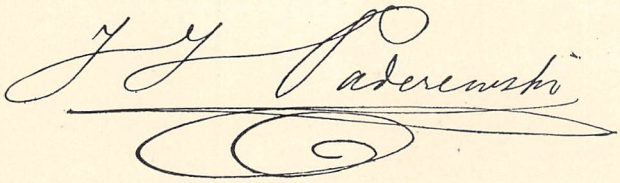
That is her picture hanging there
Behind the antique rocking-chair;
The painter e'en of all that 's fair
Could not divest her.
Would happy fate had made it mine
To see your eyes demurely shine,
And listen to your voice divine,
My sweet ancestor!

Clinton Scollard.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. MARCH, 1892. No. 5.

ST. PAUL'S.

IT was hard to decide with what church an account of English cathedral-building should begin, but there can be no question as regards the one that must close the story. After the Norman or Romanesque period came the Gothic with its three successive styles — Lancet-pointed, Decorated, and Perpendicular. After these came the Renaissance period, which produced not a group or series of cathedrals, but, in magnificent isolation, the one great church of St. Paul's in London. And this is the end: St. Paul's is not the last large church that has been built in Great Britain, but it is the last which reveals an architect of genius, or illustrates a genuine phase of architectural development. It is rarely called the Cathedral of London. Many churches have been named for St. Paul, as for St. Peter and Our Lady. Yet every one knows that "St. Paul's" is in London, as "St. Peter's" is in Rome and "Notre Dame" in Paris.

I.

THE name of London possibly comes from the Celtic *Llyn-din* (meaning a lake fort), which, after the Roman conquest, was transformed into *Londinium*. At all events, a city stood in British times upon the spot, sixty miles from the sea, where the River Lea joined the River Thames, and the confluence of a third stream, the Wallbrook, supplied a harbor for the tiny vessels then in use. The legends which say that a temple of Diana first occupied the site now covered by St. Paul's, that a British-Roman Christian church was built there, that King Lucius was converted, and that St. Helena was in some way concerned in the evangelizing of the place, are as unverifiable as the one which claims that Restitutus, a British bishop who was present at the Council of Arles in 314, took his seat as bishop of London. In short, little is known of British or of Roman London except the fact that they existed; and after the Saxon conquest the municipal record is still almost a blank for centuries, until King Alfred, when he had expelled the Danes in 886, rebuilt and fortified the town which lay a waste of ruins beneath his feet.

The ecclesiastical history of London begins further back than the municipal, although in disjointed fragments. In the year 604 St. Augustine consecrated Mellitus as Bishop of London; but after the death of Sœbehrt, the Christian king of the East-Saxons, his flock relapsed into paganism and he was driven home to Kent. In 675 Erkenwald was placed in the reëstablished chair; and so great were his services to the town as well as to the church that he was sainted after death, and was held in particular reverence by the people of London till the Reformation swept such memories away. Then came a line of bishops who, with the exception of the great Dunstan, are now little more than names; and then, in 1044, Edward the Confessor, in accordance with his foreign leanings, appointed a Norman named William. "By reason of his goodness," say the chronicles, William was left in peace when, in the anti-Norman reaction of Edward's later

Copyright, 1892, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

years, other alien bishops were turned out by the people; and after the Conquest he repaid the debt by persuading his namesake the Conqueror to confirm the city's ancient privileges. Therefore he too dwelt long in the affections of the London folk: until Queen Elizabeth's time at least they made an annual pilgrimage of gratitude to his tomb in the nave of St. Paul's.

But the St. Paul's where he had been buried, the first St. Paul's which we are sure existed, had perished very long before this, destroyed by fire in 1087, only a year after his own death. Bede declares that Mellitus founded it, and Erkenwald is said to have "bestowed great cost on the fabric thereof"; but it was probably a wooden church, often burned and repaired, and greatly changed between Erkenwald's time and that much later time when Ethelred the Unready was buried and his successor Edmund and the Danish Canute were crowned beneath its roof. The Confessor's preference for his great new abbey-church at Westminster threw its older claims into shadow. There, on ground which was not yet London ground at all, instead of in the cathedral church, Edward was buried and Harold and William received their crowns, and near by William Rufus built himself a palace. The practice then begun was resumed after London became the royal residence. No king since Ethelred has been buried in St. Paul's, none since Canute has been crowned there, and John of Gaunt's was the only princely sepulcher which adorned the cathedral that replaced the first one and existed until the great fire of 1666.[1]

II.

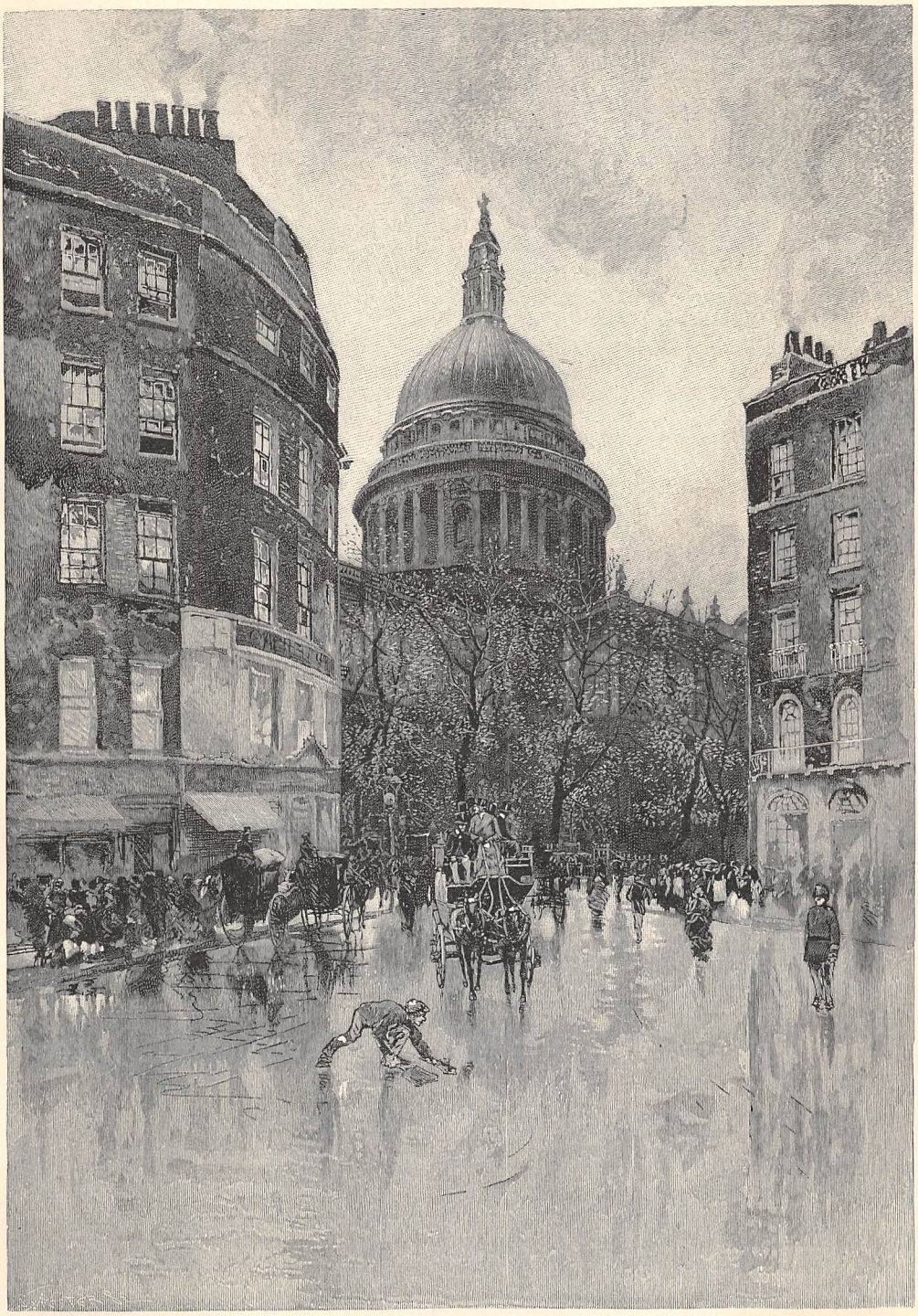
THIS second church is the one that is commonly called "Old St. Paul's." It was begun in 1087, the last year of the Conqueror's life, by Maurice, the first bishop of his appointing, and was built, of course, after the Norman fashion. Its construction proceeded slowly, and, in the year 1139, was delayed by a ruinous fire. Later in this century William of Malmsbury spoke of it as a "most magnificent" edifice, but it had grown and altered much before it was described and pictured with greater definiteness. In 1221 the choir, which had been very short with a semicircular end, was replaced by a longer one in the Lancet-pointed style; and in 1225 a Lady-chapel, equal to the choir in breadth and height, was added. Toward the end of the thirteenth century Old St. Paul's stood at last complete, and it was then the largest as well as the most famous church in England. Its length is estimated to have been 590 feet, and its width 104 feet; the spread of its transept was 290 feet; and its height was 93 feet in the nave, and 101 feet in the choir.[2] Wren calculated that the height of the spire had been 460 feet, and this means that its gilt ball and cross rested on a point fifty feet above the point of Salisbury's steeple; yet an even loftier altitude had been claimed for it by earlier historians. The nave and choir were of equal length, each consisting of twelve compartments or bays; and each transept-arm had two aisles and was five bays in length. The east end was flat, after the general English fashion; but French influence seems indicated by the great rose-window and the group of lights of equal size that stood beneath it, as well as by the unwonted altitude of the choir. The central tower was open as a lantern, perhaps even to the base of the spire. The southwestern tower was the famous "Lollards' Tower" or Episcopal prison, and, like its mate, was low and plain, while the front between them was poor and bald even for an English church. Doorways of exceptional size, however, opened into each transept-end, and there were other great doors into the north and south aisles of the nave.

Although kings and princes slept elsewhere, the interior of Old St. Paul's was crowded and gorgeous, for bishops, nobles, and especially the rich citizens of London vied with each other, through life and after death, in the sumptuousness of their gifts. Its most conspicuous feature was the elevated chapel of St. Paul which stood near one of the tower piers, and, with its winding stairway, was richly carved in wood. Its most costly and famous ornament was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, sculptured and gilded and sprinkled with jewels, holding the place of honor just back of the great reredos. The Lady-chapel was shut off from the retrochoir by a high screen. Before it was built a street ran close to the end of the choir, and here stood the Church of St. Faith. Afterward this name was given to the crypt which underlay the whole choir of the cathedral, as it was set apart for the use of the dispossessed congregation.

The walls of the close, or precinct, which surrounded Old St. Paul's and was much larger than the open space we see to-day, were pierced by six gates that were shut at night, the chief

[1] Even the town residence of the bishops of London, the modern "London House," is now at Westminster.

[2] Dugdale, copying from Stow, states that the length of Old St. Paul's was 690 feet; but the assertion is not confirmed by the measurements of separate portions which he gives, and the figure 6 was probably a printer's error for 5. Winchester, now the longest church in England, measures about 560 feet. The only one as tall as Old St. Paul's is Westminster, where again we find a height of 101 feet, while York comes next with 90 feet.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

ST. PAUL'S FROM CHEAPSIDE.

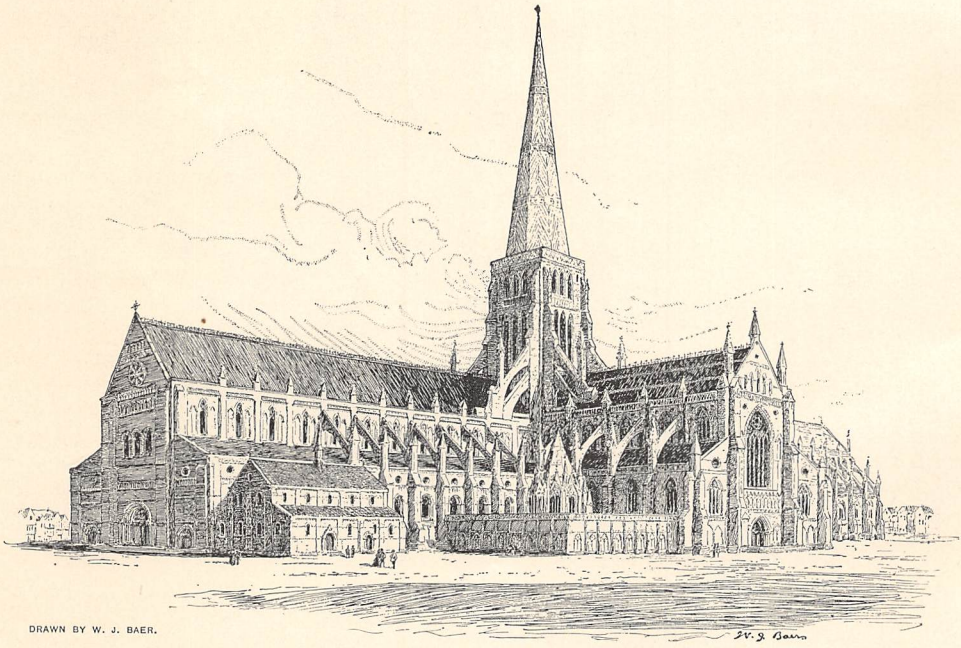
one standing opposite the west end of the cathedral at the top of Ludgate street. Behind the walls house-fronts and peaked roofs gathered themselves together, and even within the precinct were many buildings, some pressed close to the mighty fabric of the church itself. In fact, Old St. Paul's stood like a Continental, not like an English cathedral, architecturally as spiritually bone of the city's bone, with the life-blood of human activity centering in its mighty heart.

Close to its northern side, toward the west, lay the bishop's palace, "London House," with its gardens and private chapel and door of communication into the nave. Opposite rose the Church of St. Gregory, clinging to the wall of the south aisle and the Lollards' Tower, and lifting its steeple as high as the ridge of the cathedral roof. Behind St. Gregory's rose the octagonal chapter-house, placed in an unusual way in the center of the quadrangle formed by the cloisters. Just behind the palace lay another cloister, used for burial, and this too encircled a chapel first built by the father of Thomas Becket. Near the northeast corner of the choir stood the famous outdoor pulpit called "Paul's Cross," and opposite the east end soared a great belfry with a leaden spire. These were only the chief of the large buildings which in the early sixteenth century surrounded St. Paul's; and, moreover, all those parts of its long south side which were not half concealed by the cloisters and St. Gregory's were so built against by houses and shops that little save the upper stories and the great door in the transept could be seen.

An irreverent medley, modern taste may say; a motley, illiterate architectural crowd, intrusive at the best and in many of its parts distressingly plebeian. But how picturesque, how natural, how vital, how expressive of a cathedral's function as the soul of the city's life, as a temple of the people's God!

III.

EIGHTEEN years of work were needed to repair the injury when, in 1444, the spire of St. Paul's was struck by lightning. But another bolt which fell in 1561 did infinitely greater damage. Then the spire, which was of wood incased in lead, was wholly destroyed, and all the roofs fell in heaps of rubbish into the church. The spire was never rebuilt, and though the other portions were at once repaired, it must have been in a slovenly fashion; for, sixty years later, "the princely heart" of James I., says Stow, "was moved with such compassion to this decayed fabrick" that he made a state pilgrimage to the cathedral to hear a sermon of appeal in its behalf, and appointed a Royal Commission to consider means for restoring it. The cor-



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

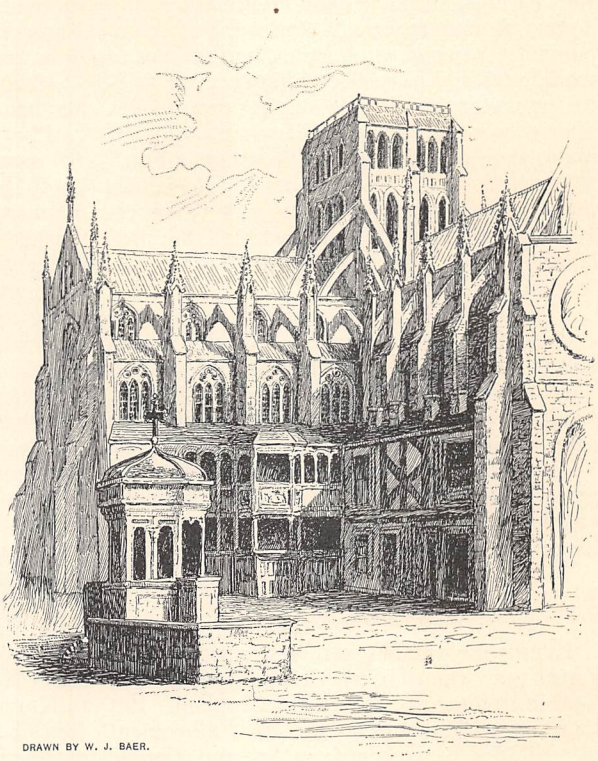
OLD ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

(Reproduced from a restoration, prepared for Longman's "Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul," in which, for want of exact data, the western towers of the cathedral and the spire of St. Faith's were omitted.)

roding of "coal-smoak," by the way, was even in those days cited as one perpetual source of trouble.

The foremost architect of the time was Inigo Jones, and to him the repairs were intrusted. He renewed the sides in a "Gothic manner" which must have been very bad; added a "Grecian portico" which was very good of its kind, but wholly out of place at the west end of such a church; and then was prevented by the explosion of the Civil War from confounding confusion further. Before the year 1640 as much as £10,000 had been contributed toward his work in a single year, but in 1643 the entire amount was only £15.

As early as the fourteenth century there had been clerical protests against the desecration of the nave of St. Paul's by "people more intent on buying and selling than on prayers." As time advanced the scandal grew till the church became a veritable fair-ground. "Paul's Walk," of which we read in many an old play and pamphlet, was the space between the north and south doors of the nave. Here horses and mules were led through the church, fops displayed their clothes and consulted their tailors, lawyers met their clients, and maids and children romped, while near a certain pillar servants regularly stood for the inspection of intending masters. "I bought him in Paul's," exclaims Falstaff of Bardolph. A letter written by a London gossip in the year 1600 says, "Powles is so furnisht that it affords whatsoever is stirring in France, and I can gather there at first hand sufficient to serve my purpose." A tract of this period is called, "How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walk," and a little later Bishop Earle declares that the place is "the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. . . . It is the synod of all pates politick . . . the thieves' sanctuary."



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

PAUL'S CROSS, FROM AN OLD PRINT.
(FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")[1]

When we charge Calvinism and republicanism with the damage they did to English churches, it is well to remember that reverence for sacred buildings was on the wane even in late Catholic days, and had almost wholly departed while the heads of kings were still unthreatened and Anglicanism was still supreme. I have merely hinted at the abuses practised in St. Paul's, and they were only a type of those which, to a greater or less extent, prevailed in every English cathedral of the time. Surely there was some excuse for the Puritans when they ordered Paul's Cross removed in 1642, confiscated the houses and revenues of the dean and chapter and likewise everything in stock for the use of the repairers of the church, and, finding it too big to be pulled down, employed it as a cavalry barrack, and built two stories of hucksters' booths into the new Grecian portico. They but carried a step further the desecration and damage that had been going on for centuries. It was only in part their fault that when Charles II. got back "to enjoy his own again" the special possession which he called Paul's Church was a mere mangled mass of masonry. Stow spoke only of the final stage in a long process when he wrote that "by the votes of Parliament . . . the very foundation of this famous cathedral was utterly shaken to pieces."

In 1663 feeble and futile efforts were begun to bring back its life to St. Paul's; and in 1666 Dr. Wren, whom we know as the great Sir Christopher, was asked to suggest a more efficient scheme. His answer showed that he would have proceeded like Inigo Jones, modifying "the Gothick rudeness of the old design"

[1] The folly of seeking exact information in old pictures is shown by this print, where, to make a "nice picture," the artist has calmly reduced the length of the choir of Old St. Paul's from twelve to four bays.

with casings, additions, and alterations "after a good Roman manner." Indeed, his accompanying drawings prove that, had he got to work, he would have been a much more radical innovator than Jones. But less than a week after they were approved his plans and estimates were set at naught by the "Great Fire," which broke out on September 2. Pepys tells us how, on September 7, he had "a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roof fallen in and the body of the quire fallen into St. Faith's."

Can we much regret that Wren was thus enabled to leave us a church wholly in a "good Roman manner"? Had there been no fire in 1666, our legacy would not have been Old St. Paul's in any adequate sense. It would have been a mongrel structure, where the last of England's great architects would have done gross injustice to the work of his forerunners, and small justice to the style of his time or to his own immense ability.

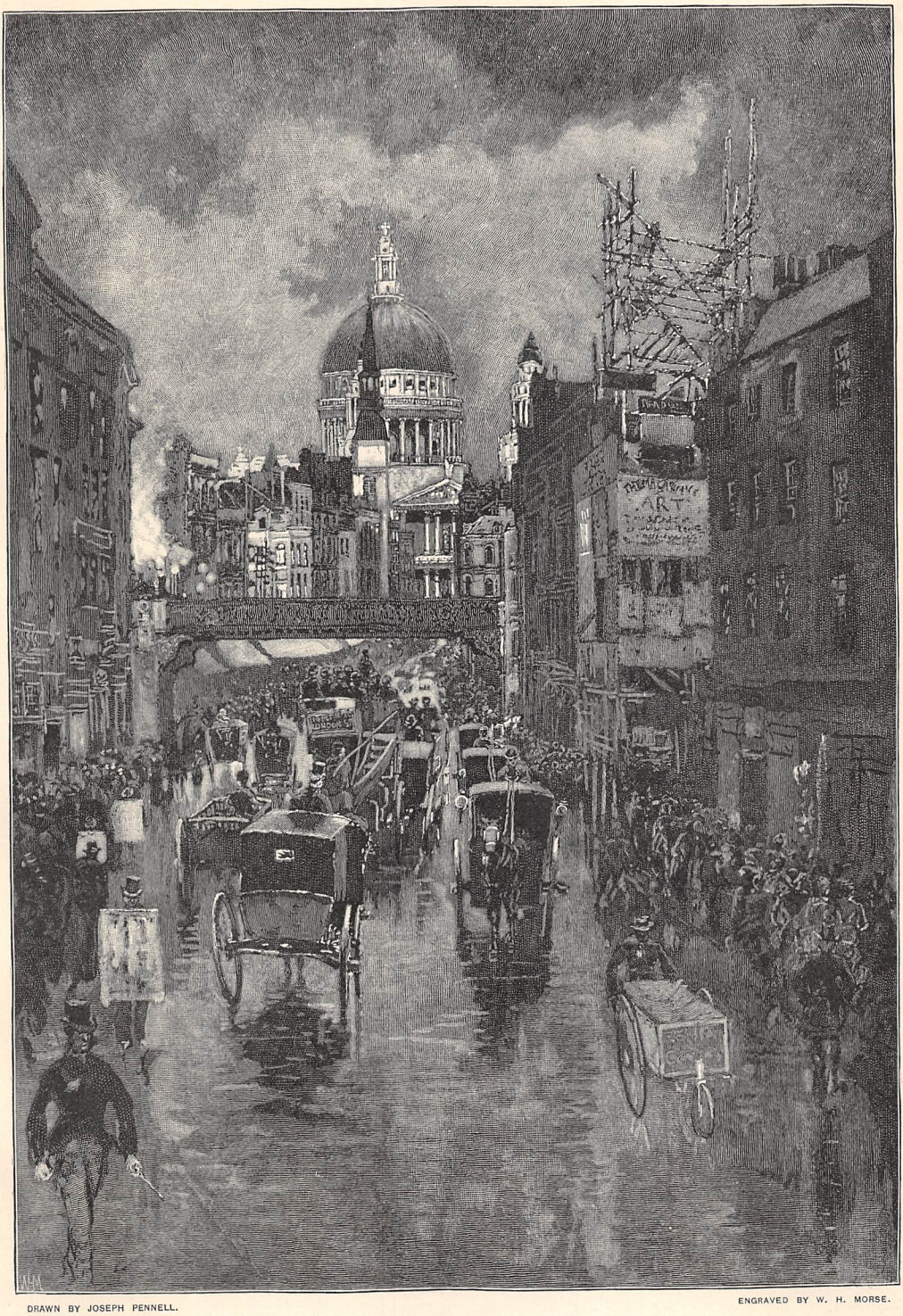
IV.

EVERY one who has seen Westminster Abbey knows that, when Henry VII. built his chapel, Gothic architecture still ruled in England. But long before Tudor times the great movement we call the Renaissance of Art and Letters had begun in Italy.

A vague reverence for the traditions of antiquity had never wholly perished on Italian soil, but no real knowledge of what they meant illumined the medieval period. The Greek language had been entirely forgotten by Petrarch's Italy; she despised the ruins of Rome, and her architects were building Gothic structures, although the difference between their work and northern Gothic proves that, all unconscious of the fact themselves, their native sympathies were with the structural ideals of antiquity. It is true that, long before, in the first half of the thirteenth century, Niccola Pisano had fed his talent on the beauty of ancient sarcophagi. But he was ahead of his time; his own works are Gothic in form if often classic in feeling, and the blooming season of Italian Gothic architecture stretched all through the fourteenth century. The revival of secular learning, the rise of what is called "humanistic scholarship," began with Petrarch and Boccaccio in the middle of this century. It gradually excited an interest in the art as well as in the literature of the past, and the renascence of classic architecture may be dated from the year 1403, when, amid the long-neglected ruins of Rome, Brunelleschi caught the inspiration which soon lifted into the Florentine sky the enormous dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. The succeeding years, up to about 1500, form the experimenting, growing stage of Italian Renaissance architecture, and its noblest, finest time was during the next half-century.

Meanwhile the Renaissance movement, with all that it implied in all domains of thought, had been spreading further and further north. As regarded art, England was the last country to be swayed, and her old architectural manner died very hard. Henry VII.'s chapel, finished about 1516, is altogether Gothic in conception and in treatment. Even as late as the reign of his granddaughter, Gothic art still clung to the skirts of the church; the square casements and classic details of many a great Elizabethan manor-house group with the tall pointed windows of its chapel. But the fight was then practically over, and in the days of Charles I. and Inigo Jones Gothick art (it sounds much more out of date with the contemporary *k!*) was quite dead and almost altogether despised. Wren heartily despised it, and rejoiced that it was dead. If left to himself, he never would have built with its bones except when he saw, as at Westminster Abbey, that "to deviate from the old form would be to run into a disagreeable mixture which no person of taste could relish"; and even Old St. Paul's did not seem to him a case like this, perhaps because Inigo Jones had already begun the mixture. It was outside influence that forced him to Gothicize the plan of St. Paul's and, in some of his parish churches, to "deviate from a better form" and to give them a medieval outline curiously at variance with the classic character of their details.

It is foolish to ask whether Wren "ought" to have felt as he did, whether England and the world "ought" to have abandoned Gothic for Renaissance art. They had no choice in the matter. Even before the new forms of the south were arrayed against it, Gothic art was dying from internal causes. Its constructional and its ornamental schemes had arrived at a point whence they could develop no further. Truth and dignity in construction, charm and appropriateness in ornament, had alike been lost. There was no longer any feeling for beautiful proportions or for features which should explain their purpose while they gratified the eye. Nothing new could grow out of the elements which, beginning with the sturdy walls and piers and arches of the Norman, had passed through varying phases of strength and loveliness into the mechanical fantasticality of late Perpendicular Gothic, with misshapen windows, shrunken traceries, and flattened arches, with stalactite vaults, reed-like bundles of shafts which almost denied their columnar origin, and gridiron patterns for decoration. And an architectural style never stands still: when it ceases to grow it decays and makes room for something else.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S FROM FLEET STREET.

But even if Gothic art had still been vigorous, it would have given way to Renaissance art. The change of style expressed a change in esthetic temper, and this itself was only a part of the great general change which had come over the mental attitude of Europe. Medievalism in religion, in the pursuit of knowledge, in morals, and in manners, had been swept away; how could it survive in art? The new world had gained intellectual liberty by basing itself upon a combination of Christian and classic learning; its art could not be anything but a Christianizing of classic elements. The century which had buried Bacon and Raleigh, which had given birth to Newton, to Milton, and to Cromwell, to Hobbes and Locke, to Bunyan and Burnet, which had cut off the heads of King Charles and his archbishop, and had driven King James from the throne, could not express itself in the forms of Gothic art. Sir Christopher Wren, who was a Protestant to the backbone, and who wrote the preamble which explains that the Royal Society was founded to make provision for the study of "Natural Experimental Philosophy," could no more have chosen to build like Alan of Walsingham or William of Wykeham than like Erkenwald himself. The seed that Brunelleschi sowed grew as naturally, as inevitably, as that which was dispersed with Wyclif's ashes. The dome of St. Paul's followed as logically after the spire of Salisbury as the Royal Society after the medieval schoolman's lecture.

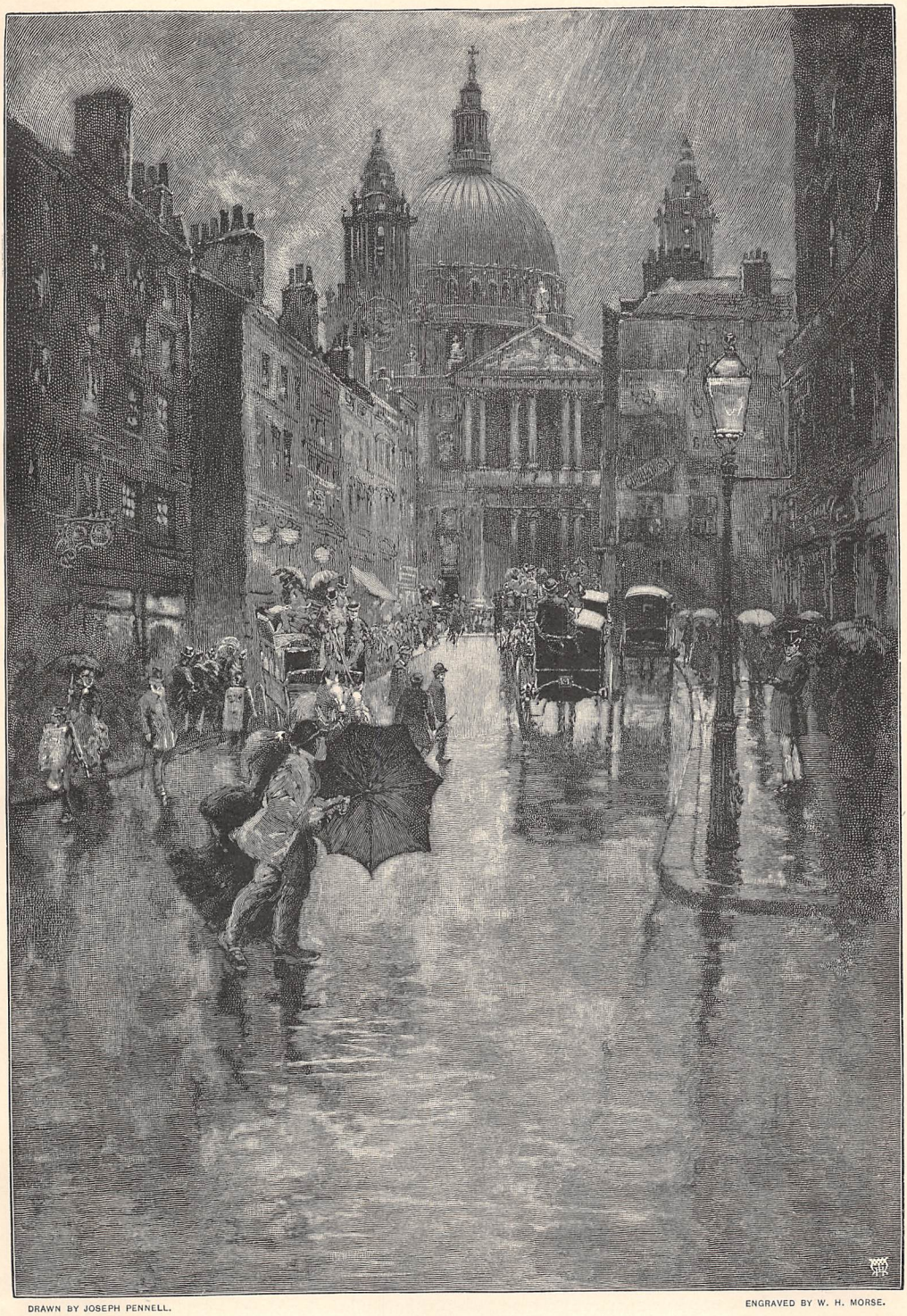
It matters nothing whether abstract criticism thinks dome or spire the finer, prefers the Gothic or the Renaissance ideal; Wren lived in a creative age and could not doubt that, to work well, he must use the style then alive and developing. Like all great architects, he had small regard for mere antiquarianism or sentiment when they stood in the way of his own success. Yet, like all great architects, he did not think of styles merely from the esthetic point of view. He knew that changes in style resulted from changes in construction, that these were brought about by new practical needs, and that, in consequence, the style which looked most beautiful to him was also the best for his clients' service. Practical requirements were uppermost in his mind. The most radical alteration he proposed before the fire was to cut off the inner corners of the four interior arcades of St. Paul's where they met beneath the tower, so as to "reduce this middle part into a spacious dome or rotunda, with a cupola or hemispherical roof," by which means the church "would be rendered spacious in the middle, which may be a very proper place for a vast auditory." He was ruled, in short, by the wish to fit the old Catholic edifice for the new Protestant form of worship. The days of vicarious services, of gorgeous long processions, of relic-worship, and of constant private prayer at a score of minor altars had departed; the days of congregational worship had come with their new necessity for massing an audience within clear sight and hearing of the ministrant and preacher. The old cathedral type was no longer appropriate; the new architectural manner of the Renaissance stood ready with a new type promising greater convenience.

V.

THE fire had prepared a path for Wren, but antiquarians, churchmen, and bureaucrats hampered his advance. In consequence, St. Paul's is inferior in many ways to what it might have been. The story of its building, could I tell it in detail, would give much sad comfort to modern architects who think that the buffets they meet and the bonds they must wear are an invention of our own degenerate days.

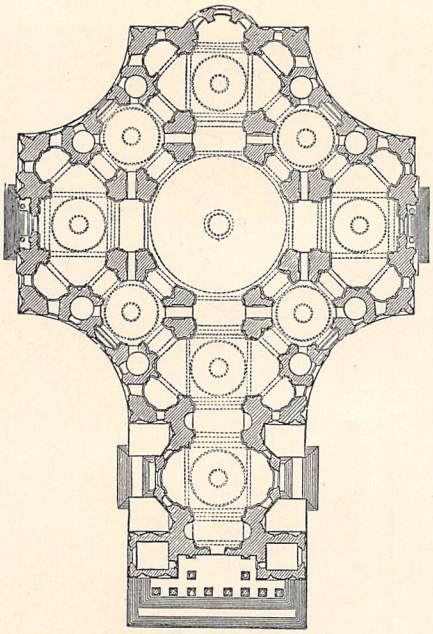
Immediately after the fire Dr. Wren was named surveyor and principal architect for the rebuilding of London, and one of the commissioners "for the reparation of St. Paul's." He saw that it could not be repaired, but others refused to agree with him and began to patch up the nave. Soon, however, Dean Sancroft wrote him: "What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. . . . What we are to do next is the present deliberation, in which you are so absolutely and indispensably necessary that we can do nothing, resolve nothing, without you." In July, 1668, an order was given to remove the ruins of the eastern part of the church; but fresh attempts were made to restore the nave, and only in 1670 was it "fully concluded that, in order to a new Fabrick, the Foundations of the old Cathedral, thus made ruinous, should be totally cleared." This work was practically finished by the spring of 1674, and meanwhile Wren had been discussing with himself the plans for a new cathedral, and making drawings and models for the eye of the king and commissioners.

Of course, now that a wholly new church was required, he offered designs in which no trace of the medieval cathedral scheme survived. First he drew "several sketches merely for discourse sake to find out what might satisfy the world." Then, having observed "that the generality were for grandeur, he endeavored to gratify the taste of the Conoisseurs and Criticks with something coloss and beautiful, conformable to the best stile of the Greek and Roman architecture," and in various drawings and a model (which is still preserved at South Kensington), he presented the church of which



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S FROM LUDGATE HILL.



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S AS FIRST DESIGNED BY WREN. (FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK.")

the plan is here reproduced. This plan suggests a magnificent interior most intelligently carried out. In this huge octagonal space, and in the symmetrical arrangement of the four arms, convenience has been well secured, yet ecclesiastic dignity has been preserved. Despite the presence of the eight immense piers needed to support the dome, the area thus provided is far better for congregational services than the long narrow limbs and serried colonnades of medieval churches, while the short nave (which is really more like a large vestibule) provides for an overflowing assembly, gives place for entrances of fitting grandeur, and supplies a point of view whence the magnificence of the great octagon can be fully appreciated.

The exterior of this favorite design of Wren's[1] is far less satisfactory. Whether judged for beauty or for ecclesiastic feeling, nothing could be worse than the curved walls which form the angles between the four limbs of the cross, and the small dome which rises over the nave groups most inharmoniously with the larger one. This larger dome, evidently studied from St. Peter's, is the best feature of the design; but Wren improved upon it when he actually came to build, and so, we may believe, he would have improved upon the rest of the design had he been allowed to keep to the general scheme which it indicates.

The hindrance came from "the chapter and some others of the clergy," who thought his model "not enough of a Cathedral fashion, to instance particularly, in that the Quire was designed circular," and that there were no extended limbs with aisles. Drawings in which the choir was enlarged were then presented; but the "Criticks" were still dissatisfied, and Wren was obliged to begin afresh, using the old "Cathedral form," but, as he said, trying so to rectify it "as to reconcile the Gothick to a better form of Architecture." Several designs resulted, one of which was approved by Charles II., who, in the warrant immediately issued for beginning the work, explained that he had "particularly pitched" upon it, "as well because we found it very artificial, proper and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be built and finished by parts." The architect was directed to commence with the choir, and the king gave him "liberty in the prosecution of his work to make some variations, rather Ornamental than Essential, as from time to time he should see proper." Whereupon Wren did begin, took the liberty to vary essentials in the most fundamental way, and erected a church almost incredibly unlike the one that his royal master had approved. The drawing which bears Charles's signature is still preserved. It is a front elevation showing a portico with fourteen columns, a low body with transepts having plainly treated windows, tiny turrets instead of western towers, and the most astonishing substitute for a dome. Fancy a very low spherical roof supporting a very tall drum with large windows between its groups of pilasters; above this a narrow, elongated, fluted dome, not so tall as the drum that bears it; and above this again a spire composed of six arcaded stories, each encircled by a railing, which gradually decrease in diameter toward the top, where the finial shows a series of diminishing balls — a spire that can almost be likened to an unusually slender Chinese pagoda. This was the chief feature of the design which King Charles preferred to all others. Who can regret that Wren did not regard it as "essential," but went boldly back to the dome he had first conceived? The clients of that day, we see, were no wiser than the clients of ours. May architects of our day justify their own occasional lapses from the conscientious fulfilment of a definite commission by citing Sir Christopher's example? Perhaps — if they are very sure they are Sir Christophers and are working for the nation and posterity rather than for an individual who, as we can fancy was the

[1] Wren's grandson, who is our authority for most of his beliefs and experiences, says in the "Parentalia" that Sir Christopher "always seemed to set a higher value on this design than any he had made before or since, as what was labored with more study and success, and, had he not been overruled by those whom it was his duty to obey, what he would have put into execution with more cheerfulness and satisfaction to himself than the latter."

case with King Charles, cares but little one way or the other. At all events, Charles had been long in his grave before the dome was built. The first foundation stone of the new church was laid at the southeast corner of the choir on the 21st of June, 1675. The top stone of the lantern on the dome was placed in 1710, in the days of Good Queen Anne. Not only King Charles, but King James, and King William, and Queen Mary had died as St. Paul's was growing. But, on the other hand, not only Wren himself, but Strong, his master-mason, and Henry Compton, the bishop of London, saw it begun and saw it finished. Its total cost, including subsequent decorations, was £736,752 2*s.* 3¼*d.*, and was largely covered by a grant to the commissioners of the tax on coal.

VI.

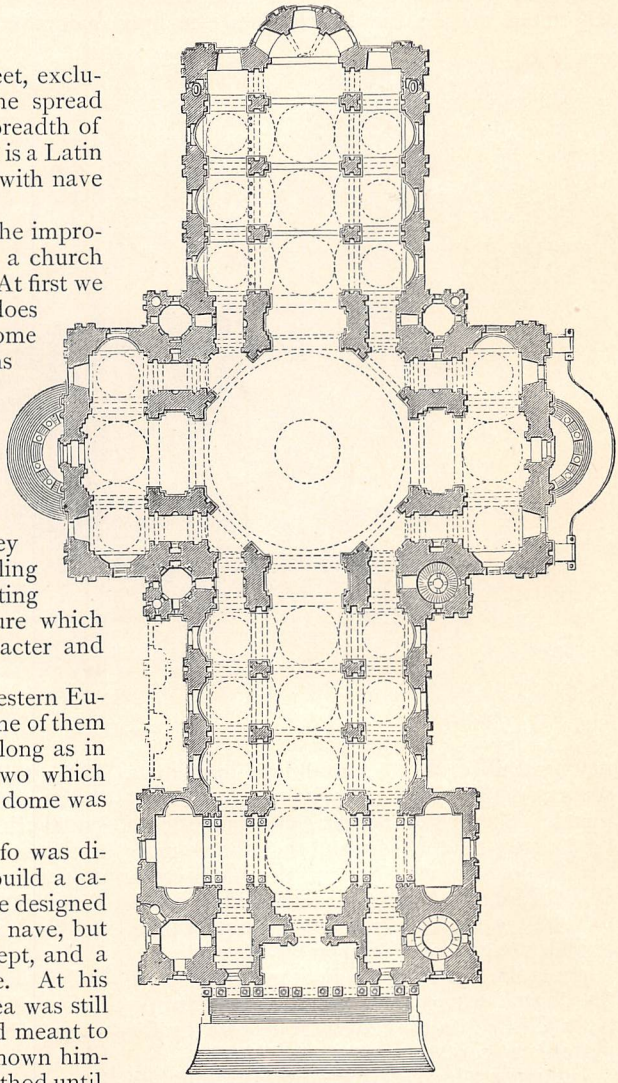
THE length of St. Paul's is 500 feet, exclusive of the steps of the portico; the spread of its transepts is 250 feet, and the breadth of each of its arms is 125 feet. In plan it is a Latin cross of the typically English kind, with nave and choir of equal extent.

As soon as we enter it, we feel the impropriety of choosing such a plan for a church whose main feature is a lofty dome. At first we scarcely see that there is a dome; it does not reveal its importance until we come almost underneath it, and then it seems to have little relationship with the long perspectives behind and before us. Their lines do not lead the eye up to its lines. Their narrow horizontal vistas are in disaccord with the vast sweep of its base and its broadly soaring sphere. They cry out for some form of central ceiling which would unite instead of separating them. It cries out for a substructure which would everywhere predict its character and confess its preëminence.

Many other domed churches in western Europe have extended naves, but in none of them are the other three limbs nearly as long as in St. Paul's; and in the case of the two which are most famous, the designer of the dome was not responsible for the nave.

During the Gothic period Arnolfo was directed by the city of Florence to build a cathedral of exceptional grandeur; so he designed Santa Maria del Fiore with a long nave, but with a very short choir and transept, and a central area of unprecedented size. At his death, about the year 1300, this area was still unroofed; no one knew how he had meant to cover it, for probably he had not known himself; and no one dared suggest a method until, in 1420, Brunelleschi proposed to revive the dome as the Romans had used it in their Pantheon and their baths. Under Byzantine influence Romanesque architects had erected many small domes, notably those of St. Mark at Venice and of St. Front at Périgueux. But after the development of the Gothic style domes were less often used, were constructed with a system of ribs, like vaulted ceilings of other kinds, and, except in the case of one or two Italian structures, were domical as regarded the interior only. Brunelleschi naturally sought counsel of the Romans when he wished to build an enormous roof, domical inside and out; and he naturally adopted their ribless system of construction and their decorative details.

Thus we see why there is architectural disaccord in Santa Maria del Fiore. And thus



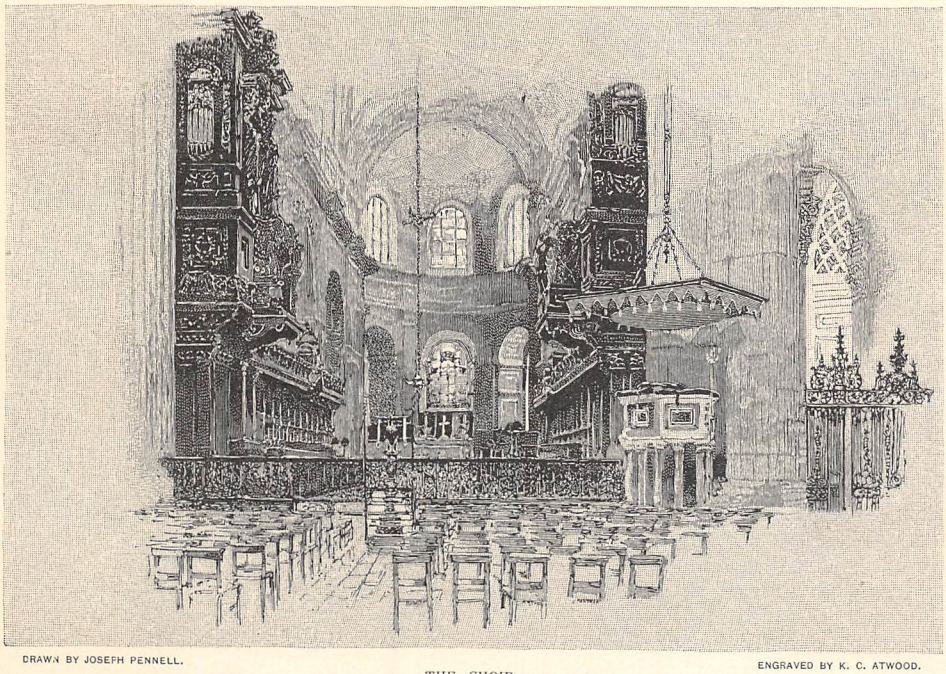
PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
(FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK.")

we learn once more that great architectural innovations are not inspired by mere changes of taste, but by new constructional needs. As, however, these needs make themselves felt in times of general change, mental plasticity, and development, the new scheme naturally meets a nascent taste, or turns wavering preferences in its own direction. Brunelleschi's dome, fathered by a practical necessity, was at once acclaimed as an esthetic triumph. Its success led architecture into a new path; and its offspring are not only all the other domes, but all the Renaissance buildings of every kind with which the Western World is covered.

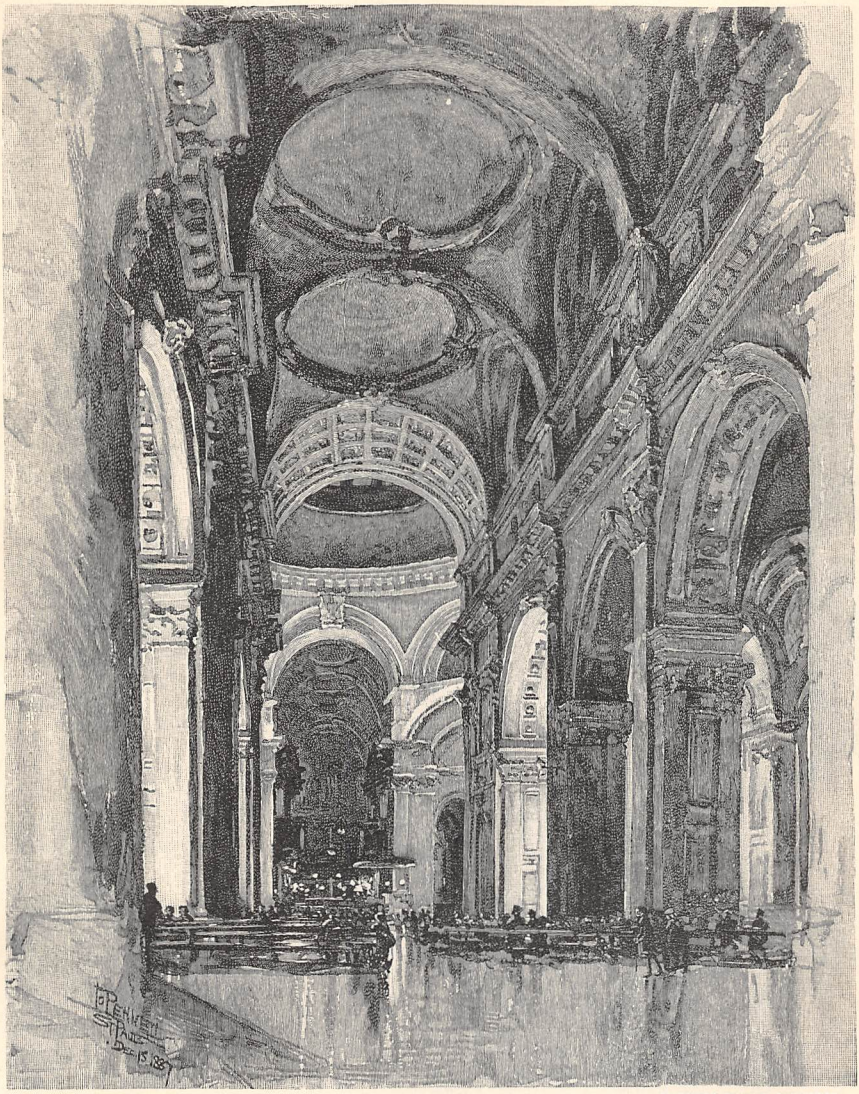
When St. Peter's was projected, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Bramante designed it in the Renaissance style with an enormous dome; but he clung to the long medieval nave, and so too did his immediate successors, San Gallo, Fra Giocondo, and Raphael. Then came Peruzzi, who suggested a Greek cross for the plan, and then the younger San Gallo, who went back to the Latin cross. When Michael Angelo was appointed architect, he too preferred the more compact plan, and his design was carried on by his successors, Vignola, Della Porta, and Fontana. But before the church was quite finished Pope Paul V. bade Carlo Maderna increase its size by the prolongation of the nave.

Influenced by these two famous churches, and doubtless also, like Sir Christopher Wren, by the wishes of the clergy,— always tender of tradition and averse to novelty,— later Italian architects often combined a long perspective with a swelling dome. The first domed church built in Paris, the one attached to the Convent of Val-de-Grâce, shows the same arrangement. The chapel royal of the Hôtel des Invalides is the first Renaissance church, on northern soil at all events, where we find a scheme comparable in architectural unity and logic to those which Oriental builders had elaborated many centuries before. It is square in plan, and its dome rests on an octagon the four greater arches of which open into four short and equal limbs, while the four smaller ones open into chapels occupying the corners of the square and covered with low domes.

It would be rash to say that the combination of a dome and a long nave cannot be well effected. But certainly the most successful domed interiors are those where we find the most compact and symmetrical disposition of parts, while next in excellence come those where choir and transept are very short and, as is the case at St. Peter's, the nave's immense breadth supports its length and predicts the presence of the dome. If the nave of St. Paul's were wider, we should be less distressed by its length; but the chief defect of the interior is the vast length of the choir, which leaves the dome poised upon stretching colonnades, unsustained to the eye by any massive bulk of wall. Even the transept is too long for good effect; and all this



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. THE CHOIR. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING FROM THE NAVE INTO THE CHOIR.

deference to medieval precedent has not really increased the commodiousness of the church, except from a superficial point of view. I mean that more people can enter it than can profit by their entrance. I have seen Canon Liddon preaching beneath the dome when I could not hear him, although I stood at a considerable distance from the transept door; and of course I was still more entirely excluded from the rest of the service.

However, all things considered, we marvel less that Wren should have been forced to plan his church in this way than that he should have preferred a more compact plan himself; for he knew little or nothing of the Orient, and could not have been helped by the chapel of the Hôtel des Invalides, as this was begun in the same year as St. Paul's.

VII.

BRUNELLESCHI's dome was built in the simple Roman way, its shape and the diameter of its base being the same as those of the area inscribed by its supports. Eight piers and eight connecting arches bear a wall or "drum" in the shape of an octagon, and from this wall spring the eight sides of the dome. But the dome of St. Peter's is a polygon of sixteen sides, and only four piers sustain it; so its builders employed what architects call "pendentives" —curving surfaces of wall which, filling the spaces between the arches, unite above in a con-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOME FROM ST. PAUL'S WHARF PIER.

tinuous wall of the shape desired for the base of the dome; and the picture on this page shows how, by the use of pendentives, the circular drum of St. Paul's was accommodated to the octagon formed by the eight supporting piers. Above the plinth at the base of the drum is a plain surface of wall with a balustraded gallery, and above this a tall colonnade pierced with windows; and then the dome curves in to its open central "eye."

The dome of the Val-de-Grâce was begun by Leduc about 1655 and finished in 1685. It would be interesting to know how far it had progressed by 1665, the year before the fire, when Wren wrote, "I have busied myself in surveying the most esteemed Fabrics of Paris and the country round"; for in a very important point it presents a strong contrast to the domes of Italian churches, and a close likeness to those of the Invalides and St. Paul's.

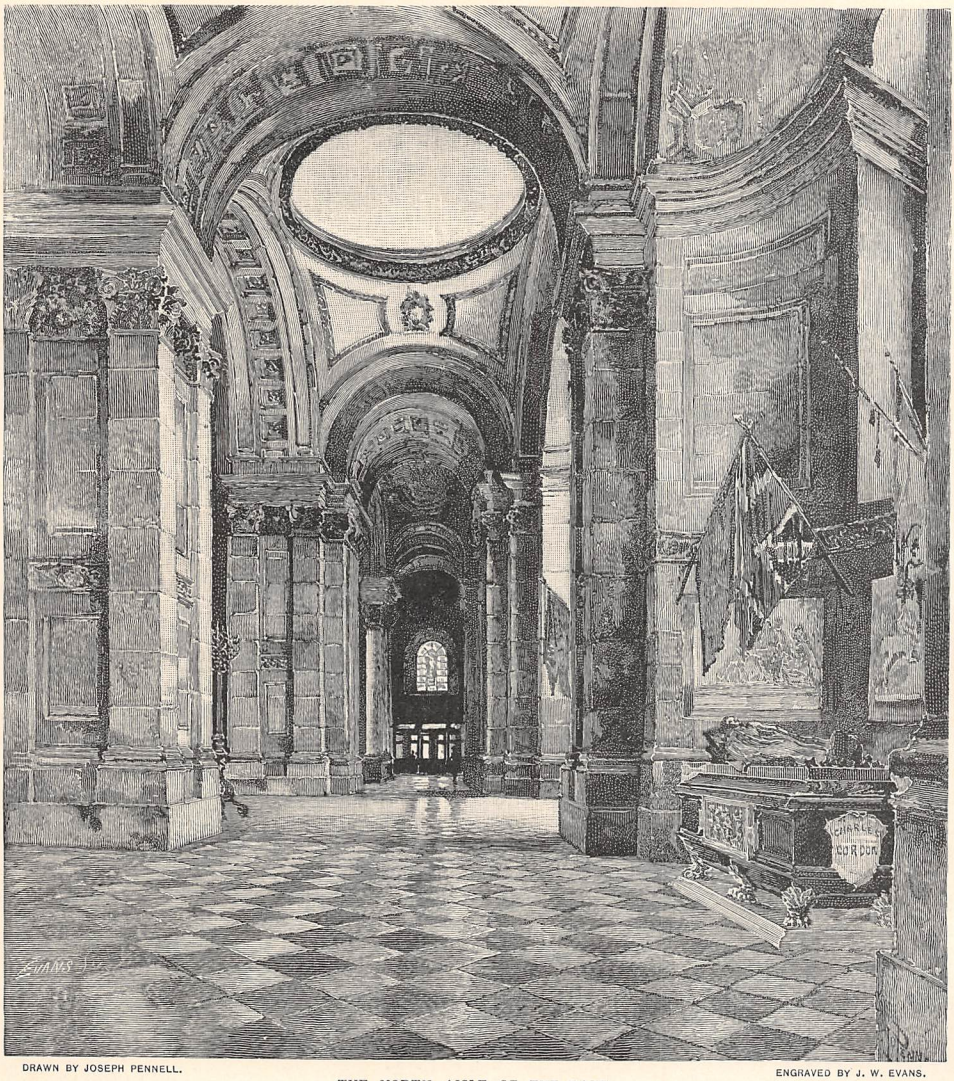
The solid brick wall which forms the lower portion of Brunelleschi's dome divides, about half-way up, into two shells with a space of several feet between them; but the expedient was purely constructional, as distinguished from architectural, for the walls have the same curve, and so, inside and out, the form of the dome is the same and its dimensions are practically alike. St. Peter's dome — inside of brick and outside of stone — is constructed in a similar way. But at the Val-de-Grâce there are two distinct and different domes — a comparatively low spherical vault of stone and, starting from a much taller drum and therefore rising much higher, an external dome of wood covered with lead; and at St. Paul's we find the same arrangement. But whether Wren learned this from Leduc or not, one feature of his dome was all his own, a third wall rising between the other two, a cone-shaped dome of brick which helps to solidify the whole structure but was specially designed to support the stone lantern, ninety feet in height and immensely heavy.

This intermediate cone, like the doubled walls of Santa Maria and St. Peter's, was a purely constructional expedient. But the separation of the inner from the outer dome was an architectural idea in the most fundamental sense of the term. If original with Wren, this idea proves that he possessed creative power of the noblest sort, and, in any case, his conception and execution of it are his highest titles to fame. Yet it has often led to his condemnation as an "untruthful" and "insincere" architect by those who do not understand the meaning of the words as thus applied.

His purpose, of course, was to make his dome as beautiful as possible both inside and out. In pursuing such an aim, an architect must respect broad structural veracity. He must not build a dome outside where there is none within, or cover a domed ceiling with, for instance, a square external tower. His exterior must interpret his interior; but the interpretation need not be a detailed explanation. Over their stone vaults Gothic architects raised wooden roofs of far higher pitch; and above their central lanterns they carried square towers to a much loftier height, and crowned them with stone or timber spires which certainly expressed no interior feature. Wren's two domes are the legitimate successors of forms like these, and his intermediate cone is a fine constructional expedient, as lawful as the timber framework with which Gothic architects braced and tied their spires of stone.

There can be no question with regard to the esthetic advantage of the diverging domes, since they give the architect perfect freedom, enabling him to care in a special way for interior and for exterior effect. It was no new discovery that a given set of proportions may not look equally well inside and outside a building. Gothic architects could not carry a great church too high for increase of majesty and charm in the interior; but the higher they carried it, the harder was the task of preserving grace in the exterior. Compromise offered the only relief from this difficulty. But there was another way out of the opposite difficulty, the one which dome-builders had to meet, and the seventeenth century was intelligent enough to find it.[1] We wish Byzantine builders had found it when we see the most beautiful ceiling in the world, the wide hemispherical vault of St. Sophia in Constantinople, appearing outside the church as a flat saucer-like roof, quite devoid of dignity and of grace. The dome of St. Peter's is very beautiful both within and without; yet within it seems almost too tall despite its enormous span; and outside it can be fully appreciated only from a point so distant that the body of the church sinks into comparative insignificance beneath it. The desire of Sir Christopher and his French contemporaries was to raise their outer domes so that they might produce their full effect from near as well as from distant points of view, and surely it was a lawful ambition. We cannot think the great gilded sphere of the Invalides or the fluted gray cupola of St. Paul's a foot too high; but fancy them revealed as ceilings up to the base of their lanterns!

[1] Although Renaissance architects were probably not helped by the fact, this solution had already been found some time before by certain Oriental builders. The beautiful outer dome of the mosque at Ispahan, which dates from the fifteenth century, is a shell of wood covered with lead, rising far above the inner dome; and of similar form and fabric are now the domes of St. Mark's in Venice, originally built low and solid, but covered in the fourteenth or fifteenth century with tall wooden shells.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

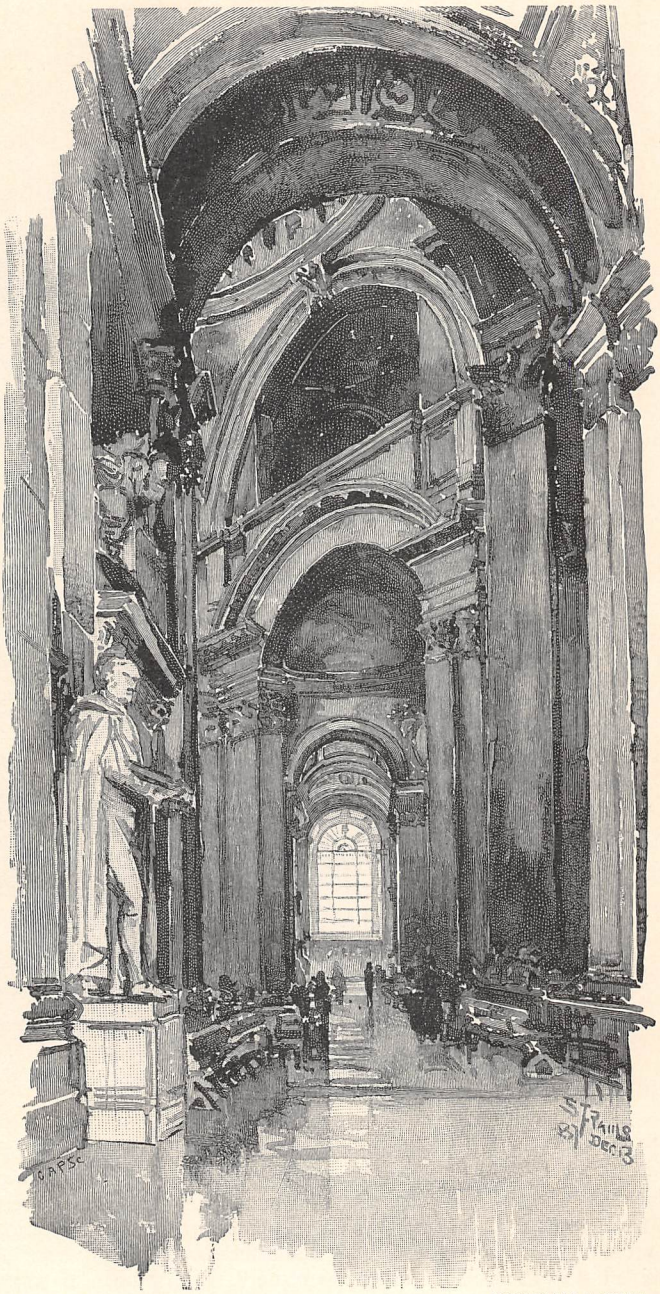
THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE.

Increase of height was secured, not by elongating the sphere itself, but by making the drum more prominent. Brunelleschi, like the Romans and all Oriental builders, used a very low drum; Michael Angelo raised his much higher, saying that he wished to "swing Brunelleschi's dome in the air." But Wren, with his doubled cupola in mind, could be much bolder still; and we cannot too greatly admire his design where, though the drum has two stories and one is immensely tall, unity is perfectly preserved and the proportions are so beautiful that the dignity of the dome itself is merely increased by the magnificence of its base. Naturally the drum of the interior dome is not nearly so high, being proportioned to its own altitude. Indeed, the height of the outer drum is almost as great as that of the ceiling as a whole.

In the chapel of the Invalides the "eye" of the domed ceiling is very wide, and through it we look up at an immense painting which covers the surface of an intermediate dome of flattened shape. At St. Paul's, through a much smaller opening, we look up into the mysterious area of the tall brick cone. The chance to secure effects like these should not be forgotten in weighing the merits of the system of divergent domes, nor the many ways in which such domes permit the builder to lighten his fabric on the one hand, to brace and support it on the other. The lantern on St. Peter's could not be built as large as at first intended, yet the dome has had to be strengthened by iron bands; the dome of St. Paul's is still as firm and steady as at first. Never in St. Paul's, I may add, do we receive a more tremendous impression than when, stand-

ing in the gallery that surrounds the "eye," we look downward into the church, upward into the lofty cone.[1]

Far though it falls below the outer dome, Wren's great ceiling is still too high. Its aspect speaks of mystery and grandeur rather than of beauty. Of course it seems even taller than it is because of the smoky air which fills it —thick almost as an actual cloud; and it will seem lighter, more graceful, more beautiful, if it is ever properly decorated. But the outer dome is and always will be Wren's greatest triumph. Can we study such a work as this, look back to its origin in the dome of the Pantheon, and then say that Renaissance art is only a "copy" of antique art? or, as actually has been said, that it is worse than a copy, being a "corruption"?



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

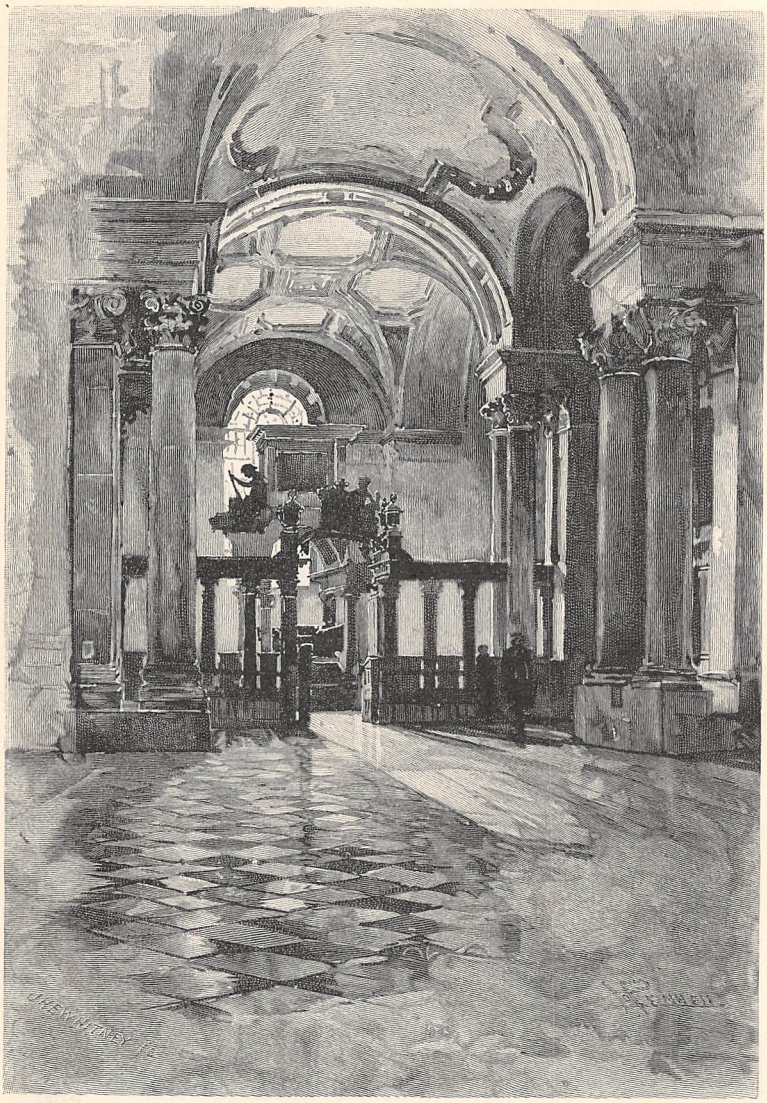
WESTERN AISLE OF TRANSEPT.

VIII.

We are often told that the beauties of St. Paul's are due to Wren, and its faults to his employers. But this is true only in part. Wren did as well as one could with the plan he was forced to Gothicize, especially excellent being the way in which he arranged the supports of his dome so as to leave, from end to end of the church, a clear vista through all the aisles. He rightly asked for brilliant mosaics in the dome, but was forced to see it painted in dark, heavy tones, while all the rest of the interior was left cold and bare. In spite of his actual tears of protest, the Duke of York, intent upon bringing back some day the Catholic form of worship, insisted upon the chapels at the western end, which greatly injure the external effect. And the building commissioners insisted upon the balustrade which crowns the external walls, although Wren showed them that a plain plinth above the entablature formed a sufficient finish, and compared them to ladies who "think nothing well without an edging."

But Wren was himself responsible for the weak way in which the vaulted ceilings of the four limbs spring from a low Attic order, and also for the ugliest features in the whole church—

[1] The dome of the Invalides was designed by the younger Mansard shortly before the year 1700. Its intermediate dome is chiefly a decorative, not a constructional, feature like the cone at St. Paul's. The lantern is borne by the outer dome, and, like this, is of wood.

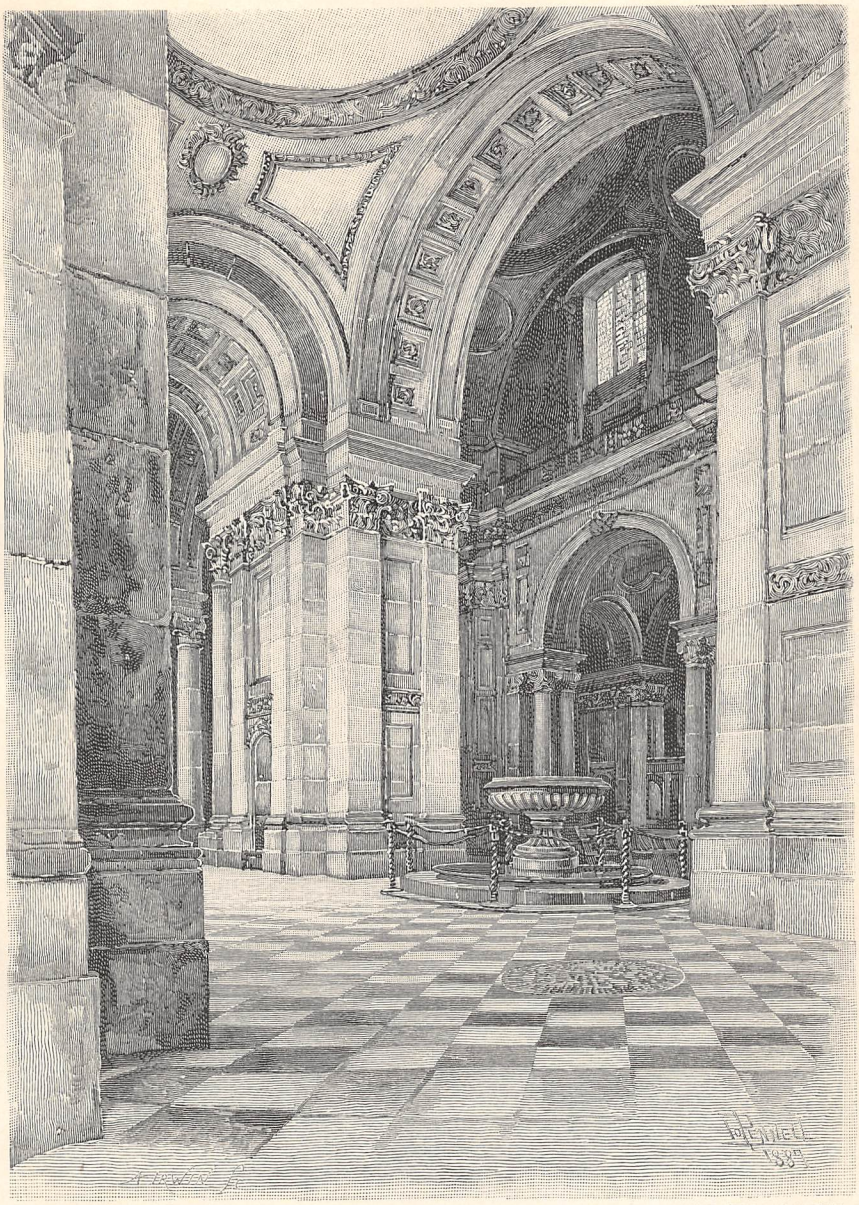


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

those superimposed arches which, alternating with the great arches that open into the four limbs, help them to support the dome. These features show in the pictures on p. 655 and p. 659. We are glad to know that after they were built Wren disliked them extremely. But the remedy he proposed does not strike us as quite happy: he suggested that groups of statues be placed in the upper window-like openings and backed with make-believe curtains of plaster! As a whole the interior of St. Paul's lacks unity and repose, while the choice and proportioning of its features do not reveal a very delicate artistic sense, and its scheme of sculptured decoration shows neither the fertility in invention, the exquisite taste, nor the skilful touch which characterize the contemporary work of France. Even as a compromise between two architectural ideals it might, we feel, have been a little better managed.

The exterior is much more successful, although here again we cannot give unstinted praise. A want of unity between the dome and the church is still apparent, the one standing on the other almost like an independent structure raised on a lofty platform; yet in itself this platform is superb in mass and silhouette. If we examine the construction of the lateral façades, we find a want of truthfulness which may be criticized with much more justice than the bold divergence of the inner and outer domes. The real walls of the exterior end with the entablature of the lower range of pilasters which defines the altitude of the aisles. Above this



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY ALLEN IRWIN.

THE FONT.

point the wall, with its second range of pilasters, is a mere screen, standing free and hiding the true clearstory wall as well as the flying buttresses which spring to this from the top of the true aisle wall. I do not say the device was a worthy one; but a frank confession of the long aisles Wren was forced to build would have injured that effect of monumental unity and simplicity which is the essence of Renaissance as compared with Gothic art, and would have resulted in a mass far less well adapted than the one we see to form a pedestal for the mighty dome. And, after all, if Gothic architects did not build screen walls, they were not ashamed, in England at least, to hide their flying buttresses under the roofs of their aisles.

The semicircular porches which finish the transept-ends are not very harmonious features; and, despite its dignity, the western front has patent faults. Wren proved himself a true descendant of English Gothic builders when he misrepresented the breadth of his church by placing the towers outside the line of the lateral walls; and he sinned in another way by making the upper colonnade of his portico shorter than the lower one—unity of effect is dis-

turbed, and the second story looks heavier than the first, whereas it might well have been lighter.

Yet the merits of this exterior far outweigh its defects, for though we may object to certain features and arrangements, the church as a whole never fails to impress in the profoundest way both the eye and the imagination. It is a magnificent building, and we cannot always say as much of buildings in which we discover fewer special faults. People who have no eye for the picturesque sometimes complain of its color or, rather, of the way in which smoke and soot have altered its color. But fresh in the first whiteness of its Portland stone, it could hardly have been as imposing as today, when great streaks and patches of inky black accentuate the pallor of more sheltered portions.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

ST. PAUL'S FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE — A FOGGY MORNING.

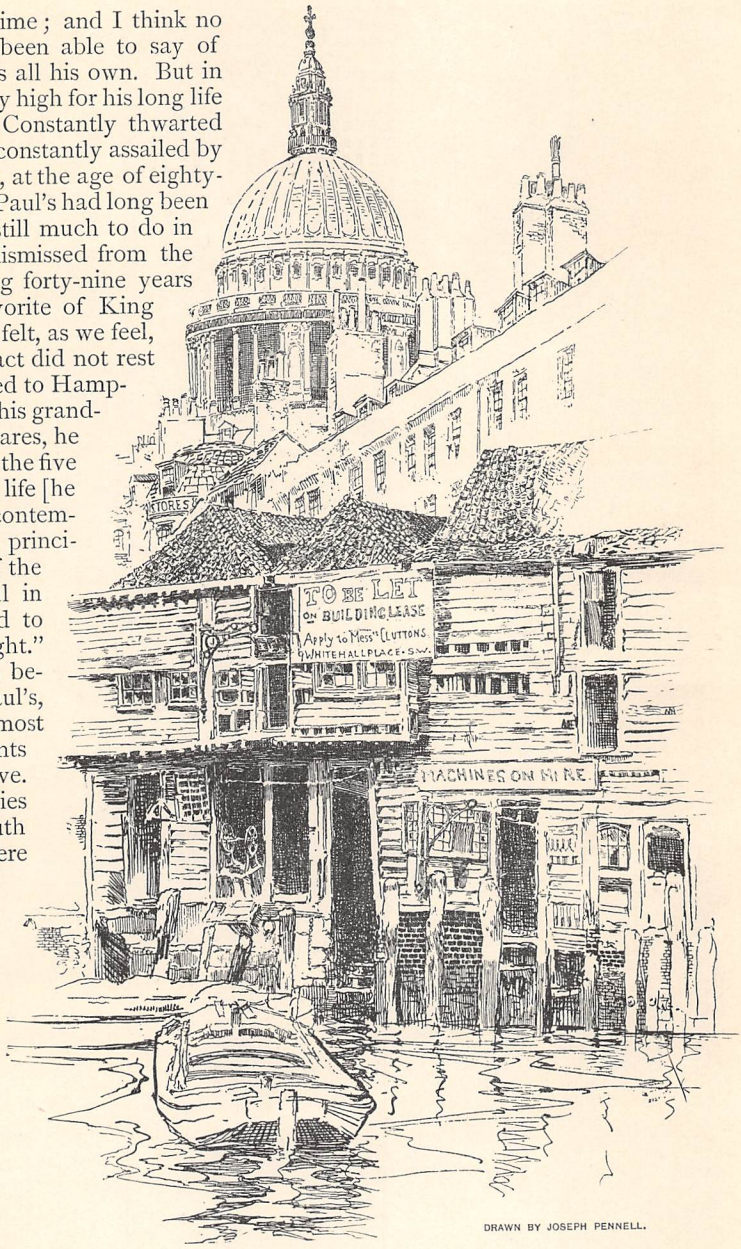
IX.

Of course we ought to say more about the character of Renaissance architecture and the way in which it is illustrated by St. Paul's. But how, in a single chapter, could we attempt to do for this great style what, in a dozen chapters, we found it impossible to do completely for the medieval styles? Now we can make room merely for one or two historical facts of another sort.

Few churches as great as St. Paul's have

been built in so short a time; and I think no architect but Wren has been able to say of such a church that it was all his own. But in some ways Wren paid very high for his long life and noble opportunity. Constantly thwarted in his work, he was also constantly assailed by jealousy and slander, and, at the age of eighty-six, when the fabric of St. Paul's had long been complete but there was still much to do in minor matters, he was dismissed from the office he had held during forty-nine years to make room for a favorite of King George's. He must have felt, as we feel, that the disgrace of this act did not rest upon him. He soon retired to Hampton Court, and there, says his grandson, "free from worldly cares, he passed the greater part of the five last following years of his life [he died at ninety-two] in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and well-pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

A vast crypt stretches beneath the whole of St. Paul's, and here lie the bodies of most of those whose monuments appear in the church above. Sir Christopher himself lies at the east end of the south aisle. In the place where he ought to have rested, under the center of his dome, lies Lord Nelson, who ought not to have been buried in St. Paul's at all—if it is true that he cried to fate to give him "Victory or Westminster Abbey." Near Wren sleeps our countryman Benjamin West, with Reynolds, Turner, Lawrence, and other artists of less renown; near Nelson sleep Wellington, Collingwood, and other great soldiers and sailors; and of course noted churchmen are not wanting.

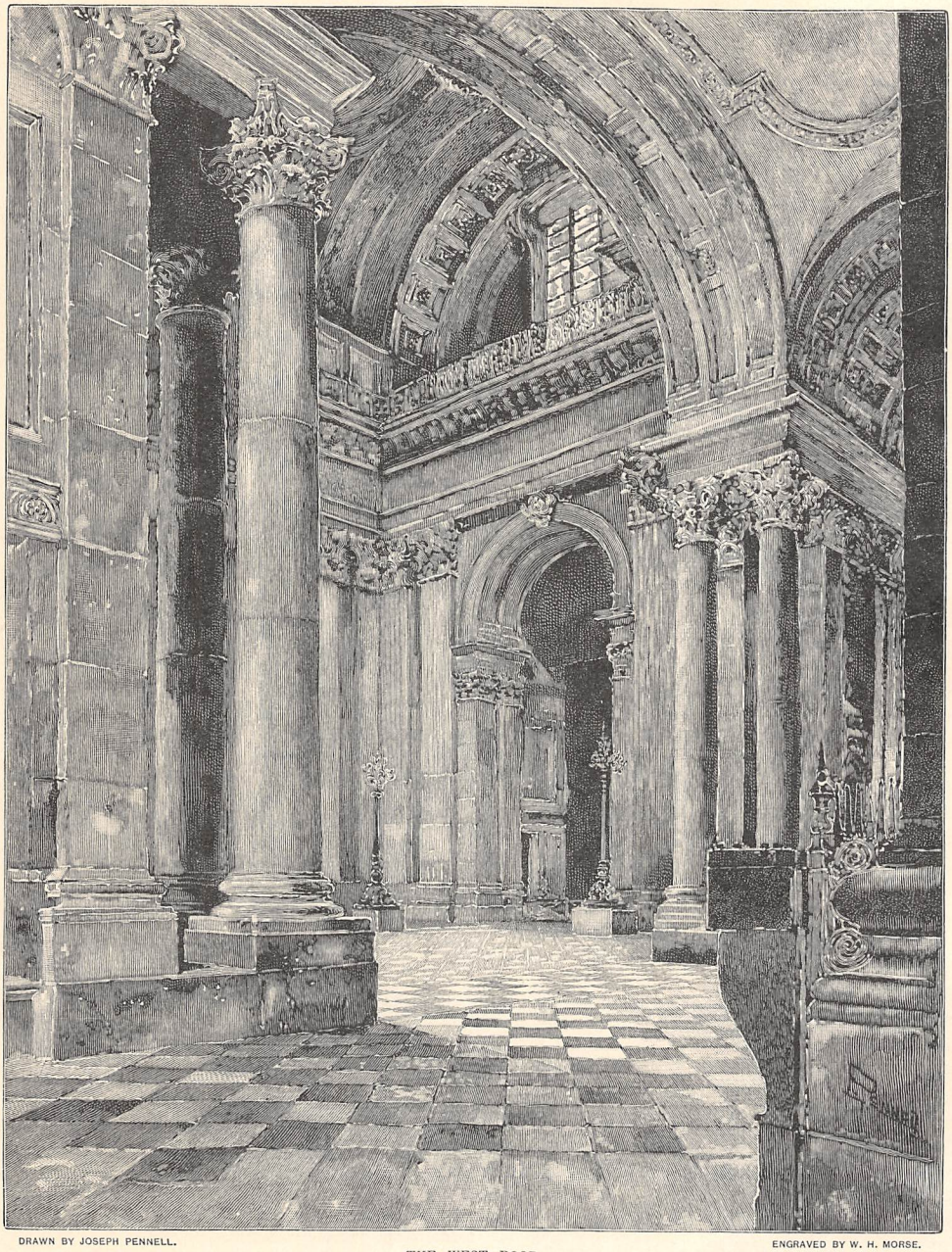


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOME FROM THE RIVER.

The best works of sculpture which St. Paul's can show are the beautiful choir-stalls carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons, under the eye of Wren. Among all the monuments there is only one of high artistic merit. This is Wren's, and, as we have often heard, it is simply the church itself. The famous inscription which ends, *Lector, si Monumentum requiris, circumspice*, was written by his son and placed on his tomb, but is now repeated over the door of the north transept-arm. A full translation runs: "Beneath is laid the builder of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself but for the good of the State. Reader, if thou askest for a monument, look around thee." And I think the epitaph is as fine in its way as the monument.

Except for a brief period, when the fiery light of the struggles which introduced and assured the Reformation threw a few figures into heroic relief, the bishops of London have not often been conspicuous men. Their power as bishops



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

THE WEST DOOR.

was not commensurate with the power of their town. The metropolis of England in every other sense, London has ranked ecclesiastically with towns as small as Ely and Wells. Pope Gregory intended that it should be the archiepiscopal seat, but St. Augustine decided otherwise, and his arrangement has never been disturbed. To rise as high as he could in the church, to have the best chance for rising in the state, a bishop of London had to get himself transferred to the tiny city of Canterbury. But Bonner and Ridley, Grindal and Sandys, and John Aylmer, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey, were bishops of London in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth Laud and Judson and Compton; while among the deans of the chapter in these troublous times were John Colet, the friend of Erasmus; Richard Pace, the friend of Wolsey; Alexander Nowell, whom Queen Elizabeth rebuked for "papacy" in his cathedral; John Donne, the poet; and William Sancroft, who, after he had helped much toward

the rebuilding of St. Paul's, was raised by King Charles to the throne of Canterbury. Among recent names those of Bishop Tait, afterward archbishop too, and of Dean Milman and Dean Church, are the ones which the world will remember longest.

X.

SEEING the dome of St. Paul's afar off or close at hand, lighted by the faint city sunshine, wrapped in banks of mist like a mountain's shoulder, or outlined against a midnight heaven, who can deny that, despite all the beauty of Gothic spires and towers, a dome is the noblest crown that a great aggregate of human homes can carry? In the measureless panorama of London what are the towers of Westminster, what would be the spire of Salisbury, compared with its titanic bulk, so majestically eternal in expression, yet so buoyant, so airy, that when the clouds float past it we can fancy it soars and settles like a living thing?

The dome of St. Paul's rising above a town like Salisbury would indeed be out of place. But it is not in such towns that the world now puts its noblest buildings. More than at any time since the imperial days of Rome men are now dwellers in cities, and cities grow to enormous size. The dome which the Romans bequeathed us and the form of art which its use first developed, now better express our needs and tastes, and better meet our executive artistic powers than the Gothic spire and the art it typifies. Medievalism has passed out of life; is it not an anachronism to attempt its perpetuation in art? Our true sympathies lie where lay those of Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, and Christopher Wren. We teach our children from the books of the Greeks and Romans, not of the schoolmen, and teach them intellectual freedom, not subservience to king or priest or rigid creed. We should be glad enough to sit at dinner with Pericles or Cicero, with Wren or Brunelleschi; should we like the food, the table, the manners or the talk of a thirteenth-century bishop? Could he ever grow to be one of ourselves, as Cicero might, as Brunelleschi might, did they come back to try? Of course we admire the churches he built, and in a very different way from the temples of Rameses or the mosques of the Arabs, for his blood is in our veins and the history he helped to make is ours. But lineage and material history are not the only things which control artistic development. Modern English architecture, trying to be "national" again, has interpreted the term as meaning "medieval." But even medieval architecture was really born in France, imported into England; and even St. Paul's is English, though derived from Italian sources. The wind that sways and fertilizes the mind blows whence it listeth, infusing new qualities into the purest strain of blood; and it is these qualities—mental qualities—which express themselves in art. Not unless Englishmen themselves become medievalized can they hope to build really noble Gothic structures.

"But," some one is sure to object, "Renaissance art is pagan. We may use it for our secular buildings; we want Romanesque or Gothic for our churches." "No," another is sure to protest, "Renaissance art is papistical. Rome may use it, Protestantism should not." Each of these objections contradicts the other, and neither has the least excuse in fact. The "Grecian temple style," which for a time flourished in England and was fostered in this country by Thomas Jefferson, may be charged with paganism; but not the true Renaissance styles which Christian architects, in truly creative times, developed out of the elements of antique art. And this development took place just as the power of Rome was breaking. Renaissance art is really the art of Protestantism. It is the expression of that spirit which, amid other emancipations, wrought freedom in religious faith. St. Peter's and the countless Renaissance churches which Catholic hands have since erected simply prove that even Rome herself could not escape the influence of the great movement which produced the Reformation.

It seems impossible to-day to start quite fresh in any intellectual path. It certainly is impossible to hark back to a path, however sacred, noble, and attractive, from which, four centuries ago, our ancestors naturally and inevitably diverged. To build truthfully, spontaneously, modern men must build in the fashion that was evolved when the modern world was born. Frenchmen have remembered this truth, and it shows in the difference between modern Paris and London or New York. We may admire the forms of Gothic art more than any others, but with them no progressive nation can make a garment to cover all the needs of the twentieth century; with the forms of Renaissance art such a garment can be made; and it is doubly important for us in America to realize these facts. Reflecting that we have a fresh soil, a peculiar climate, new material needs and resources, an inventive turn of mind, an ambitious temper, and a heritage of mingled blood, we feel that we may some day arrive at a new phase of art, distinctively our own. But this can happen, in some distant to-morrow, only if we meet as well as we possibly can the practical necessities of to-day.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XII.

HEN he left the King's side, Tarvin's first impulse was to set the Foxhall colt into a gallop, and forthwith depart in search of the Naulahka. He mechanically drove his heels home, and shortened his rein under the impulse of the thought; but the colt's leap beneath him recalled him to his senses, and he restrained himself and his mount with the same motion.

His familiarity with the people's grotesque nomenclature left him unimpressed by the Cow's Mouth as a name for a spot, but he gave some wonder to the question why the thing should be *in* the Cow's Mouth. This was a matter to be laid before Estes.

"These heathen," he said to himself, "are just the sort to hide it away in a salt-lick, or bury it in a hole in the ground. Yes; a hole is about their size. They put the state diamonds in cracker-boxes tied up with boot-laces. The Naulahka is probably hanging on a tree."

As he trotted toward the missionary's house, he looked at the hopeless landscape with new interest, for any spur of the low hills, or any roof in the jumbled city, might contain his treasure.

Estes, who had outlived many curiosities, and knew Rajputana as a prisoner knows the bricks of his cell, turned on Tarvin, in reply to the latter's direct question, a flood of information. There were mouths of all kinds in India, from the Burning Mouth in the north, where a jet of natural gas was worshiped by millions as the incarnation of a divinity, to the Devil's Mouth among some forgotten Buddhist ruins in the furthest southern corner of Madras.

There was also a Cow's Mouth some hundreds of miles away, in the courtyard of a temple at Benares, much frequented by devotees; but as far as Rajputana was concerned, there was only one Cow's Mouth, and that was to be found in a dead city.

The missionary launched into a history of wars and rapine, extending over hundreds of years, all centering round one rock-walled city in the wilderness, which had been the pride and the glory of the kings of Mewar. Tarvin listened with patience as infinite as his weariness—ancient history had no charm for the man who was making his own town—while Estes enlarged upon the past, and told stories of voluntary immolation on the pyre in subterranean palaces by thousands of Rajput women who, when the city fell before a Mohammedan, and their kin had died in the last charge of defense, cheated the conquerors of all but the empty glory of conquest. Estes had a taste for archæology, and it was a pleasure to him to speak of it to a fellow countryman.

By retracing the ninety-six miles to Rawut Junction, Tarvin might make connection with a train that would carry him sixty-seven miles westward to yet another junction, where he would change and go south by rail for a hundred and seven miles; and this would bring him within four miles of this city, its marvelous nine-storied tower of glory, which he was to note carefully, its stupendous walls and desolate palaces. The journey would occupy at least two days. At this point Tarvin suggested a map, and a glance at it showed him that Estes proposed an elaborate circus round three sides of a square, whereas a spider-like line ran more or less directly from Rhatore to Gunnaur.

"This seems shorter," he said.

"It 's only a country road, and you have had some experience of roads in this state. Fifty-seven miles on a *kutcha* road in this sun would be fatal."

Tarvin smiled to himself. He had no particular dread of the sun, which, year by year, had stolen from his companion something of his vitality.

"I think I 'll ride, anyhow. It seems a waste to travel half round India to get at a thing across the road, though it *is* the custom of the country."

He asked the missionary what the Cow's Mouth was like, and Estes explained archæologically, architecturally, and philologically to such good purpose that Tarvin understood that it was some sort of a hole in the ground—an ancient, a remarkably ancient, hole of peculiar sanctity, but nothing more than a hole.

Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

Tarvin decided to start without an hour's delay. The dam might wait until he returned. It was hardly likely that the King's outburst of generosity would lead him to throw open his jails on the morrow. Tarvin debated for a while whether he should tell him of the excursion he was proposing to himself, and then decided that he would look at the necklace first, and open negotiations later. This seemed to suit the customs of the country. He returned to the rest-house with Estes's map in his pocket to take stock of his stable. Like other men of the West, he reckoned a horse a necessity before all other necessities, and had purchased one mechanically immediately after his arrival. It had been a comfort to him to note all the tricks of all the men he had ever traded horses with faithfully reproduced in the lean, swarthy Cabuli trader who had led his kicking, plunging horse up to the veranda one idle evening; and it had been a greater comfort to battle with them as he had battled in the old days. The result of the skirmish, fought out in broken English and expressive American, was an unhandsome, doubtful-tempered, mouse-colored Kathiawar stallion, who had been dismissed for vice from the service of his Majesty, and who weakly believed that, having eaten pieces of the troopers of the Deo Li Irregular Horse, ease and idleness awaited him. Tarvin had undeceived him leisurely, in such moments as he most felt the need of doing something, and the Kathiawar, though never grateful, was at least civil. He had been christened Fibby Winks in recognition of ungentlemanly conduct and a resemblance which Tarvin fancied he detected between the beast's lean face and that of the man who had jumped his claim.

Tarvin threw back the loin-cloth as he came upon Fibby drowsing in the afternoon sun behind the rest-house.

"We 're going for a little walk down-town, Fibby," he said.

The Kathiawar squealed and snapped.

"Yes; you always were a loafer, Fibby."

Fibby was saddled by his nervous native attendant, while Tarvin took a blanket from his room and rolled up into it an imaginative assortment of provisions. Fibby was to find his rations where Heaven pleased. Then he set out as light-heartedly as though he were going for a canter round the city. It was now about three in the afternoon. All Fibby's boundless reserves of ill temper and stubborn obstinacy Tarvin resolved should be devoted, by the aid of his spurs, to covering the fifty-seven miles to Gunnaur in the next ten hours, if the road were fair. If not, he should be allowed another two hours. The return journey would not require spurs. There was a moon that night, and Tarvin knew enough of native roads in Gokral Seetarun, and rough trails elsewhere, to be certain that he would not be confused by cross-tracks.

It being borne into Fibby's mind that he was required to advance, not in three directions at once, but in one, he clicked his bit comfortably in his mouth, dropped his head, and began to trot steadily. Then Tarvin pulled him up, and addressed him tenderly.

"Fib, my boy, we 're not out for exercise—you 'll learn that before sundown. Some galoot has been training you to waste your time over the English trot. I 'll be discussing other points with you in the course of the campaign; but we 'll settle this now. We don't begin with crime. Drop it, Fibby, and behave like a man-horse."

Tarvin was obliged to make further remarks on the same subject before Fibby returned to the easy native lope, which is also a common Western pace, tiring neither man nor beast. By this he began to understand that a long journey was demanded of him, and, lowering his tail, buckled down to it.

At first he moved in a cloud of sandy dust with the cotton-wains and the country-carts that were creaking out to the far distant railroad at Gunnaur. As the sun began to sink, his gaunt shadow danced like a goblin across low-lying volcanic rock tufted with shrubs, and here and there an aloe.

The carters unyoked their cattle on the roadside, and prepared to eat their evening meal by the light of dull-red fires. Fibby cocked one ear wistfully toward the flames, but held on through the gathering shadows, and Tarvin smelt the acrid juice of bruised camel's-thorn beneath his horse's hoofs. The moon rose in splendor behind him, and, following his lurching shadow, he overtook a naked man who bore over his shoulder a stick loaded with jingling bells, and fled panting and perspiring from one who followed him armed with a naked sword. This was the mail-carrier and his escort running to Gunnaur. The jingling died away on the dead air, and Fibby was ambling between interminable lines of thorn-bushes that threw mad arms to the stars, and cast shadows as solid as themselves across the road. Some beast of the night plunged through the thicket alongside, and Fibby snorted in panic. Then a porcupine crossed under his nose with a rustle of quills, and left an evil stench to poison the stillness for a moment. A point of light gleamed ahead, where a bullock-cart had broken down, and the drivers were sleeping peacefully till daylight should show the injury. Here Fibby stopped, and Tarvin, through the magic of a rupee, representing fortune to the rudely awakened sleepers, procured food and a little water for him, eased the girths, and made as much of him as he was disposed to permit.

On starting again, Fibby found his second wind, and with it there woke the spirit of daring and adventure inherited from his ancestors, who were accustomed to take their masters thirty leagues in a day for the sacking of a town, to sleep by a lance driven into the earth as a picket, and to return whence they had come before the ashes of the houses had lost heat. So Fibby lifted his tail valiantly, neighed, and began to move.

The road descended for miles, crossing the dry beds of many water-courses and once a broad river, where Fibby stopped for another drink, and would have lain down to roll in a melon-bed but that his rider spurred him on up the slope. The country grew more fertile at every mile, and rolled in broader waves. Under the light of the setting moon the fields showed silver-white with the opium-poppy, or dark with sugar-cane.

Poppy and sugar ceased together, as Fibby topped a long, slow ascent, and with distended nostrils snuffed for the wind of the morning. He knew that the day would bring him rest. Tarvin peered forward where the white line of the road disappeared in the gloom of velvety scrub. He commanded a vast level plain flanked by hills of soft outline — a plain that in the dim light seemed as level as the sea. Like the sea, too, it bore on its breast a ship, like a gigantic monitor with a sharp bow, cutting her way from north to south; such a ship as man never yet has seen — two miles long, with three or four hundred feet free-board, lonely, silent, mastless, without lights, a derelict of the earth.

"We are nearly there, Fib, my boy," said Tarvin, drawing rein, and scanning the monstrous thing by the starlight. "We 'll get as close as we can, and then wait for the daylight before going aboard."

They descended the slope, which was covered with sharp stones and sleeping goats. Then the road turned sharply to the left, and began to run parallel to the ship. Tarvin urged Fibby into a more direct path, and the good horse blundered piteously across the scrub-covered ground, cut up and channeled by the rains into a network of six-foot ravines and gulches.

Here he gave out with a despairing grunt. Tarvin took pity on him, and, fastening him to a tree, bade him think of his sins till breakfast-time, and dropped from his back into a dry and dusty water-hole. Ten steps further, and the scrub was all about him, whipping him across the brows, hooking thorns into his jacket, and looping roots in front of his knees as he pushed on up an ever-steepening incline.

At last Tarvin was crawling on his hands and knees, grimed from head to foot, and hardly to be distinguished from the wild pigs that passed like slate-colored shadows through the tangle of the thickets on their way to their rest. Too absorbed to hear them grunt, he pulled and screwed himself up the slope, tugging at the roots as though he would rend the Naulahka from the bowels of the earth, and swearing piously at every step. When he stopped to wipe the sweat from his face, he found, more by touch than by eye, that he knelt at the foot of a wall that ran up into the stars. Fibby, from the tangle below, was neighing dolefully.

"You 're not hurt, Fibby," he gasped, spitting out some fragments of dry grass; "you are n't on in this scene. Nobody 's asking *you* to fly to-night," he said, looking hopelessly up at the wall again, and whistling softly in response to an owl's hooting overhead.

He began to pick his way between the foot of the wall and the scrub that grew up to it, pressing one hand against the huge cut stones, and holding the other before his face. A fig-seed had found foothold between two of the gigantic slabs, and, undisturbed through the centuries, had grown into an arrogant, gnarled tree, that writhed between the fissures and heaved the stonework apart. Tarvin considered for a while whether he could climb into the crook of the lowest branch, then moved on a few steps, and found the wall rent from top to bottom through the twenty feet of its thickness, allowing passage for the head of an army.

"Like them, exactly like them!" he mused. "I might have expected it. To build a wall sixty feet high, and put an eighty-foot hole in it! The Naulahka must be lying out on a bush, or a child 's playing with it, and — I can't get it!"

He plunged through the gap, and found himself amid scattered pillars, slabs of stone, broken lintels, and tumbled tombs, and heard a low, thick hiss almost under his riding-boots. No man born of woman needs to be instructed in the voice of the serpent.

Tarvin jumped, and stayed still. Fibby's neigh came faintly now. The dawn wind blew through the gap in the wall, and Tarvin wiped his forehead with a deep sigh of relief. He would do no more till the light came. This was the hour to eat and drink; also to stand very still, because of that voice from the ground.

He pulled food and a flask from his pocket, and, staring before him in every direction, ate hungrily. The loom of the night lifted a little, and he could see the outline of some great building a few yards away. Beyond this were other shadows, faint as the visions in a dream — the shadows of yet more temples and lines of houses; the wind, blowing among them, brought back a rustle of tossing hedges.

The shadows grew more distinct: he could see that he was standing with his face to some decayed tomb. Then his jaw fell, for, without warning or presage, the red dawn shot up behind him, and there leaped out of the night the city of the dead. Tall-built, sharp-domed palaces, flushing to the color of blood, revealed the horror of their emptiness, and glared at the day that pierced them through and through.

The wind passed singing down the empty streets, and, finding none to answer, returned, chasing before it a muttering cloud of dust, which presently whirled itself into a little cyclone-funnel, and laid down with a sigh.

A screen of fretted marble lay on the dry grass, where it had fallen from some window above, and a gecko crawled over it to sun himself. Already the dawn flush had passed. The hot light was everywhere, and a kite had poised himself in the parched blue sky. The day, new-born, might have been as old as the city. It seemed to Tarvin that he and it were standing still to hear the centuries race by on the wings of the purposeless dust.

As he took his first step into the streets, a peacock stepped from the threshold of a lofty red house, and spread his tail in the splendor of the sun. Tarvin halted, and with perfect gravity took off his hat to the royal bird, where it blazed against the sculptures on the wall, the sole living thing in sight.

The silence of the place and the insolent nakedness of the empty ways lay on him like a dead weight. For a long time he did not care to whistle, but rambled aimlessly from one wall to another, looking at the gigantic reservoirs, dry and neglected, the hollow guard-houses that studded the battlements, the time-riven arches that spanned the streets, and, above all, the carven tower with a shattered roof that sprang a hundred and fifty feet into the air, for a sign to the country-side that the royal city of Gunnaur was not dead, but would one day hum with men.

It was from this tower, incrusted with figures in high relief of beast and man, that Tarvin, after a heavy climb, looked out on the vast sleeping land in the midst of which the dead city lay. He saw the road by which he had come in the night, dipping and reappearing again over thirty miles of country, saw the white poppy-fields, the dull-brown scrub, and the unending plain to the northward, cut by the shining line of the rail. From his aery he peered forth as a man peers from a crow's-nest at sea; for, once down there below in the city, all view was cut off by the battlements that rose like bulwarks. On the side nearest to the railroad, sloping causeways, paved with stone, ran down to the plain under many gates, as the gangway of a ship when it is let down, and through the gaps in the walls—time and the trees had torn their way to and fro—there was nothing to be seen except the horizon, which might have been the deep sea.

He thought of Fibby waiting in the scrub for his breakfast, and made haste to descend to the streets again. Remembering the essentials of his talk with Estes as to the position of the Cow's Mouth, he passed up a side-lane, disturbing the squirrels and monkeys that had taken up their quarters in the cool dark of the rows of empty houses. The last house ended in a heap of ruins among a tangle of mimosa and tall grass, through which ran a narrow foot-track.

Tarvin marked the house as the first actual ruin he had seen. His complaint against all the others, the temples and the palaces, was that they were not ruined, but dead—empty, swept, and garnished, with the seven devils of loneliness in riotous possession. In time—in a few thousand years perhaps—the city would crumble away. He was distinctly glad that one house at least had set the example.

The path dropped beneath his feet on a shelf of solid rock that curved over like the edge of a waterfall. Tarvin took only one step, and fell, for the rock was worn into deep gutters, smoother than ice, by the naked feet of millions who had trodden that way for no man knew how many years. When he rose he heard a malignant chuckle, half suppressed, which ended in a choking cough, ceased, and broke out anew. Tarvin registered an oath to find that scoffer when he had found the necklace, and looked to his foothold more carefully. At this point it seemed that the Cow's Mouth must be some sort of disused quarry fringed to the lips with rank vegetation.

All sight of what lay below him was blocked by the thick foliage of trees that leaned forward, bowing their heads together as night-watchers huddle over a corpse. Once upon a time there had been rude steps leading down the almost sheer descent, but the naked feet had worn them to glassy knobs and lumps, and blown dust had made a thin soil in their chinks. Tarvin looked long and angrily, because the laugh came from the bottom of this track, and then, digging his heel into the mold, began to let himself down step by step, steadying himself by the tufts of grass. Before he had realized it, he was out of reach of the sun, and neck-deep in tall grass. Still there was a sort of pathway under his feet, down the almost perpendicular side. He gripped the grass, and went on. The earth beneath his elbows grew moist, and the rock where it cropped out showed rotten with moisture and coated with moss. The air grew cold and damp. Another plunge downward revealed to him what the

trees were guarding, as he drew breath on a narrow stone ledge. They sprung from the masonry round the sides of a square tank of water so stagnant that it had corrupted past corruption, and lay dull-blue under the blackness of the trees. The drought of summer had shrunk it, and a bank of dried mud ran round its sides. The head of a sunken stone pillar, carved with monstrous and obscene gods, reared itself from the water like the head of a tortoise swimming to land. The birds moved in the sunlit branches of the trees far overhead. Little twigs and berries dropped into the water, and the noise of their fall echoed from side to side of the tank that received no sunlight.

The chuckle that had so annoyed Tarvin broke out again as he listened. This time it was behind him, and, wheeling sharply, he saw that it came from a thin stream of water that spurted fitfully from the rudely carved head of a cow, and dripped along a stone spout into the heavy blue pool. Behind that spout the moss-grown rock rose sheer. This, then, was the Cow's Mouth.

The tank lay at the bottom of a shaft, and the one way down to it was that by which Tarvin had come—a path that led from the sunlight to the chill and mold of a vault.

"Well, this is kind of the King, anyhow," he said, pacing the ledge cautiously, for it was almost as slippery as the pathway on the rocks. "Now, what's the use of this?" he continued, returning. The ledge ran only round one side of the tank, and, unless he trusted to the mud-banks on the other three, there was no hope of continuing his exploration further. The Cow's Mouth chuckled again, as a fresh jet of water forced its way through the formless jaws.

"Oh, dry up!" he muttered impatiently, staring through the half light that veiled all.

He dropped a piece of rock on the mud under the lip of the ledge, then tested it with a cautious foot, found that it bore, and decided to walk round the tank. As there were more trees to the right of the ledge than to the left, he stepped off on the mud from the right, holding cautiously to the branches and the tufts of grass in case of any false step.

When the tank was first made its rock walls had been perfectly perpendicular, but time and weather and the war of the tree roots had broken and scarred the stone in a thousand places, giving a scant foothold here and there.

Tarvin crept along the right side of the tank, resolved, whatever might come, to go round it. The gloom deepened as he came directly under the largest fig-tree, throwing a thousand arms across the water, and buttressing the rock with snake-like roots as thick as a man's body. Here, sitting on a bole, he rested and looked at the ledge. The sun, shooting down the path that he had trampled through the tall grass, threw one patch of light on the discolored marble of the ledge and on the blunt muzzle of the cow's head; but where Tarvin rested under the fig-tree there was darkness, and an intolerable scent of musk. The blue water was not inviting to watch; he turned his face inward to the rock and the trees, and, looking up, caught the emerald-green of a parrot's wing moving among the upper branches. Never in his life had Tarvin so acutely desired the blessed sunshine. He was cold and damp, and conscious that a gentle breeze was blowing in his face from between the snaky tree roots.

It was the sense of space more than actual sight that told him that there was a passage before him shrouded by the roots on which he sat, and it was his racial instinct of curiosity rather than any love of adventure that led him to throw himself at the darkness, which parted before and closed behind him. He could feel that his feet were treading on cut stone overlaid with a thin layer of dried mud, and, extending his arms, found masonry on each side. Then he lighted a match, and congratulated himself that his ignorance of cows' mouths had not led him to bring a lantern with him. The first match flickered in the draft and went out, and before the flame had died he heard a sound in front of him like the shivering backward draw of a wave on a pebbly beach. The noise was not inspiriting, but Tarvin pressed on for a few steps, looking back to see that the dull glimmer of the outer day was still behind him, and lighted another match, guarding it with his hands. At his next step he shuddered from head to foot. His heel had crashed through a skull on the ground.

The match showed him that he had quitted the passage, and was standing in a black space of unknown dimensions. He fancied that he saw the outline of a pillar, or rows of pillars, flickering drunkenly in the gloom, and was all too sure that the ground beneath him was strewn with bones. Then he became aware of pale emerald eyes watching him fixedly, and perceived that there was deep breathing in the place other than his own. He flung the match down, the eyes retreated, there was a wild rattle and crash in the darkness, a howl that might have been bestial or human, and Tarvin, panting between the tree roots, swung himself to the left, and fled back over the mud-banks to the ledge, where he stood, his back to the Cow's Mouth and his revolver in his hand.

In that moment of waiting for what might emerge from the hole in the side of the tank Tarvin tasted all the agonies of pure physical terror. Then he noted with the tail of his eye that a length of mud-bank to his left—half the

mud-bank, in fact—was moving slowly into the water. It floated slowly across the tank, a long welt of filth and slime. Nothing came out of the hole between the fig-tree roots, but the mud-bank grounded under the ledge almost at Tarvin's feet, and opened horny eyelids, heavy with green slime.

The Western man is familiar with many strange things, but the alligator does not come within the common range of his experiences. A second time Tarvin moved from point to point without being able to explain the steps he took to that end. He found himself sitting in the sunshine at the head of the slippery path that led downward. His hands were full of the wholesome jungle-grass and the clean, dry dust. He could see the dead city about him, and he felt that it was home.

The Cow's Mouth chuckled and choked out of sight as it had chuckled since the making of the tank, and that was at the making of time. A man, old, crippled, and all but naked, came through the high grass leading a little kid, and calling mechanically from time to time, "*Ao, bhai! Ao!*" ("Come, brother! Come!") Tarvin marveled first at his appearance on earth at all, and next that he could so unconcernedly descend the path to the darkness and the horror below. He did not know that the sacred crocodile of the Cow's Mouth was waiting for his morning meal, as he had waited in the days when Gunnaur was peopled, and its queens never dreamed of death.

XIII.

FIBBY and Tarvin ate their breakfast together, half an hour later, in the blotched shadows of the scrub below the wall. The horse buried his nose into his provender, and said nothing. The man was equally silent. Once or twice he rose to his feet, scanned the irregular line of wall and bastion, and shook his head. He had no desire to return there. As the sun grew fiercer he found a resting-place in the heart of a circle of thorn, tucked the saddle under his head, and lay down to sleep. Fibby, rolling luxuriously, followed his master's example. The two took their rest while the air quivered with heat and the hum of insects, and the browsing goats clicked and pattered through the water-channels.

The shadow of the Tower of Glory lengthened, fell across the walls, and ran far across the plain; the kites began to drop from the sky by twos and threes; and naked children, calling one to another, collected the goats and drove them to the smoky villages before Tarvin roused himself for the homeward journey.

He halted Fibby once for a last look at Gunnaur as they reached the rising ground. The sunlight had left the walls, and they ran black against the misty levels and the turquoise-blue of the twilight. Fires twinkled from a score of puts about the base of the city, but along the ridge of the desolation itself there was no light.

"Mum's the word, Fibby," said Tarvin, picking up his reins. "We don't think well of this picnic, and we won't mention it at Rhatore."

He chirruped, and Fibby went home as swiftly as he could lay hoof to stone, only once suggesting refreshment. Tarvin said nothing till the end of the long ride, when he heaved a deep sigh of relief as he dismounted in the fresh sunlight of the morning.

Sitting in his room, it seemed to him a waste of a most precious opportunity that he had not manufactured a torch in Gunnaur and thoroughly explored the passage. But the memory of the green eyes and the smell of musk came back to him, and he shivered. The thing was not to be done. Never again, for any consideration under the wholesome light of the sun, would he, who feared nothing, set foot in the Cow's Mouth.

It was his pride that he knew when he had had enough. He had had enough of the Cow's Mouth; and the only thing for which he still wished in connection with it was to express his mind about it to the Maharajah. Unhappily, this was impossible. That idle monarch, who, he now saw plainly, had sent him there either in a mood of luxurious sportiveness or to throw him off the scent of the necklace, remained the only man from whom he could look for final victory. It was not to the Maharajah that he could afford to say all that he thought.

Fortunately the Maharajah was too much entertained by the work which Tarvin immediately instituted on the Amet River to inquire particularly whether his young friend had sought the Naulahka at the Gye Mukh. Tarvin had sought an audience with the King the morning after his return from that black spot, and, with the face of a man who had never known fear and who lacks the measure of disappointments, gaily demanded the fulfilment of the King's promise. Having failed in one direction on a large scale, he laid the first brick on the walls of a new structure without delay, as the people of Topaz had begun to build their town anew the morning after the fire. His experience at the Gye Mukh only sharpened his determination, adding to it a grim willingness to get even with the man who had sent him there.

The Maharajah, who felt in especial need of amusement that morning, was very ready to make good his promise, and ordered that the long man who played pachisi should be granted all the men he could use. With the

energy of disgust, and with a hot memory of the least assured and comfortable moments of his life burning in his breast, Tarvin flung himself on the turning of the river and the building of his dam. It was necessary, it seemed, in the land upon which he had fallen, to raise a dust to hide one's ends. He would raise a dust, and it should be on the same scale as the catastrophe which he had just encountered —thorough, business-like, uncompromising.

He raised it, in fact, in a stupendous cloud. Since the state was founded no one had seen anything like it. The Maharajah lent him all the convict labor of his jails, and Tarvin marched the little host of leg-ironed *kaidies* into camp at a point five miles beyond the city walls, and solemnly drew up his plans for the futile damming of the barren Amet. His early training as a civil engineer helped him to lay out a reasonable plan of operations, and to give a semblance of reality to his work. His notion was to back up the river by means of a dam at a point where it swept around a long curve, and to send it straight across the plain by excavating a deep bed for it. When this was completed the present bed of the river would lie bare for several miles, and if there were any gold there, as Tarvin said to himself, then would be the time to pick it up. Meanwhile his operations vastly entertained the King, who rode out every morning and watched him directing his small army for an hour or more. The marchings and countermarchings of the mob of convicts with baskets, hoes, shovels, and pannier-laden donkeys, the prodigal blasting of rocks, and the general bustle and confusion, drew the applause of the King, for whom Tarvin always reserved his best blasts. This struck him as only fair, as the King was paying for the powder, and, indeed, for the entire entertainment.

Among the unpleasant necessities of his position was the need of giving daily to Colonel Nolan, to the King, and to all the drummers at the rest-house, whenever they might choose to ask him, his reasons for damming the Amet. The great Indian Government itself also presently demanded his reasons, in writing, for damming the Amet; Colonel Nolan's reasons, in writing, for allowing the Amet to be dammed; and the King's reasons for allowing anybody but a duly authorized agent of the Government to dam the Amet. This was accompanied by a request for further information. To these inquiries Tarvin, for his part, returned an evasive answer, and felt that he was qualifying himself for his political career at home. Colonel Nolan explained officially to his superiors that the convicts were employed in remunerative labor, and, unofficially, that the Maharajah had been so phenomenally good for some time past (being kept amused by this American stranger), that it would be a thousand pities to interrupt the operations. Colonel Nolan was impressed by the fact that Tarvin was the Hon. Nicholas Tarvin, and a member of the legislature of one of the United States.

The Government, knowing something of the irrepressible race who stride booted into the council-halls of kings, and demand concessions for oil-boring from Arracan to the Peshin, said no more, but asked to be supplied with information from time to time as to the progress of the stranger's work. When Tarvin heard this he sympathized with the Indian Government. He understood this thirst for information; he wanted some himself as to the present whereabouts of the Naulahka; also touching the time it would take Kate to find out that she wanted him more than the cure of any misery whatever.

At least twice a week, in fancy, he gave up the Naulahka definitely, returned to Topaz, and resumed the business of a real-estate and insurance agent. He drew a long breath after each of these decisions, with the satisfying recollection that there was still one spot on the earth's surface where a man might come directly at his desires if he possessed the sand and the hustle; where he could walk a straight path to his ambition; and where he did not by preference turn five corners to reach an object a block away.

Sometimes, as he grilled patiently in the river-bed under the blighting rays of the Indian sun, he would heretically blaspheme the Naulahka, refusing to believe in its existence, and persuading himself that it was as grotesque a lie as the King's parody of a civilized government, or as Dhunpat Rai's helpful surgery. Yet from a hundred sources he heard of the existence of that splendor, only never in reply to a direct question.

Dhunpat Rai, in particular (once weak enough to complain of the new lady doctor's "excessive zeal and surplusage administration"), had given him an account that made his mouth water. But Dhunpat Rai had not seen the necklace since the crowning of the present King, fifteen years before. The very convicts on the works, squabbling over the distribution of food, spoke of millet as being as costly as the Naulahka. Twice the Maharaj Kunwar, babbling vaingloriously to his big friend of what he would do when he came to the throne, concluded his confidences with, "And then I shall wear the Naulahka in my turban all day long."

But when Tarvin asked him where that precious necklace lived, the Maharaj Kunwar shook his head, answering sweetly, "I do not know."

The infernal thing seemed to be a myth, a

word, a proverb — anything rather than the finest necklace in the world. In the intervals of blasting and excavation he would make futile attempts to come upon its track. He took the city ward by ward, and explored every temple in each; he rode, under pretense of archæological study, to the outlying forts and ruined palaces that lay beyond the city in the desert, and roved restlessly through the mausoleums that held the ashes of the dead kings of Rhatore. He told himself a hundred times that he knew each quest to be hopeless; but he needed the consolation of persistent search. And the search was always vain.

Tarvin fought his impatience when he rode abroad with the Maharajah. At the palace, which he visited at least once a day under pretense of talking about the dam, he devoted himself more sedulously than ever to pachisi. It pleased the Maharajah in those days to remove himself from the white marble pavilion in the orange-garden, where he usually spent the spring months, to Sitabhai's wing of the red-stone palace, and to sit in the courtyard watching trained parrots firing little cannons, and witnessing combats between fighting quail or great gray apes dressed in imitation of English officers. When Colonel Nolan appeared the apes were hastily dismissed; but Tarvin was allowed to watch the play throughout, when he was not engaged on the dam. He was forced to writhe in inaction and in wonder about his necklace, while these childish games went forward; but he constantly kept the corner of an eye upon the movements of the Maharaj Kunwar. There, at least, his wit could serve some one.

The Maharajah had given strict orders that the child should obey all Kate's instructions. Even his heavy eyes noted an improvement in the health of the little one, and Tarvin was careful that he should know that the credit belonged to Kate alone. With impish perversity the young Prince, who had never received an order in his life before, learned to find joy in disobedience, and devoted his wits, his escort, and his barouche to gamboling in the wing of the palace belonging to Sitabhai. There he found gray-headed flatterers by the score, who abased themselves before him, and told him what manner of king he should be in the years to come. There also were pretty dancing-girls, who sang him songs, and would have corrupted his mind but that it was too young to receive corruption. There were, besides, apes and peacocks and jugglers,— new ones every day,— together with dancers on the slack rope, and wonderful packing-cases from Calcutta, out of which he was allowed to choose ivory-handled pistols and little gold-hilted swords with seed-pearls set in a groove along the middle, and running musically up and down as he waved the blade round his head. Finally, the sacrifice of a goat in an opal and ivory temple in the heart of the women's quarters, which he might watch, allured him that way. Against these enticements Kate, moody, grave, distracted, her eyes full of the miseries on which it was her daily lot to look, and her heart torn with the curelessness of it all, could offer only little childish games in the missionary's drawing-room. The heir apparent to the throne did not care for leap-frog, which he deemed in the highest degree undignified; nor yet for puss-in-the-corner, which seemed to him overactive; nor for tennis, which he understood was played by his brother princes, but which to him appeared no part of a Rajput's education. Sometimes, when he was tired (and on rare occasions when he escaped to Sitabhai's wing it was observable that he returned very tired indeed), he would listen long and intently to the stories of battle and siege which Kate read to him, and would scandalize her at the end of the tale by announcing, with flashing eye:

"When I am king I will make my army do *all* those things."

It was not in Kate's nature — she would have thought it in the highest degree wrong — to refrain from some little attempt at religious instruction. But here the child retreated into the stolidity of the East, and only said:

"All these things are very good for you, Kate, but all my gods are very good for me; and if my father knew, he would be angry."

"And what *do* you worship?" asked Kate, pitying the young pagan from the bottom of her heart.

"My sword and my horse," answered the Maharaj Kunwar; and he half drew the jeweled saber that was his inseparable companion, returning it with a resolute clank that closed the discussion.

But it was impossible, he discovered, to evade the long man Tarvin as he evaded Kate. He resented being called "bub," nor did he approve of "little man." But Tarvin could drawl the word "Prince" with a quiet deference that made the young Rajput almost suspect himself the subject of a jest. And yet Tarvin Sahib treated him as a man, and allowed him, under due precautions, to handle his mighty "gun," which was not a gun, but a pistol. And once, when the Prince had coaxed the keeper of the horse into allowing him to bestride an unmanageable mount, Tarvin, riding up, had picked him out of the depths of the velvet saddle, set him on his own saddle-bow, and, in the same cloud of dust, shown him how, in his own country, they laid the reins on one side or the other of the neck of their cattle-ponies to guide them in pursuit of a steer broken from the herd.

The trick of being lifted from his saddle, ap-

pealing to the "circus" latent in the boy breast even of an Eastern prince, struck the Maharaj as so amusing that he insisted on exhibiting it before Kate; and as Tarvin was a necessary figure in the performance, he allured him into helping him with it one day before the house of the missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Estes came out upon the veranda with Kate and watched the exhibition, and the missionary pursued it with applause and requests for a repetition, which, having been duly given, Mrs. Estes asked Tarvin if he would not stay to dinner with them since he was there. Tarvin glanced doubtfully at Kate for permission, and, by a process of reasoning best known to lovers, construed the veiling of her eyes and the turning of her head into assent.

After dinner, as they sat on the veranda in the starlight, "Do you really mind?" he asked.

"What?" asked she, lifting her sober eyes and letting them fall upon him.

"My seeing you sometimes. I know you don't like it; but it will help me to look after you. You must see by this time that you need looking after."

"Oh, no."

"Thank you," said Tarvin, almost humbly.

"I mean I don't need looking after."

"But you don't dislike it?"

"It 's good of you," she said impartially.

"Well, then, it will be bad of you not to like it."

Kate had to smile. "I guess I like it," she replied.

"And you will let me come once in a while? You can't think what the rest-house is. Those drummers will kill me yet. And the coolies at the dam are not in my set."

"Well, since you 're here. But you ought *not* to be here. Do me a real kindness, and go away, Nick."

"Give me an easier one."

"But *why* are you here? You can't show any rational reason."

"Yes; that 's what the British Government says. But I brought my reason along."

He confessed his longing for something homely and natural and American after a day's work under a heathen and raging sun; and when he put it in this light, Kate responded on another side. She had been brought up with a sense of responsibility for making young men feel at home; and he certainly felt at home when she was able to produce, two or three evenings later, a Topaz paper sent her by her father. Tarvin pounced on it, and turned the flimsy four pages inside out, and then back again.

He smacked his lips. "Oh, good, good, *good!*" he murmured relishingly. "Don't the advertisements look nice? What 's the matter with Topaz?" cried he, holding the sheet from him at arm's-length, and gazing ravenously up and down its columns. "Oh, *she* 's all right." The cooing, musical singsong in which he uttered this consecrated phrase was worth going a long way to hear. "Say, we 're coming on, are n't we? We're not lagging nor loafing, nor fooling our time away, if we *have n't* got the Three C.'s *yet*. We 're keeping up with the procession. Hi-yi! look at the 'Rustler Rootlets'—just about a stickful! Why, the poor old worm-eaten town is going sound, sound asleep in her old age, is n't she? Think of taking a railroad there! Listen to this:

"Milo C. Lambert, the owner of 'Lambert's Last Ditch,' has a car-load of good ore on the dump, but, like all the rest of us, don't find it pays to ship without a railroad line nearer than fifteen miles. Milo says Colorado won't be good enough for him after he gets his ore away.

"I should think not. Come to Topaz, Milo! And this:

"When the Three C.'s comes into the city in the fall we sha'n't be hearing this talk about hard times. Meantime it 's an injustice to the town, which all honest citizens should resent and do their best to put down, to speak of Rustler as taking a back seat to any town of its age in the State. As a matter of fact, Rustler was never more prosperous. With mines which produced last year ore valued at a total of $1,200,000, with six churches of different denominations, with a young but prosperous and growing academy which is destined to take a front rank among American schools, with a record of new buildings erected during the past year equal if not superior to any town in the mountains, and with a population of lively and determined business men, Rustler bids fair in the coming year to be worthy of her name.

"Who said 'afraid'? We 're not hurt. Hear us whistle. But I 'm sorry Heckler let that into his correspondence," he added, with a momentary frown. "Some of our Topaz citizens might miss the fun of it, and go over to Rustler to wait for the Three C.'s. Coming in the fall, is it? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear! This is the way they amuse themselves while they dangle their legs over Big Chief Mountain and wait for it:

"Our merchants have responded to the recent good feeling which has pervaded the town since word came that President Mutrie, on his return to Denver, was favorably considering the claims of Rustler. Robbins has his front windows prettily decorated and filled with fancy articles. His store seems to be the most popular for the youngsters who have a nickel or two to spend.

"I should murmur! Won't you like to see the Three C.'s come sailing into Topaz one of these fine mornings, little girl?" asked Tarvin,

suddenly, as he seated himself on the sofa beside her, and opened out the paper so that she could look over his shoulder.

"Would you like it, Nick?"

"*Would* I!"

"Then, of course, I should. But I think you will be better off if it does n't. It will make you too rich. See father."

"Well, I 'd put on the brakes if I found myself getting real rich. I 'll stop just after I 've passed the Genteel Poverty Station. Is n't it good to see the old heading again — Heckler's name as large as life just under 'oldest paper in Divide County,' and Heckler's fist sticking out all over a rousing editorial on the prospects of the town? Homelike, is n't it? He 's got two columns of new advertising; that shows what the town 's doing. And look at the good old 'ads.' from the Eastern agencies. How they take you back! I never expected to thank Heaven for a castoria advertisement; did you, Kate? But I swear it makes me feel good all over. I 'll read the patent inside if you say much."

Kate smiled. The paper gave her a little pang of homesickness too. She had her own feeling for Topaz; but what reached her through the "Telegram's" lively pages was the picture of her mother sitting in her kitchen in the long afternoons (she had sat in the kitchen so long in the poor and wandering days of the family that she did it now by preference), gazing sadly out at white-topped Big Chief, and wondering what her daughter was doing at that hour. Kate remembered well that afternoon hour in the kitchen when the work was done. She recalled from the section-house days the superannuated rocker, once a parlor chair, which her mother had hung with skins and told off for kitchen service. Kate remembered with starting tears that her mother had always wanted her to sit in it, and how good it had been to see from her own hassock next the oven the little mother swallowed up in its deeps. She heard the cat purring under the stove, and the kettle singing; the clock ticked in her ear, and the cracks between the boards in the floor of the hastily built section-house blew the cold prairie air against her heels.

She gazed over Tarvin's shoulder at the two cuts of Topaz which appeared in every issue of the "Telegram," — the one representing the town in its first year, the other the town of today, — and a lump rose in her throat.

"Quite a difference, is n't there?" said Tarvin, following her eye. "Do you remember where your father's tent used to stand, and the old section-house, just here by the river?" He pointed, and Kate nodded without speaking. "Those were good days, were n't they? Your father was n't as rich as he is now, and neither was I; but we were all mighty happy together."

Kate's thought drifted back to that time, and called up other visions of her mother expending her slight frame in many forms of hard work. The memory of the little characteristic motion with which she would shield with raised hand the worn young old face when she would be broiling above an open fire, or frying doughnuts, or lifting the stove-lid, forced her to gulp down the tears. The simple picture was too clear, even to the light of the fire on the face, and the pink light shining through the frail hand.

"Hello!" said Tarvin, casting his eye up and down the columns, "they 've had to put another team on to keep the streets clean. We had one. Heckler don't forget the climate either. And they are doing well at the Mesa House. That 's a good sign. The tourists will all have to stop over at Topaz when the new line comes through, and we have the right hotel. Some towns might think we had a little tourist traffic now. Here 's Loomis dining fifty at the Mesa the other day — through express. They 've formed a new syndicate to work the Hot Springs. Do you know, I should n't wonder if they made a town down there. Heckler 's right. It *will* help Topaz. We don't mind a town that near. It makes a suburb of it."

He marked his sense of the concession implied in letting him stay that evening by going early; but he did not go so early on the following evening, and as he showed no inclination to broach forbidden subjects, Kate found herself glad to have him there, and it became a habit of his to drop in, in the evenings, and to join the group that gathered, with open doors and windows, about the family lamp. In the happiness of seeing visible effects from her labors blossoming under her eyes, Kate regarded his presence less and less. Sometimes she would let him draw her out upon the veranda, under the sumptuous Indian night — nights when the heat-lightning played like a drawn sword on the horizon, and the heavens hovered near the earth, and the earth was very still. But commonly they sat within, with the missionary and his wife, talking of Topaz, of the hospital, of the Maharaj Kunwar, of the dam, and sometimes of the Estes children at Bangor. For the most part, however, when the talk was among the group, it fell upon the infinitesimal gossip of a sequestered life, to the irritation and misery of Tarvin.

When the conversation lagged in these deeps he would fetch up violently with a challenge to Estes on the subject of the tariff or silver legislation, and after that the talk was at least lively. Tarvin was, by his training, largely a newspaper-educated man. But he had also

been taught at first hand by life itself, and by the habit of making his own history; and he used the hairy fist of horse-sense in dealing with the theories of newspaper politics and the systems of the schools.

Argument had no allurements for him, however; it was with Kate that he talked when he could, and oftenest, of late, of the hospital, since her progress there had begun to encourage her. She yielded at last to his entreaties to be allowed to see this paragon, and to look for himself upon the reforms she had wrought.

Matters had greatly improved since the days of the lunatic and the "much-esteemed woman," but only Kate knew how much remained to be done. The hospital was at least clean and sweet if she inspected it every day, and the people in their fashion were grateful for kinder tending and more skilful treatment than they had hitherto dreamed of. Upon each cure a rumor went abroad through the country-side of a new power in the land, and other patients came; or the convalescent herself would bring back a sister, a child, or a mother with absolute faith in the power of the White Fairy to make all whole. They could not know all the help that Kate brought in the train of her quiet movements, but for what they knew they blessed her as they lay. Her new energy swept even Dhunpat Rai along the path of reform. He became curious in the limewashing of stonework, the disinfecting of wards, the proper airing of bed-linen, and even the destruction by fire of the bedsteads, once his perquisite, on which smallpox patients had died. Native-like, he worked best for a woman with the knowledge that there was an energetic white man in the background. Tarvin's visit, and a few cheery words addressed to him by that capable outsider, supplied him with this knowledge.

Tarvin could not understand the uncouth talk of the out-patients, and did not visit the women's wards; but he saw enough to congratulate Kate unreservedly. She smiled contentedly. Mrs. Estes was sympathetic, but in no way enthusiastic; and it was good to be praised by Nick, who had found so much to blame in her project.

"It 's clean and it 's wholesome, little girl," he said, peering and sniffing; "and you 've done miracles with these jellyfish. If you 'd been on the opposition ticket instead of your father I should n't be a member of the legislature."

Kate never talked to him about that large part of her work which lay among the women of the Maharajah's palace. Little by little she learned her way about such portions of the pile as she was permitted to traverse. From the first she had understood that the palace was ruled by one Queen, of whom the women spoke under their breath, and whose lightest word, conveyed by the mouth of a grinning child, set the packed mazes humming. Once only had she seen this Queen, glimmering like a tiger-beetle among a pile of *kincob* cushions —a lithe, black-haired young girl, it seemed, with a voice as soft as running water at night, and with eyes that had no shadow of fear in them. She turned lazily, the jewels clinking on ankle, arm, and bosom, and looked at Kate for a long time without speaking.

"I have sent that I may see you," she said at last. "You have come here across the water to help these cattle?"

Kate nodded, every instinct in her revolting at the silver-tongued splendor at her feet.

"You are not married?" The Queen put her hands behind her head and looked at the painted peacocks on the ceiling.

Kate did not reply, but her heart was hot.

"Is there any sickness here?" she asked at last sharply. "I have much to do."

"There is none, unless it may be that you yourself are sick. There are those who sicken without knowing it."

The eyes turned to meet Kate's, which were blazing with indignation. This woman, lapped in idleness, had struck at the life of the Maharaj Kunwar; and the horror of it was that she was younger than herself.

"*Achcha*," said the Queen, still more slowly, watching her face. "If you hate me so, why do you not say so? You white people love truth."

Kate turned on her heel to leave the room. Sitabhai called her back for an instant, and, moved by some royal caprice, would have caressed her, but she fled indignant, and was careful never again to venture into that wing of the palace. None of the women there called for her services, and not once but several times, when she passed the mouth of the covered way that led to Sitabhai's apartments, she saw a little naked child flourishing a jeweled knife, and shouting round the headless carcass of a goat whose blood was flooding the white marble. "That," said the women, "is the gipsy's son. He learns to kill daily. A snake is a snake, and a gipsy is a gipsy, till they are dead."

There was no slaughter of goats, singing of songs, or twangling of musical instruments in the wing of the palace that made itself specially Kate's own. Here lived, forgotten by the Maharajah and mocked by Sitabhai's maidens, the mother of the Maharaj Kunwar. Sitabhai had taken from her—by the dark arts of the gipsies, so the Queen's adherents said; by her own beauty and knowledge in love, they sang in the other wing of the palace—all honor and consideration due to her as the Queen Mother.

There were scores of empty rooms where once there had been scores of waiting-women, and those who remained with the fallen Queen were forlorn and ill-favored. She herself was a middle-aged woman, by Eastern standards; that is to say, she had passed twenty-five, and had never been more than ordinarily comely.

Her eyes were dull with much weeping, and her mind was full of superstitions — fears for every hour of the night and the day, and vague terrors, bred of loneliness, that made her tremble at the sound of a footfall. In the years of her prosperity she had been accustomed to perfume herself, put on her jewels, and with braided hair await the Maharajah's coming. She would still call for her jewels, attire herself as of old, and wait amid the respectful silence of her attendants till the long night gave way to the dawn, and the dawn showed the furrows on her cheeks. Kate had seen one such vigil, and perhaps showed in her eyes the wonder that she could not repress, for the Queen Mother fawned on her timidly after the jewels had been put away, and begged her not to laugh.

"You do not understand, Miss Kate," she pleaded. "There is one custom in your country and another in ours; but still you are a woman, and you will know."

"But you know that no one will come," Kate said tenderly.

"Yes, I know; but — no, you are not a woman, only a fairy that has come across the water to help me and mine."

Here again Kate was baffled. Except in the message sent by the Maharaj Kunwar, the Queen Mother never referred to the danger that threatened her son's life. Again and again Kate had tried to lead up to the subject — to gain some hint, at least, of the nature of the plot.

"I know nothing," the Queen would reply. "Here behind the curtain no one knows anything. Miss Kate, if my own women lay dead out there in the sun at noon," — she pointed downward through the tracery of her window to the flagged path below, — "I should know nothing. Of what I said I know nothing; but surely it is allowed," — she lowered her voice to a whisper, — "oh, surely it is allowed to a mother to bid another woman look to her son. He is so old now that he thinks himself a man, and wanders far, and so young that he thinks the world will do him no harm. *Ahi!* And he is so wise that he knows a thousand times more than I: he speaks English like an Englishman. How can I control him with my little learning and my very great love? I say to you, Be good to my son. That I can say aloud, and write it upon a wall, if need were. There is no harm in that. But if I said more, look you, the plaster between the stones beneath me would gape to suck it in, and the wind would blow all my words across to the villages. I am a stranger here — a Rajputni from Kulu, a thousand thousand coss away. They bore me here in a litter to be married — in the dark they bore me for a month; and except that some of my women have told me, I should not know which way the home wind blows when it goes to Kulu. What can a strange cow do in the byre? May the gods witness."

"Ah, but tell me what you think?"

"I think nothing," the Queen would answer sullenly. "What have women to do with thinking? They love and they suffer. I have said all that I may say. Miss Kate, some day you will bear a little son. As you have been good to my son, so may the gods be good to yours when that time comes, and you know how the heart is full of love."

"If I am to protect him, I must know. You leave me in the dark."

"And I also am in the dark — and the darkness is full of danger."

TARVIN himself was much about the palace, not only because he perceived that it was there he might most hopefully keep his ear to the ground for news of the Naulahka, but because it enabled him to observe Kate's comings and goings, and with his hand ready for a rapid movement to his pistol-pocket.

His gaze followed her at these times, as at others, with the longing look of the lover; but he said nothing, and Kate was grateful to him. It was a time, as it seemed to him, to play the part of the Tarvin who had carried water for her long ago at the end of the section; it was a time to stand back, to watch, to guard, but not to trouble her.

The Maharaj Kunwar came often under his eye, and he was constantly inventing amusing things for him to do remote from Sitabhai's courtyard; but the boy would occasionally break away, and then it was Tarvin's task to go after him and make sure that he came to no harm. One afternoon when he had spent some time in coaxing the child away, and had finally resorted to force, much to the child's disgust, a twelve-foot balk of teak-wood, as he was passing out under an arch in process of repair, crashed down from the scaffolding just in front of Fibby's nose. The horse retired into the courtyard on his hind legs, and Tarvin heard the rustle of the women behind the shutters.

He reflected on the incurable slackness of these people, stopped to swear at the workmen crouched on the scaffolding in the hollow of the arch, and went on. They were no less careless about the dam, — it was in the blood, he supposed, — for the head man of a coolie-gang,

who must have crossed the Amet twenty times, showed him a new ford across a particularly inviting channel, which ended in a quicksand; and when Tarvin had flung himself clear, the gang spent half the day in hauling Fibby out with ropes. They could not even build a temporary bridge without leaving the boards loose, so that a horse's hoof found its way between; and the gangs seemed to make a point of letting bullock-carts run down the steep embankments into the small of Tarvin's back, when, at infrequent intervals, that happened to be turned.

Tarvin was filled with great respect for the British Government, which worked on these materials, and began to understand the mild-faced melancholy and decisive views of Lucien Estes about the native population, as well as to sympathize more keenly than ever with Kate.

This curious people were now, he learned with horror, to fill the cup of their follies by marrying the young Maharaj Kunwar to a three-year-old babe, brought from the Kulu hills, at vast expense, to be his bride. He sought out Kate at the missionary's, and found her quivering with indignation. She had just heard.

"It 's like them to waste a wedding where it is n't wanted," said Tarvin, soothingly.

Since he saw Kate excited, it became his part to be calm.

"Don't worry your overworked head about it, Kate. You are trying to do too much, and you are feeling too much. You will break down before you know it, from sheer exhaustion of the chord of sympathy."

"Oh, no!" said Kate. "I feel quite strong enough for anything that may come. I must n't break down. Think of this marriage coming on. The Maharaj will need me more than ever. He has just told me that he won't get any sleep for three days and three nights while their priests are praying over him."

"Crazy! Why, it 's a quicker way of killing him than Sitabhai's. Heavens! I dare n't think of it. Let 's talk of something else. Any papers from your father lately? This kind of thing makes Topaz taste sort of good."

She gave him a package received by the last post, and he fell silent as he ran his eye hastily over a copy of the "Telegram" six weeks old; but he seemed to find little comfort in it. His brows knitted.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed with irritation, "this won't do!"

"What is it?"

"Heckler bluffing about the Three C.'s, and not doing it well. That is n't like Jim. He talks about it as a sure thing as hard as if he did n't believe in it, and had a private tip from somewhere that it was n't coming after all. I 've no doubt he has. But he need n't give it away to Rustler like that. Let 's look at the real-estate transfers. Ah! that tells the story," he exclaimed excitedly, as his eye rested on the record of the sale of a parcel of lots on G street. "Prices are going down—away, 'way down. The boys are caving. They 're giving up the fight." He leaped up and marched about the room nervously. "Heavens! if I could only get word to them!"

"Why—what, Nick? What word do you want to send them?"

He pulled himself up instantly.

"To let them know that *I* believe in it," he said. "To get them to hold on."

"But suppose the road does n't come to Topaz, after all. How can you know, away off here in India?"

"Come to Topaz, little girl!" he shouted. "Come to Topaz! It 's coming if I have to lay the rails!"

But the news about the temper of the town vexed and disconcerted him notwithstanding, and after he left Kate that night he sent a cable to Heckler, through Mrs. Mutrie, desiring her to forward the despatch from Denver, as if that were the originating office of the message.

HECKLER, TOPAZ.—*Take a brace, for God's sake! Got dead cinch on Three C.'s. Trust me, and boom like* ——. TARVIN.

(To be continued.)

"I SAW THE CLOUDS AT MORNING'S HOUR."

I SAW the clouds at morning's hour
Toward the horizon swiftly throng;
A power impelled them, but a power
Invisible as it was strong.

And still they move, they will not stay,
But with one impulse and one speed
Serenely do they hold their way;
Their course is known, the path decreed.

And even with such an impulse move
These absent thoughts that now I bear;
Bright are they, for they are of love,
And fair they are, for thou art fair.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

SOME OF ITS WORK.

THE discovery of America was quickly followed by marvelous stories of its fishery wealth, which attracted the covetous eyes of Europe, and made the Grand Bank a favorite resort for fishing-vessels nearly a century before the Pilgrims landed. Proving a veritable El Dorado during the strife and speculation then prevailing, it was mainly that source of industry which directed the early tide of immigration toward the rugged coasts now comprised within New England and the British provinces. Settlements were established to assist in the preparation of the catch, and those who sought political and religious freedom in the untried land were confident of at least this means of gaining sustenance. The industry developed rapidly under foreign hands, but its management has gradually shifted from the Old World to the New, leaving only the French in active competition at the present time.

From its favorable location, New England readily became the leader in this movement as regards the United States, but the fishery interests of this country have long since spread beyond those narrow limits. Important grounds stretch southward into the Gulf of Mexico, and northward, on the Pacific side, from San Diego to the icy belt. The large inland lakes and river systems constitute, morever, a vast storehouse of resources from which is drawn a good percentage of the food-supply. No other country in the world has such varied and productive fisheries, and nowhere else has the fishing business been more actively carried on or more systematically promoted. It has kept pace with the rapid increase of population, and no pains have been spared to bring it to its present standing.

The phenomenal progress thus exhibited has been due, however, entirely to private enterprise, through which the industry has prospered after its own fashion and without restraint. It was, therefore, only natural that the insidious decay which threatens every enterprise in proportion as its growth is uncontrolled, should finally attack the fishing-grounds and spread to all localities where persistent efforts had prevailed. These grounds became depleted to a greater or less extent in different places, the amount of injury done not being measurable by any precise standards. The reasons assigned were mainly avaricious or injudicious fishing, but other causes have tended toward the same result, and sometimes in a marked degree. For the first, however, it is scarcely just to lay the weight of blame upon the fishermen themselves. The conditions which surround their calling are peculiar, and they are gifted with at least the average ambition of the human race. With few exceptions, their fields of work are public grounds, which they can neither fence nor plant, nor can they give to them the benefits of individual protection. Why, therefore, should not each strive for the greatest gain, regardless of his neighbor or of his own distant future?

While the farmer makes provision for successive crops, the fisherman is almost wholly limited to those supplies which nature has contributed. A moderate amount of fishing may have no appreciable effect upon the grounds, or may even prove beneficial to them; but harm results as soon as the balance of life has been disturbed, or some constraint has been placed upon the habits of the fishes. Such occurrences have been common in the later history of this country, and have been the cause of wide-spread suffering.

How to protect and maintain the fisheries is, therefore, an important problem, deeply affecting the welfare of every civilized nation, but its solution has been long delayed through the imperfect means taken to consider it. It remained for the United States to introduce the first extensive measures for relief, founded upon a thoroughly rational and comprehensive basis, and thenceforward to take the lead in all such matters. This innovation required that the causes of the trouble be first determined by careful observations, in order that the remedies applied might be entirely appropriate and successful. At the beginning of the inquiry there was nothing to suggest the broad proportions which the present Fish Commission afterward assumed. A specific survey was proposed, which might have terminated within a year or two, had not the time been propitious for greater efforts, and the future welfare of the fisheries been confided to a master mind. Circumstances favored an expansion of the work, and led finally to the establishment of a new

branch of government, the benefits of which extend to every part of the country.

The inception of the commission resulted from certain depleted fisheries along the southern New England coast, with which the adjoining States found themselves incompetent to deal. Upon the assumption that the damage had occurred in navigable waters, the matter was taken in hand by Congress during the winter of 1870–71, and a bill was passed providing for a scientific study of the subject. It authorized the appointment, from among the civilian officers of the Government, of a commissioner of fish and fisheries, who should possess the requisite attainments and should serve without additional pay. His duties were to investigate the alleged decrease of fishes both on the sea-coast and in the great lakes, and to report the results to Congress, with such recommendations for relief as seemed advisable.

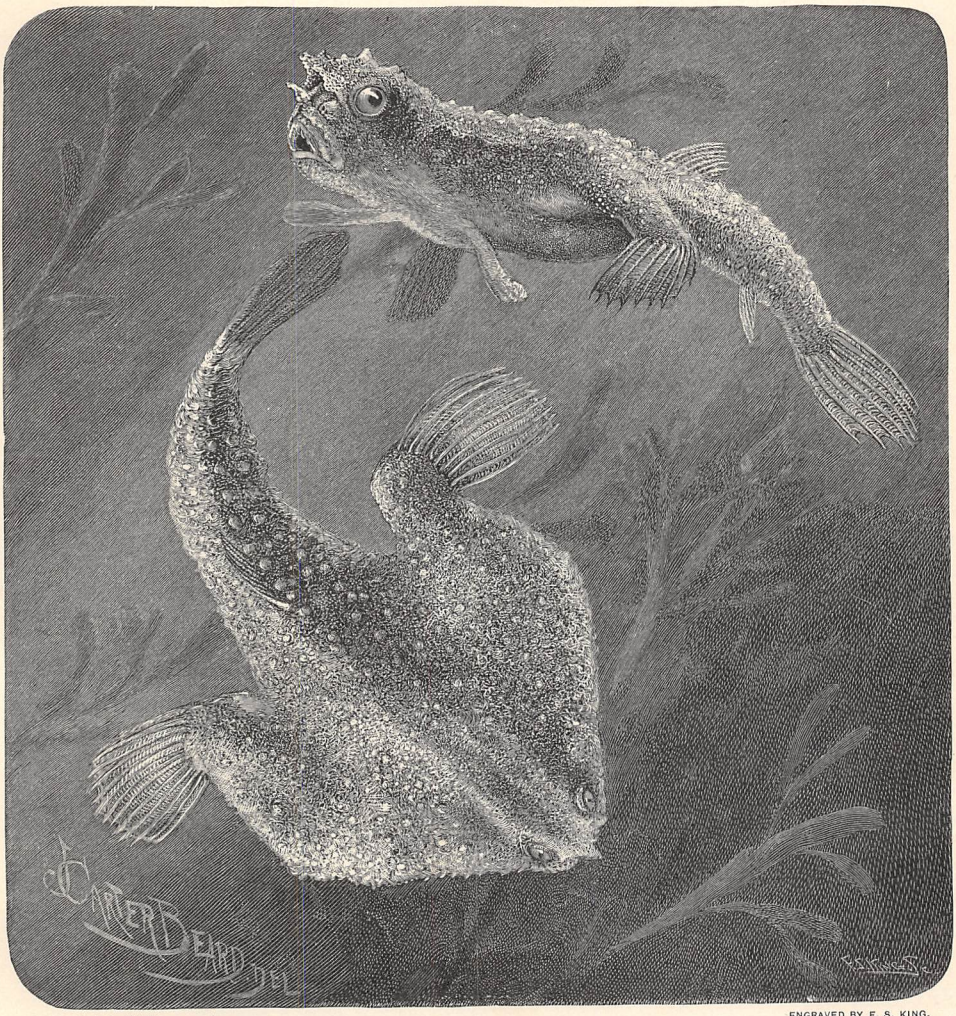
Professor Spencer F. Baird, then the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was selected for this important post, and his administration of the same, continued for more than sixteen years upon a wise and liberal policy, has not only given to the many fishing interests greater unity and strength, but has assured them such prosperity for the future as lies within the power of human efforts. To accomplish so great a task required, however, that the scope and purpose of the commission be rapidly enlarged, with a corresponding increase in the personnel and in the duties of its director. The cause of decrease having been determined, it became essential to devise effective measures for preventing further loss, and for repairing, so far as possible, the damage already done. This led the commission into fish-culture and to a consideration of the ways and means of fishing, by which its scheme of work was rounded out, and thoroughly practical results were attained.

Professor Baird's strong personality was manifested in every branch of the commission, and his later years were almost wholly occupied in the promotion of its interests. But scientific investigations, for which he was best suited by training and inclination, received, however, the greater share of his attention, and bear most strongly the impress of his untiring energy and genius. The remarks which follow have reference chiefly to his favorite subject.

The greatest decrease among food-fishes had been reported from southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where, therefore, it was most appropriate that the explorations should begin. One of the most extensive sheets of water in this region is Vineyard Sound, the favorite resort for many fishes, and the common thoroughfare for all vessels passing up and down the coast. On the east it reaches Monomoy, and on the west communicates directly with Buzzard's Bay and the waters off Rhode Island. Upon the mainland at its upper western end is a little fishing-village called Wood's Holl, a vantage-point for the entire area whose fisheries were in immediate distress. Here it was that, in June, 1871, Professor Baird began his investigations, aided by a small party of scientific men specially qualified to take up the different problems which the inquiry had suggested. Among its members were some of the most distinguished naturalists of the country, acting as volunteer assistants, and accepting the splendid opportunities for study as compensation for their services, a practice which has continued to the present time.

A small building on the lighthouse wharf in the little harbor was converted into a rude laboratory, and a floating establishment, comprising a sloop-yacht, a steam-launch, and several rowboats, was quickly brought together. This simple equipment furnished the means for a careful and comprehensive exploration, which was carried seaward as far as the stability of the little fleet permitted. It was a season of hard work and of important and enduring results. The fishermen and the dealers in fish were closely questioned regarding the methods and statistics of their trade; the gill-nets and fish-traps near at hand were visited every day; seines, dredges, and surface-nets were in constant use to gather materials bearing upon the aquatic life of the region; and observations were made upon the physical and chemical conditions of the sea, as to its temperature, density, and composition.

It had previously been the custom, both in this and in other countries, to consider the matter of decreasing fisheries through the conflicting testimony of interested persons. Professor Baird, however, was not satisfied to follow this example. The scientific methods of research which had insured the stability of his zoölogical work were, in his opinion, just as applicable to the present subject, even though the results desired were of a practical nature. The decrease, if one had actually occurred, might have been produced by injudicious practices, or it might have been the outcome of natural conditions, or, possibly, of both combined. In any case there were many facts requiring investigation. Had man been the agent of destruction? Was it due to his fishing through the spawning-season, to the use of large nets of fine texture, or to his lining the shores and passageways with fixed appliances of capture? If nature itself were responsible, was it caused by changes in physical conditions affecting the habitats of certain fishes,



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

THE BAT-FISH.

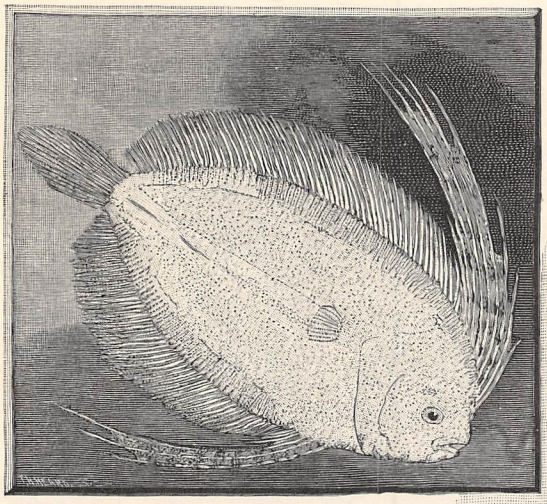
had the food upon the grounds become exhausted, or were new predaceous species exterminating the older and better-known kinds?

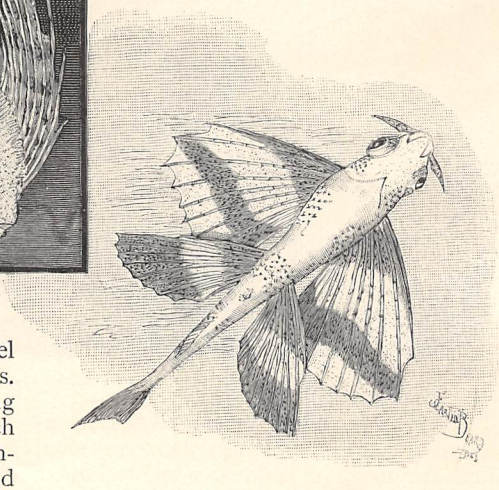
In carrying out this new policy, it was necessary to examine directly the different fishing-grounds and to determine their characteristics and the nature and relations of their inhabitants, as well as their conditions past and present; to study the growth and the habits of fishes, with special reference to their migrations, schooling, and spawning; to observe the influence of temperature, salinity, and other physical conditions upon their general welfare and upon their movements from place to place. It was also essential to consider with equal thoroughness all artificial constructions having a pernicious influence upon natural laws, such as the more destructive forms of fishing-apparatus and the barriers erected in watercourses.

During the second and third summers the work was carried to the coast of Maine, with headquarters at Eastport and Portland. Thence the party returned southward to Noank, Connecticut, and to Wood's Holl for a second time. Salem and Halifax were visited in 1877, and Gloucester, Provincetown, and Newport during the three succeeding years. While the vessels of the commission were still unsuited for making long cruises, these annual changes were required in order to reach the different fishing-regions. The working-quarters were never elaborate affairs, but some convenient building near the water was hastily adapted to the purpose and furnished with only the simplest character of outfit. Pine tables were placed in front of each of the windows for the separate accommodation of the assistants, and the intervening walls were covered with open shelving for the books and specimens. The center of the room was occupied by

larger tables, and the aquariums were sandwiched in wherever the space permitted. Such was the customary arrangement of the laboratory proper, but the coarser work was usually provided for in a basement room or in a separate structure.

The daily occupations varied with the weather and with the tastes and qualifications of each assistant. Severe storms might keep them indoors, but it rarely happened that some field-work was not in progress. The party was practically divided into squads, changing more or less in composition from time to time, one charged with seining and other modes of fishing, another with the general collecting along the shore and in shallow water, while the more daring ones were usually assigned to vessel service. The seiners' duties are most arduous. Trained to an amphibious existence, tugging incessantly at the heavily loaded net which catches now and then upon a rough spot, handling many thousand captives every day, and tramping sometimes for miles along the beaches, their outdoor labors are excessive, and yet the vigorous exercise conduces to sound health and hardened muscles. There have, however, been no easy places in any part of this exploring work. Whether with the dip-net along the shores, the towing-net dragged at the surface by rowing, or the dredging-apparatus from the larger boats, the earnest student has ample opportunities to test his physical endurance, as a prelude to his actual observations. Improved and more expeditious methods are fast relieving the so-called drudgery, but, while they add to the conveniences of the seaside laboratory and increase the facilities for turning out results, they are certainly not so beneficial to the general welfare of the naturalist.



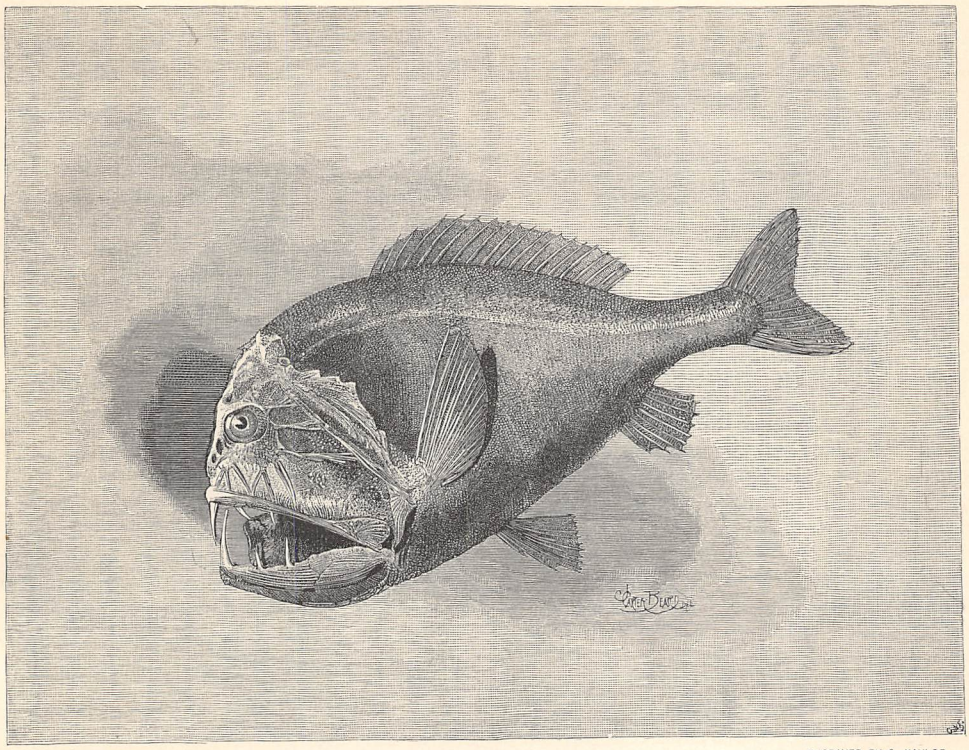


DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

CRESTED SOLE AND BEARDED FLYING-FISH.

During the first two years the Fish Commission dredging was done entirely by hand, and generally from a sail-boat or steam-launch. The outfit consisted of a small dredge with its coil of rope, and many accessories in the way of sieves and surface-nets, thermometers and other instruments, and the bottles and tanks of alcohol. The dredge was usually lowered from the bow, where the rope was also fastened if the tide was running strong. In a gentler current a broadside was presented to the stream by carrying the rope around a thole-pin amidships, but in still water the sails would be resorted to. During the intermission which then followed, attention was paid to surface-collecting and to testing the temperature and density of the water. The hauling of the dredge devolved upon the entire ship's company, and was tiresome in the extreme. The dead weight at the lower end had none of the qualities of a gamy fish, and yielded only to the methodical pulling of the trained sailor. The excitement began with the dumping of the contents of the net into the long, shallow box athwartships, where the overhauling and washing could be done without scattering the sand and mud about the deck. One man was made recorder, while the others carefully examined the material and noted its characteristics and condition. A certain number of specimens were saved in alcohol or by drying, and the balance was cleared away to make ready for the next haul.

This manual dredging was continued rapidly, and as many casts were made each season as with the modern methods; but nothing larger than a hand-dredge could readily be employed from the small boats, and the work was mainly limited to comparatively shallow water. With the acquisition of a small steamer,



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

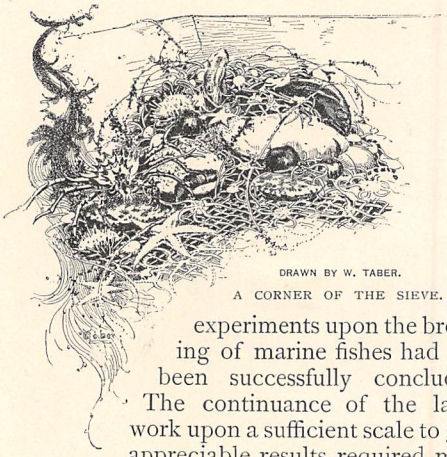
THE FANG-FISH.

contributed from 1873 to 1879 by the navy, came improved facilities, especially in the way of steam-power, which permitted the examination of deeper water and the convenient use of larger dredges, tangle-bars, beam-trawls, and other useful implements. The beam-trawl of the English fishermen was first employed for scientific purposes by the Fish Commission in 1872, and has since been widely adopted by explorers.

After dark the laboratory became the rendezvous of all the members of the party, and the duration of their night's labor was measured by the day's success. It was the rule to close up current observations before retiring, to leave as little as possible for the morrow, except in the case of special studies requiring greater deliberation. The proper time to visit this building was, therefore, in the evening, when every table had its occupant and every one was busily employed. The cross-shadows resulting from the scattered lamps added to the general confusion of the scene, and lent an air of mystery to the many objects covering the floor and tables. The day's catch was, for the most part, still in the large receptacles, as it had been brought in from the field, and each worker was occupied in trying to produce order out of chaos. Transferring the specimens to smaller dishes, he assorted them into groups or species, making such observations as the time permitted, and then finally disposed of them in alcohol or placed them in an aquarium for future life-studies. It was frequently after midnight when the task was finished, as notes had to be compared and the results discussed before planning further operations.

It rarely happens that so many branches of research are represented at a single field-station as was the case in those above described. The assemblage was composed of both scientific and practical investigators, jointly interested in securing the same ends, but separately engaged on different topics — the general naturalist, with his knowledge of habits and distribution, the embryologist, who could explain the origin and growth of fishes, the hydrographer, whose specialty is the physics of the sea and of the ocean-bottom, and the professional fisherman, expert in the handling of apparatus and acquainted with their effects upon the several species. While the results obtained in each of these subjects had a particular significance apart, to subserve the purposes of the fisheries required that all should be combined and carefully correlated, a task which fell upon the few leaders who alone were qualified to make deductions.

The migratory habits of the summer party terminated in 1881, the year following the building of the steamer *Fish Hawk*, and when the first



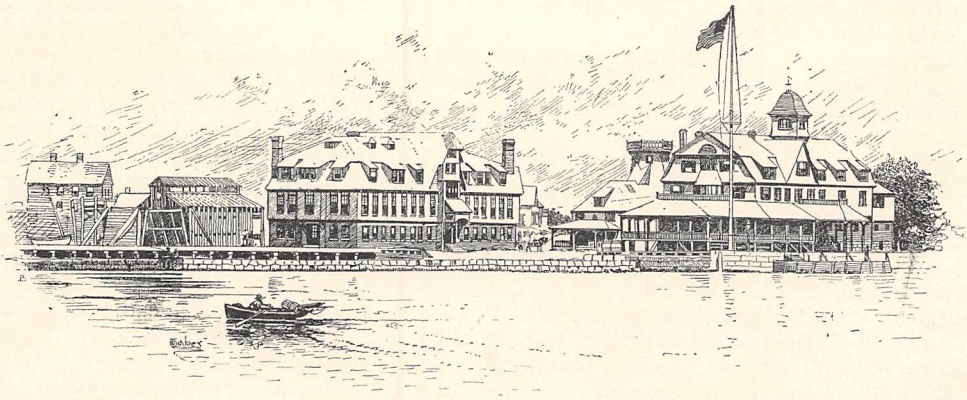
DRAWN BY W. TABER.

A CORNER OF THE SIEVE.

experiments upon the breeding of marine fishes had also been successfully concluded. The continuance of the latter work upon a sufficient scale to give appreciable results required more extensive and complicated machinery than could readily be brought together in the temporary structures previously provided. It was, therefore, necessary to determine upon a proper site and to construct new buildings specially adapted to the purpose. The claims of several localities to such distinction were considered, but the choice was finally given to Wood's Holl, as meeting the combined requirements of the service more fully than any other place. The fishes to be propagated, like the cod, mackerel, and lobsters, were entirely oceanic, and demanded pure sea-water for the development of their eggs and embryos. The biological studies had reference also to the same class of fishes, and a convenient station was desired for the vessels of the commission. No fresh-water streams enter Vineyard Sound or Buzzard's Bay within a considerable distance of Wood's Holl, and its surroundings are essentially marine in all particulars. The little harbor in which the first building had been placed was inadequate to the increased operations, and recourse was therefore had to the larger one near by. A narrow strip of land along the center of this harbor, having a shore frontage of about a quarter of a mile, was obtained for this purpose in 1882, partly by subscriptions and partly by direct gift from the owner.

While the planning and building of the new station were in progress, the summer party retained possession of its old laboratory, where it was destined to remain until 1885. The new quarters add a prominent and attractive feature to the little village, as much taste and skill have been displayed in their grouping and construction. They cover a small point of land, which has been extended outward in the form of a stone pier, affording greater protection to the inner roadstead and serving as a mooring-place for Government vessels. This pier is rectangular in shape, inclosing an area of water about 250 by 150 feet square. It is capped by a wooden wharf, which divides it near the middle into two basins, the outer one intended exclusively for living fishes taken for their spawn or for study, the inner one serving also as a landing-place for small boats and steam-launches. The buildings, five in number, comprise a hatchery and laboratory combined, a quarters building, a water-tower, a coal-shed, and a storehouse.

On account of the scanty accommodations afforded by the town, the commission has furnished shelter for its assistants in what is called the quarters building, the one nearest to the railroad station, and most noticeable from an architectural point of view. Next beyond it is the water-tower, smaller yet somewhat taller than any of the adjacent buildings, and important as controlling the entire supply of fresh and salt water used about the premises. The third building is deserving of more minute attention, as here it is that the proper functions of the station are carried out. The facilities for fish-culture and for scientific purposes are provided in a single large structure, 120 feet long by 40 feet wide, and three stories high. Al-

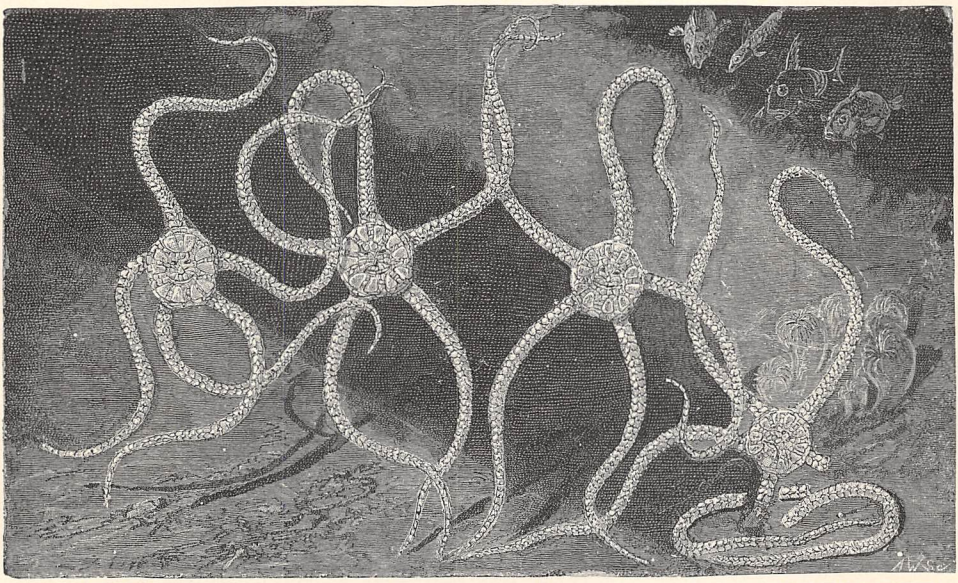


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE MARINE STATION AT WOOD'S HOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.

though extremely plain in all its details, nothing has been omitted that is essential to the proper conduct of operations, and it ranks as one of the most complete establishments of its kind. The lower floor is divided into two nearly equal rooms, devoted to propagation and to the aquarian exhibit. The southern room opens directly upon the wharf adjoining the inner basin, and contains a complete outfit for the hatching of cod and lobsters, devised and first made use of at this station. Many aquariums, arranged in double rows, are utilized for the embryos during the hatching period, but at other times serve for the preservation of living animals, in connection with the scientific work. On the second floor there is a large general laboratory at the northern end, and many small apartments for biological investigations. The physical laboratory, and the photographic and other small workrooms, are located on the floor above, which also furnishes several dormitories to accommodate the overflow from the quarters building. Salt and fresh water are distributed to all the rooms where they could possibly be needed, and in this, as in many other respects, the advantages for study are unexcelled. Each student has a separate supply of salt water at his disposal, and a little aquarian stand beside his ordinary work-table. If these are not sufficient for his demands, he has recourse to larger aquariums in the middle of the laboratory, and to those in the hatching-room below.

There is little about this building to remind one of the older laboratories. The cramped quarters, rickety floors, and worn-out tables have disappeared. The water, formerly brought in buckets from the wharf, can nearly everywhere be drawn from faucets at intervals of only a few feet, and the oil-lamps have been replaced by electric lights. The scientific staff has also increased in size, and the inquiry has been so differentiated that each one has his particular duty to perform, and the hours have become more regular in consequence. Summer continues to be the principal season for these scientific studies, as it is only then that the volunteer assistants can be obtained; but some branches of the inquiry are in progress through the entire year, and the building is always open on account of the hatching work.

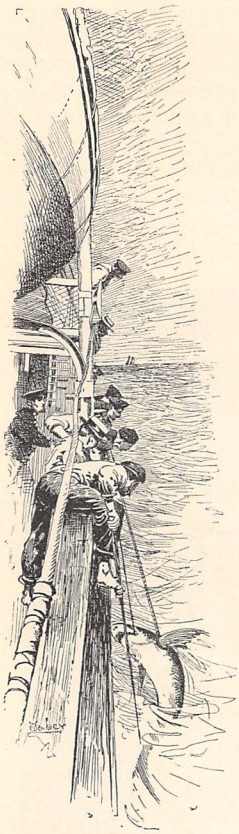


DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

DANCE OF THE SERPENT-STARS.

During the past four years the marine inquiries of the Fish Commission have been extended to all the sea-coasts of the country, and Wood's Holl has ceased to be the only rendezvous for its vessels, the latter also having convenient laboratories on board, where special researches can readily be carried on. Many problems, moreover, require to be investigated in particular localities, where the conditions are especially favorable, and for that reason the study of the habits and development of the oyster, the shad, the salmon, the Spanish mackerel, and many other species has been conducted elsewhere. The headquarters of the scientific branch are in Washington, where suitable workrooms have been established, and where the collections are brought together.

While seaside laboratories are indispensable to the study of fishery problems, they cannot, unless supplemented by convenient means for reaching distant points, have more than a local value and significance. It was the lack of such

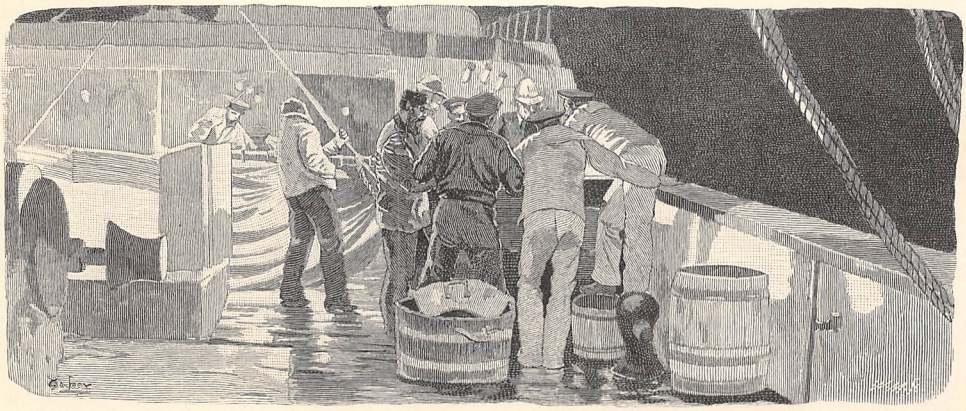


SHARKING.

facilities during the first ten years of the commission that made it necessary to move its summer station from place to place. The construction of the steamer *Fish Hawk* in 1880 rendered this habit less obligatory, while the addition of the *Albatross* soon afterward made a permanent station very desirable in connection with the North Atlantic work.

The *Fish Hawk* was the first large vessel built by any nation expressly for the promotion of the fisheries. The steamers previously employed for this character of investigation had been adapted to the work by only such few additions and alterations as were deemed essential. They were inconvenient at the best, but were made to answer the requirements with the crude appliances then available. A new era as regards the methods of exploration and of fish-culture was, however, rapidly approaching, and the building of the *Fish Hawk* happened opportunely with respect to the improvements made in both. The clumsy, old-fashioned sounding-line gave place to a slender wire, and the hempen dredging-cable to a small iron rope. The physical and collecting apparatus was also greatly modified, and the hatching methods were materially perfected in many ways. The *Fish Hawk* was designed to assist in both these branches. Her services were demanded for the propagation of shad in the shallow bays and river-mouths, and she was also needed in connection with the sea-coast work described above. It was, therefore, necessary that her draft should not exceed seven or eight feet when loaded; but, being high above the water, this renders her unwieldy in a rough sea, and her behavior is sometimes disagreeable during heavy weather.

During 1880 the summer party was established at Newport, Rhode Island, in the old abandoned lead-works, whose adjacent shot-tower formed an excellent lookout from which the coming of the new ship was first announced. The previous year a Gloucester fishing-smack, trawling for cod and hake some eighty miles off No Man's Land, had encountered a peculiar fish, which proved, upon examination, to be an entirely new species. A large quantity was captured, and, being of good flavor, several specimens were sent to Fulton Market, New York, where they were well received. Its many golden-yellow spots and stripes had gained for it the name of "leopard-fish" among the sailors, but, being objectionable from a gastronomic standpoint, this term was soon discarded for "tile-fish," having reference to the final syllables of its scientific designation, *Lopholatilus*. Although without significance, this name was thought to grate less harshly on the palate, and to favor the introduction of the fish as an article of food. The discovery of this product within a few hours' sailing of the great metropolis suggested the development of a new and important fishery, and it therefore became advisable to determine, for the benefit of the public, the range and abundance of the species. In assigning the *Fish Hawk* to this undertaking, the commissioner initiated the aggressive offshore operations which have



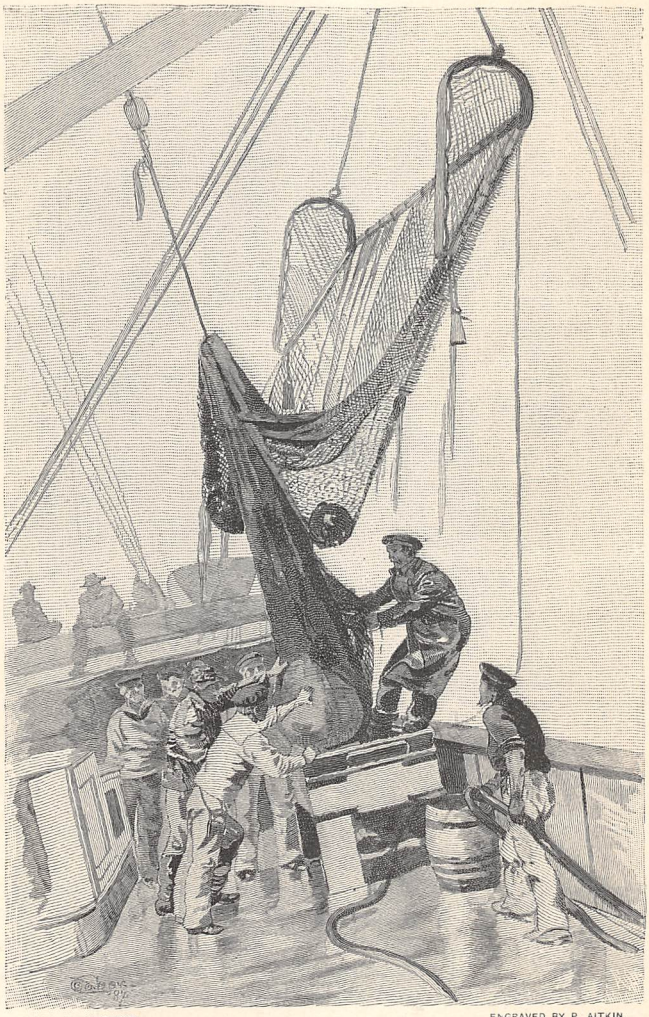
DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY W. MOLLIER.

AROUND THE SIEVE BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

since then been conducted upon so large a scale and with so much success. The tile-fish investigation was prosecuted with great vigor during two summers, and some of the incidents connected with the first cruise are worthy of recording, as illustrating, in a measure, the general methods of the work.

The tile-fish taken in 1879 had been found in about one hundred fathoms. To reach the same place would require a night's steaming, and by spending only a single day upon the grounds, the entire trip could be accomplished within a period of thirty-six hours, as long a cruise as it was considered expedient to make at that distance from the shore. A time was finally selected, upon advices from the Signal Office that no storms were coming up the coast, and with that assurance little difficulty was experienced in obtaining from the shore laboratory the volunteers required for this interesting search. The start was made at sundown, and by daylight on the following morning the steamer had passed within the influence of the Gulf Stream. The air was softened by the tropical current, and the deep blue water, smooth and glassy at the surface, was thickly strewn with many delicate and transparent forms. The first sensation was more conducive to indolent pleasure than to vigorous efforts, but the hours were far too precious for idleness of any kind, and the workers were summoned from their bunks before the sun was fairly up.

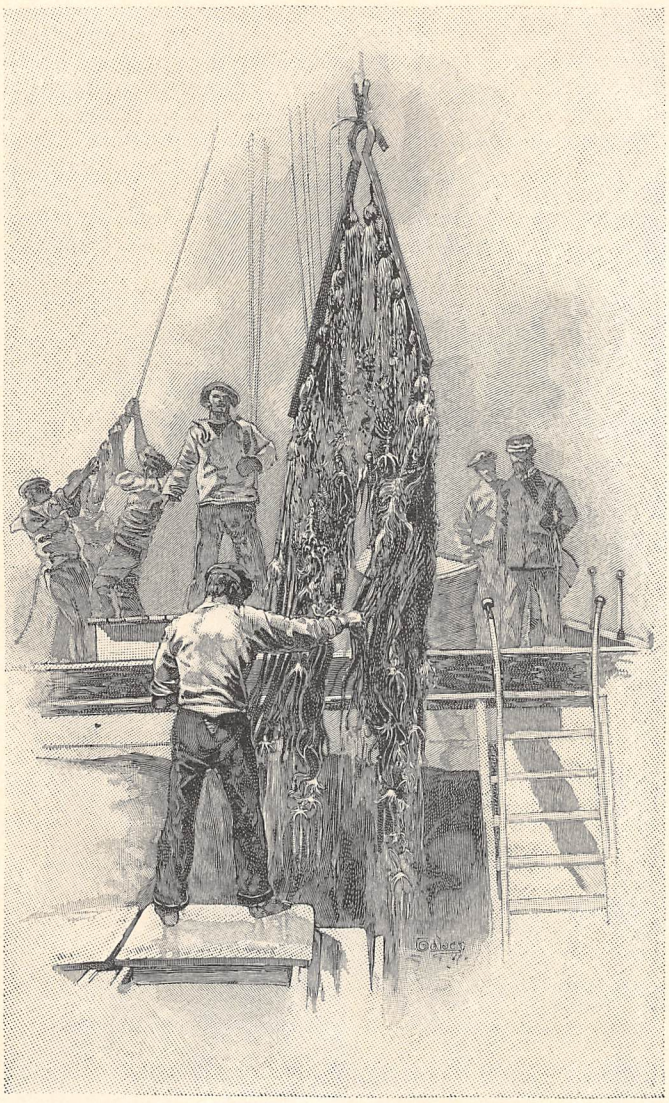
The instruments were taken from their places, and the sounding work was at once begun. For the fishing trial a trawl-line of the pattern used on the northern banks for cod and halibut had been selected, measuring several hundred fathoms long, and with hooks at intervals of three or four feet. This had been baited with fresh menhaden the previous evening, and was now coiled in the regulation tub. A brief examination having disclosed the proper depth of water, and the indications being otherwise propitious, the heavy tub was lifted into a small boat which had been lowered from the davits, and was manned by the champion fisherman and two experienced sailors. Pulling away to give the steamer a clear berth, they began their work by throwing over the upper end of the trawl, an anchor carrying it to the bottom, and a keg-buoy marking its position at the surface. The entire line was then paid out, its further end being secured and indicated in the same manner as the first. Several hundred hooks were thus distributed along the bottom, each with its tempting morsel to attract the fish.



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKIN.

LANDING THE BEAM-TRAWL ON DECK.

Time was now given to insure a full catch, and, leaving the little boat fastened to the trawl-buoy, the steamer took up its regular course of work in determining, by other methods, the character of the bottom and its inhabitants. A few successful hauls with the collecting-apparatus showed what animals are peculiar to the region, while the sounding-wire, with thermometer and water-bottle attached,



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

TANGLES FROM THE SEA-LILY GROUNDS, GULF OF MEXICO.

developed its physical features. It was decided to run a line of dredgings directly seaward. The ground was smooth and well suited to the beam-trawl, the big conical net of which had a much greater scope than either the dredge or the tangles, and secured much larger and more active prey. Held widely open at the mouth by a long beam and sled-shaped runners, and supplemented by a free towing-net on each side, this has become the most formidable instrument in the outfit of the deep-sea naturalist, and has led the way to many wonderful discoveries. The dredge is better fitted for digging in the bottom, and may be used in rather rough places, but on the latter always at the risk of being lost. The tangles are composed of tough hempen fibers, arranged in swabs, or bunches, which catch upon all spiny objects and hold them fast. Their range is somewhat limited, but on bottoms where the dredge and the trawl would soon be torn to pieces their utility is recognized.

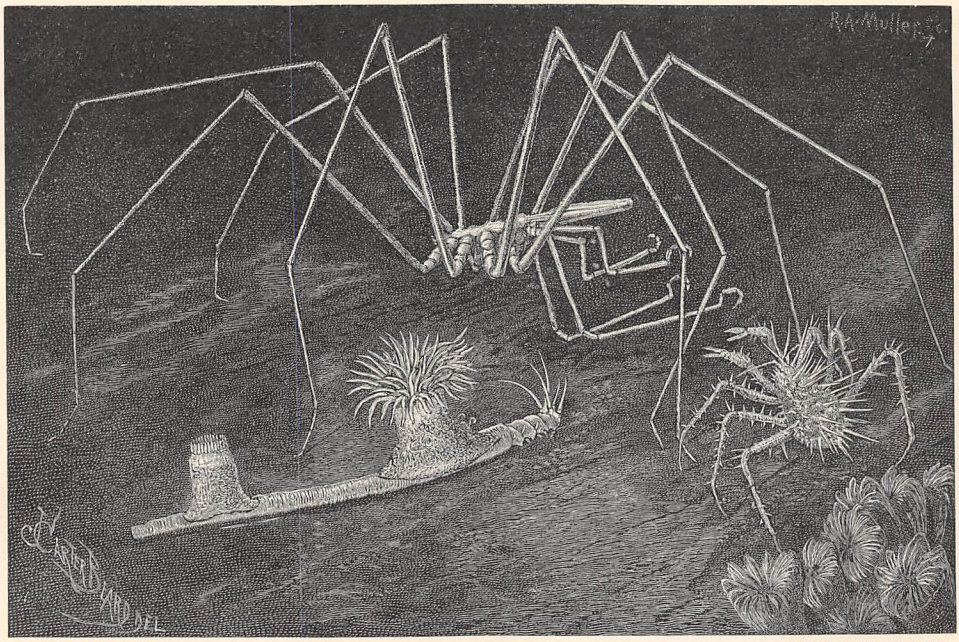
The *Fish Hawk* is thoroughly adapted to the handling of all appliances of this character. The dredging- and sounding-apparatus are on the upper deck, and are managed by the officers and crew. That part of the main deck directly underneath forms a single large room, having a row of continuous square ports, or windows, on each side, two of which are open to the floor and placed conveniently to receive the dredge or trawl as it is hoisted from the water. This apartment, removed from the annoying features of the heavier operations, constitutes the working-quarters of the naturalists. All the necessary equipment for their study is here provided, and here their time is chiefly spent.

A sounding is made to determine the depth of water, and its temperature and density at the bottom. Then the beam-trawl is bent to the iron rope projecting from the boom-end over the starboard bow, and rapidly lowered, being held for a few moments at the surface to insure the floating of the net. Anticipating a fair catch, the large sieve is pushed in front of the outer doorway, a number of pails and tubs are filled with water, and the swinging tables are covered with dishes of many sorts and sizes. The naturalists are a study in themselves. Discarding the spotless linen which distinguishes the naval officer from the ordinary seaman, they have attired themselves in flannel shirts and other garments no longer suited to polite usage. The work is hard, and the material which they handle is decidedly uncleanly in its crude state. Rank is indicated by the application and intelligence of the student, and his garb, however elegant and refined, would bring him no distinction among his colleagues.

The time allotted for the haul varies from twenty minutes to an hour or more, according to the circumstances, and the sound of the reeling-engine overhead is a signal to prepare for action. First the bridle appears, then the beam and runners cut the surface, and the dark-brown net is lifted high in air, giving out a heavy shower of mud and water. Many curious creatures, partly discernible through the meshes, show that the drag has been successful and the bottom is rich in life. A bight of rope is thrown around the bulging net to draw it inboard, when the lower end is opened, and the contents slide rapidly into the hopper-frame forming the upper part of the table-sieve. A soft, oozy mud is the chief constituent of the mass, covering and concealing for the time its many distinctive objects. This mud forms the deep-ocean bottom, and is composed of the shells of the *Foraminifera* and of other minute animals, some still fresh and living, but the majority more or less disintegrated and fast changing to a powder. Several minutes' diligent washing with the hose is necessary to force this yielding matrix through the meshes of the sieve and to bring its larger occupants to light. During this operation the naturalists give strict attention that the stream of water shall not harm the delicate specimens, which, one by one, are hastily examined and then dropped into a clean receptacle. It is a time of great excitement, which, however, only the initiated can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. Much pleasant rivalry is also evident among the different members of the staff, each striving to discover the most important features of the catch. Fishes, crabs, shell-fish, serpent-stars, corals, sponges, and hosts of other forms are mingled in confusion, and each specialist has the wherewithal to please his fancy; but in the first scramble he is apt to take whatever is nearest to him, regardless of its final destination. In this manner the principal contents of the sieve are soon transferred to clear water, but some portions demand more patient and deliberate sorting. After a second examination, the specimens are placed in alcohol to preserve them for future study, and to prepare for the next batch of treasures.

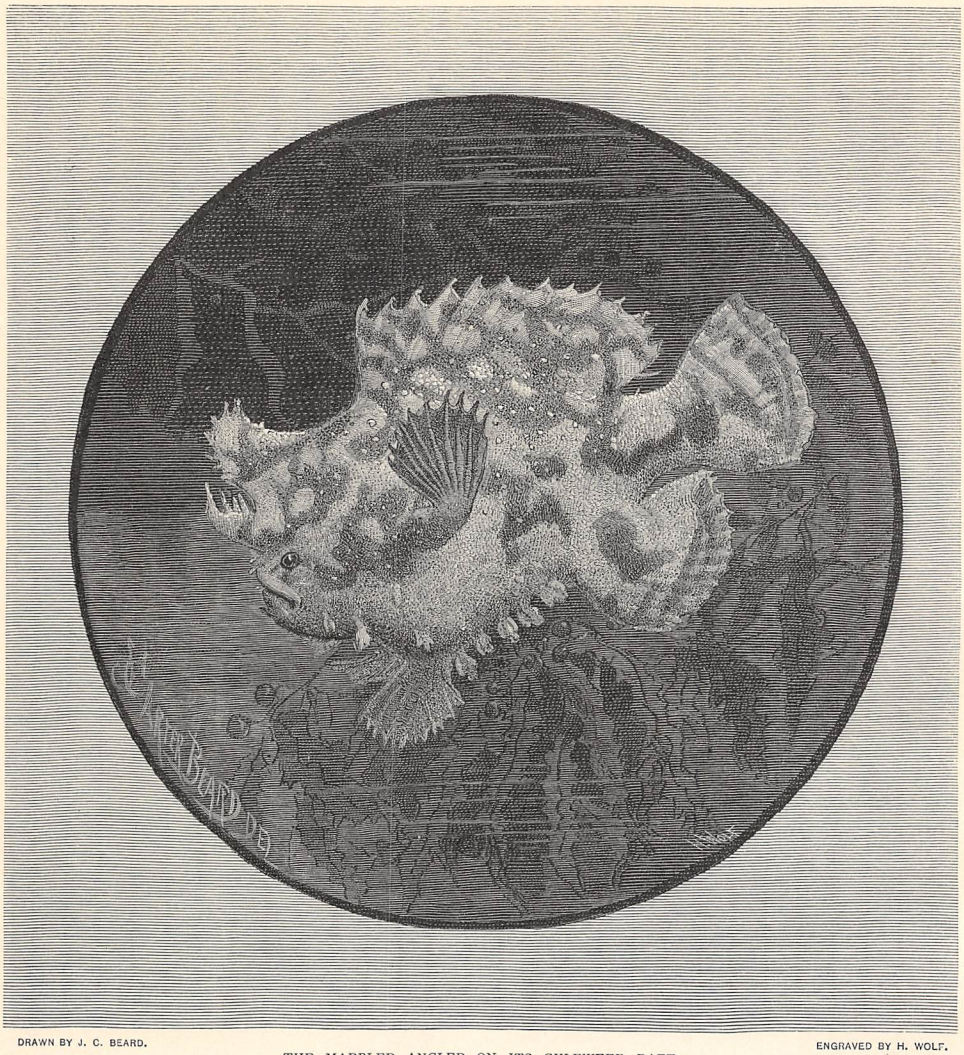
The trip may furnish rich results or be only moderately successful, according to the character of the region; but on the day in question the rewards were greater than they had ever been before. The steamer went quickly from one station to another, securing at each cast much more material than could conveniently be cared for. The water deepened rapidly to one hundred, two hundred, and even more fathoms. The descent was gradual from the shore to the point of beginning work, and there the true continental edge was found, the commencement of the real ocean, the depths of which in this vicinity reach nearly three thousand fathoms.

Each specimen was carefully scrutinized as it was taken up, but the usual questions, What is it? and, What is its significance? were diffi-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

ON THE GULF STREAM SLOPE, FROM ONE TO TWO MILES BELOW THE SURFACE.



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

THE MARBLED ANGLER ON ITS GULFWEED RAFT.

cult to answer on this particular day. The complexion of the fauna was different from any that previously had been discovered by the Fish Commission. The region was a new one, and not a member of the party was prepared to find so rich and varied an assemblage in the deeper waters of this northern latitude. A number of the species had been taken in other places, some in the far south and others toward the north, but a large percentage was wholly new. The record greatly exceeded that of any former dredging expedition, and was the equivalent of many an entire season's work. According to subsequent investigations, the conditions here displayed extend a considerable distance up and down the coast, bordering the inner margin of the Gulf Stream and tempered by its presence. Here also, in depths of from 85 to 150 fathoms, the tile-fish was nourished by the rich diet, and through the influence of the warmer waters retained the tropical brilliancy of its markings.

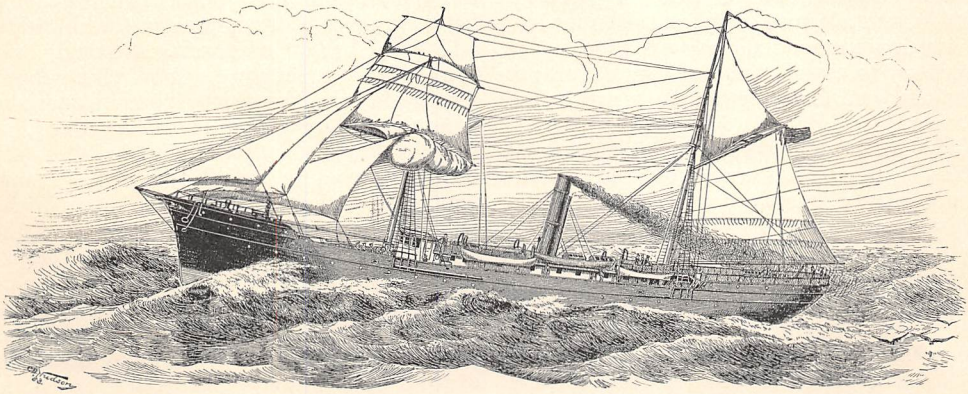
Notwithstanding the attractive nature of the dredging work, the little boat which had been left to watch the fishing-gear was never for a moment lost sight of, and after a few hours the steamer again came up to it. While it is customary among the fishermen to tend their lines entirely from the small boats, it was determined in the present case to do the overhauling directly from the steamer's deck, in order that any specimens obtained might be handled carefully and every opportunity afforded for making observations. Taking the buoy-line through the port gangway, the anchor was raised on board, immediately followed by the main line, which required the united strength of several sailors to keep it go-

ing. A moment of suspense ensued, and then a noble specimen of the tile-fish lay struggling on the deck. Many more were soon added, and several other species, of no less interest to the naturalists, were also captured. The success of the expedition had been assured, and the report of the fishing-schooner fully verified. No previous cruise had given such positive results and promised immediate returns of so much practical value. It now remained to determine the range and abundance of the species, an investigation which was continued with much profit during the same and the following summer, the largest single catch amounting to 73 tile-fish, weighing from 3 to 32 pounds apiece, and aggregating 550 pounds. During this period, however, the *Fish Hawk* was also employed in many other kinds of work, both in the line of exploration and of fish-culture.

During March and April, 1882, a number of vessels arriving at New York and other ports reported large shoals of dead and dying fishes at the surface, through which they sometimes sailed for many miles. They were first described as cod, but, after specimens had been properly identified, they proved to be none other than the tile-fish, together with occasional examples of some of the rarer species associated with them on the same bottoms. Some calamity had overtaken them, but its character and causes have never positively been determined. There were no marks of violence or disease on any of the specimens, and many still seemed to have a spark of life remaining when lifted from the surface. The period of their destruction was immediately preceded by severe storms, which may possibly have agitated the inshore waters sufficiently to force a colder stratum from the arctic current over and upon their grounds. A sudden change of temperature, however it may have been produced, offers the most plausible theory for the accident, and is the one now generally accepted. The extent of the destruction may be appreciated from careful estimates, which placed the number of dead fish at several hundred millions, and their total weight at over a billion pounds. During 1883 it was impossible to take any tile-fish upon the old grounds, and several other fishes and invertebrates formerly living with them had also disappeared. Repeated search during subsequent years has proved equally unavailing, and if any survived to repopulate the region, the fact remains to be determined.

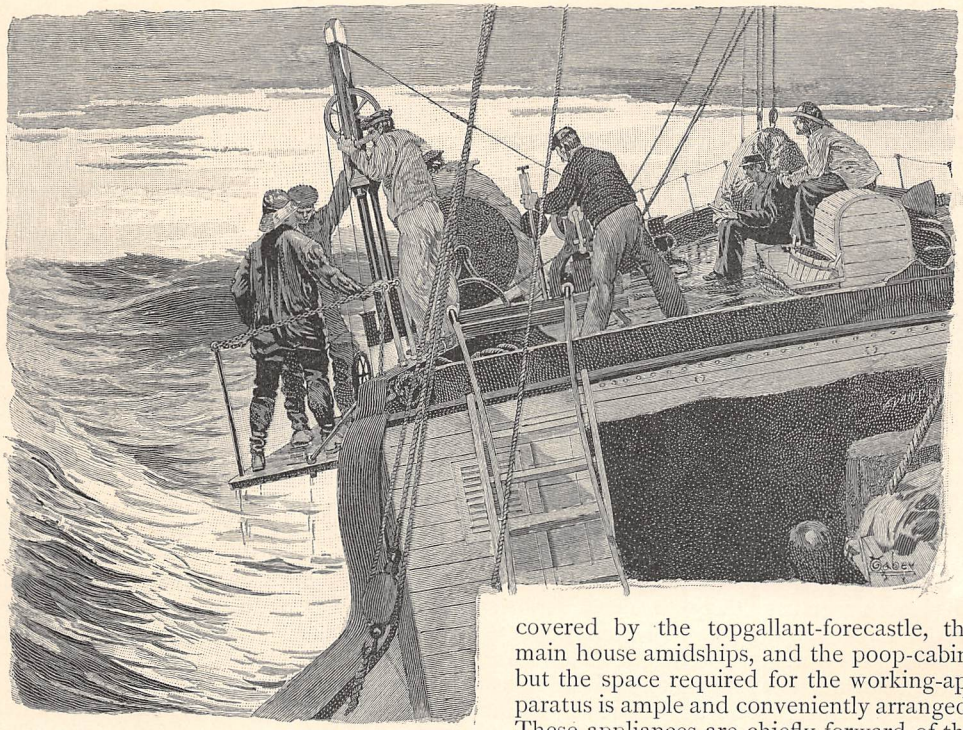
The exploration of the tile-fish grounds broke the barrier which had previously confined the work along the coast, and showed that, even with so frail a vessel as the *Fish Hawk*, valuable results could be accomplished at some distance from the shore. No one doubted the utility of an examination of the deep-water grounds, but it needed a practical demonstration to give it the necessary impetus and support. Direct observations had never been undertaken to determine if the varying abundance of such important fishes as the mackerel and menhaden was due to natural causes or resulted from man's interference. The cod and halibut banks resorted to were chiefly accidental discoveries, and no systematic researches had been made to ascertain their full resources or to develop new regions. South of New England the offshore waters were scarcely known, and those of the Pacific coast were still a mystery, even to the fishermen. The *Fish Hawk* was evidently unsuited to the study of this class of problems, which required a more continuous sea service, regardless of the conditions of the weather. A larger and stronger vessel of a totally different type was urgently demanded, and was soon provided.

The *Albatross* was built in 1883, making her trial trip on December 30 of that year. She is entirely novel in construction as well as in the character of her work, having no counterpart among the other nations of the world. Her



DRAWN BY C. B. HUDSON.

THE FISH-COMMISSION STEAMER "ALBATROSS."



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

SOUNDING THE ABYSS WITH PIANO-WIRE.

plans were based upon the experience of the Fish Commission, and also of the coast survey and naval service, adapting her to every kind of exploration from which the ocean fisheries could derive a benefit. As the name implies, her home is on the open waters, whether upon the shallow banks or over the most profound depths, and her conduct under trying circumstances has been extremely gratifying. It was only natural, however, that great difficulty should have been experienced in bringing so many new features within the narrow compass of a single craft. The addition of a civilian scientific staff, of laboratory quarters on a large scale, and of coal facilities for long cruises, were among the matters which it was necessary to consider and adjust; but all perplexities were finally settled in a satisfactory manner.

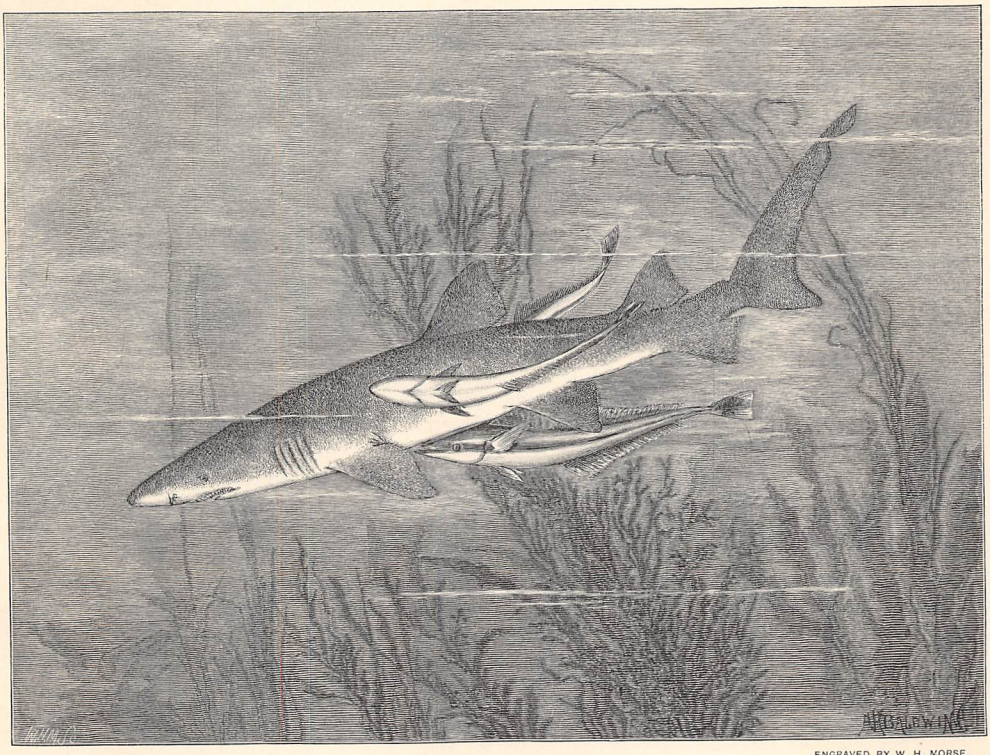
The *Albatross* bears no resemblance to the *Fish Hawk*, either externally or in her interior arrangements. Her lines are graceful, and her depth is proportioned to her height above the water. The total length is 234 feet, and the displacement 1074 tons. Besides the steam-power, acting through twin screws, she is rigged like a brig, and is provided with high bow and stern, the latter being modeled with special reference to her backing against sea and wind when dredging. The main deck is partly covered by the topgallant-forecastle, the main house amidships, and the poop-cabin, but the space required for the working-apparatus is ample and conveniently arranged. These appliances are chiefly forward of the pilot-house, among the more conspicuous being two machines for sounding with piano-wire, and the heavy dredging-engine with its accumulator and long boom. The iron rope is stored below upon a large reel capable of holding over five miles of this tenacious cable. The methods of operating the apparatus are essentially the same as on the *Fish Hawk*, but, having no large openings at the sides, the dredge and trawl must be lifted over the rail, and the washing of their contents is conducted on the upper deck.

The scientific quarters have been placed together amidships, where the motion is least perceptible. The upper laboratory occupies the middle portion of the deck-house, and is lighted by means of windows instead of ports, and by a skylight overhead. Although only about fourteen feet square, it is well equipped for certain branches of investigation, and contains the library and medical dispensary. A stairway leads directly to the main laboratory on the lower deck, and this, in turn, communicates with the scientific store-room in the hold. The former extends entirely across the ship, and includes facilities for detailed physical and biological inquiries, a photographic dark room, and large series of drawers and sliding-trays for specimens and instruments. The steamer is lighted throughout by means of the Edison incandescent electric system, in connection with which there is a powerful arc-

lamp for illuminating the deck at night, and several search-lights for submarine use.

The *Albatross* represents the final stage in the development of exploring methods applicable to the study of the sea, and, having suitable means for elaborating the results on board, she is, moreover, a perfect floating workshop. Every appropriate device for collecting and for scientific observation has been provided, not omitting even the simplest forms of fishing-gear. Officered from the navy, as is the *Fish Hawk* also, experts in hydrography and seamanship have been enlisted in her service, and many young civilians and naval men have received from her most efficient and useful training.

The explorations of the *Albatross* and of her more humble predecessors have afforded a golden harvest for the naturalists, apart from their results of economic value. While the dredges, nets, and tangles are searching for the food species, and determining the essential features of their environment, they must necessarily disclose the curious forms as well. Nowhere have the zoölogical discoveries of recent times been richer, both in number and in variety, than in the deep sea, a province which successfully defied intrusion until within a comparatively few years. Fishes of remarkable appearance are unusually common, and among invertebrates extravagant shapes and odd structures are just as frequently encountered. The surface waters contribute also a great wealth of life, especially in the pathway of the Gulf Stream or along its borders, where countless tropical forms, like the physalia, paper-nautilus, and marbled angler, are slowly drifted northward. The surface-nets and gigs furnish an enjoyable occupation from the vessel's rail, and at night, with the electric lights submerged a few inches, the catch is much increased. Then it is that the swift-darting squid appears in schools, and, dazzled by the glare, impales his long arms upon the cluster of sharp hooks, moved gently up and down to attract his notice. Fully as active, and far more difficult to capture, is the surly shark, bent on large prey, the sworn enemy of the sailor, and duly made to suffer for his supposed crimes when in the latter's power.



DRAWN BY A. H. BALDWIN. ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

SHARK WITH PARASITIC REMORAS.

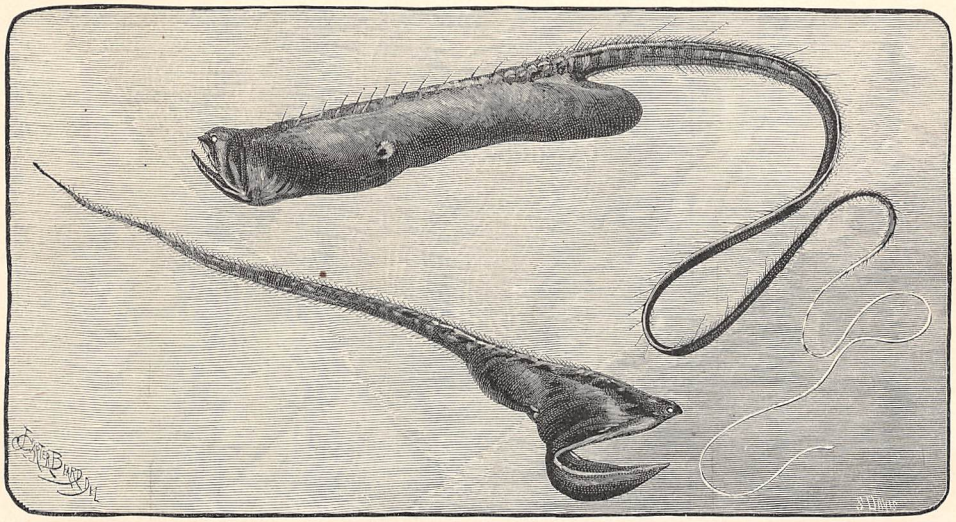
More recently a third addition has been made to the little fleet of Fish Commission vessels, a schooner of eighty-three tons, having a deep draft and good speed. Combining the best features of the American and English fishing-vessels, she was specially designed for the offshore banks, but that has not prevented her employment in both the ex-

ploring and fish-cultural branches of the work, for which she is well adapted. The *Grampus*, as she is called, has already attracted much attention, and her lines are frequently copied in the modern smack.

Having described the methods suited to the scientific study of the fisheries, it remains to explain the manner in which they may be utilized for the public good, and the extent of their application up to the present time.

It has been the principal office of the steamer *Albatross* to develop the resources naturally existing along the sea-coasts, the fishing-grounds which are little known or have never been discovered by the fishermen. To achieve this object in a thoroughly comprehensive manner requires a detailed examination of the bottom over extensive regions. Lines of soundings, run near together, determine its character and the depth of water. The beam-trawl or the dredge makes known the richness of the life, and the food on which the fishes subsist; oftentimes the fishes themselves are taken by the same means. With hooks and lines, with the more effective cod-trawls, and with various forms of nets, a better knowledge is obtained of the presence and abundance of those fishes, and of the means to be suggested for their capture upon a commercial scale. As a matter of fact, the sounding-lead in the hands of an experienced sailor is, in many places, a comparatively good criterion of the value of the bottom, and by its constant use a large area may rapidly be eliminated from the field, as consisting of barren sand or soft, sticky mud, or as having too great a depth. As soon as a change for the better is perceived, efforts are at once redoubled to ascertain the peculiarities and inhabitants of the favored spot. The soundings are brought closer together until its area and contour have been defined, and its limits accurately plotted upon the chart. The temperatures and currents are observed, the dredge or the trawl vigorously employed, and frequent trials made with the fishing-gear best adapted to the circumstances.

The value of the information thus obtained is direct and pertinent. It gives the fisherman the precise position of a fishing-ground of the very existence of which he may formerly have been ignorant. The outlines are printed on a map, from which he learns its bearings from any given point, or its latitude and longitude. Instructed as to the species which resort to it, and their abundance, he has the means of determining for himself whether it warrants his attention, and, if the habitat of a rich growth of animals, he has the additional assurance that the ground is permanent, being frequented for feeding purposes. Many grounds, however, are at the surface, where the conditions are generally less uniform and the problems presented more difficult of solution, the fishes concerned being chiefly migratory in the widest sense. The study of these grounds has scarcely passed the experimental stage, and yet some good results have already been accomplished in respect to them.

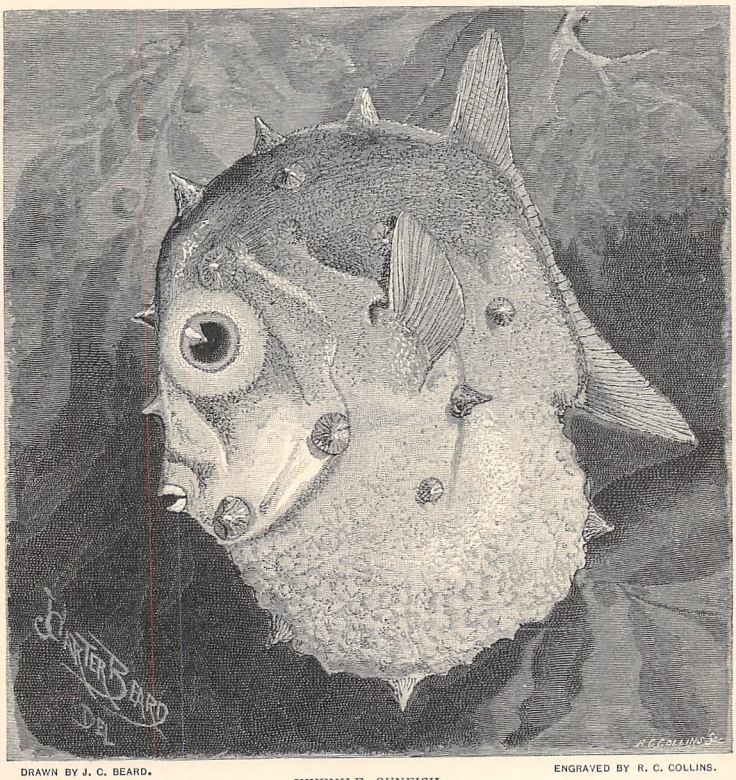


DRAWN BY J.C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE BOTTLE-FISH AND THE PELICAN-FISH.

The *Albatross* began her first work in April, 1883, and several months were spent in tracing the movements of the mackerel and menhaden, and in developing the tile-fish region south of Martha's Vineyard. During the three succeeding years she was almost continuously at sea, and her operations were extended from Newfoundland to South America. Two cruises were

made across the great eastern banks, the Bahama region was examined in a vain search for the winter home of certain pelagic food-fishes, and a hydrographic survey of the Caribbean Sea was successfully conducted in the interest of the navy. An appreciation of the value of these researches soon led to a demand for similar investigations on the Pacific side, and the importance of the latter was justly recognized. Certain changes in the machinery of the steamer, deemed necessary before sending her upon so long a voyage, delayed her transfer, however, until the autumn of 1887, a short time subsequent to Professor Baird's death.



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

JUVENILE SUNFISH.

It was May, 1888, when the *Albatross* reached San Francisco, and in the mean time the office of Commissioner of Fisheries had been conferred on Colonel Marshall McDonald, a distinguished assistant in the service. Although resolved to carry out the policy established by Professor Baird, it seemed to him expedient to institute some changes in the conduct of the scientific work, with the view of securing more immediate benefits for the practical fisheries. The plans drawn up for the future guidance of the *Albatross* accordingly restricted her inquiries almost entirely to the submerged continental platform, the seat of nearly all the "ground" fisheries, as above explained. Having an extent of nearly forty degrees of latitude, the western coast-line presents a great diversity of climate, which is favorable to prolonged operations, and, notwithstanding that its hydrography was little known, the survey has been pushed ahead with great rapidity, and yet with greater thoroughness than any previous exploration of a similar kind. The area covered up to the present time amounts to over one hundred thousand square geographical miles, and includes the coast from San Diego to Vancouver Island, the submerged border south of the Alaskan peninsula, and the southeastern part of Bering Sea.

Investigations of the same character are illustrated by much of the early work of the commission, particularly on the New England coast. Of more recent date have been the explorations of the *Fish Hawk* on the tile-fish grounds and oyster-beds, and of the *Grampus* on the red-snapper banks of the Gulf of Mexico and in the mackerel region. The inquiry last mentioned has been one of the most interesting as well as difficult and puzzling studies that have yet been taken up. The mackerel and menhaden, together with other pelagic species, and the anadromous fishes, like the shad and salmon, are regulated in their movements by changes in the temperature of the water. The condi-

DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

SQUID AND DEVIL-FISH.

tions which control the latter species in the rivers have been comparatively well determined, but such is not the case with the pelagic forms, whose distance from the shores generally prevents convenient access to their haunts. During nearly every season since her building the *Grampus* has followed the mackerel northward from their point of appearance on the coast, her cruise extending on one occasion as far as Labrador. Although making all the customary observations, as did the *Albatross* in the same field, they were naturally too remote from one another, too disconnected, to furnish a basis for deductions. In order, therefore, to ascertain with more exactness the laws of temperature in the body of water which these fishes traverse, the *Grampus* has spent three summers in studying this single problem, with every suitable appliance known to science, having the assistance also, during one season, of the coast-survey steamer *Blake*. Through a wide section of the sea, extending 150 miles off Martha's Vineyard and Block Island, parallel lines of stations have been run at intervals of ten miles in both directions. At each of these points the temperature and density were observed at many intermediate depths between the surface and the bottom, and the same was repeated as often as the season would allow. The results give numerous vertical sections through the water, which indicate the thickness and distribution of the different bands of temperature and currents, and show their variations from time to time. It now remains to determine their relations to the atmosphere and to the bodies of moving fishes, and to ascertain if the migrations of the latter may thereby be predicted.

The deterioration of fishing-grounds, as previously described, is the subject which led primarily to the organization of the Fish Commission. The occurrence of a decrease is established by statistics, its causes and remedies are determined by scientific investigations, and its replenishment is accomplished by fish-culture or legislation. The first few volumes devoted to the annual operations of this service show how thoroughly the matter has been treated, and how applicable are the modern methods of research to problems of this kind. The causes may be due to natural or to human agencies, often readily observed; the remedies are more perplexing, and require the judicious consideration of many questions which the survey proper does not reveal. The manner of conducting the inquiries does not differ essentially from the study of new grounds, but necessitates a greater attention to details, including the fishery methods of the region, and has been limited chiefly to coastal waters and to the lakes and rivers.

Subsidiary to this problem is the study of the life-history of fishes from their earliest stages to mature age, and of their habits under all conditions. These studies are necessary, in order that efficient steps may be taken for the formation of new fishing-areas, and for the protection and improvement of those already known. Aside from their development, with which the embryologist has to deal, carrying

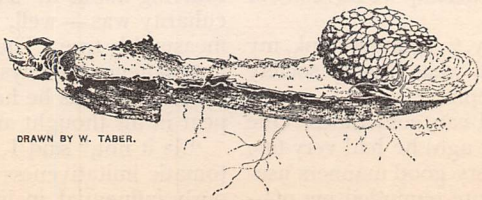
on his work at one of the stations of the commission, or at some other convenient point, there are many grave questions for consideration. It is well known that shad and salmon return with astonishing regularity to the rivers where they spawn. Many other useful fishes are landlocked or inhabit small streams; but how is it with those marine species which never leave the salt water? Within a few years it has been decided to attempt the restoration of the inshore fisheries for cod, once affording a profitable occupation, but now depleted nearly everywhere. Is it practicable to reëstablish fishing-grounds where no defined boundaries exist, where the entire ocean is before them? The case varies with the species, and must be determined separately for each. All have their special habits, some favorable to human influences and others equally opposed to them. Certain bodies of the cod, spending their summers in the open sea, return each autumn to their chosen spawning- and feeding-grounds in shallow water, while others prefer the rocky shores at all seasons. To increase the numbers of either kind is to enlarge the schools which assemble periodically within the reach of the smaller fishing-boats, or live continuously at their mercy. This fact, first proved by observations of the adult fish, has been confirmed by the hatching work of five years past, the young, in countless multitudes, now filling every favored spot from Narragansett Bay to Maine. What is possible with the cod may be repeated with many other species, and has been done with some; but until their habits had been studied, it would have been a waste of time and money to undertake their breeding. It is still an open question as to whether the artificial propagation of either the mackerel or the menhaden could be carried on with profit, but the lobster is even more restricted in its movements than the cod, and the oyster may be brought entirely within control. Both of these species are good subjects for careful nursing, and both are receiving much attention.

Fishery legislation, whether applied to exhausted or to prosperous grounds, should be based upon the principles which this inquiry has demonstrated, and fishery methods should be guided by its teachings. The older system, still generally prevailing, makes no provision for the future, and to its workings is chiefly due the present need of cultivation.

Another promising field in which a remarkable progress may be recorded is the transplanting of useful species, the formation of new fisheries. By this means a food-supply has been created in many regions, and its variety and abundance have been increased in others. To accomplish this successfully requires a knowledge of all the conditions natural to the fishes, and a thorough study of the waters where their planting is proposed. In the interest of this division, as of that relating to depletion, a systematic survey of the inland waters is now in progress. Every river-basin is made the subject of an exhaustive investigation, which discloses its physical characteristics, the different kinds of fishes — useful, predaceous, or otherwise — concerned in its economy, and the lower forms of life constituting the basis of the food-supply.

Science stands, therefore, between nature and the fisheries as a willing and helpful agent, powerful in its influence to promote the general good. From the experimental stage its progress has been gradual but decisive to the higher plane, where its benefits are no longer problematical. Whether in the discovery of new wealths or in the reparation of former industries, its services are acknowledged to be essential. It teaches the principles of fish-culture, and leads the way to proper legislation and judicious fishery methods. The policy so liberally supported in this country has no stronger advocates at present than the selfsame people who first taught Americans how to fish, but who are now content to follow in their footsteps. The warm indorsement of Berlin, in 1880, and of London in 1883, was a tribute fairly earned and well deserved by the honored founder of this service.

Richard Rathbun.

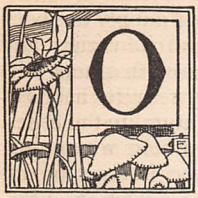


A SLIPPER WITH SEA-ANEMONE.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

IX.



ON a quiet Sunday afternoon Vincent, St. Clair, and I were wandering in the park. St. Clair was amusing himself over Clayborne's peculiarities. "I wonder," he cried, "that he needs any friends, considering the many great and famous folks with whom he associates in his library. I think that his books are more real to him than are we. He even comes near to poetry when he talks of them. I know they affect him as they do but few. I declare to you, I can tell of an evening what kind of books he has been reading. You know he is capable of awful exercise in this way, and will read straight through a day play after play of the Greek dramatists, while dressing, and at meals, never leaving the house. I have known him to read all of Bossuet without pause, and when I asked him once what he had been doing the past week, he said he had gone through Bernal Diaz del Castillo (what a noble name!), Southey's "Brazil," and a beautiful tome, the size of a small house, about Peru, by one Garcilaso de la Vega. He showed it to me. It has horrible pictures of Incas burned alive. I tried the work on Brazil a few minutes. Alas!"

To this long discourse about our friend Vincent and I listened with much amusement as we strolled in perfect weather under the trees and along the west bank of the river in our great city park.

The park, clotted with groups of happy people enjoying the quiet and the green stillness of the trees, was yet so vast as in nowise to trouble us by their number, or to take away from the pleasant sense of ownership we have in our many-acred domain.

Said Vincent presently, "And you think, my dear fellow, you can tell what literary society Clayborne has been keeping?"

"Oh, I can; indeed, I can, sometimes. One evening (it was a month ago) he had very fine manners. He has n't very good manners usually, but this time he quite reminded me of—well, of you, Vincent."

"Oh, really," said our friend; "of me?"

"Yes; and it turned out that he had been, as one might say, to call on Mme. de Sévigné, and had met Beaumarchais rather later, and La Rochefoucauld. He hates poetry,—all modern verse at least,—or I would lend him my Villon, just to see what a delightful scamp he would come to be for an evening."

"It is a wonder that he can endure you at all," said I. "Nothing annoys him more than vain questions, as he calls them; and for a fact, St. Clair, you have a distinct capacity in that line."

"I know it. He does n't mind telling me. He says I am like an intelligent child; that I come, like Hamlet's papa, in questionable shape; and such other felicities of abuse."

Much amused, I glanced from him to Vincent's face of sympathetic mirth. The poet had a look of childlike joy at the remembrance of being looked upon by Clayborne as a troublesome infant. He had what Vincent called an instinctive nature, and the world seemed to teach him no lessons, and experience to fail as a schoolmaster. Yet, on the whole, I think he was of us all the most happy.

I never saw any one quite like him in the infantile way in which he could be influenced for the time by his associations; and in bad society he had been known to be very naughty. But this neither lasted very long, nor affected him in a permanent manner; and with us he was ever at his best, which to me at least, and to Vincent, was always better than the best of most able men, for in his double way of sculptor and poet he was distinctly a man of genius.

Evidently both Vincent and I were at one and the same time thinking, with our companion as a text, for the former said presently:

"Your notion about Clayborne is very amusing."

"And just what do you mean?"

"Oh, what you said of Clayborne. I was thinking about it. Your statement of the peculiarity was—well, rather poetical, and yet measurably true. The intercourse of men does not influence his ways or conduct, but the quality of the books he has been reading does appear in his thought and manner."

"Is it not," said I, "an instance of the automatic imitativeness one observes as so variously influential in life? It is men who thus affect me. If I am with a man of noble manners, I too become stately in my fashions for the hour; and with rough-mannered men I find I must be on my guard."

"Yes; I know that—I know that," returned St. Clair, ruefully.

"Great genius," said I, "perhaps only the greatest, escapes the influence of this animal quality of imitativeness; but you can still see it in the youth of the poets, and sometimes even later. I should like to see an essay on the 'Relations of the Poet to Poets.' They are nearly all ignorantly, or of purpose, imitative in their early verse."

"But is it not interesting, too," returned St. Clair, "to notice how the individuality of the man may still exist with unconscious imitation? I wonder if Wordsworth knew how much of Scott got into his splendid ballad of 'The Feast of Brougham Castle'; and yet there are lines in it which only Wordsworth could have written."

"And," said I, "is n't there a ring of Byron's vigorous march of verse in those lines I love so well, 'Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed'?"

"The same tendency to borrow form or matter is in the early compositions of the great musicians," remarked St. Clair. "At least, so I am told."

"It is very human, no doubt," I returned; "and of course one sees it intensified to morbidness in disease—in hysteria, and in rare cases of insanity, where a man repeats automatically the words he hears, or the gestures of the man at whom he chances to be looking."

"Are there really such cases?" Vincent asked.

"Yes; I have caught even myself repeating unconsciously the facial spasm of a man I was intensely watching. The subject of hypnotism is very apt to be the victim of suggestion, and to have set free that imitative instinct which we usually keep under control. In fact, these cases are often the mere sport of varied forms of suggestion. If, without other hint, you pinch together the frontal muscles of one of these sleepers, so as to imitate the facial expression of a frown, he will at once become angry, perhaps furiously so, and swear, or strike a blow. If you make his cheek-lines assume the curves of mirth, this suggests amusement, and he roars with laughter. He is delicately susceptible to the hint, and responds at once."

"Then, probably," said Vincent, "to allow our features to assume the first slight expression of passion is a step toward failure of self-control, because what is true of the morbid in a high degree must be true in a measure of the wholesome."

"Yes; one sees that in emotional people. The yielding to tears is the first step down a bad staircase, where, soon or late, serious trouble from loss of moral balance awaits the feeble."

"And to yield," said Vincent, "is to make at last a habit. Repeated resistance to the slighter physical expressions of emotion must end in making self-control easy."

"Yes; that is true. It is the constant lesson we have, as doctors, to teach the hysterical. They are always in danger of being trampled on by their emotions. They can take no risks. For them even excess of mirth is dangerous. What the children call a 'gale of laughter' ends abruptly in an explosion of tears, and then the brakes are off, and away they go."

"Pathos is the very shadow of humor," returned Vincent. "We all know that, and yet the grave begets the gay more surely than the reverse occurs. It seems curious that the expressions of the two states should in nervous people reverse the rule of succession. I mean that these should tend more readily to pass from mirth to tears."

"That is not accurately correct," I said. "Tears with them beget laughter, and the opposite is also true."

"You men are getting out of my depth," cried St. Clair. "I hate self-control except in other people. It creates habits, and I loathe them. The only habit I have is the habit of having no habit; one inherits too many as it is. There is a nice story in that big book on Brazil; it is the only thing I got out of it. It will answer to kill your large talk. An ancient Indian convert of the Jesuits, at Para, was sick to death, and being asked by the good padre what delicacies he would like to comfort him on his way to purgatory, said, 'I should like the tender hand of a Tapuya boy, well broiled.'"

"Certainly it illustrates the permanence of original habits," said Vincent, laughing. "But habit—"

"Oh, don't begin again," cried St. Clair, who professed to detest psychological talk. "Look at what you are missing."

"You are right," returned Vincent. "'Your solid man sees not the sky.' Is n't that Emerson?"

"Yes," said St. Clair; "and his is also, 'Show me thy face, dear Nature, that I may forget my own.' That is what this is good for."

As he spoke, he led us through a hedge of underbrush, and we came out on a green space with groups of stately tulip-trees and oaks. A little beyond them a marble-paved spring welcomed us. Overhead were maples of great size and breadth of wholesome leafage. Their roots were peeping out in white fibrous bunches into the half-choked spring, alongside of which St. Clair threw himself at length, while Vincent and I sat down on the grass at a little distance. For a while we said nothing. The clouds mottled the sunshine on the woods and turf as they sailed overhead, and the waters,

finding a voice with their new birth, troublously whirled around the stone-built pool, and gurgled out through an irregular latticework of roots, murmuring more and more noisily as they tumbled down the slope.

Meanwhile I watched our poet's face. His cap was off, and below the crown of brown half curls his face expressed in its varying lines a sense of the joy he felt. I knew that he was more near akin to it all than we.

As I looked, Vincent called my attention to a tree near by, and, rising, for a few minutes we wandered away. As we returned, I touched Vincent's arm, and we stood silently observant. St. Clair lay on his back beside the spring, dabbling in it with his hand, his head against the rising bank of turf. I had seen him in such a mood before. He was improvising. Quite unconscious of our presence, he broke out into verse, and then fell away to prose again, or let fall a rime.

"I see it, I hear it; a fawn I be, and this is my playmate, new-born like me. A fawn on the hillside, a brooklet is he. How the water finds a voice, and warbles meaningless things; sobs and cries like an infant just born! I break the clear mirror, I prance in the stream; I laugh with its laughter, I dream with its dream. It does not wait for me, my new playmate. It is off and away: past rocks we go, twin-leaping things, until at the cliff-verge I see it spring from the edge. I dare not to follow the curve of its leap. I hear its wild cry. Is it dead or asleep? 'Mid the ferns far below lies a quiet smoothness, so still, ah, so still! Are you dead, pleasant comrade? Then with fear I go down, with my sharp ears intent, until far away on the grass-slopes I find my little friend. I see it trickle out of the rocks in jets, and remake itself again, and go athwart the slope, joyously tossing the grasses on its way. Then I know that my new-born friend can take no harm, and is as the gods — immortal."

"Is this the way they make verse?" whispered Vincent.

We need not have feared to disturb him. St. Clair was at times more simple than a child with its mother. He turned, in nowise embarrassed. The mood of wrapt, fanciful thought was gone, and, sitting up, he said pleasantly, "Ah, you heard me. By Zeus! but a fawn I was for the moment." Meanwhile Vincent looked on, in his face a faint expression of withheld surprise at the naturalness of the man.

"Were I you, I would carve me a new-born fawn by the just-born fountain," said I, "and put your mood in verse on the rock near by."

"I could not," cried St. Clair; "I could not. The song is gone. To sing it anew, I should have to recapture the mood, and that is impossible.

"I heard a bird in the air above
Sing, as he flew, a song of love.
To earth, from heaven overhead,
All the soul of love it said;
But the bird is gone, the song is dead,
And heaven is empty overhead.
If I were the bird, or the song were I,
I may not know until I die,
And somewhere in the world to be,
Chant again, with soul set free,
Its rapture of felicity."

"Whose is that?" said I.

"Mine. I made it for you now as it came. I like it; I shall not to-morrow. Do you like it, Vincent?"

"My dear fellow, I have been shaking myself up inwardly like a kaleidoscope to see if I could get my confused mental atoms, by happy chance, into some form of sympathy with you and yours. I cannot."

"And," said the joyous face looking up at him, "it seems to you nonsense. Does n't it, now?"

"Not that, not just that, but incredible, curious; and, frankly, I do not care about it as a product. I see it gives you and others pleasure. It gives me little. Sometimes I like the verses which jingle agreeably."

"O Vincent! Well—"

"Yes; I suppose rime is the sugar of verse, but I soon find it is only the sugar I am liking, and at the end I can't tell what it all meant."

"He has been reading Swinburne," cried St. Clair. "A wild debauch of rime and rhythms, and the sense gets seasick on a rolling ocean of rhythmic billows. I hate him. You like Owen Meredith. I know it; I am sure," he added, with mild scorn.

"Well, yes," said Vincent, smiling. "I do — sometimes — a little — not much."

"It is a demi-mundane creature, not a poet at all."

"I can read Milton and Browning — some of him — and Pope," said Vincent, defensively.

"And the greatest — what of them?" said I. "We may as well know all your wickedness."

"Oh, those. Those are the revelations. 'The gods who speak in men.'"

"And Wordsworth?" said St. Clair, wistfully, and as if he were tenderly mentioning some well-loved woman. "Out with it!"

"And Wordsworth?" repeated Vincent. "Do not fear that I shall be so commonplace as to sneer at him. Yes; I can read him. But how was it that he could fly to-day and crawl to-morrow — never seemed to know if he were in heaven or of the merest earth? Tell me why so many poets lack power to criticize their own work, and yet the making of it presupposes critical labor soon or late. The poem you began to quote from Wordsworth the other day

I had never chanced upon. I went home, and read and learned it. The first two verses I care less for, but the last is like a storm for vigor, like a trumpet for power to stir you; and yet I do not see them in any of the volumes of selections."

"Say them," said St. Clair.

"I can. You of course know them; they record the fate of the French armies in Russia.

"Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the wind,
Which from Siberian caves the monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink — and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: Look for them — and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy.

How the first line tramps through one's brain, and how solemn is the silence in which the ending leaves you! Pardon me, St. Clair, if again I am stupid enough to wonder how he who struck this note could — "

"No, no, Fred!" exclaimed the poet. "The children of the brain are like the children of the body. You say that is a fine lad, and how crooked is his sister. Do you think the father feels responsible?"

"Ah, my dear St. Clair, illustrations are full of peril. Verse has no grandfathers, and, really, I think some of your master's acknowledged offspring might have been left at his doorstep in a basket by — by — "

"Now, take care!" laughed St. Clair.

"Well, by some Muse of easy virtue."

The poet laughed, and then said thoughtfully: "The answer lies here. All the great poets have written much. That is as if you were to say that you or I talk much. Verse is their natural mode of expression, and there being in many of them a childlike despotism of temperament which the world cannot subdue, they sing what they feel, or think, or desire. That is all of it, Vincent — or one word more. This must result in the product being often poor. But then a time comes when health, joy, opportunity, suggestion, nourish the prosperous hour, and something great is done."

"But," urged Vincent, "why cannot they, like other men, see where and how they have failed, and then suppress for us the mass of stuff they leave us?"

"Let me answer him," said I. "For the lover of verse there is less of this than you think, and among the worst products of the best men there are lines one would not lose. This is true even of the lesser poets — Crabbe, Somerville. I should be glad to have written those lines on a good physician,

"And well he knew to understand
The poor man's cry as God's command.

Yet, who reads Somerville?"

"Remember, too," said St. Clair, "that self-criticism is a thing in its fullness impossible. A man would have to forget and live again. The poem is, for the writer, a thing made up of the poem and the remembrance of all that went to form it — the joy, the pain, and what not. It has for him the delightfulness the new-born child has for the mother. A poet once said to me, 'I make my poems swiftly, when in the mood, and afterward, except as to minor verbal changes, am about as helplessly uncritical as is a bird of its song. Always my last is for me my best, and then in a year I cease to love it. But, surely, as nurses say, my last poem puts out of joint the noses of all the rest.'"

"I have not heard that bit of nursery-talk since I was a boy," said Vincent. "It is more meaningless than most of our childish folk-lore. But you have not answered me; you have only restated the facts."

"I think I have answered you," said St. Clair; "and you must remember that what another says of a poet's verse (however just the comment) is to the poet as mere babble. And then, too, the great critics are more rare than the great poets, which is curious to me, but I think true."

"Some one should write the history of criticism," said Vincent.

"Do you know Dallas — 'The Gay Art'?"

"No, or rather yes; it is an unreadable book, despite its learning. Even Clayborne could hardly stand a full dose of it. I read a goodly part of it with wonder and fatigue."

"I doubt," said St. Clair, "if any man who writes were ever the better for the critics — I mean as a writer."

"That appears to me absurd," said Vincent. "A good course of Sainte-Beuve might make you believe that such a thing should be possible, unless all men who write are idiots."

"But in this country," I urged, "we have only one critic worth the name, and he has no ear except for the past.[1] Yes; we could give up one half of our authors for a critic like the author of the 'Causeries du Lundi.' Come, let us go. Come." And we moved through the field and into a noble woodland.

"Look at that creeper," said St. Clair. "An English friend wrote me last year to ask what I meant by

"Autumn vines
Ablaze within the somber pines."

[1] And now, alas! since these lines were written, he, too, belongs to the past.

"And pretty hard it must be on the Canadian poets," laughed Vincent, "that along the rivers of New Brunswick the wild rose has no thorns. There is the frog-pond below us. Just hear them; they speak all the tongues. The American boy calls them 'bloody nouns.' Do they say that?"

"They do," said I, "and anything else you please. I wonder what Russian frogs say; the Greek frog is immortal. I once fell in with some ex-rebel brigadiers in North Carolina, and, among other good things, I carried away one delightful frog story. I wish I could give it the flavor of the very pleasant Southern tongue.

"The Yankee soldier, settled in Roanoke Island after the war, complains of his fate.

"'No, sir; I don't git on, I 'm that bothered. I don't mind bein' shot at—used to that; and I don't mind cussin'—cusses is soft sort of things. But when a fellow 's tired 'bout sundown, and ye gits seated on a smooth-topped fence-rail, and tucks yer toes under the third rail, and lights yer corn-cob pipe, and is jus' comfortable, and ye git to thinkin' of the ole home and the apple-orchard and bees—then them thar derned grayback frogs commences. And one of 'em he says, "Bull Run!" and another he says, "Ball's Bluff!" and at las' one little cuss gits up on his toes 'way out in the ma'sh, and he says, "Cheeckahominy!" I can't stand them there frogs. I 'm jus' goin' to leave.'"

"The story is rapidly improving under your hands," said Vincent.

"For shame," I returned. "What ingratitude!"

"Odd, is n't it," said St. Clair, "that every one has a kind of tender feeling for frogs, and worse than none for toads?"

"I admit it," said I. "I loathe toads. As a fact, they secrete from the skin-glands an acrid and quite deadly poison; if for defense or not, I cannot say. But come, it is getting late."

"One moment," said Vincent. "Before we go, do look at these trees. Really, there are few such collections of unusual trees. These cypresses are old friends of mine; this must be their northern limit."

"Of course they are not natives," I said. "And they have lost their southern habit of sending up little conical shoots from the roots—what they call 'knees' in the South—a puzzle to the botanists."

"Probably want of moisture has to do with their absence here, because our monumental cypress at Bartram's garden in wet ground has numberless knees. Only a few miles from here stands the most northern papaw-tree."

"Do you remember," I said to Vincent, "that it was under that great cypress you and I first met?"

"I do, and pleasantly well I remember. We were only lads then. You were looking up at its vast branchings with your hat off. You uncovered as you approached it."

"It is a feeling I often have that I must uncover to a tree like that. I have always felt grateful to the sturdy old fellow who silently introduced us to each other."

"That 's rather nice," said St. Clair. "About trees we are all of a mind. I wonder there never was a tree worship."

"And," I added, "what various pleasure one gets out of them, how many kinds of joy."

"I have said before," remarked Vincent, "where my own limitations lie. My pleasure is in simple observation. When people talk of books which influenced them, I gratefully think that it was Ruskin who taught me what to see, how to see, and the happiness of it. Then I would come to a place where he spread wings of a larger delight, and left me sighing."

"One should train children to see," I said; "really to see. What is to be had in the way of enjoyment out of the trained powers of the naturalist none know who are not familiar with the higher grade of such students."

"And that I can more easily comprehend," returned Vincent.

"You ought to know Leidy,"[1] I said. "You remember my speaking once of his memory for specific names. As were Agassiz and Wyman, so is he to-day a delightful companion. He would stand here and call by name every living thing, and the stones beneath your feet also. Turn over a bit of rock, and as the queer tiny menagerie of its sheltered life scuttles out, he knows them one and all—their lives, their marriages, what they eat, their ways, their deaths, a hundred little dramas of this swarming vitality. And then the knowledge is all so easily given, with so much placid enjoyment, with such childlike directness, and yet with but little sense of the deeper poetic relationships which they bring to a rare few. He has the morale of the best naturalists—simplicity, earnestness, and magnanimity. To help others to observe is his greatest joy, and, my dear St. Clair, he does not really care a sixpence for all the poetry from Homer to Longfellow."

"Poor fellow," said the sculptor. "If that is where science takes a man, leave me to my folly."

"Happy man!" said Vincent. "Come, the dew is falling; let us go."

"The dew is condensing on the chilled earth, Mr. Philosopher," I said. "It only falls for poets."

"Come," said St. Clair; "I am tired."

[1] This greatest of our naturalists is since dead.

After this the talk died out, and in the shadows we wandered along the river-bank until the lights of the town appeared in lanes of red on the water and in a broad glow of luminous reflection from the sky above.

X.

SOMETIMES it happened that I saw often one or another of the three men I called friends. Vincent and I were both busy. St. Clair was at times invisible for days; was shut up with statues, or away alone on the hills or by the sea. He used to say: "Every man has need at times of a monastic life. If he cannot make one for himself, he must be a poor creature. If I were married, I should desire divorce for six months in each year."

As to Clayborne, he was always accessible, and, as I have said, Vincent alone was married. I myself had had in earlier life a great trouble. For months it had left me like one who has been near to death, and escaped. In fact, it came close to being the foolish death of all tender sentiment, of all respect for women. From this I had the wholesome logical recoil brought about by the tremendous business called war. It saved me from a fate worse than its bullets prepared for me. That Vincent and his wife knew my story helped to increase my intimacy with him. We, too, were also of the busy world of men and affairs, in which St. Clair and Clayborne had no share, the one being indifferent, the other mildly scornful. None of us were what I call ordinary men; and, indeed, Vincent used to say that, to complete our group, we needed some merely good fellow, who would represent the commonplace and commercial aspects of every-day life.

I called one morning upon Vincent on my way to the hospital. He came down to his library at once, and made me welcome with the cordiality which has so much value in a man by habit reserved and tranquil.

"Ah," said he, "since you have been away our poor iron-worker is able to move about on crutches, and is going to make a little money out of his patent. St. Clair is anywhere. As to Clayborne, he is just now writing like mad. Some fellow in Berlin says he has made grave errors in facts in that last book. You should see him; you would think the man had physically insulted him."

"And the good wife?" I said.

"Oh, well; and, by George! North, she has another young woman in training for you. Look out. It will be the woman you take in to dinner the first time you dine here."

"'Who feels the warmth escapes the fire.' Come in to-night; I have an ocean of talk dammed up for you. Come late."

"I will. I meant to see you on a professional matter; it will keep until then."

As we went through the hall, Mrs. Vincent appeared on the stair. "How lucky to catch you! How well you look! Come and dine on Friday night. You need not think about it. I say yes for you; it is settled."

Vincent smiled.

I said, "It were useless to hesitate over so implacable a fate," and went away.

That evening, late, I sat in what the American doctor calls his office, but which was for me rather a library, as the many tools my work required were kept out of view in another room. I had none of Clayborne's desire to be walled in with books. The few I loved best, a couple of hundred, were on one wall in low shelves. Another case was full of dictionaries (of which I am fond), and the walls were covered above with pictures, prints, etchings, and the hundred memorials of a life of war, travel, and varied tastes and interests.

"I want at least an hour," said Vincent, as he entered.

"Then give me first ten minutes, Fred," I said. "I have some notes to answer. I can write and talk, too, in a way."

I gave such orders as would leave us undisturbed, and went on with my work, while Vincent, putting a portfolio on the table, took a cigar and wandered about the room.

"If you really do not mind my talking—"

"Oh, no; not in the least."

"Well, if I say anything worth answering you may reply or not. You have been shifting your pictures, I see. We both have that fancy for rearrangement. I like to prowl about a man's living-room; there is a sense of animal freedom in the name he gives it,—a den,—and yours is full of the bones of things past. Few women get much character into their rooms. The very derivation of the name they bear is unamiable. I could tell that you have the taste of the savage for pronounced color, and for disorder, too."

"Go on," I said, laughing. "I shall presently have my whole biography evolved out of my surroundings. I simply loathe the precision of that table of yours."

"Yes," said Vincent; "no doubt. It would annoy me to have it otherwise, and I prefer to pamper my own feelings rather than at their cost to coddle my friend's sentiments. I am naturally selfish."

"Cold and indifferent," I went on.

"So says the world; but, really, I do not think I am. I am as tender inside as a crab, and sometimes I get into the soft-shell state, and then alas! But as for you," he added, "it is quite true that your room is characteristic, at least of your tastes—even of your sentiments.

Your table represents order amidst appearance of disorder. I should say you had trained yourself to be methodical from absolute need to be so. Also you are a hero-worshiper."

"Am I? I could wish it were more common. But," I added, dropping my pen, "I have done. You have not yet noticed the new bronze of one of my heroes." I directed his attention to a mask of Lincoln.

He stood a moment regarding it with interest. "Curious, that," he remarked. "The side face smiles; there is humor in it. That is an immense help in a serious life. It is the gentlest and wisest of critics. And the full face is grave and homely."

"Do you see any resemblance to the masks of Cromwell?"

"Faintly. And to Luther, who resembled Lincoln strongly in some ways; but the German face was coarser."

"To Lincoln," I said, "humor was both sword and shield; and yet he escaped that evil influence which for some who possess it largely makes men like Greeley absurd, or too ridiculous for charitable treatment."

"It seems to me to have been intellectually helpful to the man. Certainly it aided him to understand a people who are at once the gravest on earth and the most humorous."

"I suspect," said I, "that it plays a larger part on the stage of life, even of the largest lives, than men suppose, and, assuredly, it is a quality which asserts itself even when death is near. Its absence is fatal to some careers."

"There is none of it in this other hero of yours—in his face, at least," returned Vincent, turning to look at a noble portrait of William Harvey.

"Not in the face," I said, "nor in his life as we knew it until quite lately. But in his notes for lectures on anatomy, just published, there is plenty of it. Very early in his career, not remote from the date of Shakspere's death, he must have been pretty surely aware of the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood, but, although he discussed it for his class, he waited many years before he put it into print. Imagine such reticent patience in these noisy days of hurry and scramble to get the last novelty into print, lest it should be found out and made public by some one else. Haste does not belong to genius. That has the patience which seems to have been assigned by nature to all forms of the creative faculty. For the gods, and for genius, time is not."

"How un-English the face is," said Vincent. "The type is that of a New England professor. The hands are badly drawn."

"No; that is the gout. The painter knew better than to manufacture hands for him. You are right in the belief that he is one of my heroes. He had every quality I should desire. He was grave, but humorous; gentle, but courageous; magnanimous, truthful, patient, and religious; and, above all, simple. I said he had humor. Some idiots have been saying of late that Bacon wrote Shakspere's plays. One point settled it for me. Humor is a light no man can hide. Bacon has none of it, and it is everywhere in Shakspere."

"The point," said Vincent, "as we lawyers put it, is well taken."

"Here are Harvey's lecture notes," I went on. "The other day I reread his life by Willis. Unluckily, we know little of him, and grave text-books of science give small chance for play of humorous thought; but in these notes we catch him in a familiar hour. See how crabbed is the English hand of that day. The notes, you see, are a medley of Latin and English. He has set down headings and hints for illustrations. The humor is quaint. An acid taste rising from the stomach into the mouth reminds him of a motion from the Lower to the Upper House of Parliament—'*ventris inferni*' (nasty), he says 'yett recompensed by admiry' (admirable variety). The brain is the parlor, the stomach the kitchen, and so on. But what is it you want, Fred?"

"I want a little professional help. Last week a woman came to consult me, a slight, tall person, remarkably graceful, rather pretty, and, I may say, well-bred—a lady. She said that the case she wished to lay before me was of a criminal nature. I replied that I did not practise in the courts of criminal law.

"She returned at once, 'No, I was aware of that; but I need a gentleman, a man of my own class, and, above all, one capable of imagining as possible what seems to most men incredible.'

"I said at once, 'Sit down.' Her evident intelligence, her calmness of statement, and her pretty manners excited my sympathy. I begged her to go on. She was a better witness than most, but her story was a long one. I have condensed it into a few pages. I will read them. Make your comments, or, better, note them for discussion afterward.

"Seven years ago J. C——, aged thirty, married a woman of twenty in a Western city. She was rich, very rich, I may say, and in person as I described her.

"J. C——, a man of refined and scholarly tastes, a student of Oriental languages, failed in business soon after their marriage. She induced him to retire to the country, where they possessed, on a Western lake, a charming home. He was a man without other than mere intellectual tastes, slight, but healthy; refined, gentle, and of a temper generally gay. At times,

but rarely, he was subject to depression, and was never happy away from his wife and only child. In youth he had been a sleep-walker. His father died early of palsy. The father was an only child."

"A neurotic family," I said, "and two generations of one child each. Some element of weakness. Go on."

"One year ago she received a check for twenty thousand dollars, the amount of a mortgage paid off. She indorsed it over to him to enable him to arrange, in a city near by, for the payment of the only business debt he had left, and, very happy at the promised release, he left her.

"On his arrival at M——, he wrote her that he had never been more glad, and that he was about to be rid of the one burden which had troubled a life otherwise entirely happy. From that day until a month back, he was never heard of. He drew the money from the bank, paid no one, was known to have taken an Eastern-bound train, and that was all.

"The woman's distress of mind was evident to me, but she had all of that self-control which belongs to the thoroughbred woman, and, despite her distress, was clear and exact in her statements. By and by it became only too plain that she was a deserted wife. The detectives, whom at last she employed, traced him to this city, and here lost the clue. He was gone. The case got into the papers, and was a nine-day wonder.

"Meanwhile, two months passed, and Mrs. C——, having paid his debts in full, came hither to live, with some vague hope of finding him; and now comes the second and more curious part of her story. It is almost as incredible as anything in fiction.

"After living here until July, and exhausting the powers of the police, she went one day to the post-office to ask for a letter which had been underpaid. At the general-delivery window the clerk was running over a bundle of letters, and, as she waited, threw them one by one on the window-shelf. Suddenly the handwriting on a letter caught Mrs. C——'s eye. She said, 'Is not that a letter for me?' The man said, 'Which? What letter?'

"'Oh, the last but one you threw down.'

"'Your name is?'

"She mentioned it.

"He returned, 'There is no such name in this lot.'

"She turned away, went at once to the office of the postmaster, and, simply telling her story, said she had recognized her husband's handwriting in the address of a letter. The official declined to allow her to inspect the letters. But at last she so satisfied him as to herself and her object that he sent for the clerk, and allowed him to run over the letters in question while she looked on.

"Presently she said, 'There! He wrote that address.' It was Mrs. Louis Wilson, No. 422 Blank street. The official of course declined to do more; nor did she insist, being clear-headed enough to be satisfied with the clue. Then she went back to her detectives, and in a week or two knew all that there was to know. Here is the report.

"Six months ago a man took a small house—No. 422 Blank street. He was presumed to be married. The man was roughly dressed and careless in person; had some business occupation as a clerk in a dry-goods house; known there as a good worker and punctual, but slovenly as to dress, and unpopular by reason of an abrupt temper and general lack of social qualities. Traced back to a small hotel where he had once lived. Was believed to have married one of the maids—a rough, good-natured, common woman older than he; was now on a week's vacation at the shore. Name, Louis Wilson. Home habits of life unknown. Might drink at times, as he occasionally frequented a tavern near by.

"After this Mrs. C—— easily contrived to see the man. She is sure it is her husband. Her own force and intelligence are shown by the fact that she did not speak to him, and it is certain that there is some mystery back of it all. Lastly, she comes to me."

"Well," said I.

"Oh, I could, of course, fasten on him; prove bigamy; punish him; free her; or pay off the woman in possession. By the way, he is certainly married; that I learned to-day. As against either course there is much to be urged, and to neither course does Mrs. C—— consent."

"And what does she want?"

"Nothing yet. She insists that the whole affair is incredible under any assumption of sanity on the part of C——. How does it look to you?"

"If all she says be true, the man is not insane."

"No. I have seen his employer; you know him, I fancy. I was able to learn from him all I wanted to hear without alarming the man C——. He is unsociable and even morose; ill dressed, even uncleanly, so that he has been told that he must be neater. He is said to be clear-headed, punctual, and accurate."

"All that might be, and yet he might have left her under some delusion of which there had been no warning."

"Well, it seems unlikely, and, let me add, Mrs. C——'s people I find are known to me. You may rest assured as to her intelligent truthfulness, and even as to her accuracy. I

wired Mr. R——, in M——, and now know all about her. What do you think? and is it a case for a doctor? I myself am secure only as to this not being an example of mere vulgar desertion."

"No; there we are at one."

"Mr. S——, his employer, has arranged to send C—— to me with a letter to-morrow at eleven; Mr. C—— to wait for an answer. Could you meet us?"

"Yes; I should like to. Let us adjourn further consideration of the matter until then."

The next day I was talking to Vincent when Mr. C—— came in. Vincent said to me, "Sit down, Doctor, please, until I answer this note." While he wrote I studied C——. He was dressed carelessly; cuffs and collar soiled; hair unkempt; nails uncared for. Nevertheless, his facial lines were refined, if not strong, and both hands and feet were of delicate make. He sat in quiet, apparently a stolid, indifferent man.

At last Vincent looked up as he inclosed his reply, and said: "I have asked Mr. S—— to name a man who can do accurately a large amount of copying from notes of testimony. It needs care to decipher two or three bad handwritings. Once in clear shape, I can have it type-written. He says you can do it."

"Yes, I can; but I am slow. I could take it home. I would be glad to do it."

As C—— spoke I observed that it was with slowness and as if unsure of his words.

Vincent went on, "Will you let me see your writing?"

"I will bring some to-morrow. I write slowly."

"You speak a little like a foreigner." And then carelessly, "Where were you born?"

C—— looked at him, hesitated a moment, and said, "I don't know."

"None of us do," returned Vincent in his gentlest manner. "But where were you brought up? Are you an American?"

"I do not know; I kind of don't know. I must have been sick; I don't remember rightly."

The language and the tones were unrefined. Evident embarrassment was in the speaker's face, and he moved uneasily.

"Try to think," said Vincent, kindly. "When one employs a man, it is desirable to know a little about him."

"Yes, sir; I see"; and he was silent.

"Where does your memory fail you?"

"About seven months ago."

"And before that all is a blank," said I, abruptly.

C—— turned to answer me, troubled as I could see, but with no sign of alarm or anger.

"Yes; I think that is it. I don't go back any more than if I was born seven months ago. I can't make it out; sometimes I am unhappy about it."

"Could you tell how you got here?"

"Yes; on the railroad from M——."

"Could you write and read when you came hither?"

"That is a strange question, sir. I could speak. I speak badly. I must have been sick. I speak better now. I could not write my name in the hotel book. The clerk said that was queer, but I told him my name. He wrote it. In a few weeks I tried to write; at first I wrote from right to left, but I learned soon. I must have had a fever."

As he spoke, he became less disturbed and more interested. Then pausing, he added, "Why do you ask me? It quite bothers me."

Ignoring his query, I went on. "You came hither from M——, you say. Did you ever know a Mr. J. C——? You quite resemble him."

"No; never heard of such a man."

"An Oriental scholar. Student of Sanskrit, and so on."

"What 's Sanskrit?" he replied. "Never heard of that either."

At this moment Vincent rose, with a glance at me, and saying, "Wait a moment, Mr. Wilson, I will get a few pages of the notes. You may copy them, and let me see to-morrow how you get on. Then we can arrange as to terms."

So saying, he passed us and went into the outer room; was gone a minute or two and returned, followed by Mrs. C——. Her dignity of carriage and extraordinary calmness overwhelmed me with amazement. She looked at C——, flushed, and, drawing back a chair, as women do when about to sit down, adjusted her skirts, and took a seat.

I instantly turned to watch C——. Not a sign betrayed memory of the woman.

"Mrs. C——," said Vincent, "my friend Doctor North." I bowed. "Mrs. C——'s difficulty I have already mentioned," continued Vincent. "She has as yet no news of her husband, and, by the way, Mr. Wilson here is a Western man, Mrs. C——. I ventured on the mere chance of a clue to ask him if he ever heard of Mr. C——. I think you said no."

"Never heard of any such man."

I saw a change go over the woman's face; it was almost too severe a trial. The muscles of her chin twitched. She was silent for a moment, and then said, with evident effort, "You look like Mr. C——"; and, rising, "you might be he. I am his wife."

The clerk smiled. "Well, I am Louis Wilson, and have a wife of my own."

I saw Vincent touch his lips with his finger

as she turned toward him. At once her remarkable self-control asserted itself.

"Excuse me," she said; "I must go. Pray send me the title-deeds, Mr. Vincent. I really must go. Good morning," and went out.

"My clerk has the notes ready, Mr. Wilson," said Vincent; "you need not wait here—in the outer room, please." And then the lawyer and I were alone. "What now?" said he.

"It is a case of what is called double consciousness. This man abruptly lost all memory of his life and its events—that is, of people, of things, not of words; probably of all written signs. Most habits must have remained, but as to this we do not know. The intellect was not altered. He was able rapidly to reacquire a new store of guiding, useful remembrances, and to learn to write. In a case I know of there was this same tendency to write to the left."

"He knew Hebrew; did it not come from that?"

"No," I said. "The other case was that of a half-educated country girl."

"When," returned Vincent, "he came to the H—— House here, he was like a rough, ignorant child, and was alarmed when addressed by a stranger. The chambermaid said he must have been ill. After a while she learned that he had money. He seemed able to count it, but for a long while could not understand what a bank was. The landlord, an honest German, took an interest in him, and finally induced him to deposit the money in a bank. His intellectual appreciation of things returned with great rapidity, and now you see what he is."

"Yes; it seems incredible. These cases are rarely seen in their abnormal state; that is the difficulty. Of this I am sure, the loss of memory of people, of animals, of places, is absolute; of language the loss is incomplete; of writing, entire. But the reacquired writing is identical as to the forms of the letters with what has been lost; you will be able to verify that with ease. Strangest of all is the change of character, of tastes, of manners. In one instance a sad, morbidly religious person became gay, vivacious, ignorant of religion, fond of jokes, and at last wrote queer doggerel verses, and for years oscillated from one state to the other; ignorant in state *A* of all that belonged to or had been learned in state *B*, and vice versa. It is a long story, and in print. I need not go on. The case ended by her remaining in the abnormal state. She was gradually sobered as time went on, and as she acquired information through others as to her former condition. She finally became a pleasant, useful person, and lived for twenty-five years a happy, active life as a teacher."

"Then," remarked Vincent, "like this man, she was, at different periods, two distinct people, with quite opposite characteristics?"

"Yes."

"And irresponsible in one state for the crime or folly of the other?"

"Yes; like this man. Some people explain these strange facts by our having two hemispheres in the brain; but the power to write and to speak are the function only of the left side of the brain, and speech is lost but in part, and writing altogether, or not at all in other instances. I see no explanation. Whatever be the cause, it is such as may disappear and reappear in a minute."

"And this may happen here in this case?"

"Or may not; and there is nothing to be done."

"How horrible! And what do you advise?"

"If we tell him the truth, and prove it, there is the woman, his present wife, against us. Of course it will be hard to influence a man in his mental state—commonplace, satisfied—careless, at least. With the woman against us, we shall have a suit for bigamy, and to go into court with the defense of double consciousness would be useless."

"I see it all. If Mrs. C—— will have the sense to wait, time may settle it. I see no other resource."

When Mrs. C—— heard our opinion she was inclined to make a further effort, but at last, on being assured that C—— would be well watched, concluded to await the result in her old home.

To conclude this story, I may add that just four months later C—— appeared suddenly in her house in great perplexity and terribly disturbed. He had not a trace of remembrance of the past eleven months. He recalled the fact that he had gone to the bank in M——, and there his recollection failed. The new life, the novel employment, the locality he had lived in, the new wife, were for him as though they had never been. His rough dress surprised him. He was once more the quiet, well-bred, sensitive scholar.

He declared that one day he was walking in L street in this city, when, abruptly, he was astounded and bewildered by the strangeness and unfamiliarity of the surroundings. He asked some one where he was. The second wife and home were as things dead to memory. He said to himself that he must have been ill. He went into a hotel, got a paper, saw that eleven months were a blank to him, and, asking his way to the station, went at once to his former dwelling-place.

Mrs. C—— adds that his ways, manners, tastes seem to be as they once were. At first he was somewhat dazed, but by degrees im-

proved in health, and reassumed his studies. In answer to his uneasy questions as to his presumed illness and long loss of memory, she was able to say that vain efforts had been made to find him. At last he showed a strong disinclination to hear his former mysterious condition referred to, not a rare peculiarity in persons who have had his disorder. Now she proposes to go to the East and travel in Oriental countries, a plan which in every way suits him.

Of the sum he took from home about two thousand dollars remained in the bank, and as to this we were embarrassed. He could not draw it out as J. C——, and he could not as Louis Wilson. It was decided to sacrifice it. To this day no one knows what became of the remainder of the money he had originally deposited. It had been drawn upon during his life here in large amounts, and Vincent had reason to think was lost in foolish stock speculations.

Mrs. C——, a just and generous woman, settled on the ex-wife a sum competent to support her. She was told that Wilson was disordered in mind and already married, and that she herself would enjoy her income so long as she took no steps to solve the mystery, or to discover her lost husband. She agreed to this, and the C——s will remain for years in the East.

"It is well done," said I. "I wonder how many of the incomprehensible disappearances depend upon a state of mind similar to C——'s. The more one considers it, the more bewildering does it seem. Are we all of us 'two single gentlemen rolled into one'? However, some day we will talk it over again, and ask me, too, about the cases of insanity where a man is conscious of two personalities in his own being, and converses for both."

"I shall not forget. Are there ever three?"

"No; I believe not."

XI.

SUNDAY was, both of choice and of necessity, the day when we were apt to make holiday together. The matchless weather of early November was also a temptation to be out of doors, and the wide hospitality of the park assured us of comparative solitude. And now it was an hour before set of sun, and about us the margin of a great wood, with a deep stillness in the cool autumn air, through which the leaves fell lazily, drifting earthward one by one. Far away below us many people lay on the slopes, quietly enjoying the rest and the sunlit river gay with boats.

On the forest verge, and in and out, St. Clair walked, his cap in his hand, and kicked the rustling leaves as he went, pleased like a child with the noise and with their colors.

It was rarely that Clayborne could be made to join our walking-parties. He hated exercise, affirming it to be needless for health, illustrating his theory by his own example of perfect soundness. He, too, as he lay and watched the distant carriages and the quiet enjoyment of the groups below us, amused himself by stirring up the drifted leaves with his stick. At last he turned to Vincent. "I sometimes wish," said he, "that men were like books, so that one could take them down from a shelf and read them at will."

"And then put them back when you have had enough," returned Vincent. "But then, my books are men, and they do vastly entertain me on the whole, and vary from day to day, which your tedious volumes do not."

"Oh, don't they?" cried Clayborne.

"By George!" said St. Clair. "This is the first time in my life I ever agreed with you. Vincent thinks books are just mere changeless things. My books, at least, do alter. I have suspected them of moving about on the shelves, and of course their dress, their associations, affect their power over men. Do not a man's clothes influence your estimate of him?"

"What do you mean?" cried Vincent, pretending not to understand.

"And," added St. Clair, "would you as lief read a paper-bound Leipsic 'Horace' as my Elzevir, with the thumb-marks of Sir Thomas Browne? Would it be the same to you?"

"Why not?" said Vincent. "The book is the book, that is all. Nonsense! The print should be clear, and the volume clean. I ask no more. Go on."

"Oh, we could fit all this truth to the books you call men," said St. Clair. "North has a little old Huguenot Bible. On its dainty binding are the signs of long and reverent use. It has the psalms for those who are about to go into battle, and for such as are condemned to the ax. It is just about the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Is n't it, North?"

"Yes," I answered; "and when it came to me there was in it a rose faded gray."

"Oh," continued St. Clair, "and I know of a little volume of Shakspere which is faintly smirched here and there with the touch of finger-tips, now dark-red. It belonged to Keats, and as you all know how he died, you may know what were these red stains."

"And," said Clayborne, "in the great French library there is that rare book, the 'De Trinitatis Erroribus' of Servetus. Calvin burned him and his books, and it is thought, and I like to believe, that the slight marks of fire on this copy are evidence that it was rescued

by some disciple, who came at nightfall to grieve where the smoldering ashes lay."

"Thanks," said St. Clair, simply. "That is a thing to make one think. Would you mind my using that little poem?"

"Poem! Who! I! What!" cried Clayborne.

"Yes. What a tragedy!" And the poet slowly moved aside into the verge of the woodland.

"I, too, have a book," I said, "which is to me strangely interesting. It is the copy of his 'De Generatione,' which William Harvey gave to one Francis Bernard, a London doctor. Men do not seem, in those days, to have inscribed their names in presentation copies. It is a modern fashion, I suspect. But this Bernard is clearly aware of the honor done him. He writes on a blank leaf, 'Donum Eruditissimi et Perspicacissimi Autoris, May 1, 1651.'"

"And why did you chance to say, Clayborne, that you wished men were like books? Why, just *now*, I mean?" said Vincent.

"I had a woman's curiosity about these people on the hillside. I wanted to see their table of contents. They seemed to me, as we walked among them, to be chiefly Americans—mechanics I take it mostly, a class I never can get near to—in talk, I mean. Men of business, professional folks, the people of our own class, seem transparent enough."

Vincent smiled at me furtively. Clayborne was a bad judge of living character. His intelligence was, indeed, of a rare order of excellence. His lack of sympathy was complete, and sympathy is one of the keys to character.

"The trouble lies with you," I said. "No men are so approachable nor so often interesting as our own mechanics. All the lower classes in England are struck shy at once when a stranger of a class above them attempts to engage them in easy talk. It is not so with our people. Their sense of difference of social position is of other quality than that of the Englishman. The ups and downs of life are vast and common with us, and everywhere is growing a wholesome sense of the fact that the form of labor does not degrade—that at least it need not."

"The more the people think that, the less it will degrade," said St. Clair. "But there will always remain the influential effect of occupations."

"Let us clear our heads," said Clayborne, "as to what we mean by degradation."

"I mean," said Vincent, "or you mean, I fancy, that there are occupations which cut men off from social relations with refined people, or shall we say with the class in which are found the best manners? No need to discuss the value of these."

"Well, then," said St. Clair, "accept that; and now if you were to name the occupations which socially disqualify to-day, you would find them fewer than they were even fifty years ago."

"True, quite true," said Clayborne. "Let us each make a personal list of the occupations which we think ought to disqualify for the best social life. Mine would amaze you. I have not the courage to state it. But go on, my little saint. You are doing it well. I never knew you half so definite before."

"Confound his impudence!" cried the poet, pleased nevertheless to be praised. "There was a time when to be a business man in some Southern cities was a social degradation. It is not so now. Compare the position of a teacher to what it once was. See how the poorer students of New England colleges may work in summer as waiters at hotels and go back to their studies socially uninjured. I must have told you before of the amazement of an Oxford Fellow when a waiter in the White Mountains, overhearing me speak at supper of my difficulty with a passage in an old Italian life of Galileo, offered to translate it."

"When a man's occupation, if it does not make him physically unpleasant, ceases to put social barriers in his way, you think that we shall have attained the right thing. Is that it?" said Vincent.

"Yes," I answered.

"But now it does make him socially impossible, sometimes. How can the manners of a dry-goods retailing clerk ever be—"

"As yours," I said, laughing.

"Well, if you like, yes." And then, gaily, "But it would have been better manners to have left my manners out of the question."

"Oh, we need a standard," I said. "The clerk's manners do now disqualify. They need not continue to do so."

"I doubt it," said Vincent. "And yet in some New England towns the standard of manners and of cultivation is much nearer alike in all occupations than in our cities, and is not bad by any means. However, it is a long question to discuss here."

"I don't quite agree with you," said St. Clair. "I rather think that mere manners are essentially and invariably modified by what a man's work is. It ought not to be so, but it is. I hold a lease of my studio from an undertaker. Now and then he comes in to see me as to rent, or repairs, or what not. I perfectly loathe that man. His manners are subdued, like the dyer's hands, to what he deals in; he talks under his breath. He is always composing himself into attitudes of constrained sobriety. He pays you the same lugubrious attention he gives to a corpse. When he comes into a room it is always head first, and he seems to me to crawl around the half-opened door with cautious

quietness. My workman calls him 'the measuring-worm.'"

"A cheerful person," said Vincent. "But St. Clair has proved his point."

"No; only illustrated his thesis," I returned. "Your undertaker reminds me of a jest which ought to be preserved. St. Clair's landlord—the 'ghoul,' we used to call him—once consulted a friend of mine. The doctor said, 'You seem to have something on your mind, Mr. Maw.'

"'I have, sir. Whenever I feel ill,—and I am getting on in years,—I am saddened by the reflection that possibly my own funeral obsequies will be conducted with less orderly decorum than if I were here to superintend them.'"

"That is immense!" cried St. Clair. "I beg pardon; go on."

"The doctor replied, 'Well, Mr. Maw, why not have a rehearsal?'"

"That seems reasonable," said Clayborne, gravely. "But where on earth is the fun?"

This nearly crippled the party for further talk, but after some moments Vincent said, "Suppose we drop the undertaker, and—"

"Horrible word in its literalness," broke in St. Clair.

"Yes; bury him," I said. "Go on, Vincent."

"I was only about to take up the broken threads of our chat. There is the clerical manner, with its habit of exhortative inflections, very droll when astray in the commonplaces of everyday life. And the doctor manner—"

"Mine, for example?"

"Well, sometimes."

"Thanks; I shall remember that."

"The question," Vincent went on, "is whether any business must always of need so affect a man's manners and ways as to cut him off from the social life of men so favored by fortune, inherited qualities, and education as to demand a certain standard. Do I put it fairly?"

"Yes," said Clayborne.

"Well," I said, "we must admit, I think, that all work has its influence on character, and on what makes for or against social charm. Are not these influences in some businesses too potent for evil to admit of their being overcome? It would be a vast gain to feel that merely because you do this or that you are not set aside as of a class to which certain avenues are closed. That alone injures, as St. Clair said, and is competent to affect both character and manners. I was told once in a great city of Europe that I would find it pleasant to be received in a certain class of society, but that it would be impossible while I continued to call myself doctor on my card. 'Of course,' said the friend who desired for me this privilege, 'my doctor does not dine with me.' And the man she named was a physician of European celebrity. He was not excluded because he was ill-bred, but because it was silently accepted as a fact that he could not be well-bred. I affirm that this alone is injurious in a measure, and leads to his being just what they despotically affirm him to be."

"Yes," said Clayborne; "however much a man may struggle against the social peculiarities of his class, in the end he will be apt to suffer defeat. Now as to the doctors."

"As to them," I urged, "let me say a word. Every occupation has its influence on character, be that what it may. My own profession is full of temptations to yield to little meannesses. It is a constant trial of temper. It offers ample chance to win in retail ways by disparagement of others, and by flattery and appearance of interest where little is felt. The small man—what I may call the retail nature—gives way to these temptations; the nobler nature strengthens in resisting them. A doctor's life-work is the best education for the best characters. It is of the worst for the small of soul."

"Let us return to St. Clair's dictum," said Vincent. "I think it was that no general reverence for his mode of work, and no example, and no desire on his part, could ever make an undertaker socially endurable."

"Oh, sentiment comes in there," said I, "and that is inexorable. But to-day we have false lines for social boundaries. There is no sentiment in the way as to the mechanic. Make it only a question of manners, and leave that to him, but let us stand up for the American idea. It is the business of every man to see that his work in life does not put into his character anything which lessens his powers to please and be pleased in right ways."

"And that was what your screed about doctors meant," said Vincent. "You are an abominably sensitive breed. You abuse yourselves, but allow no one else to do so."

"Yes; I hardly know why, except that gilds are generally sensitive, and ours is a world-wide gild, and the only one. The world over we keep touch of one another, claim constantly of one another unrequited service, and abide by a creed of morals old when Christ was born."

"When you got off on to the doctors," said St. Clair, "I was about to ask you not to forget your promise to tell us about your friend the character doctor."

"That is a new trade," said Vincent.

"I will not forget it," I returned.

"Good!" said Clayborne. "But all this fuss about character is rather amusing. I don't think I ever took much pains with mine."

"Nor I," cried St. Clair.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "If not, then you had better begin."

"Did you ever hear the Russian account of

the moral tontine?" said Clayborne. "I translated it for amusement when I was learning Russian. I can read it to you some time, if you like. It shows how a fellow may acquire too much character."

"I should like to hear that. Let 's have it next Sunday night at Vincent's. And now, suppose we walk home along the drive; I like to see the people."

"Oh, anywhere," grumbled Clayborne, "if you will leave alone my poor little char*act*er, as the servant-girls say; it is all I have. It satisfies me, and I have no respect for you people who have to send your characters to the wash every week."

"Mine needs it," said Vincent, "and — well, there really are folks who like paper collars."

"I hardly understand your very indistinct allusion," said Clayborne; "I have worn paper collars myself on a journey. I consider their inventor a benefactor to — to so much of the race as wears collars."

"And I," said St. Clair, "would like to introduce the custom of erecting statues to what I call the negative benefactors of mankind, the people who invent tomato-cans, telegraph-poles, or paper collars. Oh, I could write the inscriptions too. This monument is erected by an injured public to preserve for eternal detestation the memory of Blank, Esq., who invented a new means of desecrating the beautiful in nature."

"We will all subscribe," I said, laughing.

"Oh, yes; you may laugh, but, think of this. To be alone with a friend in the forests of Maine. About you the moss-grown trunks of a windfall's ravage a century old. At last, you say, here no foot of man has been. Your friend points to a soiled paper collar at your feet. There are some crimes I could more easily condone than certain vulgarities, and the worst of it is that you get used to these horrors."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Clayborne. "You really don't mean what you were saying. Would a bit of newspaper have offended your sensibilities?"

"Yes; it would. The American newspaper editor would have one of my tallest negative statues."

"That is rather too bad," exclaimed Clayborne, falling behind with the poet while Vincent and I went down the hill together.

"Clayborne's incapacity to see fun in any shape is exasperating," said I. "I consider it a real annoyance at times."

"Why?"

"Oh, I mean if we are alone together. It limits talk, and to have to keep too close watch on what you say is fatal to reasonable human intercourse. Imagine yourself, when with a charming young woman, being asked every five minutes to explain your intentions. Clayborne is every whit as bad as that."

"Who is the man yonder?" said Vincent.

We were now near the drive, and about us were the serious but not discontented faces of well-clad people, chiefly Americans, and not a few Germans. The drive was in a remote portion of the park, and was scarcely watched by the guards, so that on it a few men were speeding their fast horses, amidst critical comments on the trotters by the groups on the grassy slope. Presently came at lawless speed a perfect pair of Morgans. Behind them, in a light wagon, sat a stout, red-faced man, smoking as if it were a duty to make his fairy-like equipage seem a steam-engine. He looked straight ahead at the road.

"Who?" I said in answer. "That is Mr. O——. That pair is worth — well, the value of your house. The man has this one pleasure in life. He runs horses, but never bets. He says that ain't business. He has accumulated a fabulous fortune from a patent he took for a bad debt. I happen to know him pretty well. He rises at six, breakfasts alone, reads swiftly two or more papers, is at work by eight o'clock, dines standing at a restaurant counter at noon, leaves work at four, drives until seven, eats supper, plays a little euchre twice a week at his club, or else reads a newspaper until ten, and goes to bed. Also, he is a bachelor and is clean shaven."

"Well, that is the outside — the natural history. What of the physiology?"

"He has a small house, lives plainly, has his one extravagance, — fast horses, — and never gives away a dollar."

"The man has then neither vices nor virtues."

"Yes, Vincent," I returned; "he has the courage of his convictions, like other hardened thieves."

"And does not the sentence of a kindlier world on such as he touch him at times?"

"Never, I fear. I once went to put before him the needs of a great charity. He heard me patiently, and then said: 'I object to doing that which I am taxed for, and, besides, I am unable to give away money. I cannot do it. Other people can. I can't do it.'"

"And that was all?"

"Yes; almost all. He asked me to smoke, saying the cigars cost half a dollar apiece. I laughed, and said, 'How can you be willing to give me a half-dollar?'"

"'That 's true,' said he; 'but it is n't money. There 's something darned queer about money. I 'll leave your hospital something in my will, but I won't give you a cent.'"

"The being you describe seems to me incredible."

"Oh, here are the others." And we went down to the river, and walked homeward.

"And there is another horror," said St. Clair, pointing to the hideous collection of white marble tombstones on the further side. We could but agree.

"Yet," said Vincent, "even a modern graveyard can be made a fitting thing. Near a Western town a man gave a fine old wood as a cemetery, with the condition that small spaces might be cleared; that no gravestones should be other than gray; that none should rise over three or four inches from the earth, and that the boundary-lines of ownerships should be marked only in the same way. Flowers and vines might be planted, but no tall monuments or iron fences were allowed. I am told that it was most solemn and beautiful."

"And," said Clayborne, "yonder mass of the dead must drain into the river from which men drink."

"Mother Earth is a great purifier," I remarked; "but the idea is certainly unpleasant. My friend W—— says it accounts for the conservatism of this great city."

"How?" said Clayborne.

"Oh, don't tell him," cried St. Clair, laughing. "Don't. It is a riddle."

"I hate riddles," said Clayborne.

"But there is tremendous wisdom in this one," said Vincent. "It is a question of hygiene—how to separate purity from impurity."

Clayborne walked along in silence, while we chatted gaily. He was apt to keep an idea in his mind long after the talk had drifted away from it, so that half an hour later we were not surprised to hear him say: "I think I see it now. How curious! But it is an argument as well as a jest."

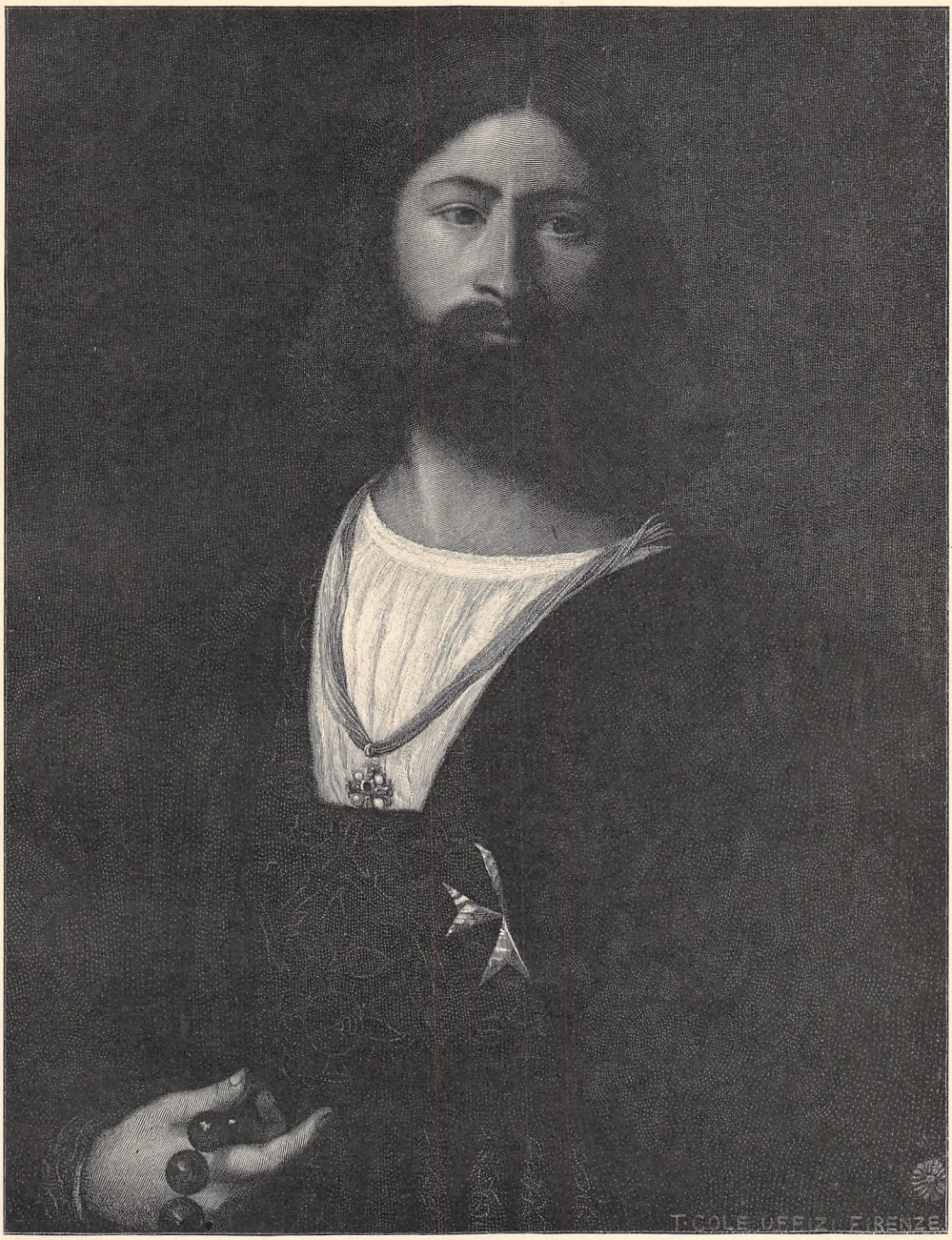
S. Weir Mitchell.

GENIUS WITHIN HEARING OF DEATH.

WHAT is the look the miser gives his gold
When first he hears Death coming? What the look
The lover, newly plighted, gives his love
When first he knows how few more looks are his?
And what the gaze the husband gives the wife
When Death stands ready to divorce the two?
Ay, such a look has some one cast just now,
Nor yet the same. *Those* feel the bitterness
Of leaving what is loved so far behind,
Of taking with them but the love of it;
But *he*, the pang of taking *with* him *all* his wealth.
Right through his heart a fierce pain tore its way,
And when his breath dared come and go again,
How softly, fearfully, it came and went!
With what an awful tremor in its haste!
For Death seemed whispering at few paces off.

The shining of the gold shows Death the ghastlier,
The tender voice of Love makes his the hollower.
When Genius feels divineness in her power,
When hope of fame is growing strong and fair,
What nameless anguish in the sound of Death!
What though the soul shall take her powers hence?
That eyes and ears and hands must now forego
Forever the happy work of waiting upon her,
Is grudged in pain too hard to melt in tears
Or to be molded into any words.
With rising faith, and hope of Heaven so near,
Contends the sorrow for these unborn things
That swell the soul so, urgent for the light.
Conceived on earth, they long for birth below,
And pressing on the soul, give such a pang
As she must have who, knowing she must die,
Feels that what would be life must die with her;
That she must lose her earthly motherhood,
Nor this alone—but leave no voice behind.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



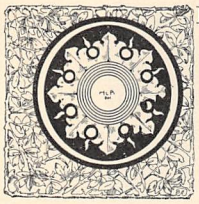
ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI.

"KNIGHT OF MALTA," BY GIORGIONE.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

GIORGIONE.—1477–1511.

(GIORGIO BARBARELLI.)

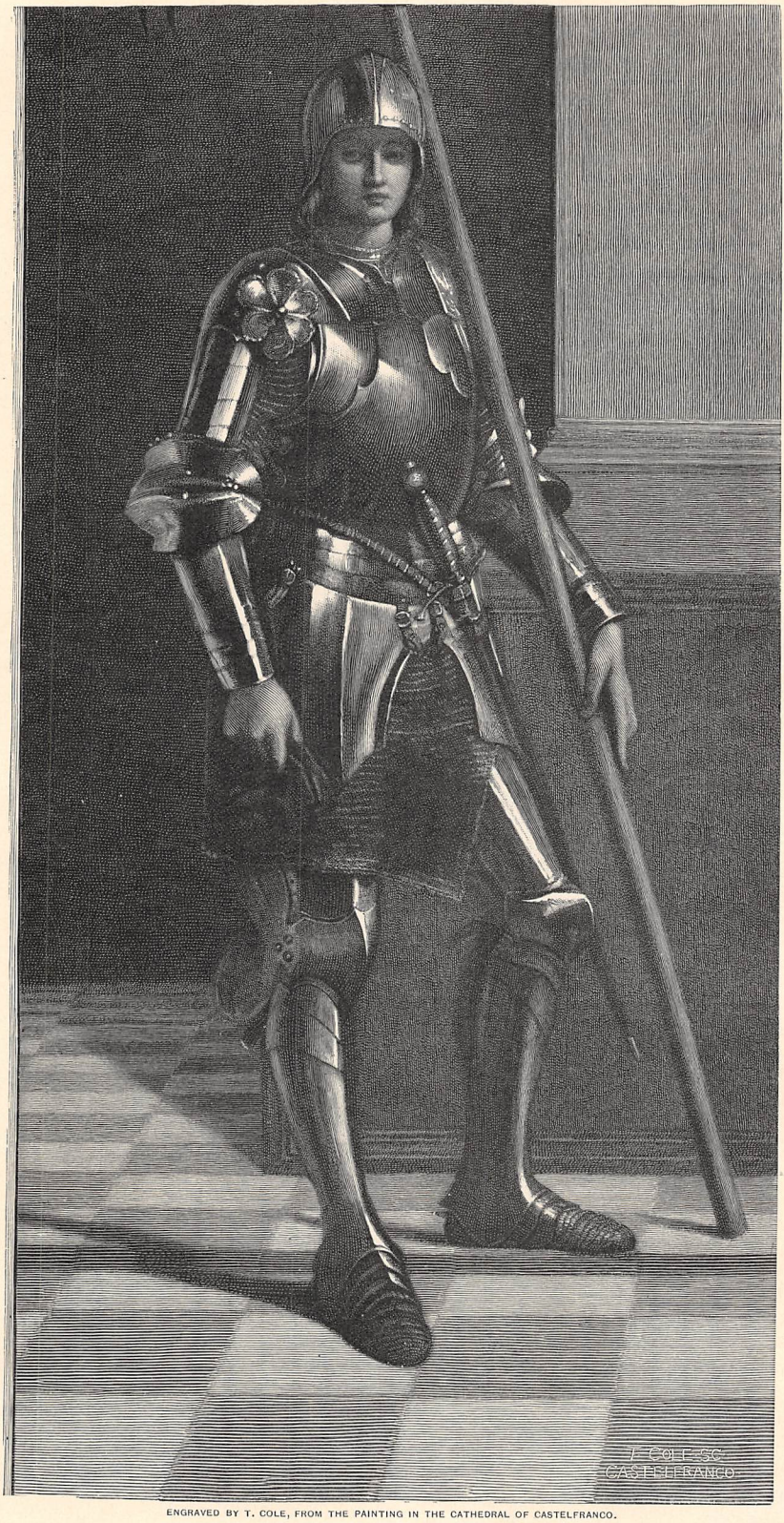


IF the painter who in his own time, or at least in the years immediately succeeding his death, was reckoned the most brilliant of his school and generation, we know so little by actual record of his life, and even have so little of his work authenticated satisfactorily, that he appears only as a splendid reflection of his contemporary renown. Of the numerous pictures attributed to him in the various galleries of Europe, and the few still in churches in Italy claimed for him by local tradition, there is only one of which the authorship rests on secure evidence. This is the Madonna of the church of his native place, Castelfranco. With regard to all others there is the dispute of an interminable doctorate, and the greatest part by far of the so-called Giorgiones are, by the best of the writers on Italian art, Cavalcaselle, relegated to others of the Venetian school, his followers or imitators. The determining of the Giorgionesque standard is, therefore, one of the generalizations in which the largest range of study of the painting of the epoch and the most minute knowledge of the technical characters of it are necessary, and these acquirements are too rare to be admitted to self-assertion. I have them not; and, so far as I can follow the writers on Italian art, Cavalcaselle seems to me the only one who has a right to be considered as a definite authority.[1] He gives a list which is probably as nearly correct as we are likely to get, and which restores the authorship of at least three fourths of the attributed Giorgiones to their actual painters. The record is stupefying, not only as showing how little the critical world had studied the question, but for the data of works known to have been painted by Giorgione and of which no trace can now be found. But the Castelfranco picture, restored as it has been repeatedly, is still, so far as its general characteristics are concerned, and the characteristics of its landscape especially, distinctly enough individualized to permit one to say that though Giorgione has the reputation of being the master of Titian, he is far more certainly the pupil of Bellini, in whose work are clearly the roots of all that either Titian or Giorgione has done.

We do not know certainly when Giorgione was born. Vasari says in 1477, but Cavalcaselle says that he was certainly born before that year, Titian having been born in 1480 according to Vasari, and in 1477 to Ridolfi. What is probably indisputable is that the two were nearly of the same age and were at the same time in the studio of Giovanni Bellini, where the precocity of Giorgione was such as to impress on his time the idea that he led Titian in art, and that Titian went into his studio after leaving that of Bellini—a version of their relations which, with all deference to Cavalcaselle, who accepts it, I do not recognize as having a sufficient basis of authority either in what we know of their art or in what we have of tradition. In the work which they did together on the Fondaco in Venice, the purely decorative element of chief importance may, as I have said in the sketch of Titian, have taken, in the precocious manner of Giorgione, so great a predominance that, from the perception of something new in the function of color decoration as seen in his work, Titian was led to adopt it and to emulate his fellow-student in the employment of broad masses of color without much attention to the drawing and rendering of detail. This method of securing a decorative effect is what the description of Vasari would lead us to consider the Giorgionesque ideal of wall-painting for exteriors, and thus to have given rise to the tradition that Titian adopted the style of his companion; but that the style of Titian in his mature and indisputable work has any trace of derivation from that of Giorgione as seen in the Castelfranco picture, or is anything but the logical derivation from the work and example of Giovanni Bellini, I am not disposed to admit. If Giorgione taught Titian, he also taught Bellini before Titian, for the manner of the latter is only the enlargement and liberation of that of the master from whom the two pupils took all that they have in common.

Castelfranco is a little city of the plain of Treviso, as unlike Cadore, Titian's birthplace, as one spot in Italy can be unlike another; and as in Titian's pictures the hills about the road from Cadore to Venice give a type to the backgrounds of his pictures, so the alluvial plain

[1] Morelli seems to me curiously fantastic in his attribution of pictures to Giorgione, and most of the German commentators are scarcely more secure.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CASTELFRANCO.

ST. LIBERALIS, FROM THE "MADONNA AND CHILD ENTHRONED," BY GIORGIONE.

of Castelfranco, to a certain extent, might be expected to furnish the clue to the authorship of Giorgione's pictures. Cavalcaselle in several cases points out the nature of the landscape as testimony of the authorship of the composition; but in the Castelfranco picture, curiously enough, the background, a delicious bit of sunshine and space, is a scene on the sea-coast, and does not in the least resemble anything in the vicinity of Castelfranco. The family of Barbarelli was one of importance in the country, but Giorgio was an illegitimate son of one of them by a peasant girl, and was recognized by the family only when his glory as a painter had made him an honor to it; and in an epitaph of the old church, preserved only in contemporary documents, the painter is recorded with two of his seniors, in 1638, not the date of his death, but that at which his reputation had induced the family to admit his relation to it. This, with the fact that he died of plague in 1511, is all that we know of the facts of his life, except those which belong to his artistic existence. Tradition reports that he died of grief at the infidelity of his mistress, who deserted him for his disciple Luzzi; but a grief that had to be assisted by the plague in order to kill its victim may be considered at least apocryphal. That he died of sensual excesses is another tradition to be shunted off the track of historical research, for the traditions so far as they are positive, and all the early authorities, agree that he died of plague.

Of the other pictures which are accepted by all the critics, and as to which Cavalcaselle makes no question, the chief, after the Madonna of Castelfranco, is "The Concert" of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. The rival subject of the Louvre is attributed by Cavalcaselle to a follower of Sebastiano del Piombo. In one of my first visits to Venice I remember seeing a fragment of one of the frescos of Giorgione on the Fondaco, but I believe it has now utterly perished; it was then only a shadow. Zanetti, an early author, speaking of these frescos, says that he finds admirable in Giorgione the quickness and resolution with which action is rendered, the artifice with which light and shade are broken, blended, and distributed; but in Titian's work he admires the firmness and strength of the half-tones, the simplicity of contrasts, the tenderness of flesh-tints, and the moderation which avoids the fire of Giorgione, while it abstains from dark shadows and exaggerated redness of the flesh. This proves at least that Titian was not an imitator of Giorgione in the particular work as to which the adoption of Giorgione's style by Titian was affirmed, and strengthens my distrust of the judgment formulated by Vasari, that Titian ever became the pupil or follower of Giorgione.

W. J. Stillman.

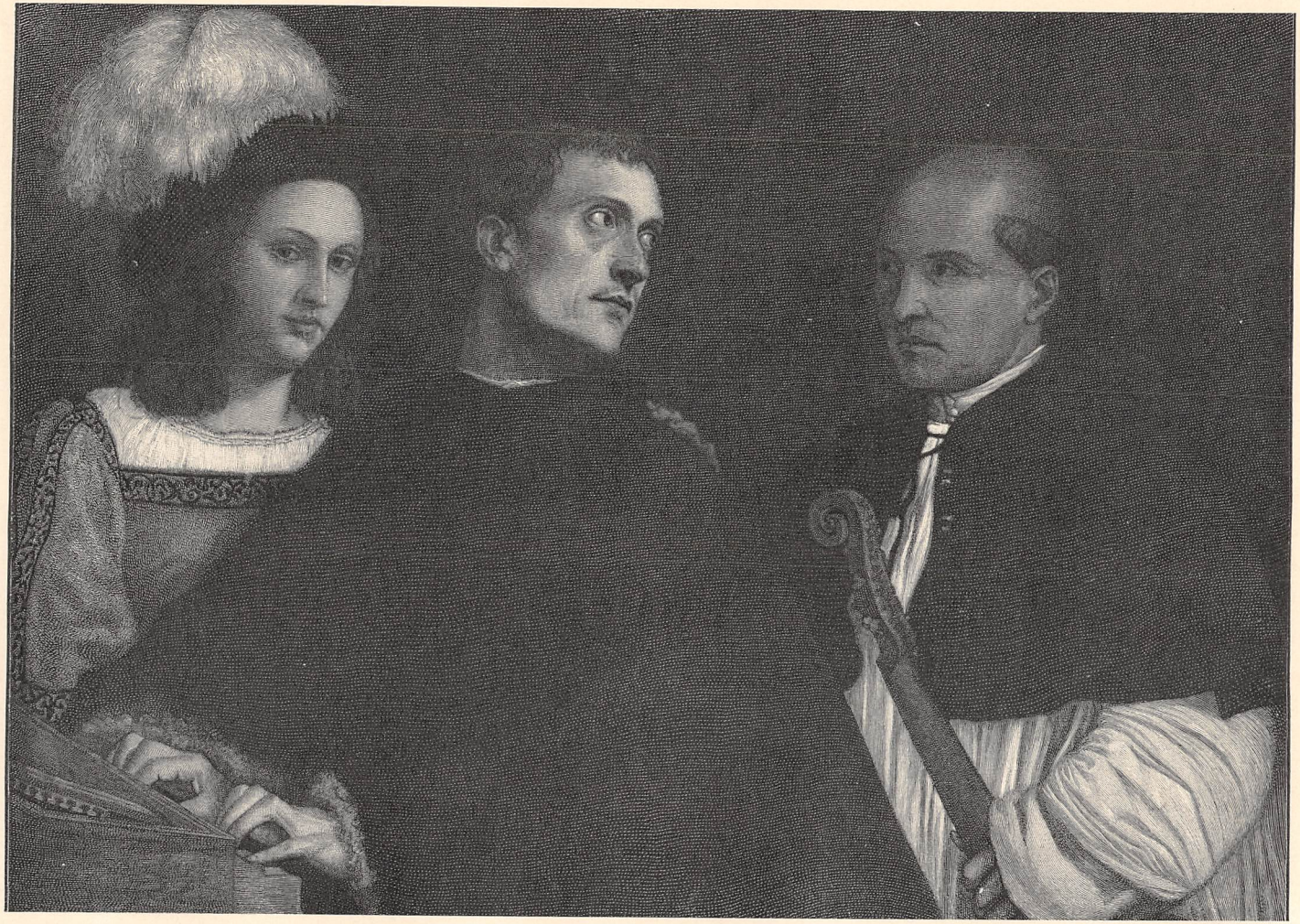
NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

ONE of the finest and most magnificent conceptions of a half-length portrait is seen in the "Knight of Malta." It hangs in the Uffizi, is painted on canvas, life-size, and is rich and glowing in color.

June 4, 1891. — At Uffizi as usual, at work on the "Knight of Malta." What an inspiration to have so fine a thing at one's elbow to gaze upon from time to time! How glaring are the retouchings of the restorer! What a heavy-handed bungler he must have been! Giorgione floats his hair into the flesh in the most refined manner imaginable; but here are retouchings that look as though the restorer used the blunt end of a stick with which to put on the color.

June 9. — What an air of magnanimity and true greatness breathes from this canvas! No other artist knows better than Giorgione how to captivate the mind and to hold the imagination with so few means. Here is a man holding a string of beads. I hear some Americans behind me exclaim, "Here 's a grand head!" How it puts to shame all petty worrying and narrow-mindedness! There is something Christ-like about it in its calm benignity. Now I vow I will endeavor to aim at greater simplicity and nobleness in my living — to think of the "Knight of Malta," to put away all meanness and triviality by a thought of the "Knight of Malta."

The detail of St. Liberalis is taken from Giorgione's famous altar-piece of the "Madonna and Child Enthroned," in the choir of the cathedral of Castelfranco. The entire picture measures six feet six inches in height by four feet ten inches in width, and is painted on wood. The Virgin, with the Child in her lap, sits enthroned upon a high pedestal above the middle of the picture, and a charming landscape stretches away from her. Beneath her, one at each side of the pedestal, stand St. Francis and St. Liberalis, the latter clad in shining armor, and holding a flag. It is this figure which forms the detail engraved. Part of the flagstaff is seen. These figures are separated from the background by a wall on each side of the pedestal, which appears to be covered smoothly with red velvet, very rich and deep in color. The pedestal rises just above the heads of the figures, and forms a fine relief to the gray habit of the monk and the burnished steel of the knight; no doubt, too, it contributes much to the soft, airy feeling of the lovely, quiet landscape. The Virgin above, sweet and serene, gazes down abstractedly. Instead of the conventional red and blue, she is clad in green and red — charming, rich, and harmonious colors. The Child, too, looks down thoughtfully. The flesh-tints of both are warm and mellow, and contrast delightfully with their draperies. A rich green embroidered tapestry falls from beneath the Virgin over the warm gray marble of the pedestal. The plinth of the pedestal is of a warm neutral purplish tone, upon which, in a circle of light, warm marble, are sculptured the arms of the family — the Constanzi — for whom the picture was painted. The floor is checkered with gray and light, warm marble. This is the least satisfactory portion of the picture. According to Crowe



and Cavalcaselle, the painting has been restored on several occasions. G. G. Lorenzi went so far as to paint a beard to St. Liberalis. Paolo Fabris of Venice removed the beard and many of the oldest repaints.

St. Liberalis is patron of Castelfranco and Treviso. He is usually shown as clad in armor, young, with flowing locks, and his attribute is the flag — red, with large white cross, and sometimes with four white stars at each corner of the flag.

The St. Liberalis of this picture is said to be the portrait of a young man of the Constanzi family who died in battle, and this picture was dedicated to the Madonna in his memory. His tomb is seen in the churchyard adjoining the cathedral, and, although much worn by the elements, his effigy still resembles the figure in the painting, though it is of severer aspect.

While I was seated in the Pitti Gallery engraving from "The Concert," by Giorgione, two young ladies came by, and each began her respective explanation of the picture. Said the first: "Oh, what a glow of inspiration is in the player's face! He has struck a heavenly chord, which so moves his friend from behind that he drops his violin, and tenderly approaches, exclaiming, 'O brother, brother! how grand! how glorious!'"

"Now," said her friend, "I should think that his violin got out of tune, or that a string broke, and he approaches him reluctantly, and lays his hand on his shoulder so very gently, for he is sorry to disturb him, so thoroughly wrapt in the music is he."

This was quite ignored by the former, who continued in the same ecstatic strain as before. Then the father came up, and, his opinion being asked, he said: "You see, the guide-book says that these are the portraits of Luther, Calvin, and Melanchthon. Now you know Luther struck the first chord — in the Reformation; Calvin joined in the concert; and Melanchthon, he — he — stood by listening. But if you will listen to me — this is only another version of the 'Three Ages of Man.' There you see the young man with the plume in his hat, in all the pride of expectant youth; the middle-aged man playing is already in the thick of the concert of life; and the old man behind finds his violin out of tune — he is not exactly in accordance with the order of the age."

They go away, and another party take their place.

"Do you see," says a lady to her companion, "that old priest there with the violin? Does n't he look the picture of the old monk we saw in the lager-beer saloon! Well, I declare, I would n't cart that painting home with me; no, not if it was given me! Ugh! what an ugly thing! Come away."

"The Concert," an engraving of which faces this page, hangs in the Hall of the Iliad of the Pitti Gallery, and measures three feet seven inches in height by four feet one inch in width. This was one of the works of art cut out of its original frame and taken to Paris in the days of Napoleon. Old engravings of it show a different setting on the canvas, giving more space to the bottom and sides, and less to the top. The instrument in the monk's hand appears to be a lute. The garment of the one at the harpsichord, instead of being quiet and simple, as at present, is cut up with a variety of folds, surmounted by a cape. No doubt the details of this garment would be visible if the picture was cleaned of its thick mantle of varnish. In my engraving I have cut off a portion of the unnecessary background at the top, and am thus enabled to give the heads larger, and make a full-page block of it. Its original line of definition appears to have cut off a portion of the plume. When the picture was restored to Italy, the rest of the plume and the high background were added; but this high background is not in accordance with Giorgione's style, nor in the manner of his time.

In coloring it is warm and effective. How magnificent it is in composition! The head of the player is remarkable for expression; the open eye and the dilated nostril show a soul surcharged with the music. He turns abstractedly in response to the soft touch on his shoulder. The hands, too, are fine in their grip of the keys. They are not light notes, but solid, full chords.

T. Cole.

THE BLUEBIRD.

In the very spring,
Nay, in the bluster of March, or haply before,
The bluebird comes, and, a-wing
Or alight, seems evermore
For song that is sweet and soft.
His footprints oft
Make fretwork along the snow
When the weather is bleak ablow,
When his hardihood by cold is pinched full sore.

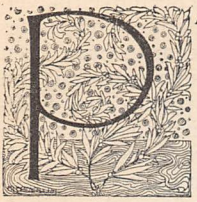
Then deep in the fall,
In the Indian-summer while, in the dreamy days,
When the errant songsters all
Grow slack in songful ways,
You may hear his warble still
By field or hill;
Until, with an azure rush
Of motion, music — hush!
He is off, he is mutely whelmed in the southern haze!

Richard Burton.

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

PADEREWSKI: A CRITICAL STUDY.



ADEREWSKI is unquestionably an inspired and a phenomenal pianist. He possesses the power of interesting and arousing the enthusiasm of an audience of the highest musical culture, as at Berlin, and of giving pleasure and delight to one of less musical intelligence and simpler tastes, as in some English provincial town. This is a fact of great significance, for it shows the rare combination of the various qualities which in the aggregate make up a great and unique artist whose ardent and poetic temperament is admirably proportioned and well balanced.

Within the last few years we have been favored with the presence of many pianists of the first rank, such as Joseffy, Pachman, Rosenthal, D'Albert, Friedheim, Grünfeld, Rummel, Scharwenka, and others, and among our own resident players Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Adèle aus der Ohe, Rivé-King, and many others who compare favorably with the best from foreign lands. While fully recognizing the high artistic merit of all these, and acknowledging the great pleasure their performances have given, it may be said without invidious distinction that an artist of such a distinctly pronounced individuality as Paderewski is an exceedingly rare occurrence — indeed phenomenal. The mechanical part of piano-playing has of late years been so systematized, and the methods of acquiring a high degree of skill have been so improved, that the possession of mere technical facility is a foregone conclusion, and has in a great degree lost its interest unless combined with a discriminative and poetical conception and a true musical interpretation. Of two pianists possessing an equal technical equipment the one whose personality is the most intense, and at the same time lovable, will be sure to delight and interest. Music is in its nature emotional, and hence requires intense expression of feeling in its genuine interpretation; but this must be kept within due bounds by the exercise of an intelligent and intellectual conception and a discriminative touch, thus combining in proper degree both the qualities of heart and head. The most successful results will surely follow when a nice balance between the two is established and maintained in due proportion, while an undue preponderance of either will lead to disastrous results, even if the performer be possessed of genius.

The playing of Paderewski shows a beautiful and happy blending of these essential qualities. He mirrors his Slavonic nature in his interpretations, with its fine and exquisite appreciation of all gradations of tonal effects. His marvelous musical touch, a great, mellow, and tender voice, chameleon-like, takes on the color of the dominant mood. He is a thoroughly earnest and at the same time an affectionate player, and too much stress cannot be laid on the humanism of his style, which is intensely sympathetic, and so eclectic that it embraces all schools. His never-failing warmth of touch and his vivid appreciation of tone gradations and values result in wonderfully beautiful effects. In addition to these qualities, his magnetic individuality puts him at once in sympathy with his hearers, and this magnetism is felt and acknowledged even by those who do not entirely and uniformly approve of all of his readings and interpretations of the great composers.

Since Bach's time, and no doubt long before it, two distinct schools have wrangled over the question of subjectivity and objectivity in the interpretation of great works of art. The discussion as to the musical significance of the various works of Richard Wagner has already begun, notwithstanding the fact of his comparatively recent death, and, this being the case, we can easily understand the difference of opinion as to how Bach and Beethoven should be played. I remember hearing Moscheles play Beethoven's sonatas, as also the preludes and fugues of Bach, especially those from "Das Wohltemperierte Klavier," and his performance of the latter was especially beautiful and satisfying. Discarding all pedantic, austere, and stiff methods, his treatment was simple, graceful, and flowing in design, each voice being distinctly heard, but in due proportion, and not in too assertive a way. The angular fashion of playing Bach must have had its rise from the old German school of organ-playing, in which no variation of registration was permitted; but a fugue was played, as it is now, with full chorus stops from beginning to end. However this may be, Moscheles preferred a feeling and warmly colored interpretation of Bach's works on the pianoforte, and so expressed himself to me in private conversation; and he was much closer to the Bach tradition, as set forth in Forkel's biography, than we are to-day. He could look backward to within a generation of the great Leipsic cantor, and he had listened to Beethoven's playing.

Rubinstein is even more fond, tender, and caressing in his playing of Bach, bringing out all imaginable beautiful shades of tone-color in his rendering of those works. And why should this be otherwise, since Bach's compositions are so full of exquisite melody? Surely such emotional strains should receive a loving and musical rendering. As Moscheles played Bach a half-century ago, and as Rubinstein played him later on, so does Paderewski play him now — with an added grace and color which put these great contrapuntal creations in the most charming frames. It is great, deep musical playing combined with calm, quiet repose and great breadth of style. Paderewski has an advantage over Rubinstein, however, in the fact that he is always master of his resources and possesses power of complete self-control. This remarkably symmetrical balance is entirely temperamental, and may be discerned in the well-shaped contour of Paderewski's head, his steady gaze, and his supreme command of the economies of movement. In Rubinstein there is an excess of the emotional, and while at times he reaches the highest possible standard, his impulsive nature and lack of self-restraint are continually in his way, frequently causing him to rush ahead with such impetuosity as to anticipate his climax, and, having no reserve force to call into action, disaster is sure to follow. He does not economize his strength to good advantage, but uses up his power too soon. Comparisons are not always profitable, but may be permitted in mild form on account of the instruction they convey. Thus, of five prominent pianists, in Liszt we find the intellectual-emotional temperament, while Rubinstein has the emotional in such excess that he is rarely able to bridle his impetuosity. Paderewski may be classified as emotional-intellectual, — a very rare and happy blending of the two temperaments, — and Tausig was very much upon the same plane, while Von Bülow has but little of the emotional, and overbalances decidedly on the intellectual side. There must always be two general classes of pianists — those whose interpretation changes with every mood, while the playing always remains poetic, fervent, artistic, and inspired, because it is impossible for them to do violence to the musical nature which they have received by the grace of God, and others whose playing lacks warmth and *abandon*, notwithstanding the fact that it is careful, conscientious, artistic, and in the highest degree finished. The performances of the latter are invariably uniform, and are exact to such a degree that one can anticipate with great accuracy each accent, emphasis, *nuance*, and turning of phrase from beginning to end. Of these classes Rubinstein and Bülow present good illustrations in contrast.

This leads to the consideration of Paderewski's playing of Beethoven, and on this subject I beg leave to repeat, with slight variation, what I said in a recent article in "The Musical Courier." Whenever a pianist makes his first appearance in public as a Beethoven player, he is at once subjected to strictures on all sides by numerous critics who seem to have been lying in wait for this particular occasion, and there immediately arise two parties, each holding positive opinions, of which the one in the negative is usually the more numerous. This is by no means a new fad, but quite an old fashion, dating back, at least as far as the writer's experience goes, something over forty years, and probably much further. Is the ideal player of Beethoven a myth, or does he really exist? If so, who is he, and where is he to be found? In short, are we not looking for something that is much in the imagination? Or, perhaps (be it said with due reverence), are not the compositions themselves responsible in part for this mystified state of things? Forty years ago my teachers, Moscheles, afterward Dreyschock, and finally Liszt, used to say that Beethoven's piano compositions were not "klaviermässig." This word has no precise English equivalent, but might be translated "pianofortable." In other words, they are not written in conformity with the nature of the instrument. Musicians generally have agreed all along on this point. Beethoven's musical thoughts were symphonic, so to speak, and require the orchestra for adequate expression. Many of his piano passages lie most awkwardly under the fingers, and certainly would never have been written by a skilled virtuoso who was simply a pianist *per se*.

Moscheles has always been an acknowledged authority as to Beethoven, and he once told me during a lesson that he considered Liszt an ideal, or perhaps his word was a "great," Beethoven player. As is generally known, Liszt had a prevailing tendency in his piano-playing to seek after orchestral effects, and thus found himself all the more at home in these compositions. But when has the world ever found another player of Liszt's magnificent caliber who could so intelligently and ably adapt himself as an interpreter of all kinds of music, who was always and ever master of his resources, and who never fell into the error of anticipating his climax? Or, if perchance he found himself in the least danger of such an event, he would readily arrange and develop a new climax, so that at the conclusion of his performance he was always sure to have worked his audience up to a state of almost crazy excitement and unbounded enthusiasm. He was at this time — 1853 — forty-two years old and at his best estate. But even Liszt, who possessed in such an unexampled degree all of the

faculties which in the aggregate make up the equipment of a perfect and even phenomenal player, had his limitations in certain directions and details, and, notwithstanding the opinion of Moscheles, many of the critics of the day maintained that he was no Beethoven player, and that his interpretation, instead of being severe, dignified, and austere, was too sensational. His touch was not so musically emotional as it might have been, and other pianists, notably Henselt, Chopin, Tausig, Rubinstein, and now Paderewski and some others, excel him in the art of producing beautiful and varied tone-colors together with sympathetic and singing quality of tone. It seems to me that in this matter of touch Paderewski is as near perfection as any pianist I have ever heard, while in other respects he stands more nearly on a plane with Liszt than any other virtuoso since Tausig. His conception of Beethoven combines the emotional with the intellectual in admirable poise and proportion. Thus he plays with a big, warm heart as well as with a clear, calm, and discriminative head; hence a thoroughly satisfactory result. Those who prefer a cold, arbitrary, and rigidly rhythmical and ex-cathedra style will not be pleased.

Without going closely into detail, there are certain matters concerning Paderewski's mechanical work which deserve the attention of students and others interested in piano technic. In many passages, without altering a note from the original, he ingeniously manages to bring out the full rhythmic and metrical effect, also the emphasis necessary to discriminative phrasing, by means of a change of fingering, effected either by interlocking the hands or by dividing different portions of the runs and arpeggios between them. In this way the accents and emphasis come out distinctly and precisely where they belong, and all of the composite tones are clean-cut, while at the same time a perfect legato is preserved. His pedal effects are invariably managed with consummate skill and in a thoroughly musical way, which results in exquisite tonal effects in all grades and varieties of light and shade. In musical conception he is so objective a player as to be faithful, true, and loving to his author, but withal he has a spice of the subjective which imparts to his performance just the right amount of his own individuality. This lifts his work out of an arbitrary rut, so to speak, and distinguishes his playing from that of other artists.

The glissando octave passages near the end of the C major Sonata, op. 53, he performs as originally designed by Beethoven and with the desired effect, notwithstanding Dr. Hans von Bülow's assertion that this method of execution is impossible on our modern pianos, on account of their heavy and stiff action. Paderewski, however, has the secret of a thoroughly supple and flexible touch, resulting from a perfectly elastic condition of shoulder, elbow, arm, and wrist, together with the power of keeping certain muscles, either singly or collectively as may be desired, in a state of partial contraction, while all of the others are "devitalized" to a degree which would delight the heart of a disciple of Delsarte.

The heartfelt sincerity of the man is noticeable in all that he does, and his intensity of utterance easily accounts for the strong hold he has over his audiences. He does not give us a remote and austere interpretation of Beethoven, but one which is broad and calm, manly and dignified, while it palpitates with life and is full of love combined with reverence. On this account it sometimes fails to please those who would strip music of its outward vestments,—its flesh, so to speak,—and skeletonize it. Paderewski's playing presents the beautiful contour of a living, vital organism.

Naturally, being a modern pianist, he is in close sympathy with the works of the Romantic school, his poetic personality finding its supreme utterance in the compositions of Schumann and Chopin. He plays Schumann with all the noble, vivid fantasy which that master requires, though perhaps lacking a little sometimes in his reckless humor. In Chopin's music, the finest efflorescence of the Romantic school, Paderewski's original touch is full of melancholy pathos, without sentimental mawkishness, and without finical cynicism. He has his robust moods, and his heroic delivery of the A flat Polonaise, taken in the true and stately polonaise tempo, is tremendously impressive. It possesses that subtle quality expressed in some measure by the German word *Sehnsucht*, and in English as "intensity of aspiration." This quality Chopin had, and Liszt frequently spoke of it. It is the undefinably poetic haze with which Paderewski invests and surrounds all that he plays which renders him so unique and impressive among modern pianists.

Paderewski has one quality which Chopin always lacked in degree—namely, the power of contrast; and, as pertinent to this, I remember that Dreyschock told me that many years ago he, in company with Thalberg, attended one of Chopin's concerts given in Paris. After listening to the delicately exquisite touch of the great Polish artist and to his gossamer arpeggios and dainty tone-embroideries, Thalberg, on reaching the street, began to shout at the top of his lungs. Dreyschock naturally asked the reason for this, and Thalberg's reply was, "I have been listening to a *piano* all the evening, and now must have a *forte*."

Little fear of a forte being found lacking in Paderewski's playing, which is at times

orchestral in its sonority, the most violent extremes of color being present when required. Listen to him in the Rubinstein Étude or the Liszt Rhapsodies, with their clanging rhythms and mad fury, and ask what pianist since Liszt has given us such gorgeous, glowing colors — such explosions of tone, and the unbridled freedom of the Magyar.

Paderewski is an artist by the grace of God, a phenomenal and inspired player, and, like all persons of large natural gifts, a simple, gracious, and loving character.

William Mason.[1]

[1] The aid of Mr. J. G. Huneker, rendered in the preparation of this paper at a time when the writer was seriously indisposed, is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

PADEREWSKI: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is the son of an old Polish country family whose home is in Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, where he was born in 1860. Although his father was able to provide in some degree for the education of his children, young Ignace soon found it necessary to support himself. But — better than money — aristocratic instincts, high breeding, high spirit, indomitable will, the love and power of work, those blessed heritages of good blood, were his by birth and training.

The lad owed his musical organization to his mother; his father, who was a gentleman farmer, had no musical tastes.

One class of mankind is born to receive its strongest impressions through the eye, another from words and thoughts, a third from bodily sensations, and a fourth through the ear. If we could follow each class into its mental life, we should find that a large part of its memory, thinking and doing, was dependent on its ruling sense. Paderewski's world is preëminently a world of tone. Every sound he hears makes a clear, abiding mental impression. But he is great because he is symmetrical enough to live also in a world of sights, ideas, and actions.

Our artist passed the early years of childhood in the country. He was motherless, but "Him by the hand kind Nature took." She showed him her gracious silences, her sounds of forest, field, and brook, her stir of living growth, her various skies and motions. To this first, best music lesson his imagination owes much of its objective material.

From earliest infancy he could "hear." At three he stole to the piano to touch the keys and to listen. At six he began to study. The teacher was a fiddler who helped out his living by giving lessons on the piano, which he could not play. It did not even occur to him to bestow upon his pupils that peculiar treasure of his own instrument, the power of recognizing tones. But it was not necessary. Young Ignace knew the pitch of every sound he heard. He could identify not only the notes in every chord, but each separate set of vibrations that goes to make up that variable compound we call tone. "I *must* hear them, because I try to color my tone," said he, when the writer put the question; and added, "I do that largely with the pedal."

The creative instinct was alive in him as soon as he could think at all. He did not long to stir his fancy by singing and playing the literature of music, but to make the music himself — to express his ideas and emotions through his own musical forms. After a year or two another teacher was engaged, an old man who came down into the country once a month. He had as little notion of technic as his predecessor. He thought it sufficient to bring with him a collection of four- and six-handed pieces, — pot-pourris from popular operas, — which the little boy and his sister played at sight. There his instruction ended. The children were left to find their own way among the keys, and to stumble as they went. But though genius may stumble, it does not stick in the bog. "Art," says Emerson, "is the path of a creator to his work," and certainly genius is the faculty of making a short cut thither. Within, it possesses the image of the object to be arrived at clear and bright; and it has the woodsman's instinct by which it threads the jungle of ways and means. The young student always knew what he wanted to do; he played, listened, compared, and thought till he found the right way. Paderewski's marvelous tone-quality is an example. Its perfection has been the work of his life, but it has been wholly his own discovery, guided by an exquisitely sensitive ear. When a boy of twelve, Paderewski went to the conservatory at Warsaw. There he studied harmony and counterpoint with Roguski, and took piano lessons (he never studied any other instrument) of Janotha, the father of Natalie. Janotha was then eighty years old. His notions of technic must have been those of his own generation. But how mellow the culture bestowed by contact with this old musician's lifetime of musical experience and tradition, and with his objects of veneration! Paderewski moves among the old forms of music with the freedom of early good musical breeding. The creations of the past are flex-

ible in his hands, because since childhood he has known them to be living, not dead. The boy's physical equipment was happy. That supple, elastic frame, offspring of generations of Polish gentlemen trained to fence, dance, and ride, needed a minimum of discipline for the dexterities of the piano. Nerve, eye, and hand were ready. In his after years no more tireless student of technic ever lived; but as a boy our artist had small appetite for virtuosity. Still, those years of independent music, untrammeled by teachers' traditions or drill, were rich years. The original methods of fingering, habitual to the artist we know, were felt out and found out to a great degree as he played and extemporized.

Warsaw, a city of over half a million inhabitants, is the literary and musical center of Poland. Hugo says that a suffering and oppressed nation always sings. Certainly the musical instinct of Poland is keenly alive. In this atmosphere was much to animate and to mature the young student. The conservatory afforded good instruction in counterpoint and composition. In its excellent musical library the future composer speedily made acquaintance with the masterpieces of his art. To the conservatory of Warsaw he traces the beginning of what may be called the literary side of his musical culture, as well as his love of general education.

At sixteen young Paderewski made a tour through Russia. During this journey he played his own compositions and those of other people; but, as he naïvely confessed, they were all his own, no matter what he played, for he did not know the music, and as he had little technic and could not manage the hard places, he improvised to fill up the gaps. There was one concerto by Henselt of which he could play the first and second themes, but neither the extensions nor the passages. But he played it before audiences, and got people to listen to it. It must have been a pretty sight. The boy, with his bright hair and delicate, mobile face, sensitive and shy, but trustful in his power to win and charm, gathered about him the audience, often poor and rough, submitting unawares to the old spell of genius,— the genius of the singer,— the very same type of musician that the Greeks understood so well, and gathered up in all its lovely detail into the myth of Orpheus. The journey was of great value. The young artist learned to watch his audiences and to play to them, just as he does to-day. He tested his powers, and his bright boy's eyes noticed every detail of costume, adventure, national holiday or dance. He stored away among his artistic material the characteristic intonations of every dialect and the melody of every folk-song he met.

The tour over, Paderewski went back to Warsaw. To please his father, he studied, and six months later obtained his diploma from the conservatory. He was eighteen when he became professor of music in the same institution. The noble thirst for knowledge was upon him, and the money he earned was spent on literary studies, which he prosecuted with different masters, principally at night, after the day's teaching was over.

Paderewski has all his life sought people of character and culture for his companions. A few choice intimates, and no admittance to commonplace folk, has been his rule. The man whose influence upon his character was greatest, and whose friendship was most devoted, was the late Professor Chalubinski, Poland's best physician, and one of her greatest men in character and intelligence. As long as he lived Chalubinski felt the keenest interest in the fortunes of his earnest young compatriot. The love the two men felt for each other stood that sharpest of tests — gratitude.

Married at nineteen, a widower at twenty, with hope crushed out of him, Paderewski threw his whole life passionately into music. He went to Kiel in Berlin, and studied composition. Kiel was a wonderful teacher of counterpoint. "You will soon 'hear' very differently," he used to say to his new pupils, as he taught them to braid the strands of polyphony. The one composer who carried into modern life the musical feeling of the preceding century, his own style was simple, unaffected, and noble. No pupil ever left him without new insight into fugue and sensitive feeling for the peculiar beauties of the earlier school. Paderewski declares Bach the "poet of musicians." But it was inevitable that he, whose ardent spirit belongs to our own age, should reject for his own composition the tradition of a past epoch. Paderewski's pure, transparent, and well-balanced fugue playing is probably the best result of Kiel's influence. Kiel died about this time, and a year later, in 1884, our artist was still in Berlin, but under the tuition of Heinrich Urban. As a master of composition this great musician seems to have satisfied every requirement.

At twenty-three Paderewski was professor of music in the conservatory of Strasburg. He was still poor, but poverty could not grind down his spirit, nor narrow his conception of life. It was simply a stimulus to incessant work. He was then accustomed to visit a certain little mountain summer resort frequented by other distinguished artists, among them Mme. Modjeska, and her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski. Mme. Modjeska describes him as at this time a polished and genial companion; a man of wide culture; of witty, sometimes biting, tongue; brilliant in table-talk; a man wide

awake to all matters of popular interest, who knew and understood the world, but whose intimacy she and her husband especially prized for the "elevation of his character and the refinement of his mind."

His familiarity with musical literature was already exhaustive. To amuse these same friends he once extemporized exquisitely upon a theme in the characteristic style of every great composer from Palestrina to Chopin. When he had finished they begged him to play it once more according to himself, and that time it was the most beautiful of all. That night they sat down by the piano soon after dinner, and it was five in the morning before he rose. Then, alarmed at his white, haggard face, they dragged him from the stool. Since his juvenile tour his tone and execution had been unconsciously growing, and his technic developing with use. It was already great. But his playing, though interesting as the expression of the composer's ideas, lacked finish, or even security. When one passage was too knotty he still improvised another in its place, easier but more graceful.

Paderewski is a most patient student, heedful of that still small voice as seldom heard in art as in ethics, and he is sensitive to music's truest and most dignified claims. Never has he struck a note to make a popular effect, or descended to a claptrap ornament to excite a vulgar audience. He *plays to his hearers* more than any other artist of his day, but it is with the delicate and sensitive instinct of the great orator who *speaks to his hearers*, not above or beyond them. Vanity, personal or artistic, he has none. He is at once intensely proud, and most humble in his estimate of himself. He is known, everywhere, to remember not only a melody, but a kindness, forever.

Resolving to become a virtuoso, he sought Leschetitzky in 1886, and set to work with his accustomed energy. Find a way, or make one, had always been his motto, and it is characteristic of artists of his type of genius that they more often find than make the way. While determination is surveying, hewing, and building a causeway, they have long since spied a practicable pass and slipped nimbly through to the goal. Hence the repose, harmony, and beauty of their work; a serenity that is the sign of normal development, a revelation of fulfilled natural law.

Such has been Paderewski's whole musical growth. His art is the vivid, instinctive expression of his maturing inner life, which he has constantly turned into music. It has known no sudden transfigurations and spasmodic activities. It has had its roots in his feeling and doing, far from public adulation and concert-room stimulus. To Leschetitzky Paderewski ascribes "his finish, security, and virtuosity." He was with him only seven months, making his début in Vienna in 1887. But virtuosity is a matter of manual exercise; he achieved it, but the amount of physical fatigue and endurance involved can hardly be estimated.

We can trace the hand of the great Polish teacher of artists here and there in the playing of his greatest pupil. The limpid run, the delicate staccato, the superb octave, we have seen before in Essipoff. But the tremendous originality of the man stands out in each and every detail of his music, and, like his tone, his technic must be considered as his own, since both depend essentially upon the generative impulse of his artistic conception, and the habitual correction and leading of his ear.

At seven Paderewski wrote his first music, a set of Polish dances. In 1882 he found a publisher in Berlin. His Menuet, Chant du Voyageur, Melodie, Legende, Variations, and Polish Dances, but especially his Concerto, are much valued throughout Europe. The majority of his compositions were already written when, at the age of twenty-five, he went to Vienna.

No one who has heard the mature artist of to-day can doubt where he has won his pathos and his strength. No musician can make counterfeit experience pass current. He may not be able to express all he feels, but he cannot give voice to what he has never felt. An early manhood of sturdy self-respect and industry, a nature sweet, loving, and clean, a heart that has learned many a lesson of suffering, are apparent in every note and phrase.

Lively patriotism, filial responsibility, a married life that ran from joy to despair in less than a year, a fatherhood constantly attuned to sympathy and tenderness for his motherless and invalid boy, have done their gracious work in his music, and taught him the secret cry of human hearts.

With Paderewski practice and study never cease. Before every concert he is accustomed to shut himself up and to practise all night, going carefully over his whole program. No point of phrasing, technic, or execution escapes him. When all is securely thought and worked out, the artist is ready for his hearers. The next day he goes to the piano master of his material, and, free from concern about notes or mechanical means, plays with perfect abandon out of his inner feeling. This, his own statement, is borne out by his vividly expressive face when playing.

The spirit that speaks through Paderewski's music is a spirit of light. We see the reason when we recognize that the great virtuoso of our generation has courage and rectitude not only to work but to live for his high calling.

Fanny Morris Smith.

"HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS."

I

IF words were perfume, color, wild desire;
If poet's song were fire,
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;
If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbbed to hours;
If summer's rains
Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden flowers;
If God made flowers with light and music in them,
And saddened hearts could win them;
If loosened petals touched the ground
With a caressing sound;
If love's eyes uttered word
No listening lover e'er before had heard;
If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;
If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's eclipse
When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;
If all of mortal woe
Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow;
If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams
That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;
Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,
Trembling to earth in dew;
Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,
Made a majestic music in the night;
If all the orbs lost in the light of day
In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;
And when in frightening skies the lightnings flashed
And storm-clouds crashed,
If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of beauty;

——If human syllables could e'er refashion
That fierce electric passion;
If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)
The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder
Of that keen hour of wonder,—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell,—
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

II

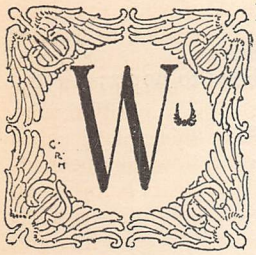
How Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some disbodied spirit that had rushed
From silence into singing; that had crushed
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong
Turns at the last to beauty and to song!

DECEMBER 18, 1891. *R. W. Gilder.*

GAY'S ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLOMANIACS," ETC.

I.



HEN Gay Berkeley, a bright-eyed girl in quaint, made-over frocks, took her walks abroad with Great-Aunt Penelope, who was arrayed in a large bonnet with tulle ear-tabs and a shawl of China crape trailing limply over a black silk gown, she used to think there could be no spot on earth in which so many interesting things had happened, and so many interesting people had lived, as old Belhaven. Every house, street, paving-stone, evoked from the maiden aunt's unfailing repertoire a reminiscence. When Miss Pen met on the sidewalk some other large-bonneted lady, they talked together of mysterious has-beens; and before they parted, the lady would generally take the girl's chin in hand to look her in the face, and tell Gay that she was the image of her great-grandmother, or that she had her Uncle Marmaduke's own nose.

Gay, who in those days looked at most things from a Castle of Otranto standpoint, liked the externals of her birthplace, where, early left an orphan, she had always dwelt under the care of her father's aunts. She could appreciate the picturesque value of its grass-grown thoroughfares, bordered with blocks of houses, mostly of red brick faced with white, many of them detached and set comfortably back in brick-walled gardens harboring the sun; its venerable churches, inns, lodges, market-places, remaining there to tell of the great founders of the town; its wide area of surrounding landscape, to which, from a hill beyond the city limits, visiting strangers were proudly introduced. From Shooter's Hill, looking across the caterpillar structure of the Long Bridge, one saw the white gleam of the Capitol dominating the roofs and spires of Washington; the colonnades of Arlington House; the beautiful, broad Potomac as far as Gunston, Mount Vernon, and Belvoir; the lovely valley of Cameron — all these enframed in undulating woods. Whenever Gay heard travelers dilate upon the Rhine, the Tweed, and the Thames, she was conscious of a bridling desire to bid them view the Potomac from the top of Shooter's Hill, and die.

But this much any one could and still can see. More important in coloring her ideas was the daily intercourse with a community of people who belonged to the semi-feudal and essentially aristocratic side of early American society, even then gliding away like the sands of an hour-glass. Everybody they knew had somewhere touched history; everybody kept traditions rubbed up with chamois leather and set sidewise on shelves. Life flowed so tranquilly. The visits, tea-drinkings, church-goings, benevolent societies, never developed anything newer than the recurrent tragedies of birth and death. Young men who grew up there stretched their limbs, inflated their chests, looked away over at the far horizon, and left the town. Everything in the way of stir or bustle was executed with such genteel deliberation that, like the immortal Joe in Pickwick, it fell asleep *in itinere.*

But to a speculative young person like Miss Gay there was entertainment to be found, and she well knew where to look for it. When not poring over the old books in the Princess Royal street house where she was born, Gay studied human nature in the homes of her aunts' friends. By Miss Penelope, who was a mine of genealogical information, she was continually fed with stories; and when in search of the concrete forms of excitement, what better than to perch on the edge of the kitchen table where black Peggy was rolling out her dough, and to elicit the marvels that the old cook, "when i' the vein," would pour out in accents as rich and soft as oil?

The drawback to Peggy's narratives was her anxiety to assert herself as an eye-witness of all events. In the matter of Washingtoniana, especially, the old woman, accustomed to be questioned by strangers as to the minutest recollections cherished by the town of her most illustrious citizen, was very tenacious of associating herself in every scene described.

"Think of it, Aunt Peggy," Gay said once, when on a visit to the kitchen, "Auntie has been telling me that her grandfather had just finished building this house when George Washington was recruiting his ragged volunteers to march against the French on the Ohio. She says her grandpapa told her the young lieutenant-colonel was a long-legged, gawky fellow, with big hands, and so solemn the Belhaven girls would run away from him whenever he came near. But they sang a different tune when he came back from the wars."

"Wot you tellin' me, chile?" quoth Peggy, contemptuously. "T'ink I ain't heard Miss Lucindy beg Miss Sally many a time to go down in de parlor an' 'ceive Kunnel Wash'n'ton, 'stid o' her? An' Miss Sally say as how she would n' do no sich a t'ing 'less Miss Lucindy promise to let her wear dat blue padu'soy o' hers next Sunday to Christ Church. An' all de while dem gals was a-'sputin', dat poor young feller was a-coolin' his heels in de werry place wher' ole Miss got her big arm-cheer dis day."

"Why, Aunt Peggy," exclaimed Gay, "that was in 1754!"

"Who said it wor n't?" queried the old woman, testily.

"It would make you — oh! at least a hundred and twelve years old —"

"How 's I gwine to git my dinnah, like to know?" interrupted Peggy. "Reckon Miss Pen 'll come out cheer an' riz Richa'd Henry roun' my years nex' t'ing. You Cynthy! Hurry an' put dat crock on ice, ef you 'spec' to git de bonnyclabber sot for tea! Mars! Awe, Mars! Nem o' Gord, niggah, t'ink fire burn 'dout wood? Hain't heerd yo' ax strike a lick sence you chop my chickens' hades off. You Trip! String dem snaps 'fo' I bu's' yo' cocoanut."

In the sudden whirlwind Gay and her questions vanished from the scene.

No story of the past hidden behind Belhaven house-fronts had quite such power to charm Gay's imagination as that of two stricken sisters who lived at a place called the Poplars, just outside the town, their sole companion a slave-woman, as gray and as misshapen as a gnome. Once a week, for years past, it had been Miss Penelope's custom to walk out to the Poplars, attended by Dennis, her man-servant, carrying a basket of home-made delicacies; oftentimes had Gay begged to be allowed to go with them, and to wait outside the door till her aunt's visit was at an end. Miss Penelope's foot alone was permitted to penetrate the dim hall with the stately fan-light over the front door, where she was received by her friend of childhood, Miss Selina Stith, the younger of the owners of the house. Dennis, relieved of his burden upon the steps, was glad to sneak away to the common opposite, where such cheerful everyday sights as geese stalking in a string, cows grazing, and boys wading in little pools, might restore his equanimity. Gay, less timorous, liked to stroll along the weedy carriageway, with its iron posts and chains, shut off from the street by a high brick wall, and to gaze up at the rows of windows like dead eyes, at the chimneys whence arose so little smoke, at the dreary ivy that had overlapped and strangled every outlet of the melancholy house. When Aunt Penelope came out, it was always with reddened eyelids, and a cloud upon her usually smiling face.

"No better, Aunt Pen?" Gay would ask.

"No better, my dear child, and never will be this side the grave, poor thing," the good lady would reply.

It had been full twenty years since any one had seen the elder of the Misses Stith. More familiar to neighborhood eyes was Miss Selina, who sometimes, in the dusk of warm evenings, came out of the decaying mansion to wander wraith-like in the streets. The children of the mechanics who lived on the outskirts of the town were accustomed to the apparition, and, when she passed them at their play, gazed curiously after but did not follow the queer little figure in the garb of fifty years before — an "umbrella" frock with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a poke-bonnet draped with a veil of sprigged black lace.

Now and then she would pause beside some group at play, and two eyebeams of softest blue would shoot athwart the meshes of her veil and rest quietly on the little ones. Sometimes she produced from her reticule odd toys of an unfamiliar pattern, and silently laid them in the lap of some baby in a pet or neglected by its mates. But she never spoke, and as darkness closed would melt into the shadows of the night.

"I wish I could see Miss Selina face to face," sighed Gay, one morning, when returning with Aunt Penelope from the customary pilgrimage. "Major Garnett told me she was the prettiest girl that ever grew up in Belhaven. He says when he was a lad, and used to look up into the organ-loft of Christ Church and see her singing, all in white, he called her St. Cecilia."

"Yes, my dear; a beauty she was, and so gay and merry — her paintings on rice-paper universally admired — and such a finger for the harp! It is one of the mysteries of an inscrutable Providence why she should have followed Celestia and become — ahem — deranged."

"And, O Auntie, Peggy says the curse upon the Stiths may one day be removed by a secret you know of, but that I am not to be told. And I think, considering I 'm well past fifteen — do be a dear, and tell me what it is."

"Peggy should certainly be checked," began Aunt Pen, with a rather guilty blush, remembering a nocturnal gossip of her own with the old woman not many days before.

"If I could only go inside the Poplars *once*," pursued Gay, plaintively. "Think of aching all one's life to get behind a door."

"Don't think of it, child. It is too sad for words. There is nothing for you to see," replied Miss Pen, with so woebegone a face that Gay dared not persist.

Everybody knew the old story of the Stiths.

Just before the American revolt against the crown, there had arrived to settle in Belhaven the younger son of an English family, a man handsome, winning, and possessed of sufficient fortune to make people speculate as to why he came. Oxford-bred, and carrying good credentials, he, however, speedily made for himself a place in the affections of the town, and married a beautiful heiress who was the toast of the country-side. Of the cause impelling Mr. Theophilus Stith's emigration to the New World, tradition said that it was a last effort to break the spell of a curse transmitted through several generations of his ancestors to the younger son of his family. Long ago, the English legend ran, there had been of this line a daring youngster, who in a fit of bravado pulled down a ruined chapel upon his estate and built with its stones a banquet-hall, in which, wine-cup in hand, he had been struck dead while reveling. Since then prosperity had forsaken every younger son born to the house of Stith. Belhaven doubters, and there were not a few to greet this myth with mocking, had in time to witness the dark close of a career begun among them under brightest auspices. Let Miss Penelope take up the tale as Gay heard it in her youth.

"Yes, my love; Mrs. Theophilus was the envy of the place. Her husband built and fitted up for her the Poplars, then well out of town; all the furniture came from England, together with a handsome new chariot, to which she drove 'four' along the Rolling Road and elsewhere. For a little while she was as happy as a queen. Then children came very fast, and every corner of the house was full of young faces and voices — ten children had Mrs. Stith. Selina, my contemporary, was the youngest of the flock."

"Well, Auntie?"

"Oh, they had trouble; his habits were not good, I 've heard. One day his horse came home to the Poplars without its master; they picked up Mr. Stith stone-dead, and his wife's death followed shortly."

"And then, Auntie?"

"My dear Gay, you know it is one long tragedy. Every member but two of that gifted and promising household came to a sudden or tragic end."

"It is like one of the cycles of Greek plays, where whole families are swept away by death, that Dr. Falconer read me about in our lesson yesterday," said Gay.

"On poor Celestia, who with her sister alone survived, fell the burden; for she had been the little mother of the rest. She and Selina had their youngest brother Richard's only son to bring up, a handsome, wilful boy, called Llewellyn. Celestia was always a reserved, self-centered nature, but in her way she loved Llew dearly, while Selina lavished on him her full, warm heart. The lad had entered the university, and was doing well, when a dispute arose between him and his older aunt about some matter trifling enough, God knows, to have caused such dreadful results. Celestia was not happy in her way of dealing with the young. Llewellyn declared that he had rather go and dig in a ditch for his living than be dependent on her whims. I forgot to say, my dear, that by this time their fine fortune had melted like snow in the sun, and Celestia had much ado to make two ends meet. Well, Celestia bade him go, and, spite of Selina's tears and prayers, the boy left them one morning, and has never been heard of since — Gay, my dear, we are passing Slater's, and forgetting to match Sister Finetta's gray alpaca —"

"One minute, Auntie. Was it Llewellyn's loss that made Miss Celestia go insane?"

"Who can tell, child? From melancholy she passed into utter aberration; and Selina, though, as you know, less grievously afflicted, has gone under the same cloud. Do you think it would answer to trim it with a piping of gray satin? Would sister think it too smart?"

"Let us pipe it 'unbeknownst,'" said Gay, smiling, "and she won't have the heart to rip it off. Auntie, I can't think Llewellyn Stith had really a good heart, or it would have softened in time to those poor women who loved him so."

"'He will come back,' Selina said, at first repeating it day after day. Then she ceased to speak of him, and, before her poor heart was broken quite, lapsed into merciful oblivion."

"Oh, it was wicked, cruel!" cried Gay. "How I should like to tell him so!"

"My dear," said Miss Penelope, mildly, "that was five and thirty years ago."

II.

In the autumn of 1859, to Gay, then a blooming lassie just beginning to find out her own good looks, occurred an event that in dull Belhaven had power to excite in her a temporary indifference to all human woe. Through an old friend of the family, a leader in the social world of Washington, she received an invitation to meet the party of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his intended visit to Mount Vernon.

Although the visitor was only a lad, republican maids and matrons along the line of his travels were palpitating to secure such an opportunity as came unsought to our little homespun Gay. To her, in truth, it was less prince, more outing. She had not learned the importance of a hand-shake from budding royalty

under watch of a cordon of tutors and courtiers. Sufficient to fill her cup was the prospect of an entirely new frock made by Viney Piper, and a new ostrich-feather for her hat — one that might perchance — oh, thought of joy! — go entirely around the brim and rest upon the shoulder. Belhaven generally was content with simple tips.

"It is the Queen's eldest son, my dear, and we have always been fond of England," said Miss Penelope, fluttering. "I should n't wonder in the least if your Aunt Finetta should decide to unlock the wardrobe, and look up something of poor Lucilla's that you might wear."

Gay's eyes sparkled. She could never get over the thrill that ensued upon a hint of unlocking the wardrobe. But, in the mean time, there was the little sum set aside with careful consideration to purchase a new muslin, and new trimmings for her hat. And up King street, in Miss Pewee's window, she knew of a hat she meant to copy, — the sweetest wide-brimmed Leghorn encircled with a plume of pale rose-color, and topped with a knot of rose velvet, — a masterpiece of art. There could be no dawdling over the breakfast things that day.

As soon as Miss Penelope had "given out" supplies to Peggy and Susan, who with flour-measures and sugar-bowls and jugs attended her to the store-room, Gay hurried the old lady into her bonnet and shawl and away to the emporium of Miss Pewee, intending afterward to repair to Slater's for the purchase of her gown.

"Let you look at that hat in the window? Why, certainly, Miss Gay," exclaimed Eliza Pewee, cordially. "You 'd best try it on, miss, for you can never get an idea — I 'll vow, Miss Penelope, ma'am, I 've yet to see anything set off Miss Gay like this."

Eliza, a member of Miss Penelope's Bible-class, was well trained in fundamentals; she spoke honest truth. How could any one fail to perceive the enchanting frame it made for Gay's waving locks and dusky, long-lashed eyes, her rose-bloom and her dimples? And, oddly enough, at that very moment, a strange young man stepped into the shop inquiring the way to the bookseller's, and, meeting Miss Gay's brown orbs full on his, blushed, apologized, and retired in great embarrassment.

"Came down on the boat from Wash'n'ton early this mornin'," explained Miss Pewee. "My sister noticed him when he got off. Seems foreign-like, don't you think so, ma'am? Has been pokin' around town all mornin'; quite the gentleman, I 'd say. Now, Miss Gay, you really ought to let me send this home. Day before yesterday, when I took it out o' the New York packing-case, says I to Lizzie, it 's the very thing for Miss Gay Berkeley — oh, no trouble in the world, Miss Gay. I 've the same untrimmed, certainly; and feathers, too, only not half so long."

While Gay's reluctant fingers turned over the milliner's exhibit of raw material; while Gay, sorely tempted, but aware that the price of the coveted hat would exhaust the money set aside for her complete outfit, tried to wonder how she could be satisfied with two tips and a ribbon bow instead of that lovely plume and the velvet sea-shell made by wonder-working fingers, Aunt Penelope was undergoing the same mental struggle. When Eliza Pewee, searching for the right shade, dived behind a curtain and disappeared back of the shop, Aunt Penelope cleared her throat, and spoke:

"Gay."

"Well, Aunt Pen?"

"My dear, I am not sure whether Sister Finetta would approve. I have always been partial to rose-color, and as this is the first time one of the royal family has visited Mount Vernon since the war, I think Virginians should make a little exertion. My love, *if* we buy this hat, what could be done about a frock for you?"

"O dearest Aunt Pen," cried the girl, radiantly, "let us have the old muslin washed."

As they were walking home, — Gay in an *après-moi-le-deluge* state of mind, — they ran again upon the strange young man coming out of the bookseller's with a parcel under his arm. They heard afterward (everything got about in Belhaven) that he had been trying to purchase any literature that might contain allusions to the early history of the town and its inhabitants.

"I suppose he is some young journalist from the North," said Miss Penelope. "Naturally enough, such people take interest in our town."

"His cheeks are as pink as my new ribbons," said Gay, "and he looks painfully shy and young. O Aunt Pen, you were a perfect darling to decide me about that hat."

And so the hat came home, was deposited in its bandbox on the Marseilles counterpane of the spare-room bed, was visited by Gay in her nightgown (to try it on again), by the Misses Bassett from next door, by Peggy and Susan and Cynthy from the kitchen, and in time became a proverb in the town.

On the day following, a family conclave gathered in the chill, speckless room wherein Great-Grandpapa Berkeley had given up the ghost, since inhabited in solitary state by his eldest daughter. It was a dusky chamber, with bed- and window-curtains of white dimity, the chief wall space occupied by a massive wardrobe of lustrous mahogany, before which, like a priestess

at the shrine, stood the grim figure of Aunt Finetta, keys in hand. The wide doors of the sanctuary, yet obstinately shut, reflected Gay's rosy face, her dark brows puckered in a frown of intense expectancy, side by side with Aunt Pen's drab puffs of hair and scarcely less anxious visage. In the corridor outside, in an agony of curiosity, hovered a little black girl, who would have given an eye or a tooth to cross the threshold. With a rattle and a clank, Miss Berkeley unlocked the wardrobe doors and swung them back. Forth stole upon pleased olfactories a scent of attar of rose that changed, ere one fairly had sniffed it, into that of Tonquin bean; then a tang of camphor struck the air. They caught visions of squat bandboxes covered with flowered wall-paper; of lacquered boxes, boxes of sandalwood, of Tunbridge Wells mosaic, of Italian olive-wood, cabas and bags of leather and satin, and of homelier green baize; of parcels wrapped in rice-paper, in silver-paper, in tissue-paper — all neatly ranged upon the shelves.

Gay's attention was fairly dazzled, roving between Lucilla's Mechlin pinner and the waistcoat with silver sprigs worn by great-grandpapa to the President's levee — between a pelisse of white satin, painted with ragged robins, and a "slip" of pale blue trimmed with tarnished silver fringe, in which Miss Finetta had danced a minuet with Colonel Aaron Burr. She handled a necklace of turquoise disks enframed in golden filigree, and let a long chain of aquamarines glide rippling through her hands, till recalled by an exclamation from Aunt Penelope.

"Sister! While you have the writing-desk in hand, suppose you let Gay see those miniatures of poor Selina and Llewellyn she gave us on the boy's eighteenth birthday. It is a long time since you had them out."

"Is *that* Miss Selina?" cried Gay, eagerly. "How perfectly lovely she was! O Auntie, there is no one so pretty now. And this — why — how odd — Llewellyn is exactly like the young man we saw buying books at Stringer's yesterday."

"My dear," said Miss Penelope, catching her breath, "you take me by surprise. It is hardly a subject to jest upon. Put away the pictures, child, and pray say nothing more about them. It is long since I have cared to look at either. There, sister, that is the organdie I spoke of — pink convolvulus on a white ground — so beautifully sheer — if Viney can't make it over for Gay, nobody can — pity it 's a little yellow. To be sure, the Prince is but a lad, and he might not notice it is off the white."

But Miss Berkeley, standing erect and unsmiling, the filmy fabric flowing from her arms, answered not a word. She was thinking of the dead young sister who in her brief season had been as full of the pride of youth and the flush of hope as Gay. With a deep sigh, she laid the dress in Miss Pen's lap, and when she spoke again it was to utter some moral reflections upon the duties and responsibilities of a prince, drawn from the fount of her favorite classic, Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" went the front-door bell. It was before visiting hours, and they knew that most of the ladies of their acquaintance were making pickles at the time.

The little black girl, fortified by duty, knocked boldly at the chamber door. When bidden to come in, her eyes wandered wildly on every side at once, trying to take in all she could while delivering her message.

"It 's old Major Gyanett, miss; an' he axes to see de ladies mos' partic'lar."

"Penelope, you will go down at once," said Miss Berkeley. "I shall follow when I have put away the things."

Covertly adjusting her cap, Miss Pen obeyed. Gay accompanied her to the blue parlor, where they found the little gentleman walking up and down in great excitement.

"God bless my soul! Miss Penelope, ma'am, here 's an extraordinary thing," said the old fellow. "News, after all these years, of Llewellyn Stith, who is married and living in England, and has sent his only surviving son to look us up. I 'll declare to you, ma'am, that, in my hurry to let you know, I brought my cane and forgot my hat."

"One moment, David," said tremulous Miss Pen. "You will kindly not tell me any more till my sister comes down. My sister must be first to hear, of course."

So Gay was the seeress, after all. She listened with avidity to the Major's story when, Aunt Finetta arriving, he was free to rid his burning tongue of the strange tale. Llewellyn had gone to Australia in his youth, and there fell in with a relative of the elder branch of his father's family, whose daughter he married, and who, called back to England to inherit a good property, was now succeeded by his son-in-law. But although fortune had smiled on him, Llewellyn had known great sorrow. One member after another of his family had died off, leaving only the youngest son, Berkeley, named in memory of his kind friends in Belhaven, whom he had never ceased to love.

"Always the curse. I always said the curse would not be lifted till the legend of the ring came true — and oh! how can it come true?" interrupted Miss Penelope, at this point.

Gay's ears and eyes opened. What, oh, what *was* the legend of the ring?

"Penelope, you will oblige me by not interrupting Major Garnett," said Miss Berkeley, frowning.

"Not knowing what members of our families still survive, Llewellyn, who is an invalid, directed his son to make inquiries through the British minister in Washington. Lord L——, who is my very good friend, referred him at once to me, and after an effort to see me yesterday, when I was up the country, the boy returned to town to-day. It appears that poor Llewellyn feels that he cannot die without an effort to ask forgiveness of his aunts. Egad, ma'am, the trouble with me was how to tell the lad the condition of his afflicted relatives."

"Night and day since Llewellyn left her," said Miss Pen, tearfully, "Selina has worn around her neck a shirt-stud found on his dressing-table. Old Juno says she 'd as soon think of offering to take it off as of removing the ring from her Miss Celestia's finger."

Again the ring. Gay's mind was intolerably busy with speculation. Why had she never heard of it? In the midst of her wondering came the direful commonplace of a summons from Peggy, to know if Miss Gay was ready to begin on the pickled mangos. She waited to hear Major Garnett add that the lad, who was a pleasant fellow, but shy and awkward, had promised to return to Belhaven within a day or two, and to make him a visit until they could decide upon what to do in the matter of carrying out the injunction of his father.

"To look at young Mr. Stith, one would not have thought he came of such a cold-blooded, hard-hearted father," mused Gay, who felt that she had at last obtained her dues in the matter of a genuine romance.

III.

"It was a beautiful autumn day," said the newspapers of the time, "when nature put on her gayest livery to welcome to the burial-place of Washington the heir to the Georges' throne."

Gay and the Major, who was to be her escort on the drive, were in the hall of the house in Princess Royal street waiting for Timson's hack. The little Major, over his best auburn scratch, wore a well-brushed beaver hat, his blue body-coat was smartly buttoned, his standing collar was snow-white, his black silk stock was tied jauntily, and he carried his great-grandfather's gold-headed stick. Miss Pen, surveying him with lambent tenderness, felt that he was a credit to the day.

Gay, attired in Lucilla's organdie, in Miss Pewee's champion hat, looked bewitching. Running out into the garden, she had picked for her belt a big bunch of "bleeding-hearts," and a smaller posy of the same for the Major's buttonhole. Now all was ready, and still the recreant Timson did not come.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Miss Penelope. "I suppose he forgot to have the window mended that rattled so. Well, I always did say I could trust Viney Piper to cut anything, though she was unlucky with my brown lustring a year ago last February, there 's no denying it. How odd it seems for you to be going to meet the Prince, child, when one remembers the stand grandpapa took in the Revolution—though, to be sure, grandpapa had fought *with* the English in the French and Indian affairs. I must say it shows a very proper feeling in the Queen to let her son come. Dear, dear! if it should rain, if there 's the least moisture in the air, I hope you will think about your feather all the time, child—mind you take particular note of the color of his hair and eyes, and remember all he says about the royal family. Here 's good Miss Fanny Bassett, my dear, stepped in to see you dressed. Yes, Miss Fanny; we think our little girl looks very nice—Major, do you reckon anything could have hap—there 's Timson at last, and, I declare, if he has n't got the little white horses with long tails that he drives to the baby funerals!"

Under the oak-trees on the Mount Vernon lawn had gathered a pleasant company. The silver-haired President with his fair, stately niece; Lord Lyons, genial Sir Henry Holland, the imposing Duke of Newcastle—these were most prominent in the *entourage* of the blond boy with courtly manners, who looked as if he would have liked to escape ceremonial, and enjoy Mount Vernon after some fashion of his own devising. Elsewhere, everywhere, were brilliant groups of fashionable folk, lighting up the greensward to the semblance of a Petit Trianon. Gay Berkeley, who had made her little reverence to the Prince, had been rallied and flattered by some of the oldsters of the suite, and was now followed by three or four young fellows eager for her smiles, was enjoying herself with the true gusto of a Virginia belle.

When the little Major came up to her in the box-walled garden to present Mr. Berkeley Stith, Gay found it a decided interruption to her festivities to have to stop to "draw out" this reserved English boy, who colored to the eyebrows when she spoke to him. Romance incarnate although he was, Mr. Stith would have been more in place in Belhaven limits. Somehow he did not harmonize with her high-heeled Spanish *attaché* or with the other glib and gilded youths who made up her train.

"Things are never quite what one expects them to be," mused the young lady, driving home, while the little long-tailed white horses, availing themselves of unprofessional opportunity, trotted briskly along. "It has been all delightful, but—but—I don't get on with Mr. Stith."

"He is very young," ventured the Major.

"That is n't it; I can always manage boys," said Gay, superbly. "If it were not absurd, I should say that he has especial reason to be afraid of me."

"In that hat you are undoubtedly dangerous, my dear," responded the gallant old gentleman.

"No; but really, Major Daisy, I tried so hard. I told him everything I know about Mount Vernon, even the old story about the lady who wept over the ice-house, mistaking it for the tomb. But nothing would cheer him up."

"You will be better friends when he comes to stop with me," said Major Daisy, with confidence.

But Gay held to her opinion; and when, the next afternoon, she heard the door-bell ring, prepared herself for a dull quarter of an hour.

"I seen cote-tails on de fron' po'ch, miss. 'Spec' it 's students come to tea," said the little black girl, putting her head into Gay's room and irreverently alluding to the theological visitors most common in Belhaven streets.

"My dear, have you seen anything of my glasses?" said Miss Penelope, coming in with a card in hand. "O Cynthy, are you there? Run, look for my spec's, child, and hurry if you can."

"Dey ain' no use hurryin' 'less Miss Pen hurry too," said the small dark person, pointing her forefinger at the old lady's puffs. "'Ca'se dar dey is, bof pa'rs, certain shua."

"It is Mr. Stith, Auntie," explained Gay, glancing at the card. "If you and Aunt Finetta are ready to go down, do you think I need come quite yet?"

"You will accompany us, my dear. I should like nothing to be lacking in our welcome of the child of an old friend who thought enough of my papa to name his son for him."

When the Misses Berkeley, all prunes and prisms and best silk gowns, entered the blue parlor, Gay in their wake, they found the stranger, holding his hat behind his back, looking at the miniatures that hung in a row above the mantel-shelf. He turned, and, at the first look into his honest blue eyes, the two old women, seeing the unmistakable likeness to the long-absent Llewellyn, melted in kindness to the lad. Placing him between them on the haircloth sofa, they conducted the conversation in alternate rivulets of polite inquiry. Miss Pen, solicitous about his father's failing health, urged on him the propriety of sending at once to England a large supply of her Grandmama Berkeley's preparation of wild-cherry bark, tar, and honey; Miss Berkeley, elaborately unbending, contented herself with propounding oracles concerning the British government, the aristocracy, the Church, and customs of his native land. Gay, from her taboret in the window-seat, caught the humor of the scene. When, upon being pressed to say how the Queen was looking when he saw her last, Mr. Stith, turning his silk hat nervously, answered that, "It was at a flower-show, you know, and her Majesty was rather hot, and uncommonly red in the face," Gay, observing the shocked expression of her aunts, burst outright into laughter that went trilling through the empty spaces of the house. At which Berkeley Stith's young spirit overleaped conventionalities, and he too laughed. Dennis, coming in with a salver containing cake and wine, relieved the situation for both the lawless ones.

From this date Berkeley was adopted as one of them. He lost his constraint in the presence of their simple cordiality. The pleasant house, with its bare, polished floors, wide halls, old-fashioned furniture and customs, the jolly negro faces in every background, the smell of dried rose-leaves everywhere; the soft voices, to say nothing of the rich Southern beauty of the little maiden who already had him in her chains, made life there seem an afternoon of holiday from school.

They had talked much of the ways and means of introducing Berkeley to his father's aunts. Miss Penelope, indeed, had urged upon the lad the hopelessness of attempting to rouse either of them to recognition; but when, with quiet determination, he assured her that it was impossible for him to return to England, having neglected the effort to do so, Aunt Pen agreed to second him.

Gay had never set foot in the garden of the Poplars. She had seen the horse-chestnuts flower and drop over the high brick walls, and the long arms of distorted fruit-trees let fall, outside, pears and plums too hard and warped for even the milk-teeth of eager children of the street; but all within was a mystery like the contents of the house. When Aunt Penelope, coming to meet them at a door set in the ivy of the wall, unlocked it to admit her with Berkeley Stith and Major Garnett, the girl looked about her, full of awe.

Nothing so dreary as this tangle of neglected vegetation had come within her ken. Elsewhere, at this season, in the gardens of the town, rioted a glorious second crop of blossoms, richer in tint and sweeter of smell than those of summer-time. Here, so long had nature unpruned laid one layer of growth upon another, the foliage underneath was skeletonized and gray. The few flowers that had struggled into bloom were touched with blight. The great old sycamores, mulberries, and "paper-leafs" locked their boughs to make a twilight down below. Under the rotting arches of a grape-arcade there were two long tracks

worn by footsteps, distinct as the "beat" of prisoners in Old World dungeons, where, for half a century, Miss Selina had taken her daily exercise.

"Now, my dear, keep your spirits up," said Aunt Pen, in a cheerful whisper. "It will startle her less, I think, if you and the Major come in with Berkeley. Rain or shine, I 've been visiting here this many a year, and I 've met with nothing more alarming than mice; so pray, all of you, put off those doleful looks. I find from Juno that poor Celestia is very weak, though she 's up and in her chair, as usual, in the room she 's never left in twenty years. My plan is to have you come into the upper hall, where in old times the young people used to sit and chat around the bay-window seat, and let Selina find you there."

They mounted the stairs and sat, a silent trio, in the half light that filtered through panes overgrown outside with ivy. The paper of walls almost covered with mezzotints and steel-engravings, now obscured from sight by grime, hung in melancholy garlands; the fiddle-backed chairs ranged in rows around them were whole, but veiled in dust; across the open door of a bedroom opposite a spider had spun its web in full view. Another door was conspicuously closed. Not a sound smote upon their ears in the great voids of the silent house but their own quickened breathing and the buzzing of a blue-bottle fly attempting to escape to outer air.

"Oh, will Aunt Pen never come!" whispered Gay, at last, and Berkeley, who was next to her, took her hand in his, smiling at her wan looks.

The little Major, hat in hand, sat in a brown study, his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was living over a lifetime of joy and sorrow, of which the young things near him had tasted only the first drop. Gay felt herself shivering closer to Berkeley, who kept her hand in his firm clasp, saying not a word.

And then, led by Miss Penelope, who, with her arm around her waist, spoke in a low gentle whisper in her ear, there came to them a small, slight creature clothed in white, her flaxen hair, streaked with gray, hanging upon her neck, her wide, sad eyes looking at vacancy.

"Here are friends who love you, Selina," said Miss Penelope. "Look, my dear, and see if you do not remember David. And this is my little Gay, of whom I 've often talked to you, and this is — "

"Llewellyn!" cried the poor lady, a look coming into her eyes, as if a lamp had been set into a dark casement. "Llewellyn, my own boy, you 've come back to us at last!"

Berkeley Stith caught in his strong young arms the frail form that swayed toward him. At the same moment was heard from behind the door of the closed room a shrill scream, and old Juno, running out like a spider from its lair, appeared among them.

"O my poor mistis, she 's no mo'. My Miss Celestia 's gone!" she cried. "Bress Jesus, dere 's one on 'em he 's taken to hisself. She 's done passed away in sleep."

Miss Penelope looked in alarm at Selina's white face resting on Berkeley's shoulder, but it wore a smile of ineffable content. She had heard nothing, suffered nothing. The brief gleam of reason, giving her the desire of her heart for years, had faded, leaving her at peace.

Miss Selina made no resistance to the removal from her old home into a place where every care was lavished upon the remainder of her days. She was gentle, grateful, obedient; did not seem to realize her sister's death; and at a second meeting with her grandnephew showed no recognition of his presence. That she had, however, secretly visited the chamber of the dead, to remove from Celestia's finger a quaint ring of twisted gold, was proved by her last act before parting with Miss Penelope to go into her retreat.

"You will give this to Llewellyn, with our dear love," she said, laying the ring in her old friend's hand. "Celestia had been keeping it till he should come."

Berkeley could not trust himself to visit again the old house at the Poplars until the week after Miss Selina's departure. Already some people who had been put in charge had opened the deserted mansion to light and air; and with Gay the young man wandered through it, gazing curiously at the scene of the drama of death in life, so recently enacted.

"This will all be yours some day," said Gay. "I hope you will never let coarse, unfeeling people get possession of it, and tell its stories to gaping visitors."

"When this house goes from my hands, it shall go to destruction if I have my way," he answered. "But I can fancy certain conditions under which I should even like to live in it."

What those conditions were Gay did not press him to explain; nor were they apparently realized, since to-day, running close to the site of the old dwelling, destroyed by fire during the war, a railroad intersects the garden, and rows of small frame-houses have taken the place of the tangled bowers where Selina was wont to walk.

But when, some years later, Mr. Berkeley Stith came back to America to claim a bride, the ring used for the ceremony was one of the odd "gimmals" of the seventeenth century, made of blended links held together by a pair of golden hands, which, when separated, caused the circlet to drop into two parts. Within were inscribed these lines:

"When — With — This — Round — Trew — Hartes — Doe — Wedde — Y^e — Curse — Shalle — Pass — From — Stithe — Hysse — Hedde."

"So we are the legend of the ring?" said Gay, fingering it curiously, upon her bridal eve.

"Yes. At least my poor father, who in his last days took hold of the fancy with surprising persistence, made me promise to induce you to wear it at our marriage. I must own, however, that I believe in it just as much as I believe in our fabled curse, and as most people believe in their respectable old family ghosts."

"Take care! Peggy declares that it was this scoffing spirit on the part of the previous Stiths that brought about their woes."

"Our luck has turned since the day I saw the dearest little girl in the world admiring herself in a milliner's looking-glass. I 'll own to you now, Gay, that I fell so hopelessly in love with that hat that I was afraid to look you in the face next day, for fear of letting out my secret."

"Oh, I am so glad!" the girl cried gleefully. "To have been loved at first sight, and to be married with a legendary ring, realizes all my youthful dreams. I shall never be silly any more; but it is a final tribute to my foolish old romance."

If Gay had consulted Aunt Pen (now Mrs. David Garnett) and her husband, who gave the bride away, they might have told her that all of life's romance is not in the dreams of youth. But this, perhaps, in her happy married life, she has found out for herself.

Constance Cary Harrison.

MY ENEMY.

I.

MY foe was dark, and stern, and grim
I lived my life in fear of him.
I passed no secret, darkened nook
Without a shuddering furtive look,
Lest he should take me unawares
In some one of his subtle snares.
Even in broad noon the thought of him
Turned all the blessèd sunlight dim,
Stole the rich color from the rose,
The perfume from the elder-blows.

I saw him not, I heard no sound;
But traces everywhere I found
Of his fell plotting. Now, the flower
Most prized lay blasted by his power;
From the locked casket, rent apart,
The jewel dearest to my heart
Was stolen; or, from out the dark,
Some swift blow made my heart its mark.
Sweet eyes I loved grew glazed and dim
That had but caught a glimpse of him;
And ears, were wont to hear each sigh
Of mine, were deafened utterly,
Even to my shrieks; and lips I pressed
Struck a cold horror to my breast.
This hath he done, my enemy.
From him, O God, deliver me!

II.

I reached but now this place of gloom
Through yon small gateway, where is room
For only one to pass. This calm
Is healing as a Sabbath psalm.
A sound, as if the hard earth slid
Down-rattling on a coffin-lid,
Was in mine ears. Now all is still,
And I am free to fare at will —
Whither? I seem but tarrying
For one who doth a message bring.

Who meets me in the way, whose face
Is radiant with an angel's grace?
Smiling, he saith in underbreath:
"I am thy foe long dreaded — Death."
"O Death, sweet Death, and is it *thou*
I called mine enemy but now?"
I place my trusting palms in his,
And lift my chill lips for his kiss.
"Press close, be near me to the end,
When all are fled, my one true friend!"
"Yea, *friend*," he answereth. "All, and more
Than all I took, do I restore.
Blossom and jewel, youth and hope,
And see, this little key doth ope
The shining portal that we see,
Beyond which — *love* awaiteth thee."
"O blinded eyes! Ah, foolish heart!
Adieu, dear Death — one kiss! We part."

Alice Williams Brotherton.

MIDDLE GEORGIA RURAL LIFE.

IT has been asked why comparatively so many published character-sketches of the South have originated in the State of Georgia. In the opinion of the writer of this article, other causes besides accidental ones have operated in this behalf, and he purposes to suggest some of them.

Middle Georgia (for such contributions have come almost without exception from this region), settled by immigrants from the older States, chiefly Virginia and North Carolina, was found to be as salubrious as fertile. Its undulations of wide uplands and narrow lowlands watered by swiftly running small rivers and creeks, its thick forests beneath which was a soil radiant with redness and teeming with fecundity, made it as pleasant an abode for man as any in the whole South. Therein families of various degrees of culture and property got homesteads, not many less than two hundred, and fewer more than one thousand, acres. Almost every one owned one or two, almost none more than fifty, slaves. Fewer distinctions were among their dwelling-houses. The salubrity of the climate made settlements almost everywhere equally secure. Therefore those of all conditions became close neighbors of one another, and intimacies necessarily arose destined to produce important results variant, not only from those in other Southern States, but from those in the low-lying wire-grass and seaboard region of Georgia, wherein societies, constituted of English, Highland Scotch, and Salzburgers, owing mainly to geographic and climatic conditions, kept for a century the distinctions that obtained at their establishment.

In a community constituted like that of Middle Georgia whatever was striking in individuality found unobstructed development in social intercourse that was untrammeled except by unwritten laws that excluded only what was indecent and unmanly. There were manifestations of the exuberant freedom of the rustic in that happy region that made him interesting enough to become the hero of a brief story of life and manners. He differed from the rustic of the seaboard as much as any French Switzer differs from the Italian or the German beyond the impassable mountain between them. Illustrative of this difference, General Duncan L. Clinch, of Withlacoochee fame in the Seminole war, used to tell this anecdote. Accompanying the wagon of an up-country merchant going to Savannah for goods was a youth who felt that he might indulge himself for a few weeks with the sight of strange countries. What interested the traveler even more than the shipping were the inlets below the city that with the rising and ebbing tides flowed in contrary directions.

"And you call them things creeks, do you," he asked with disgust, "a-runnin' bofe ways? Well, my laws! the sooner I git back home the better for me and all parties."

His words being repeated to an ancient Salzburger, the latter said:

"He must be vone fool. If de vater run but vone way, it vill soon all run out, un den dey vill be not creek dere."

This seaboard man and his likes were to continue through a generation or two to be as they were, while the hill-country greenhorn, through contact with benign influences, must make the development possible to his powers.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.
A GEORGIA GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The Middle Georgian, always a politician, a free, often clamorous, sometimes a fighting

THE LAWYER.

voter, seldom aspired to the legislature or other positions wherein, besides being ridiculous, he might have proved a nuisance. His social rivalries began in country, commonly called "old-field," schools. Children of all conditions attended them during their formative years until a few left for college, and the rest for the plow and the hoe, or for the working-tools of the artisan. Here began intimacies and affections that no subsequent differences in culture or fortune were destined to change. Indeed the first settlers in Middle Georgia, although among them were some as well-born as any who ever came from the old States, or remained therein, organized society on a scale of simplest democracy. In general, every neighbor used to sit at every other neighbor's board, neither feeling that he was imparting or receiving favors other than such as flow from the needs and enjoyments of social existence, proud of nothing so much as living in a region specially blessed by Heaven. Alexander H. Stephens used to recite a speech made at a dinner in Washington whereat were gentlemen from several States, among them a Georgian not accustomed to such occasions. He had already become embarrassed by listening to the toasts in compliment of the other States, and the graceful responses made by a citizen of each, and when Georgia was announced, vexed that nobody was there more competent to do justice to the theme, he rose with a feeling much like anger, and shouted:

"Gentlemen, dod-fetch it all! I can't make a speech; but that ain't goin' to hender me from drinkin' to the State o' Georgie. I 'll do it, and I 'll do it free. Here 's to her! She come from nobody, she ain't beholden on nobody, and you better believe she don't care a continental cent *for* nobody!"

It was a speech characteristic of the life that was led in that happy region fifty and sixty years ago, when the names and images of ancestors were counted of little importance compared with other things needed for the make-up of sound pioneer communities. A people so composed must put forth many an interesting specimen of individuality, with best opportunities for development. Hardy and industrious, yet they learned early the worth of leisure, and various were the devices for its entertainment. The books would be legion that should record the multifarious doings in old-field schools and other theaters wherein blossomed individualisms the fruit of which was a humor racy and abundant: as on the bench of a justice of the peace, on the witness-stand in the superior court, at the head of a battalion on the muster-field, where officers and men knew almost nothing, not only of the order and discipline, but of the words of military parade; above all, in the courtships of young men and maidens, bachelors and widows, with widowers to come in everywhere. Unrestrained intercourse among those of all conditions, the evenness with which life in general ran,— men of culture not only living but talking like their rude neighbors,— tended to inspire the more ignorant with ambition, always more pronounced in those least gifted to imitate the manners of refinement. In this connection it seems fit to remark that positions of petty prominence were sought in general by those whose behavior in the discharge of official functions was the more ludicrous according as they magnified their importance, and essayed to preside with corresponding gravity. As for courtships, they were as swift as fond. The Middle Georgia boy was a lover at ten, or thereabout, an announced suitor at sixteen, often a bridegroom at eighteen. In general he was not acquainted with the Muses, nor had he the winning phrase

of knight or troubadour; yet, feeling more intensely, because vaguely, the need to lay aside for the nonce his rude speech, he would pour forth, sometimes with tongue, sometimes on foolscap, volleys of fiery polysyllables, at whose audacious novelty his sweetheart might laugh till tears came to her eyes. Still she would listen, and she would read, and she would endure to be entreated; for if she knew not for herself, wiser people than she would easily recognize that in spite of such wild efforts to surmount Parnassus, the possession of her would develop a manhood as sound as ever drew woman to lay her head upon a manly breast.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"A BRIDEGROOM AT EIGHTEEN."

It was a saying of Aristotle that those who are to be leaders in societies should think like wise men, but speak as the common people. It is probable that in few if any communities has this maxim been pursued more closely than in Middle Georgia. In a society variously composite,—energetic pioneers coalescing for the purposes of this new life,—the speech of the common people, greatly in excess of numbers, must be the speech of all. Into this had been injected provincialisms according to the various regions from which the people had come. It may seem amiss to praise a vernacular so often regardless of the queen's English; yet it is certainly true that many of its peculiarities, arbitrary words, curt abbreviations, maxims and saws, substitution of the plural for the singular in nouns, assigning gender—especially the feminine—to things inanimate, various modulations of tones and accentuations, made it not only pleasing to the ear, but very expressive. Not only in early, but in late periods, the ablest and most cultured men in the State, especially lawyers, employed it habitually in intercourse, not only with their clients, but with one another, just as in Scotland a century ago, when the most eminent judges and barristers in seasons of leisure were found to lapse into the *patois* of the people.

The tendencies of such social conditions, as they concern the question now being considered, were toward a thorough acquaintance among men of culture, particularly in the legal profession, with the peculiarities to which they themselves had contributed in giving development. A faithful sketcher of rural life in those times

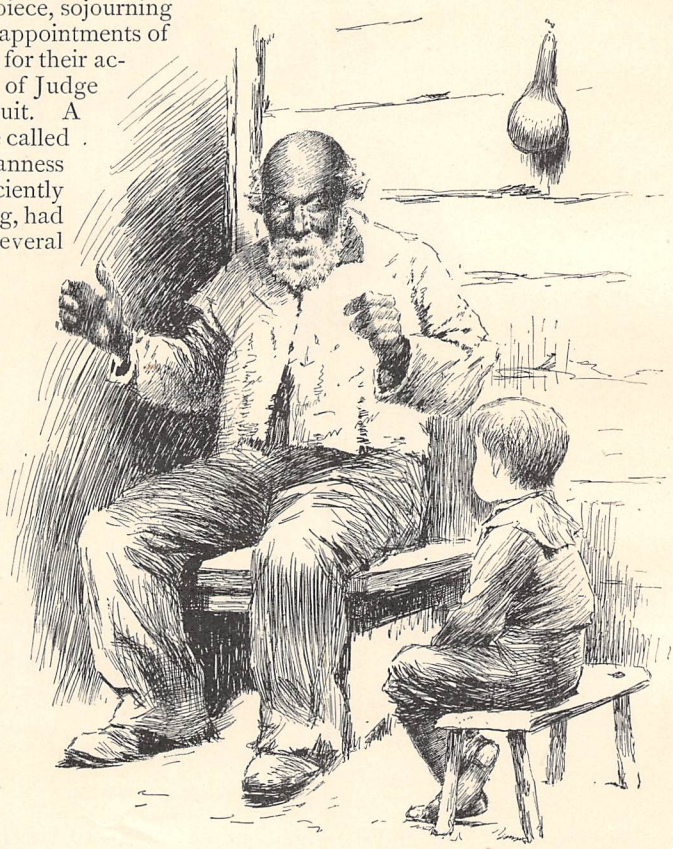
must have known to intimacy and loved and admired this people, and in boyhood must have been as green as the greenest in order to be put into sympathy indispensable to the just performance of his task. Such were the raconteurs among the reunions of the bar at village taverns during the terms of courts. Young lawyers of to-day, even in Middle Georgia, know nothing, except by tradition, of the frolics of their predecessors, who used to follow in sulkies the judges of the Northern and Ocmulgee circuits, with their ten or twelve counties apiece, sojourning at taverns the capacities and appointments of which were wholly inadequate for their accommodation. A story is told of Judge Dooly of the Northern Circuit. A certain pig, of the species there called Landpike, whose generic leanness had not been overcome sufficiently to make him specially tempting, had been roasted whole, and for several days he lay untouched in his dish on the dinner-table. A severe judge was this habitually, yet he could be merciful on occasion. A day or two before adjournment, while at dinner, he was observed to look compassionately for some time at the deceased, and then, turning to the sheriff, who was sitting near, said softly:

"Mr. Sheriff, that pig has been faithful in his attendance upon the court ever since the beginning of the term, and has deported himself with such modesty and general propriety that this Court feels constrained to order his discharge upon his own recognizance."

The lawyers, accepting the situation cheerily, spent the long evenings in story-tellings about their neighbors, friends, one another, and even themselves, to be followed by shouts that when on the long piazza, and even sometimes when in the tavern hall, would be heard throughout the village, driving pious elderly ladies to wonder aghast, and perhaps to declare: "It do seem like them lawyers, big and little, little and big, keers for nothin' nor nobody. A body can't scarcely say their pra'ers, and git to sleep before midnight, when them ongodly people is here." Yet afterward, when told by their husbands or sons some of the jokes, they would laugh as heartily themselves.

The States of Alabama and Mississippi, with many large portions of Texas, are daughters of Middle Georgia, wherein was born (they or their parents) a majority of those who are now leaders in public and private. These love the traditions, and fondly quote the sayings, of their rural forefathers, among whom were so many practical jokes, merry jestings, and the absurd drolleries that spring forth out of the exuberance of life in body, soul, and spirit.

What has been said about white people may be applied within degree to negro slaves. Their dwellings, almost without exception, were within call of their owners', and this contiguity gave facilities for as great improvement as was possible to their condition. The young children of both races worked, played, wrestled, hunted, and fished together, and numberless were the affectionate relationships that, beginning in childhood, continued not only until emancipation, but beyond it. The slave of the average Middle Georgian regarded his master as the greatest and best of mankind, and loved him with a love that neither time nor war with its impoverishments and prostrations could subdue. Such relationships could not have existed in regions wherein masters and slaves dwelt apart. In this the influences exerted were benign to the bond and to the free.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE STORY-TELLER.

To the latter they served to impart the ennobling that always attends manful regard for the being of the dependent, and they tempered the rudeness of the former in many ways, among them in leading to efforts, humble as they were, often most laughable, to imitate the graces of manner and speech of those upon whom they depended. No man who knows negroes well will believe that, with opportunities of reasonable fairness, in simple affectionateness, in readiness to make sacrifices, yes, in gratitude for just, humane treatment, they are below the standard of other races. It was owing to the relationships above mentioned that the State of Georgia, particularly its middle region, began so soon to recover from the desolation wrought by the late war between the States. The freedman there, after the first intoxication into which his simple being had been cast by the new feeling of his freedom, was quick — and but for unwise influences, particularly among native white people, would have been quicker — to recover his ancient poise, because he could not be driven to believe, like his kindred on the seaboard and in the river-bottoms, that emancipation had brought the millennium, and was destined apace to turn the world in general upside down. Therefore the two races could rejoin the forces that had been rent asunder, and move on harmoniously in their new careers. On many a plantation in Middle Georgia freedmen and their families are dwelling now as they dwelt before the war. The writer at this moment is thinking of a case touching for the memories of the old-time affectionateness it invokes. A gentleman in one of the old counties, once prosperous, now greatly reduced and in weak health, is maintained by one who was formerly his slave, is dressed by him in better clothes than he himself wears, and is treated with the same deference as of yore. To those who inquire the reasons for such action, he answers that his master is a gentleman, and that he shall not live other than as a gentleman ought to live as long as he can help it.

Conditions such as have been related made possible the creation of *Uncle Remus*. They made the negro more intelligent, more individual, and more interesting than most of his race elsewhere. A historian of him as he was must come from this very region, or one like it, and before these latter changing times were over; and if there ever was a rhapsodist to whom a people's love had descended to be fitly told, it was *Uncle Remus*. The negro is a born musician, and in his way a poet. He loves to see visions and to dream dreams, and to tell of them in solemn, mumbling, mysterious tones and words. *Uncle Remus* is a representative of the old-time negro whose master, when a good man, satisfied his ideas of human greatness. Many times that little white child had sat before his cabin door, or by the log fire within, and listened, sometimes amused, oftener with awe, to tales of far-away times when the black man's ancestors, dwelling by the side of the corn-field amidst the humbler animals of the forest, became familiar with their domestic life and learned their various language. In the creation of this character not only genius and art were requisite, but oft-recurring opportunities to make acquaintance with the interior of this lowly life, goodness to sympathize with it, judgment to admire it, religiousness to reverence it. It was on the plantation of a good man in Putnam County, undulating among the lesser streams leading to the Oconee, that this country-born child learned what has so delighted the English-speaking world. Only there, or on some similar plantation, could the materials have been gathered in such profusion. Only an artist thoughtful and skilful, fond and native-born, could have rehearsed these in sequence so befitting. Only a gentle mind could have imparted the pathos, their chief excellency. *Uncle Remus* shows here and there that, like the aged minstrel in Newark Castle, he feels that he is among the last of his tribe to tell of the old order which he honors so well. Recollections in the midst of great political and social changes have fallen sadly upon his heart. Continuing at his work with an anxiety about results that formerly he did not have, realizing the uselessness of much faultfinding with some things that please him not, unable to put himself in full sympathy with all doings in the Church, yet he feels in his old age the need of being as religious as he can afford to be, considering the times. At night, when the child of those he loves best visits him as he sits and muses, tender fondness comes over his being, and he tells him the weird things the ancientness and significance of which the world knows not. None were more surprised than the author at the favor accorded by the public to his work. Although it was to him an actual embodiment culled out of his childhood among the red hills of Putnam, Joel Chandler Harris did not foresee how the learned and thoughtful everywhere would delight and marvel at the vividness of the reproduction.

Among the old-time negroes in the region that we have been considering was much of a humor very interesting. Their speech, by constant contact with the white man's, which it sought to imitate, had a curtness and vivacity never heard on large seaboard and river plantations. In the lightness of the negro's heart, with an imagination that never sought to be curbed, his words and his deportment often had a fun as racy as any lover of that article reasonably could wish to see. Even his complain-

ings, oftener than otherwise, were put forth with a resentment so peculiar as to provoke as well laughter as sympathy. Witness the following anecdote of the return to his old master, not very long ago, of one of his former slaves after having served another person for a year.

"Why, Jim, how happens it that you quit Perkins?" asked the gentleman.

"Well now, Marse Jack, I gwine up en tell you jes how 't is. I wuck fer dah man all las' year, en I wuck hard, en I make him a good crop. Well, now, de troof is, I did git f'om him a few, but, min' you, jes only a few, merlasses en tobarker, en one hat, en a pa'r o' shoes, en one little thing en 'nother. Well, den, Chris'mus come, en he say, 'Jim, I gwine make out our 'count.' En den he tuck he piece o' paper, en he pen, en he ink-vial, en he 'gin a-settin' down, en when he thoo wid dat job, he 'gin a-addin' up, en a-put'n' down, en a-kyar'n'; en he kyar'd, en he kep' on a-kyar'n', ontwel, bless your soul en body! Marse Jacky, when he got thoo, he done kyar's off all what was a-comin' to me! En so I makes up my min', I does, to leff dar, en pewoose myself back to you, whar I knows dey not gwine be no sich kyar'n' as dem." Then he joined heartily in the laugh raised by what had just occurred to him as being a good practical joke.

The country lawyer who, fifty years ago, traveled the judicial circuits aforementioned, met many a character as interesting as original. Not only were such specimens different, even in some matters of dialect, in various circuits, but militia districts in each had their *sui generis* representatives. Some of these, if they had been well known to him, must have suspended for a while the ever-flowing tears of the weeping philosopher.

When the lawyer traveled in a southerly or a southwesterly direction into the wire-grass region bordered by the Canoochee and the Ohoopee, he found other originals that have been sketched only rarely and briefly — interesting indeed, but neither so variant nor so racy, because, as is herein asserted with confidence, society there, besides consisting of a different people, was organized upon bases quite unlike that of the hill-country, and the few men of culture owning possessions there, who by a free intercourse might have developed, understood, and afterward described individualisms, lived in comparative seclusion, or had their residences in the large towns on the Savannah.

Sometimes public men from Georgia have been wondered at, perhaps sharply criticized, for their carelessness of speech otherwheres than when seriously discussing before national tribunals subjects of national import. We have seen the causes of such apparent ignorance or obliviousness. If may be termed condescension the familiarity with which the greatest men of the State associated with their inferiors in natural

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

THE FIDDLER.

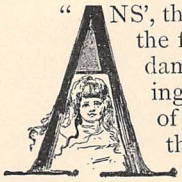
gifts, hereditary names, and educational advantages, to such degree of intimacy as to grow to love not only them, but their dialect and some of their manners, it was not felt so to be on the part either of one class or of the other. Did such condescension serve to let down one set from the standard which polite society likes to keep ever erect and exalted? Society leaders a generation ago did not thus complain of the elder Colquitt, Longstreet, Dawson, Jenkins, Cobb, Toombs, Stephens, and others of their time. The relaxations indulged at the Sunday dinners given by Mr. Stephens in his rooms at the National Hotel, Washington, were enjoyed not less by others, however eminent, than by the Georgians, some of whom were always sure to be there. Yet, during the meal, and afterward with cigars and a moderate circulation of the bottle, not only the dramatic but the narrative parts of anecdotes of Georgia production would be recited in the dear old dialect of which, even in his extreme age, none were more fond than the host.

R. M. Johnston.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.



"ANS', the next time you twist hay fer the fire, I wish 't you 'd dodge the damp spots," said the cook, rising from a prolonged scrutiny of the stove and the bread in the oven.

"Cooks are always grumblin'," calmly remarked Anson, drawing on his gloves preparatory to going out to the barn; "but seein' 's this is Chris'mus, I 'll go out an' knock a barrel to pieces. I want them biscuit to be O. K. See?"

"Yes; I see."

"Say, Bert!"

"Well?"

"Can't we have some sugar-'lasses on our biscuits, seein' it 's Chris'mus?"

"Well, I s'pose we can, Ans'; but we 're gittin' purty low on the thing these days, an' they ain't no tellin' when we 'll be able to git more."

"Well, jes as you say, not as I care." Anson went out into the roaring wind with a shout of defiance, but came back instantly, as if to say something he had forgotten. "Say, wha' d' ye s'pose is the trouble over to the Norsk's? I hain't seen a sign o' smoke over there fer two er three days."

"Well, now you speak of it, Ans', I 've be'n thinkin' about that myself. I 'm afraid he 's out o' coal, er sick, er somethin'. It 'u'd be mighty tough fer the woman an' babe to be there without fire, an' this blizzard whoopin' her up. I guess you 'd better go over an' see what 's up. I was goin' to speak of it this mornin', but fergot it. I 'm cook this week, so I guess the job falls on you."

"All right. Here goes."

"Better take a horse."

"No; I guess not. The snow is driftin' purty bad, an' he could n't git through the drifts, anyway."

"Well, look out fer yerself, ol' man. It looks purty owly off in the west. Don't waste any time. I 'd hate like thunder to be left alone on a Dakota prairie fer the res' o' the winter."

Anson laughed back through the mist of snow that blew in the open door, his greatcoat and cap allowing only a glimpse of his cheeks.

The sky was bright overhead, but low down around the horizon it did look "owly." The air was frightfully cold,—far below zero,—and the wind had been blowing almost every day for a week, and was still strong. The snow was sliding fitfully along the sod with a stealthy, menacing motion, and far off in the west and north a dense, shining cloud of frost was hanging.

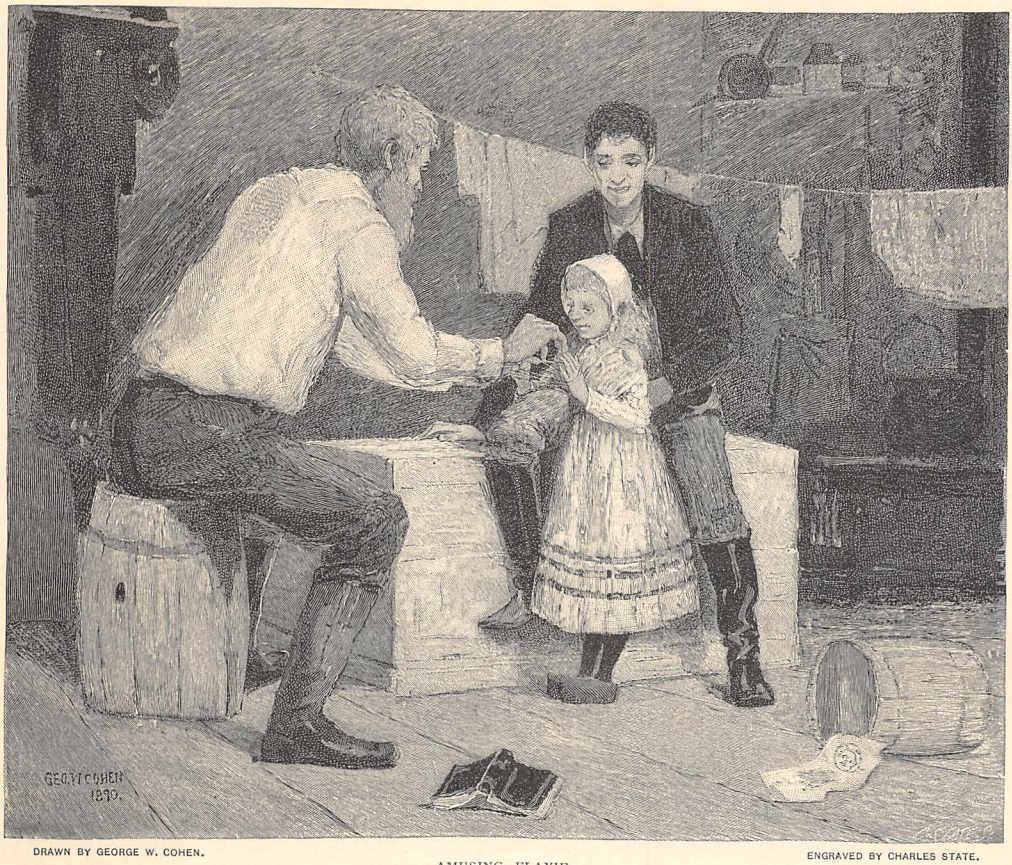
The plain was almost as lone and level and bare as a polar ocean, where death and silence reign undisputedly. There was not a tree in sight, the grass was mainly burned, or buried by the snow, and the little shanties of the three or four settlers could hardly be said to be in sight, half buried as they were in drifts. A large white owl seated on a section stake was the only living thing to be seen.

The boom had not yet struck Buster County. Indeed it did not seem to Bert Gearheart at this moment that it would ever strike Buster County. It was as cold, dreary, and unprofitable an outlook as a man could face and not go utterly mad.

Bert watched his partner as he strode rapidly across the prairie, now lost to sight as a racing troop of snow-waves, running shoulder-high, shot between, now reappearing as the wind lulled.

"This is gittin' pretty monotonous, to tell the honest truth," muttered the cook as he turned from the little window. "If that railroad don't show up by March, in some shape or other, I 'm goin' to give it up. Gittin' free land like this is a little too costly fer me. I 'll go back to Wiscons', an' rent land on shares."

Bert was a younger-looking man than his bachelor companion; perhaps because his face was clean-shaven and his frame much slighter. He was a silent, moody young fellow, hard to get along with, though of great good nature. Anson Wood succeeded in winning and holding his love even through the trials of masculine housekeeping. As Bert kept on with the dinner, he went often to the little window facing the east and looked out, each time thawing a hole in the frost on the window-panes. The wind was rising again, and the night promised to be wild, as the two preceding nights had been. As he moved back and forth setting out their scanty meal, he was thinking of the old life



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. COHEN. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

AMUSING FLAXIE.

back in Wisconsin in the deeps of the little *coulée;* of the sleigh-rides with the boys and girls; of the Christmas doings; of the damp, thick-falling snow among the pines, where the wind had no terrors; of musical bells on swift horses in the fragrant deeps where the snowflakes fell like caresses through the tossing branches of the trees.

By the side of such a life the plain, with its sliding snow and ferocious wind, was appalling —a treeless expanse and a racing-ground for snow and wind. The man's mood grew darker while he mused. He served the meal on the rude box which took the place of table, and still his companion did not come. He looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and yet there was no sign of the sturdy figure of Anson.

The house of the poor Norwegian was about two miles away, and out of sight, being built in a gully; but now the eye could distinguish a house only when less than a mile away. A man could not at times be seen at a distance of ten rods, though occasional lulls in the wind permitted Bert to see nearly to the "First Moccasin."

"He may be in the swale," muttered the watcher as he stood with his eye to the loop-hole. But the next time he looked the plain was as wild and lone as before, save under the rising blast the snow was beginning to ramp and race across the level sod so fast that at times it looked like a sea running white with foam and misty with spray.

At two o'clock he said: "Well, I s'pose Ans' has concluded to stay over there to dinner, though what the Norsk can offer as inducement I swear I don't know. I 'll eat, anyhow; he can have what 's left."

He sat down to his lonely meal, and ate slowly, getting up two or three times from his candle-box in a growing anxiety for Ans', using the heated poker now to clear a spot on the pane. He expressed his growing apprehension, manlike, by getting angry.

"I don't see what the fool means by stayin' so late. It 'll be dark by four o'clock, er jes as soon as that cloud over there strikes us. You could n't beat sense into some men's heads with a club."

He had eaten his dinner now, and had taken to pacing up and down the little room, which

was exactly six paces long and three wide, and just high enough to permit Anson to walk erect in the highest part.

"Nice fix to leave a man in, ain't it? All alone here, an' a blizzard comin' on! If I ever git out o' this country alive, I 'll bet I 'll know enough not to come back," he broke out, stamping his foot in a rage. "I don't see what he means by it. If he 's caught in that blow, his life ain't worth a cent."

At half-past two the feelings of the silent watcher began to change. He thought more about his partner out there in the rising wind and thickening snow. The blast roared round the little cabin with a deep, menacing, rising moan, and laid to the stovepipe a resounding lip, wailing and shouting weirdly. Bert's nervous walk accelerated, and he looked so often through the pane that the frost had not time to close up. Suddenly, out of the blinding, sweeping snow, not ten rods distant, the burly form of Anson burst, head down, blindly staggering forward into the teeth of the tempest. He walked like a man whose strength was almost gone, and he carried a large bundle in his arms.

Gearheart flung the door open, and called in a cheery voice to guide the struggling man to the house:

"Here ye are, ol' man! Right this way! Keep yer head down."

Then, seeing that Anson hardly made headway against the wind, he rushed out and, bareheaded as he was, caught and hurried him in, and shut the door. Reeling blindly, his breath roaring like a furnace, his eyebrows hung with icicles, his face masked with crusted snow, Anson staggered, crying hoarsely, "Take her!" then slid to the floor, where he lay panting for breath. Bert caught the bundle from his arms. A wailing, half-smothered cry came from it.

"What is it, Ans'?" he asked.

"A kid; warm it," said the giant, trying with his numbed fingers to undo the shawl which wrapped the bundle. Bert hurriedly unwound the shawl, and a frightened child, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired,—flossy as unfrosted corn-silk,—was disclosed like a nubbin of corn after the husks are stripped off.

"Why, it 's little Flaxen! Wha' d' ye bring her over fer?"

"'Sh!" said Anson, hoarsely. "Mind how ye get her warm! Don't ye see she 's froze?"

The little creature was about five, or possibly six, years old, scantily clad, but neat and pretty. As her feet began to get warm before the fire, she wailed with pain, which Bert tried to stop by rubbing.

"Put her hands in yer hair, hold her feet in yer hands—don't rub 'em," commanded Ans', who was stripping the ice from his eyelashes and from his beard, which lay like a shield upon his breast. "Stir up the fire; give her some hot coffee an' some feed. She hain't had anythin' to eat."

Bert tried to do all these things at once, and could n't, but managed finally to get the child a piece of bread and a cup of coffee, and to allay her fears. Ans' began to recover from his horrible journey.

"Ol' man," he said solemnly and tenderly, "I came jes as near stayin' in that last gully down there as a man could an' not. The snow was up to my armpits, an' let me down wherever the weeds was. I had to waller; if it had n't be'n fer Flaxen, I guess I 'd 'a' give up; but I jes grit my teeth, an' pulled through. There, guess ye had n't better let her have any more; I guess she 'll go to sleep now she 's fed an' warmed. Jes le' me take her now, ol' man."

"No; you get rested up."

"See here, it 'll rest me to hold that little chap. I 'm all right. My hands is frosted some, an' my ears, that 's all, but my breath is gittin' back. Come on, now."

Bert surrendered the child, who looked up into the bearded face of the rough fellow, then rested her head on his breast, and went to sleep at last. It made his heart thrill as he felt her little head against his breast. He never had held a child in his arms before.

"Say, Bert, reckon I 'm purty fair picture of a family man, now, eh? Throw in a couple o' twists more o' hay—"

"Say, now the little one is off, what 's up over to the Norsk's? Wha' d' ye bring the child fer?"

"'Cause she was the only livin' soul in the shanty."

"What!"

"Fact."

"Where 's the Norsk?"

"I don' know. On the prairie somewhere."

"An' the mother?"

"She 's—" Here the little one stirred slightly as he leaned forward, and Ans' said, with a wink, "She 's asleep. Be a little careful what ye say—jes now; the little rat is listenin'. Jes say relative when ye mean her—the woman, ye know."

"Yes, sir," he resumed after a moment; "I was scart when I saw that house—when I knocked, an' no one stirred er come to the door. They was n't no tracks around, an' the barn and house was all drifted up. I pushed the door open; it was cold as a barn, an' dark. I could n't see anythin' fer a minute, but I heard a sound o' cryin' from the bed that made my hair stand up. I rushed over there, an' there lay the mother on the bed, with nothin' on but some kind of a night-dress, an' everythin'—dress,

shawl, an' all — piled on an' around that blessed child."

"She was dead?"

"Stone-dead. I could n't believe it at first. I raved around there, split up a chair an' the shelves, an' made a fire. Then I started to rub the woman's hands an' feet, but she was cold an' hard as iron. Then I took the child up an' rubbed her; tried to find somethin' fer her to eat — not a blessed thing in that house! Finally I thought I better bolt fer home —"

"Lucky ye did. Hear that wind! Great heavens! We are in fer another two-days' blow of it. That woman of course stripped herself to save the child."

"Yes; she did."

"Jes like a woman! Why did n't she rip down the shelf an' split up the chairs fer fuel, er keep walkin' up an' down the room?"

"Now, there it is. She had burnt up a lot o' stuff, then took to bed with the child. She rolled her up in all the quilts an' shawls an' dresses they was in the house, then laid down by the side o' her, an' put her arm over her — an' froze — jes like a mother — no judgment!"

"Well, lay her down now, an' eat somethin', while I go out an' look after the chores. Lord! it makes me crawl to think of that woman layin' there in the shanty all alone. Say, did ye shut the door?"

"Yes; an' it shuts hard. The wind ner wolves can't open it."

"That 's good. I could n't sleep nights if I thought the coyotes could get in."

By four o'clock it was dark, and the lamp was lighted when Bert came in, bringing an immense load of hay-twists. The ferocious wind, as if exulting in its undisputed sway over the plain, raved in a ceaseless fury around the cabin, and lashed the roof with a thousand stinging streams of snow. The tiny shanty did not rock; it shuddered as if with fright. The drifts rose higher on the windows, and here and there through some unseen crevice the snow, fine as bolted flour, found its way like oil, seeming to penetrate the solid boards; and to the stovepipe the storm still laid hoarse lip, piping incessantly, now dolorously, now savagely, now high, now low.

While the two men sat above the fire that night, discussing the sad case of the woman, the child slept heavily, muttering and sobbing in her sleep.

"The probabilities are," said Anson, in a matter-of-fact way, "the Norsk took his oxen an' started fer Summit fer provisions, an' got caught in this blizzard an' froze to death somewhere — got lost in some gully, probably."

"But why did n't he come an' tell us to look after his fam'ly?"

"Well, I s'pose he was afraid to trust us. I don't wonder, as I remember the treatment that women git from the Yankees. We look a good 'eal worse than we are, besides; an' then the poor cuss could n't talk to us, anyhow, an' he 's be'n shy ever since he came, in October."

After a long silence, in which Gearheart went over and studied the face of the sleeper, Anson said: "Well, if he 's dead, an' the woman 's dead too, we 've got to look after this child till some relative turns up. An' that woman 's got to be buried."

"All right. What 's got to be done had better be done right off. We 've only one bed, Ans', an' a cradle has n't appeared necessary before. How about the sleepin' to-night? If you 're goin' into the orphan-asylum business, you 'll have to open up correspondence with a furniture-store."

Ans' reddened a little. "It ain't mine any more 'n yours. We 're pardners in this job."

"No; I guess not. You look more like a dad, an' I guess I 'll shift the responsibility of this thing off on to you. I 'll bunk here on the floor, an' you take the child an' occupy the bed."

"Well, all right," answered Anson, going over in his turn and looking down at the white face and tow-colored hair of the little stranger. "But say, we ain't got no night-clothes fer the little chap. What 'll we do? Put her to sleep jes as she is?"

"I reckon we 'll have to to-night. Maybe you 'll find some more clothes over to the shanty. The woman would n't burn up any of the baby's duds — bet yer life!"

"Say, Bert," said Ans' later.

"Well?"

"It 's too darn cold fer you to sleep on the floor there. You git in here on the back side, an' I 'll take the child on the front. She 'd be smashed flatter 'n a pancake if she was in the middle. She ain't bigger 'n a pint o' cider, anyway."

"No, ol' man. I 'll lay here on the floor, an' kind o' heave a twist in once in a while. It 's goin' to be cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass bull by daylight."

Ans' bashfully crept in beside the sleeping child, taking care not to waken her, and lay there thinking of his new rôle of father. At every shiver of the cowering cabin, and rising shriek of the wind, his heart went out in love toward the helpless little creature whose dead mother lay in the cold and deserted cabin, and whose father was wandering perhaps breathless and despairing on the plain, or lying buried in the snow in some deep ravine beside his patient oxen. He tucked the clothing in carefully about the child, felt to see if her little feet were cold,

and covered her head with her shawl, patting her lightly with his great paw.

"Say, Bert!"

"Well, Ans', what now?"

"If this little chap should wake up an' cry fer its mother, what in thunder would I do?"

"Give it up, ol' boy," was the reply from the depths of the buffalo-robes before the fire. "Pat her on the back, an' tell her not to cry, er somethin' like that."

"But she can't tell what I say."

"Oh, she 'll understand if ye kind o' chuckle an' goo like a fam'ly man." But the little one slept on, and when, about midnight, Bert got up to feed the fire, he left the stove door open to give light, and went softly over to the sleepers. Ans' was sleeping with the little form close to his breast, and the poor troubled face safe under his shaggy beard.

And all night long the blasting wind, sweeping the sea of icy sands, hissed and howled round the little sod cabin like surf beating on a half-sunken rock. The wind and the snow and the darkness possessed the plain; and Cold (whose other name is Death) was king of the horrible carnival. It seemed as though morning and sunlight could not come again, so absolute was the sway of night and death.

When Anson woke the next morning, he found the great flower-like eyes of the little waif staring straight into his face with a surprise too great for words or cries. She stared steadily and solemnly into his open eyes for a while, and when he smiled she smiled back; but when he lifted his large hand and tried to brush her hair she grew frightened, pushing her little fists against him, and began to cry for "mooder."

This roused Gearheart, who said: "Well, pap, what are ye goin' to do with that child? This is your mornin' to git breakfast. Come, roll out. I 've got the fire goin' good. I can't let ye off; it 'll break up our system."

Anson rolled out of the bunk, and dressed hurriedly in the cold room. The only sound was the roar of the stove devouring the hay-twist.

"Thunder an' black cats, ain't it cold! The wind has died down, er we 'd all be froze stiffer 'n a wedge. It was mighty good in ye, ol' man, to keep the stove goin' durin' the night. The child has opened her eyes brighter 'n a dollar, but I tell ye I don't like to let her know what 's happened to her relatives."

The little one began to wail in a frightened way, being alone in the dim corner.

"There she goes now; she 's wantin' to go home. That 's what she 's askin', jes like 's not. Say, Bert, what the devil can I do?"

"Talk to her, Ans'; chuckle to her."

"Talk! She 'll think I 'm threatenin' to knock her head off, er somethin'. There, there, don't ee cry! We 'll go see papa soon—confound it, man, I can't go on with this thing! There, there! See, child, we 're goin' to have some nice hot pancakes now; goin' to have breakfast now. See, ol' pap 's goin' to fry some pancakes. Whoop! see!" He took down the saucepan, and flourished it in order to make his meaning plainer.

"That 's as bad as your fist. Put that down, Ans'. You 'll scare the young one into a fit; you ain't built fer a jumpin'-jack."

The child did indeed set up a louder and more distracting yell. Getting desperate, Anson seized her in his arms and, despite her struggles, began tossing her on his shoulder. The child saw his design, and ceased to cry, especially as Gearheart began to set the table, making a pleasant clatter, whistling the while. The glorious light of the morning made its way only dimly through the thickly frosted window-panes; the boards snapped in the horrible cold; out in the barn the cattle were bellowing and kicking with pain.

"Do you know," said Bert, impressively, "I could n't keep that woman out o' my mind. I could see her layin' there without any quilts on her, an' the mice a-runnin' over her. God! it 's tough, this bein' alone on a prairie on such a night."

"I knew I 'd feel so, an' I jes naturally covered her up an' tucked the covers in, the child a-lookin' on. I thought she 'd feel better, seein' her ma tucked in good an' warm. Poor little rat!"

"Did you do that, ol' man?"

"You bet I did! I could n't have slep' a wink if I had n't."

"Well, why did n't ye tell me, so 't I could sleep?"

"I did n't think ye 'd think of it that way, not havin' seen her."

The child now consented to sit in one of the chairs and put her feet down by the stove. She wept silently now, with that infrequent, indrawn sob, more touching than wails. She felt that these strangers were her friends, but she wanted her mother. She ate well, and soon grew more resigned. She looked first at one and then at the other of the men as they talked, trying to understand their strange language. Then she fell to watching a mouse that stole out from behind the flour-barrels, snatching a crumb occasionally and darting back, and laughed gleefully once, and clapped her hands.

"Now the first thing after the chores, Ans', is that woman over there. Of course it 's out o' the question buryin' her, but we 'd better go over an' git what things there is left o' the girl's, an' fasten up the shanty to keep the wolves out."

"But then—"

"What?"

"The mice. You can't shut them out."

"That's so. I never thought o' that. We've got to make a box, I guess; but it's goin' to be an awful job fer me, Ans', to git her into it. I thought I would n't have to touch her."

"Le' me go; I've seen her once, an' you hain't."

"Heaven an' earth! what could I do with the babe? She'd howl like a coyote, an' drive me plumb wild. No; you're elected to take care o' the child. I ain't worth a picayune at it. Besides, you had your share yesterday."

And so, in the brilliant sunshine of that bitterly cold morning, Gearheart crunched away over the spotless snow, which burned under his feet—a land mocking, glorious, pitiless. Far off some slender columns of smoke told of two or three hearth-fires, but mainly the plain was level and lifeless as the polar ocean, appallingly silent, no cry or stir in the whole expanse.

It required strong effort on the part of the young man to open the door of the cottage, and he stood for some time with his hand on the latch, looking about. There was perfect silence without and within, no trace of feet or hands anywhere. All was as peaceful and unbroken as a sepulcher.

Finally, as if angry with himself, Gearheart shook himself and pushed open the door, letting the morning sun stream in. It lighted the bare little room and fell on the frozen face and rigid, half-open eyes of the dead woman, with a strong, white glare. The thin face and worn, large-jointed hands lying outside the quilt told of the hardships which had been the lot of the sleeper. Her clothing was clean, and finer than one would expect to see.

Gearheart stood looking at her for a long time, the door still open, for he felt reinforced, in some way, by the sun. If any one had come suddenly and closed the door on him and the white figure there, he would have cried out and struggled like a madman to escape, such was his unreasoning fear of the dead.

At length, with a long breath, he backed out, and closed the door. Going to the barn, he found a cow standing at an empty manger, and some hens and pigs frozen in the hay. Looking about for some boards to make a coffin, he came upon a long box in which a reaper had been packed, and this he proceeded to nail together firmly, and to line with pieces of an old stovepipe at such places as he thought the mice would try to enter.

When it was all prepared, he carried the box to the house and managed to lay it down beside the bed; but he could not bring himself to touch the body. He went out to see if some one was not coming. The sound of a human voice would have relieved him at once, and he could have gone on without hesitation. But there was no one in sight, and no one was likely to be; so he returned, and, summoning all his resolution, took one of the quilts from the bed, and placed it in the bottom of the box. Then he removed the pillow from beneath the head of the dead woman, and placed that in the box. Then he paused, the cold moisture breaking out on his face. Like all young persons born far from war, and having no knowledge of death even in its quiet forms, he had the most powerful repugnance toward a corpse. He kept his eye on it as though it were a sleeping horror, likely at a sudden sound to rise and walk. More than this, there had always been something peculiarly sacred in the form of a woman, and in his calmer moments the dead mother appealed to him with irresistible power.

With a sort of moan through his set teeth, he approached the bed, and threw the sheet over the figure, holding it as in a sling; then, by a mighty effort, he swung it stiffly off the bed into the box.

He trembled so that he could hardly spread the remaining quilts over the dead. The box was wide enough to receive the stiff, curved right arm, and he had nothing to do but to nail the cover on, which he did in feverish haste. Then he rose, grasped his tools, rushed outside, slammed the door, and set off in great speed across the snow, pushed on by an indescribable horror.

As he neared home, his fresh young blood asserted itself more and more; but when he entered the cabin he was still trembling, and dropped into a chair like a man out of breath. At sight of the ruddy face of Anson, and with the aid of the heat and light of the familiar little room, he shook off part of his horror.

"Gi' me a cup o' coffee, Ans'. I 'm kind o' chilly an' tired."

Before drinking he wiped his face and washed his hands again and again at the basin in the corner, as though there were something on them which was ineffably unclean. The little one, who had been weeping again, stared at him with two big tears drying on her hollow cheeks.

"Well?" interrogated Anson.

"I nailed her up safe enough fer the present. But what 're we goin' to do next?"

"I can't see 's we can do anythin' as long as such weather as this lasts. It ain't safe fer one of us to go out an' leave the other alone. Besides, it 's thirty below zero, an' no road, Moccasin 's full of snow, an' another wind likely to rise at any time. It 's mighty tough on this little one, but it can't be helped. As soon as it moderates a little. we 'll try to find a woman an' a preacher, an' bury that—relative."

"The only woman I know of is ol' Mrs.

Cap Burdon, down on the Third Moccasin, full fifteen miles away."

For nearly two weeks they waited, while the wind alternately raved and whispered over them as it scurried the snow south or east, or shifted to the south in the night, bringing "the north end of a south wind," the most intolerable and cutting of winds. Day after day the restless snow sifted or leaped across the waste of glittering crust; day after day the sun shone in dazzling splendor, but so white and cold that the thermometer still kept down among the thirties.

These were long days for the settlers. They would have been longer for Anson and Bert had it not been for little Elga, or "Flaxen," as they took to calling her. They racked their brains to amuse her, and, in the intervals of tending the cattle and of cooking, or of washing dishes, rummaged through all their books and pictures, taught her "cat's-cradle," played "jack-straws" with her, and with all their resources of song and pantomime strove to fill up the little one's lonely days, happy when they succeeded in making her laugh.

"That settles it!" said Bert one day, whanging the basin back into the empty flour-barrel.

"What 's the matter?"

"Matter is, we 've reached the bottom o' the flour-barrel, an' it 's got to be filled; no two ways about that. We can get along on biscuit an' pancakes in place o' meat, but we can't put anythin' in the place o' bread. If it looks favorable to-morrow, we 've got to make a break fer Summit, an' see if we can't stock up."

Early the next morning they brought out the shivering team and piled into the box all the quilts and robes they had, and, bundling little Flaxen in, started across the trackless plain toward the low line of hills to the east, twenty-five or thirty miles away. From four o'clock in the morning till nearly noon they toiled across the sod, now plowing through the deep snow where the unburned grass had held it, now scraping across the bare, burned earth, now wandering up or down the swales, seeking the shallowest places, now shoveling a pathway through. The sun rose unobscured as usual, and shone down with unusual warmth, which afforded the men the satisfaction of seeing little Flaxen warm and merry. She chattered away in her own tongue, and clapped her little hands in glee at sight of the snowbirds running and fluttering about. As they approached the low hills, the swales got deeper and more difficult to cross, but about eleven o'clock they came to Burdon's ranch, a sort of half-way haven between their own claim and Summit, the end of the railroad.

Captain Burdon was away, but Mrs. Burdon, a big, slatternly Missourian, with all the kindliness of a universal mother in her swarthy face and flaccid bosom, ushered them into the cave-like dwelling set in the sunny side of Water Moccasin.

"Set down; set down. Young uns, git out some o' them chairs, an' let the strangers set. Purty tol'able tough weather? A feller don't git out much such weather as this 'ere 'thout he 's jes naturally 'bleeged to. Suse, heave in another twist, an' help the little un to take off her shawl."

After Mrs. Burdon's little flurry of hospitality was over, Anson found time to tell briefly the history of the child.

"Heavens to Betsey! I wan' to know!" she cried, her fat hands on her knees and her eyes bulging. "Wal, wal! I declare, it beats the Dutch! So that woman jes frizzed right burside the babe! Wal, I never! An' the ol' man he ain't showed up? Wal, now, he ain't likely to. I reckon I saw that Norsk go by here that very day, an' I says to Cap'n, says I, 'If that feller don't reach home inside an hour, he 'll go through heaven a-gitt'n' home,' says I to the Cap'n."

"Well, now," said Anson, stopping the old woman's garrulous flow, "I 've got to be off fer Summit, but I wish you 'd jes look after this little one here till we git back. It 's purty hard weather fer her to be out, an' I don't think she ought to."

"Yaas; leave her, o' course. She 'll enj'y playin' with the young uns. I reckon ye did all ye could for that woman. Ye can't burry her now; the ground 's like linkum-vitæ."

But as Anson turned to leave, the little creature sprang up with a torrent of wild words, catching him by the coat, and pleading strenuously to go with him, her accent unmistakable.

"You wan' to go with Ans'?" he inquired, looking down into the little tearful face with a strange stirring in his bachelor heart. "I believe on my soul she does."

"Sure 's yer born!" replied Mrs. Burdon. "She 'd rather go with ye than to stay an' fool with the young uns; that 's what she 's tryin' to say."

"Do you wan' to go?" asked Ans' again, opening his arms. She sprang toward him, lifting her eager little hands as high as she could, and when he lifted her she twined her arms around his neck.

"Poor little critter! she ain't got no pap ner mam now," the old woman explained to the ring of children, who still stared silently at the stranger almost without moving.

"Ain't he her pa-a-p?" drawled one of the older girls, sticking a finger at Anson.

"He is now," laughed Ans', and that settled the question over which he had been pondering for days. It meant that as long as she wanted to stay she should be his Flaxen and

he would be her "pap." "And you can be Uncle Bert, hey?" he said to Bert.

"Good enough," said Bert.

They never found any living relative, and only late in the spring was the fate of the poor father revealed. He and his cattle were found side by side in a deep swale, where they had foundered in the night and tempest.

As for little Flaxen, she soon recovered her cheerfulness, with the buoyancy natural to childhood, and learned to prattle in broken English very fast. She developed a sturdy self-reliance that was surprising in one so young, and long before spring came was indispensable to the two "old baches."

"Now, Bert," said Ans' one day, "I don't wan' to hear you talk in that slipshod way any longer before Flaxen. You know better; you've had more chance than I have—be'n to school more. They ain't no excuse fer you, not an ioty. Now I 'm goin' to say to her, 'Never mind how I talk, but talk like Bert does.'"

"Oh, say, now look here, Ans', I can't stand the strain. Suppose she 'd hear me swearin' at ol' Barney er the stove?"

"That 's jes it. You ain't goin' to swear," decided Anson; and after that Bert took the education of the little waif in hand, for he was a man of good education, his use of dialect and slang being simply due to carelessness.

But all the little fatherly duties and discipline fell to Anson, and much perplexed he often got. For instance, when he bought her a new outfit of clothing at the store, they were strange to her and to him, and the situation was decidedly embarrassing.

"Now, Flaxie, I guess this thing goes on this side before, so 's you can button it, see? If it went on so, you could n't reach around to button it, see? I guess you 'd better try it so. An' this thing, I judge, is a shirt, an' goes on under that other thing, which I reckon is called a shimmy. Say, Bert, should n't you call that a shirt?" holding up a garment.

"W-e-l-l, yes" (after a close scrutiny). "Yes; I should."

"And this a shimmy?"

"Well, now you 've got me, Ans'. It seems to me I 've heard the women folks at home talk about shimmies, but they were always kind o' private about it, so I don't think I can help you out. That little thing goes underneath, sure enough."

"All right, here goes, Flax; if it should turn out to be hind side before, no matter."

Then again little Flax would want to wear her best dress on week-days, and Ans' was unable to explain. Here again Bert came to the rescue.

"Git her one dress fer ev'ry day in the week, an' make her wear 'em in rotation. Hang 'em up, an' put a tag on each one, Sunday, Monday, an' so on."

"Good idea."

And it was done. But the embarrassments of attending upon the child soon passed away; she quickly grew independent of such help, dressed herself, and combed her own hair, though Anson enjoyed doing it himself when he could find time, and she helped out not a little about the house. She seemed to have forgotten her old life, awakening as she had from almost deathly torpor into a new home—almost a new world—where a strange language was spoken, where no woman was, and where no mention of her mother, father, or native land was ever made before her. The little waif was at first utterly bewildered, then reconciled, and by the time spring came over the prairie was almost happy in the touching way of a child ignorant of childish things.

Oh, how sweet spring seemed to those snow-weary people! Day after day the sun crept higher up in the sky; day after day the snow gave way a little on the swells, and streams of water began to trickle down under the huge banks of snow filling the ravines; and then came a day when a strange warm wind blew from the northwest. Soft and sweet and sensuous it was, as the breeze sweeping some tropic bay filled with a thousand isles—a wind like a vast warm breath blown upon the land. Under its touch the snow did not melt; it vanished. It fled in a single day from the plain to the gullies. Another day, and the gullies were rivers. It was the "chinook," which old Lambert, the trapper and surveyor, said came from the Pacific Ocean.

The second morning after the chinook began to blow, Anson sprang to his feet from his bunk, and, standing erect in the early morning light, yelled:

"Hear that?"

"What is it?" asked Bert.

"There! Hear it!" Anson smiled, holding up his hand joyfully, as a mellow "Boom—boom—boom" broke through the silent air. "Prairie-chickens! Hurrah! Spring has come! That breaks the back o' winter short off."

"Hurrah! de 'pring ees come!" cried little Flaxen, gleefully clapping her hands in imitation.

No man can know what a warm breeze and the note of a bird can mean to him till he is released, as these men were released, from the bondage of a horrible winter. Perhaps still more moving was the thought that with the spring the loneliness of the prairie would be broken, never again to be so dread and drear: for with the coming of spring came the tide of land-seekers pouring in; teams scurried here

and there on the wide prairie, carrying surveyors, land-agents, and settlers. At Summit trains came rumbling in by the first of April, emptying thousands of men, women, and children upon the sod, together with cattle, machinery, and household articles, to lie there roofed only by the blue sky. Summit, from being a half-buried store and a blacksmith's shop, bloomed out into a town with saloons, lumber-yards, hotels, and restaurants; the sound of hammer and anvil was incessant, and trains clanged and whistled night and day.

Day after day the settlers got their wagons together and loaded up, and then moved down the slope into the fair valley of the sleepy James. Mrs. Cap Burdon did a rushing business as a hotel-keeper, while Cap sold hay and oats at rates which made the land-seekers gasp.

"I 'm not out here fer my health," was all he would vouchsafe.

Soon all around the little shanties of Anson and Bert other shanties were built and filled with young, hopeful, buoyant souls. The railroad surveyors came through, locating a town about three and another about twelve miles away, and straightway the bitter rivalry between Boomtown and Belleplain began. Belleplain being their town, the partners of our story swore by Belleplain, and correspondingly derided the claims of Boomtown.

With the coming of spring began the fiercest toil of the pioneers — breaking the sod, building, harvesting, plowing; then the winter again, though not so hard to bear; then the same round of work again. So the land was settled, the sod was turned over; sod shanties gave way to little frame-houses; the tide of land-seekers passed on, and the real workers, like Wood and Gearheart, went patiently, steadily on, founding a great State.

Hamlin Garland.

(To be continued.)

THE SILVER THAW.

THERE came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softening skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy
And would not let it go.

In reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long-desired persuasion
Of April's soft command.

But antic Time had cheated
With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom spring defeated
Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
And stillness on the stream.

When morn in rose and crocus
Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
To wondering ecstasy.
The wizard winter's spell
Had wrought so passing well
That earth was bathed in glory
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings bending
Flashed in a rain of gems;
The statelier trees attending
Blazed in their diadems.
White fire and amethyst
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion
All beauty came to birth;
It was a kind illusion
To comfort waiting earth —
To bid the buds forget
The spring so distant yet,
And hearts no more remember
The iron season's dearth.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.[1]

I. ORACLES OLD AND NEW.

POETRY of late has been termed a force, or mode of force, very much as if it were the heat, or light, or motion known to physics. And, in truth, ages before our era of scientific reductions, the *energia*—the vital energy—of the minstrel's song was undisputed. It seems to me, in spite of all we hear about materialism, that the sentiment imparting this energy—the poetic impulse, at least—has seldom been more forceful than at this moment and in this very place.

Our American establishments—our halls of learning and beauty and worship—are founded, as you know, for the most part not by governmental edict; they usually take their being from the sentiment, the ideal impulses, of individuals. Your own institute,[2] still mewing like Milton's eagle its mighty youth, owes its existence to an ideal sentiment, to a most sane poetic impulse, in the spirit of its founder, devoted though he was, through a long and sturdy lifetime, to material pursuits. Its growth must largely depend on the awakening from time to time, in other generous spirits, of a like energy, a similarly constructive imagination.

Amongst all gracious evidences of this ideality thus far calendared, I think of few more noteworthy, of none more beautiful, than those to which we owe the first endowed lectureship of poetry in the United States; the second foundation strictly of its kind, if I mistake not, throughout the universities of the English-speaking world.

Whenever a university foundation is established for the study of elemental matters,—of scientific truth or human ideality,—we return to motives from which the antique and the medieval schools chiefly derived their impulse, if not their constitution. The founders would restore a balance between the arbitrary and the fundamental mode of education. The resulting gain is not the overflow of collegiate resources, not the luxury of learning; not decoration, but enhanced construction. We have a fresh search after the inmost truth of things, the verities of which the Anglo-Florentine songstress was mindful when she averred that poets are your only truth-tellers; of which, also, Lowell, in his soliloquy of "Columbus," was profoundly conscious when he made the discoverer say:

> For I believed the poets; it is they
> Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
> And, listening to the inner flow of things,
> Speak to the age out of eternity.

Within these verities new estates originate; moreover, they perpetually advance the knowledge and methods of the time-honored professions. The present and future influences of a school are more assured when it enters their realm. If I did not believe this with my noonday reason and common sense, it would be an imposture for me to discourse to you upon our theme. The sovereign of the arts is the imagination, by whose aid man makes every leap forward; and emotion is its twin, through which come all fine experiences, and all great deeds are achieved. Man, after all, is placed here to live his life. Youth demands its share in every study that can engender a power or a delight. Universities must enhance the use, the joy, the worth of existence. They are institutions both human and humane: not inevitable, except in so far as they become schools for man's advancement and for the conduct of life.

We now have to do with the most ideal and comprehensive of those arts which intensify life and suggest life's highest possibilities. The name of poetry, like that of gentleman, is "soiled with all ignoble use"; but that is because its

[1] The series of essays here begun formed the initial course, delivered in March, 1891, of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry, founded at Johns Hopkins University by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore. The founders thus commemorate the name of their son Percy Graeme Turnbull, who died in 1887. In accordance with the terms of the gift, a course of lectures is to be delivered annually by some one who has gained distinction as a writer of poetry, or as a critical student of the poetic art.

Mr. Stedman purposely made this opening course of Turnbull lectures direct and elementary. They were delivered in Levering Hall, and were listened to with genuine and unusual interest by a crowded audience of students, faculty, and townspeople. These lectures were also delivered in the Berkeley Lyceum in New York during the following winter, in connection with Columbia College.

It seemed particularly appropriate that the magazine which had had the honor of first publishing Mr. Stedman's well-known works on the "Victorian Poets" and the "Poets of America" should introduce to the general public the present series of lectures. In preparing them for the press, the author has followed good precedent in retaining, instead of eliminating, the oral quality.— EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

[2] Johns Hopkins University.

province is universal, and its government a republic, whose right of franchise any one can exercise without distinction of age, sex, color, or (more 's the pity) of morals, brains, or birthright. The more honor, then, to the founders of this lectureship, whose recognition of poetry at its highest is not disturbed by its abuse, and whose munificence erects for it a stately seat among its peers.

Under the present auspices, our own approach can scarcely be too sympathetic, yet none the less free of illusion and alert with a sense of realities. We may well be satisfied to seek for the mere ground-plot of this foundation. I am privileged, indeed, if I can suggest a tentative design for the substructure upon which others are to build and decorate throughout the future of your school. Poetry is not a science, yet a scientific comprehension of any art is possible and essential. Unless we come to certain terms at the outset, if only to facilitate this course, we shall not get on at all.

ENTER the studio of an approved sculptor, a man of genius, and, if you choose, poetic ideality. He is intent upon the model of a human figure, a statue to be costumed in garments that shall both conceal and express the human form. Plainly he has in his mind's eye the outside, the ultimate appearance, of his subject. He is not constructing a manikin, a curious bit of mechanism that imitates the interior — the bones, muscles, arteries, nerves — of the body. He is fashioning the man *as he appears to us*, giving his image the air, the expression, of life in action or repose. But you will perceive that even the rude joinery on which he casts his first clay is a structure suggesting a man's interior framework. Ere long the skeleton is built upon; the nude and very man is modeled roughly, yet complete, so that his anatomy shall give the truth, and not a lie, to the finished work. Not until this has been done will the sculptor superadd the drapery — the costume which, be it the symbol of our fall or of our advancement, distinguishes civilized man from the lower animals. At all events, it is a serious risk for the young artist to forego this progressive craftsmanship. Even a painter will rudely outline his figures according to primitive nature before giving them the clothing, which, however full of grace and meaning, is not *themselves*. Otherwise he will be a painter of dead garments, not of soul-possessing men and women. An artist of learning and experience may overleap this process, but only because his hand has become the trained slave of his creative vision, which sees clearly all that can lie beneath.

To the anatomic laws, then, of the human form the sculptor's and the figure-painter's arts are subservient. The laws of every art are just as determinate, even those pertaining to the evasive, yet all-embracing art of poesy, whose spirit calls other arts to its aid and will imitate them, as art itself imitates nature; which has, in truth, its specific method and also the reflex of all other methods. I do not speak of the science, even of the art, of verse. Yet to know the spirit of poetry we must observe, with the temper of philosophers, its preëssentials in the concrete. Even its form and its method of work must be recognized as things of dignity: the material symbols and counterparts, as in Swedenborg's cosmos, of the spirit which is reality.

And thus, I say, we must obtain at least a serviceable definition of the word poetry for our present use. In beginning this course, it is well to let the mists rise, at least to have none of our own brewing. The sentimentalists invariably have befogged our topic. I ask you to divest your minds, for the moment, of sentimentalism, even of sentiment, and to assume, in Taine's phrase, that we are to begin by realizing "not an ode, but a law." Applied criticism — that which regards specific poets and poems — is a subsequent affair. Let us seek the generic elements that are to govern criticism by discovering and applying its standards. If you ask, To what end? I reply, That we may avoid dilettantism. We are not a group of working artists, but they possess something we can share; to wit, the sincere and even ascetic mood that wishes no illusions and demands a working basis. But again, to what purpose? Surely not for the development of a breed of poets! Consider the tenuous voices of minnesingers far and near, whose music rises like the chirping of locusts by noonday and of meadow-frogs at night. Each has his faultless little note, and while the seasonable chorus blends, it is humored by some and endured by most, quite as a matter of course, and the world goes on as usual. Human suffering may have been greater when the rhapsodist flourished and printing was unknown, when one was waylaid at the corners of the market-place, and there was no escape but in flight or assassination. And if our object were to train poets, and a past-master were on the rostrum, his teachings would be futile unless nature reassorted her averages. Fourier accounted for one poet in his phalanstery of a thousand souls; yet a shrewder estimate would allow but one memorable poet to a thousand phalansteries, in spite of the fact that even nature suspends her rules in countenance of youth's prerogative, and unfailingly supplies a laureate for every college class. With respect to training, the catalogues term a painter the pupil of Bonnat, of Duran, of Cabanel; a musician, pupil of Rubinstein or Liszt. But

the poet studies in his own atelier. He is not made, his poetry is not made, by *a priori* rules, any more than a language is made by the grammarians and philologists, whose true function is simply to report it. I assume, then, that the poet's technical modes, even the general structure of a masterwork, come by intuition, reading, experience; and that too studious consideration of them may perchance retard him. I suspect that no instinctive poet bothers himself about such matters in advance; he doubtless casts his work in the form and measures that come with its thought to him, though he afterward may pick up his dropped feet or syllables at pleasure. If he ponders on the Iambic Trimeter Catalectic, or any of its kin, his case is hopeless. In fact, I never have known a natural poet who did not compose by ear, as we say: and this is no bad test of spontaneity. And as for rules,—such, for example, as the Greeks laid down,—their efficacy is fairly hit off in that famous epigram of the Prince de Condé, when the Abbé d'Aubignac boasted that he closely observed the rules of Aristotle: "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having so closely followed the precepts of Aristotle; but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that occasioned the Abbé d'Aubignac to write so wretched a tragedy." We do see that persons of cleverness and taste learn to write agreeable verses; but the one receipt for making a poet is in the safe-keeping of nature and the foreordaining stars.

On the other hand, the mature poet, and no less the lover of poetry, may profitably observe what secrets of nature are applied to lyrical creation. The first Creator rested after his work, and saw that it was good. It is well for an artist to study the past, to learn what can be done and what cannot be done acceptably. A humble music-master can teach a genius not to waste his time in movements proved to be false. Much of what is good is established, but the range of the good is infinite; that which is bad is easily known. If there be a mute and to-be-glorious Milton here, so much the better. And for all of us, I should think, there can be no choicer quest, and none more refining, than, with the Muse before us, to seek the very well-spring and to discover the processes of her "wisdom married to immortal verse."

We owe to the artist's feeling that his gift is innate, and that it does produce "an illusion on the eye of the mind" which, he fears, too curious analysis may dispel: to this we doubtless owe his general reluctance to talk with definiteness concerning his art. Often you may as well ask a Turk after his family, or a Hindu priest concerning his inner shrine. I have put to several minstrels the direct question, "What is poetry?" without obtaining a categorical reply. One of them, indeed, said, "I can't tell you just now, but if you need a first-class example of it, I 'll refer you to my volume of 'Lyrics and Madrigals.'" But when they do give us chips from their workshop,—the table-talk of poets, the stray sentences in their letters,—these, like the studio-hints of masters, are both curt and precious, and emphatically refute Macaulay's statement that good poets are bad critics.

Even a layman shares the artist's hesitation to discourse upon that which pertains to human emotion. Because sensation and its causes are universal, the feeling that creates poetry for an expression, and the expression itself, in turn exciting feeling in the listener, are factors which we shrink from reducing to terms. An instinctive delicacy is founded in nature. To overcome it is like laying hands upon the sacred ark. One must be assured that this is done on the right occasion, and that, at least for the moment, he has a special dispensation. A false handling cheapens the value of an art—puts out of sight, with the banishment of its reserve, what it might be worth to us. All have access to the universal elements: they cost nothing, are at the public service, and even children and witlings can toy with and dabble in them. So it is with music, poetry, and other general expressions of feeling. Most people can sing a little, any boy can whistle—and latterly, I believe, any girl who would defy augury, and be in the fashion. Three fourths of the minor verse afloat in periodicals or issued in pretty volumes correspond to the poetry of high feeling and imagination somewhat as a boy's whistling to a ravishing cavatina on the Boehm flute. As a further instance, a knack of modeling comes by nature. If sculptor's clay were in every road-bank, and casts from the antique as common as school readers and printed books of the poets, we probably should have reputed Michelangelos and Canovas in every village instead of here and there a Ward, a St. Gaudens, or a Donoghue.

But it is precisely the arts in which anybody can dabble that the elect raise to heights of dignity and beauty. Those who realize this indulge a pardonable foible if they desire to reserve, like the Egyptian priests, certain mysteries, if only *pro magnifico*. Besides, there are periods when the utility of artistic analysis is not readily accepted by those who make opinion. Economics and sociology, for example, largely absorb the interest of one of our most scholarly journals. Its literary and art columns are ably conducted. The chief editor, however, told me that he knew little of esthetics, and cared to know less; and in such a way as to warrant an inference that, though well disposed, he looked upon art and song and poetry

very much as Black Bothwell regarded clerkly pursuits — that they were to him what Italian music seemed to Dr. Johnson, in whose honest eyes its practitioners were but fiddlers and dancing-masters. This undervaluation by a very clever man is partly caused, if not justified, one must believe, by the vulgarization of the arts of beauty and design. Yet these arts belong as much to the order of things, and indirectly make as much for wealth, as the science of economics, and they make as much for social happiness as the science of sociology — if, indeed, they are to be excluded from either.

Can we, even here, take up poetry as a botanist takes up a flower, and analyze its components? Can we make visible the ichor of its protoplasm, and recognize a something that imparts to it transcendency, the spirit of the poet within his uttered work? Why has the question before us been so difficult to answer? Simply because it relates to that which is at once inclusive and evasive. There is no doubt what sculpture and painting and music and architecture seem to be; the statements of critics may differ, but the work is visible and understood. Do you say with the philosophers that poetry is a sensation, that its quality lies in the mind of the recipient, and hence is indefinite? The assertion applies no less to the plastic arts and to music, yet the things by which those excite our sensations are well defined, and what I seek is the analogous definition of the spoken art. It has been said that "one element must forever elude researches, and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry." I confess we cannot define the specific perfume of a flower; but there is a logical probability that this conveys itself alike to all of us, that the race is as but one soul in receiving the impression. I believe we can seize upon all other conditions that make a flower a flower or a poem a poem.

Edgar Poe, catching an idea from Joubert, avowed his faith in the power of words to express all human ideas. Nor have I any doubt that for every clear thought, even for every emotion, words have been, or can be, found, as surely as there is a conquest of matter by the spirit; that speech, the soul's utterance, shares the subtilties of its master. Where it seems to fail, the fault is in the speaker. As a race goes on, both its conceptions and its emotions are clearer and richer, and language keeps pace with them. The time may come, indeed, when thought will not be "deeper than all speech," nor "feeling deeper than all thought." If we still lag in emotional expression, we can excite feelings similar to our own by the spells of art. I do not see why the primary elements of poetry in the concrete should not be stated without sophistication, and as clearly as those of painting, music, or architecture. They have, in fact, been stated fragmentarily by one and another poet and thinker, most of whom agree on certain points. True criticism does not discredit old discovery in its quest for something more. Its office, as Mill says of philosophy, is not to set aside old definitions, but it "corrects and regulates them." It does not differ for the sake of novelty, but formulates what is, and shall be, of melody and thought and feeling, and what no less has been since first the morning stars sang together. I must ask you, then, to permit me, in this opening lecture, very swiftly to review familiar and historic utterances, from which we may combine principles eminently established, and, if need be, to add some newly stated factor, in our subsequent effort to formulate a definition of poetry that shall be scientifically clear and comprehensive, and also to establish limits beyond which speculation is foreign to the design of this lecture-course.

VARIOUS poets and thinkers, each after his kind, have contributed to such a definition. I have mentioned Aristotle. He at least applied to the subject a cool and level intellect, and his formula, to which in certain essentials all must pay respect, is an ultimate deduction from the antique. It fails of his master Plato's spirituality, but excels in precision. Aristotle regards poetry as a structure whose office is imitation through imagery, and its end delight — the latter caused not by the imitation, but through workmanship, harmony, and rhythm. The historian shows what has happened, the poet such things as might have been, devoted to universal truth rather than to particulars. The poet — the ποιητής — is, of course, a maker, and his task is invention. Finally, he must feel strongly what he writes. Here we have the classical view. The Greeks, looking upon poetry as a fine art, had no hesitation in giving it outline and law.

Naturally an artist like Horace assented to this conception. Within his range there is no more enduring poet, yet he excludes himself from the title, and this because of the very elements which make him so modern — his lyrical grace and personal note. With Aristotle, he yielded the laurel solely to heroic dramatists and epic bards. His example is followed by our brave old Chapman, Homer's bold translator, who declares that the *energia* of poets lies in "high and hearty Invention." Dryden also accepts the canon of Imitation, but avows that "Imaging is, in itself, the height and life of it," and cites Longinus, for whom poetry was "a discourse which, by a kind of enthusiasm, or extraordinary emotion of the soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the poet paints." Landor, the

modern Greek, whose art was his religion, repeats that "all the imitative arts have delight for their principal object; the first of these is poetry; the highest of poetry is the tragic." But recognition of only the structure of verse, without its soul, deadened the poetry of France in her pseudo-classical period, from Boileau to Hugo, so that it could be declared, as late as A. D. 1838, that "in French literature that part is most poetry which is written in prose." Even the universal Goethe repressed his "noble rage" by the conception of poetry as an art alone, so that Heine, a pagan of the lyrical rather than of the inventive cast, said that this was the reason why Goethe's work did not, like the lesser but more human Schiller's, "beget deeds." "This is the curse," he declared, "of all that has originated in mere art." Like Pygmalion and the statue, "His kisses warmed her into life, but, so far as we know, she never bore children." Goethe's pupil, the young Matthew Arnold, accepted without reserve the antique notion of poetry. "Actions, human actions," he cried, are "the eternal objects of the muse." In after years, as we shall see, he formed a more sympathetic conception.

Other poets have thrown different and priceless alloys into the crucible from which is to flow the metal of our seeking, adding fire and sweetness to its tone. The chiefs of the romantic movement, so near our own time, believed Passion to be the one thing needful. Byron was its fervent exemplar. In certain moods, it is true, he affected to think that he and his compeers were upon a wrong system, and he extolled the genius and style of Pope. But this was after all had got the seed of his own flower. It was plainly an affectation of revolt from his own affectation, with haply some prophetic sense of naturalism as a basis for genuine emotion. His summing up is given in "Don Juan":

> Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
> Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
> Or at least was so, ere it grew a fashion.

Moore, light-weight as he was, aptly stated the Byronic creed: "Poetry ought only to be employed as an interpreter of feeling." This is certainly true, as far as it goes, and agrees with Mill's later but still limited canon, that poetry is emotion expressed in lyrical language. But a complete definition distinguishes the thing defined from everything else; it denotes, as you know, "the species, the whole species, and nothing but the species." Bascom and Ruskin follow Mill, but Ruskin adds other elements, saying that poetry is the suggestion, by the "imagination," of noble "thoughts" for noble emotions. This does not exclude painting and other emotional and imaginative arts. In truth, he is simply defining art, and takes poetry, as Plato might, as a synonym for art in all its forms of expression.

An elevated view, on the whole, is gained by those who recognize more sensibly the force of Imagination. Here the twin contemplative seers, Wordsworth and Coleridge, lift their torches, dispersing many mists. They saw that poetry is not opposed to prose, of which verse is the true antithesis, but that in spirit and action it is the reverse of science or matter of fact. Imagination is its pole-star, its utterance the echo of man and nature. The poet has no restriction beyond the duty of giving pleasure. Nothing else stands between him and the very image of nature, from which a hundred barriers shut off the biographer and historian. Wordsworth admits the need of emotion, but renounces taste. Coleridge plainly has the instinct for beauty and the spell of measured words. The chief contributions of the Lake School to our definition are the recognition of the imagination and the antithesis of science to poetry. The pessimist Schopenhauer, who wrote like a musician on music, like a poet on poetry, yet with wholly impassive judgment, also avows that poetry is "the art of exciting by words the power of the imagination," and that it must "show by example what life and the world are."

From the attributes of invention, passion, and imagination may perhaps be deduced what seems to others the specific quality of the poet, the very quintessence of his gift. What should I mean, save that which Aristotle's master considered the element productive of all others and a direct endowment from heaven — the Inspiration governing creative, impassioned, imaginative art? The poet's soul was, according to Plato, in harmonic relation with the soul of the universe. It is true that in the "Republic" he supplies Aristotle with a technical basis; furthermore, as an idealist playing at government, he is more sternly utilitarian than even the man of affairs. The epic and dramatic makers of "imitative history" are falsifiers, dangerous for their divine power of exciting the passions and unsettling the minds of ordinary folk. He admires a poet, and would even crown him, but feels bound to escort him to the side of the ship Republic and to drop him overboard, as the Quaker repulsed the boarder, with the remark, "Friend, thee has no business here!" But this is Plato defying his natal goddess in a passing ascetic mood; Plato, in whose self the poet and philosopher were one indeed, having ever since been trying, like the two parts of his archetypal man, to find again so perfect a union. In his more general mood he atones for such wantonness, reiterating again and again that the poet is a seer, possessed of all secrets and guided by an inspiring spirit; that

without his second sight, his interpretation of the divine ideas symbolized by substance and action, his mission would be fruitless.

Those who take this higher view revere the name of Plato, though sometimes looking beyond him to the more eastern East, whence such occult wisdom is believed to flow — to such sayings as that ascribed to Zoroaster,[1] "Poets are standing transporters; their employment consists in speaking to the Father and to Matter, in provoking apparent copies of unapparent natures, and thus inscribing things unapparent in the apparent fabric of the world."

Cicero, deeply read in Plato, could not conceive of a poet's producing verse of grand import and perfect rhythm without some heavenly inbreathing of the mind. The soul's highest prerogative was to contemplate the order of celestial things and to reproduce it. Transcendental thinkers — such as Lord Bacon in his finest vein — recognize this as its office. While Bacon's general view of poetry is that all "Feigned History" (as he terms it), prose or verse, may be so classed, he says the use of it "hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it"; and again, that it is thought to "have some participation of divineness because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind." Sidney's flawless "Apologie for Poetrie" exalts the prophetic gift of the vates above all art and invention. In our day Carlyle clung to the supremacy of inspiration, in art no less than in action. But no one since Plotinus has made it so veritably the golden dome of the temple as our seer of seers, Emerson, in whose belief the artist does not create so much as report. The soul works through him. "Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing." And thus all the Concord group, notably Dr. Harris, in whose treatises of Dante and other poets the spiritual interpreting power of the bard is made preëminent. The subtlest modern poet of life and thought, Browning, has left us only one prose statement of his art, but that is the lion's progeny. The poet's effort he saw to be "a presentment of the correspondency of the universe to the Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal." Spiritual progress, rather than art, is the essential thing. A similarly extreme view led Carlyle (himself, like Plato, a poet throughout) to discountenance the making of poetry as an art. Carried too far, the Platonic idea often has vitiated the work of those minor transcendentalists who reduce their poetics to didactics, and inject the drop of prose that precipitates their rarest elixir. Their creed, however, — with its inclusion of the bard as a revealer of the secret of things, — while not fully defining poetry, lays stress upon its highest attribute.

Thus we see that many have not cared to speak absolutely, and more have failed to discriminate between the thing done and the means of doing. Poetry is made a Brahma, at once the slayer and the slain. A vulgar delusion, that of poetasters, is to confound the art with its materials. The nobler error recognizes the poetic spirit, but not that spirit incarnate of its own will in particular and concrete form. The outcome is scarcely more exact and substantial than the pretty thesis caroled by "one of America's pet Marjories" in her tenth year, and long since become of record. This child's heart detected "poetry, poetry everywhere!" and proclaimed that:

> You breathe it in the summer air,
> You see it in the green wild woods,
> It nestles in the first spring buds.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 'T is poetry, poetry everywhere —
> It nestles in the violets fair,
> It peeps out in the first spring grass —
> Things without poetry are very scârce.

That our naïve little rhymer was a sibyl, and her statement hardly more vague than the definitions of poetry offered by older philosophers, who will deny? All in all, various writers connected with the art movement of the present century have most sensibly discussed the topic. They recognize poetry as an entity, subject to expressed conditions. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt logically distinguished between it and poetic feeling, and believed one to be the involuntary utterance of the other, sympathetically modulating the poet's voice to its key. Shelley, the Ariel of songsters, came right down to the ground of our enchanted isle, laying stress upon the dependence of the utterance on rhythm and order — on "those arrangements of language, and especially metrical language, which are created by that imperial faculty whose throne is contained within the invisible nature of man." More recently the poet-critic Watts, in the best modern essay upon the subject, says that "absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Here we certainly are getting out of the mists. In these formulas an effort for precision is apparent, and the latest one would be satisfactory did it insist more definitely, within itself, upon the office of the imagination, and upon the interpretative gift which is the very soul of our art.

The ideas presented by many of the poets seem in the main conformed to their own respective gifts, and therefore in a sense limited.

[1] Cited by F. B. Sanborn in a paper on Emerson.

Thus, years after Schlegel had termed poetry "the power of creating what is beautiful, and representing it to the eye or ear," our disciple of taste, Poe, who avowed that poetry had been to him "not a purpose, but a passion," amended Schlegel's terms with the adjective needed to complete his own definition—"the *Rhythmical* Creation of Beauty." Never did a wayward romancer speak with a sincerer honesty of the lyrical art, and he clenched his statement by adding that its sole arbiter was Taste. If you accept beauty in a comprehensive sense, including all emotions, truths, and ethics, accept this definition as precise and unflinching. But Poe confines its meaning to the domain of esthetics, which of itself he thought opposed to vice on account of her deformity; furthermore, he restricts it to what he terms supernal beauty, the note of sadness and regret. This was simply his own highest range and emotion. His formula, however, will always be tenderly regarded by refined souls, for Beauty, pure and simple, is the alma mater of the artist; her unswerving devotee is absolved—many sins are forgiven to him who has loved her much.

But often a poet, great or small, has burnished some facet of the jewel we are setting. Milton's declaration that poetry is "simple, sensuous, passionate," is a recognition of its most effective attributes.[1] Lowell has sprinkled the whole subject with diamond-dust, and he, of all, perhaps could best have given a new report of its tricksy spirit. Arnold's phrase, "a criticism of life, under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty," is of value, yet one of those definitions which themselves need a good deal of defining. With the exception of Mr. Watts, we see that not even the writers of our logical period have condensed into a single clause a statement that establishes, practically and inclusively, the basis on which our art sustains its enrapturing vitality, and Mr. Watts's statement leaves something for inference and his after-explanation. Before endeavoring, in the next lecture, to construct a framework that may serve our temporary needs, I wish to consider briefly the most suggestive addition which this century has made to the elements previously observed. I refer to the assertion of Wordsworth and Coleridge that poetry is "the antithesis of science."

WHAT does this assertion mean, and how far does its bearing extend? The poet has two functions, one directly opposed to that of the scientist, and avoided by him, while of the other the scientist is not always master. The first is that of treating nature and life as they *seem*, rather than as they are; of depicting phenomena, which often are not actualities. I refer to physical actualities, of which the investigator gives the scientific *facts*, the poet the *semblances* known to eye, ear, and touch. The poet's other function is the exercise of an insight which pierces to spiritual actualities, to the meaning of phenomena, and to the relations of all this scientific knowledge.

To illustrate the distinction between a poet's, or other artist's, old-style treatment of things as they seem and the philosopher's statement of them as they are, I once used an extreme, and therefore a serviceable, example; to wit, the grand Aurora fresco in the Rospigliosi palace. Here you have the childlike, artistic, and phenomenal conception of the antique poets. To them the Dawn was a joyous heroic goddess, speeding her chariot in advance of the sun-god along the clouds, with the beauteous Hours lackeying her scattered many-hued blossoms down the eastern sky. For the educated modern there is neither Aurora nor Apollo; there are no winged Hours, no flowers of diverse hues. His sun is an incandescent material sphere, alive with magnetic forces, engirt with hydrogenous flame, and made up of constituents more or less recognizable through spectrum analysis. The colors of the auroral dawn — for the poet still fondly calls it auroral — are rays from this measurable incandescence, refracted by the atmosphere and clouds, under the known conditions that have likewise put to test both the pagan and biblical legends of that prismatic nothing, the rainbow itself. The stately blank-verse poem, "Orion," which the late Hengist Horne published at a farthing half a century ago, is doubtless our most imaginative rendering of the legend which placed the blind giant in the skies. The most superb of constellations represents even in modern poetry a mythical demi-god. In science it was but the other day that the awful whirl of nebulæ developed by the Lick telescope revealed it to us almost as a distinct universe in itself.

But to show the distinction as directly af-

[1] Milton's phrase has become familiar as a proverb since Coleridge used it with great force in the prelude to his lectures on Shakspere and on the Drama, but it is seldom quoted with its context, as found in the tractate "On Education," addressed to Samuel Hartlib, A. D. 1644. The poet there speaks of "Rhetoric" as an art To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's poetics, in Horace, . . . teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and playwriters be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent, use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

fecting modes of expression, take the first of countless illustrations that come to hand; for instance, the methods applied to the treatment of one of our recurrent coast storms. The poet says:

> When descends on the Atlantic
> The gigantic
> Storm-wind of the Equinox,
> Landward in his wrath he scourges
> The toiling surges
> Laden with sea-weed from the rocks.

Or take this stanza by a later balladist:

> The East Wind gathered, all unknown,
> A thick sea-cloud his course before:
> He left by night the frozen zone,
> And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
> He lashed the coasts on either hand,
> And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
> Into the bay his armies pour.

All this impersonation and fancy is translated by the Weather Bureau into something like the following:

> An area of extreme low pressure is rapidly moving up the Atlantic coast, with wind and rain. Storm-center now off Charleston, S. C. Wind N.E. Velocity, 54. Barometer, 29.6. The disturbance will reach New York on Wednesday, and proceed eastward to the Banks and Bay St. Lawrence. Danger-signals ordered for all North Atlantic ports.

We cannot too clearly understand the difference between artistic vision and scientific analysis. The poet in his language and the painter with his brush are insensibly and rightly affected by the latter. The draughtsman, it is plain, must depict nature and life as they seem to the eye, and he needs only a flat surface. The camera has proved this, demonstrating the fidelity in outline and shadow of drawings antedating its use. The infant, the blind man suddenly given sight, see things in the flat as we do, but without our acquired sense of facts indicated by their perspective. We have learned, and experience has trained our senses to instant perception, that things have the third dimension, that of thickness, and are not equally near or far. The Japanese, with an instinct beyond that of some of his Mongolian neighbors, avoids an extreme flat treatment by confining himself largely to the essential lines of objects, allowing one's imagination to supply the rest. He carries suggestiveness, the poet's and the artist's effective ally, to the utmost. Still, as Mr. Wores says, he has no scruples about facts, "for he does not pretend to draw things as they are, or should be, but as they seem." Now, it is probable that the Aryan artist is born with a more analytic vision than that of the Orient; if not, that he does instinctively resist certain inclinations to draw lines just as they appear to him. But this natural resistance unquestionably was long ago reinforced by his study of the laws of perspective. The generally truer and more effective rendering of outline and shadow by Western masters cannot be denied, and furnishes an example of the aid which scientific analysis can render to the artist. In just the same way, we may see, empirical knowledge is steadily becoming a part of the poet's equipment, and, I have no doubt, is by inherited transmission giving him at birth an ability to receive from phenomena more scientifically correct impressions. For his purposes, nevertheless, the portrayal of things as they seem conveys a truth just as important as that other truth which the man of analysis and demonstration imparts to the intellect. It is the *methods* that are antithetical.

The poet's other function, which the scientist does not avoid, but which research alone does not confer upon him, is that of seizing the abstract truth of things whether observed or discovered. It has been given out, though I do not vouch for it, that Edison obtains some of his ideas for practical invention from the airy flights of imagination taken by writers of fiction. In any case, it is clear that with respect to inventive surmise, the poet is in advance: the investigator, if he would leap to greater discoveries, must have the poetic insight and imagination — be, in a sense, a poet himself, and exchange the mask and gloves of the alchemist for the soothsayer's wand and mantle. Those of our geologists, biologists, mechanicians, who are not thus poets in spite of themselves must sit below the seers who by intuition strike the trail of new discovery. For beyond both the phantasmal look of things and full scientific attainment there is a universal coherence — there are infinite meanings — which the poet has the gift to see, and by the revelation and prophecy of which he illumines whatever is cognizable.

The so-called conflict of science and religion, in reality one of fact and dogma, has been waged obviously since the time of Galileo. Its annals are recorded. It was the sooner inevitable because science takes nothing on faith. The slower, but equally prognosticable, effect of exact science on poetry, though foreseen by the Lake School, was not extreme until recently — so recently, in fact, that a chapter which I devoted to it in 1874 was almost the first extended consideration that it received. Since then it has been constantly debated, and not always radically. That the poets went on so long in the old way, very much like the people who came after the deluge, was due to two conditions. First, their method was so ingrained in

literature, so common to the educated world, that it sustained a beauteous phantasmagory against all odds. Again, the poets have walked in lowly ways, and each by himself; they have no proud temporal league and station, like the churchmen's, to make them timid of innovation, of any new force that may shake their roof-trees. They have been gipsies, owning nothing, yet possessed of everything without the care of it. At last they see this usufruct denied them; they are bidden to surrender even their myths and fallacies and inspiring illusions. With a grace that might earlier have been displayed by the theologians, they are striving to adapt art to its conditions, though at the best it is a slow process to bring their clientage to the new ideality. Though the imagery and diction which have served their use, and are now absurd, must cease, the creation of something truer and nobler is not the work of a day, and of a leader, but of generations. So there is a present struggle, and the poets are sharing the discomfort of the dogmatists. The forced marches of knowledge in this age do insensibly perturb them, even give the world a distaste for a product which, it fears, we must distrust. The new learning is so radiant, so novel, and therefore seemingly remarkable, that of itself it satiates the world's imagination. Even the abashed idealists, though inspired by it, feel it becoming to fall into the background. Some of them recognize it with stoical cynicism and stern effect. In Balzac's "The Search for the Absolute," Balthazar's wife, suffering agonies, makes an attempt to dissuade him from utterly sacrificing his fortune, his good name, even herself, in the effort to manufacture diamonds. He tenderly grasps her in his arms, and her beautiful eyes are filled with tears. The infatuated chemist, wandering at once, exclaims: "Tears! I have decomposed them: they contain a little phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium, mucin, and water." Such is the last infirmity of noble minds to-day.

We latterly find our bards alive to scientific revelations. It has been well said that a "Paradise Lost" could not be written in this century, even by a Milton. In his time the Copernican system was acknowledged, but the old theory of the universe haunted literature and was serviceable for that conception of "man's first disobedience," and the array of infernal and celestial hosts, to which the great epic was devoted. In our own time such a poet as Tennyson, to whom the facts of nature are everything, does not make a lover say, "O god of day!" but

> Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
> Yon orange sunset, waning slow.

Browning, De Banville, Whitman, Emerson earliest and most serenely,—in fact, all modern intellectual poets,—not only adapt their works to physical knowledge, but, as I say, often forestall it. Even as we find them turned savants, we find our Clerk Maxwells, Roods, Lodges, Rowlands, poets in their quick guesses and assumptions. Imaginative genius is such that often one of its electric flames will come through what is ordinarily a non-conductor. That term, howbeit, cannot be applied to an American scientist[1] who enjoys the distinction of being at once a master of abstruse mathematics and a brilliant writer of very poetic novels, and to whom I put the same question I have addressed to poets—simply, What is poetry? He repaid me with a letter setting forth in aptest phrase his own belief in the kindred imaginations of the physicist and the poet. Naturally he considers the physical discoverer just now more triumphant and essential. "His study," he says, "is relations. When he cannot discover them, he invents them—strings his fact-beads on the thread of hypothesis." After some illustrations of this, he sets present research above past fancy, and exclaims: "Compare the wings of light on which we ascend with a speed to girdle the earth eight times a second, to sift the constitution of stars, with the steed of Mohammed and its five-league steps and eyes of jacinth! What a chapter the Oriental poet could give us to-day in a last edition of Job—founding the conception of the Unknown on what we *know* of his works, instead of on our ignorance of them. I want a new Paul to rewrite and restate the doctrine of immortality."

But here the poet may justly break in and say, It is not from investigators, but from the divine preachers, that we inherit this doctrine of immortality. Being poets, through insight they saw it to be true, and announced it as revealed to them. Let science demonstrate it, as it yet may, and the idealists will soon adjust their imagery and diction to the resulting conditions. It is only thus they *can* give satisfaction and hold their ground. The prolongation of worn-out fancy has been somewhat their own fault, and it is just they should suffer for it. Still, although we may shift externals, the idealists will be potent as ever; their strength lies not in their method, but in their sovereign perception of the relations of things. Even the theologians no longer dismiss facts with the quotation, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The world has learned that at all events we can steadily broaden and heighten our conception of him. We are beginning to verify Lowell's prophetic statement:

> Science was faith once; Faith were science now
> Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
> And arm her with the weapons of the time.

[1] Prof. A. S. Hardy of Dartmouth.

Theology, teaching immortality, now finds science deducing the progressive existence of the soul as an inference from the law of evolution. Poetry finds science offering it fresh discovery as the terrace from which to essay new flights. While realizing this aid, a temporary disenchantment is observed. The public imagination is so intent upon the marvels of force, life, psychology, that it concerns itself less with the poet's ideals. Who cares for the ode pronounced at the entrance of this Exposition, while impatient to reach the exhibits within the grounds? Besides, fields of industrial achievement are opened by each investigation, enhancing human welfare, and absorbing our energies. The soldiers of this noble war do not meditate and idealize; their prayer and song are an impulse, not an occupation.

My romancer and scientist goes on to say, "In all this the poet loses nothing. It is fundamental fact that the conquest of mystery leads to greater mystery; the more we know the greater the material for the imagination." This I too believe, and that the poet's province is, and ever must be, the expression of the manner in which revealed truths, and truths as yet unseen but guessed and felt by him, affect the emotions and thus sway man's soul.

Therefore his final ground is still his own, and he well may say, as Whitman chanted thirty years ago:—

Space and Time! now I see it is true, what I guessed at.

. . . . . .

I accept Reality, and dare not question it,
Materialism first and last imbuing.

. . . . . .

Gentlemen, to you the first honors always!
Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my dwelling,
I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling.
Less the reminders of properties told my words,
And more the reminders they of life untold.

Insight and spiritual feeling will continue to precede discovery and sensation. In their footprints the investigator must advance for his next truth, and at the moment of his advance become one with the poet. In the words of Tyndall on Emerson, "Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her grave brother by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter." Meanwhile the laws of change, fashion, ennui, that breed devotion first to one exercise of man's higher faculty, and anon to another, will direct the public attention alternately to the investigator and to the poet. In lulls or fatigue of discovery, there will be an eager return to the oracles for their interpretation of the omens of the laboratory and ward. The services of the temple are confined no more to the homily and narrative than to song and prayer.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

OUR TOLSTOI CLUB.

I SHOULD be glad to tell a story if I only knew one, but I don't. Some people say that one experience is as interesting as another, and that any real life is worth hearing about; but I think it must make some little difference who the person is. But if I really must tell one, and since you all have told yours, and such nice ones, and anything is better than nothing when we are kept in all the morning by a pouring rain, with nothing to do, because we came only for a week and did not expect it to rain, I will try and tell you about our Tolstoi Club, because that was rather like a story — at least it might have been like one if things had turned out a little differently.

You know I live in a suburb of Boston, and a very charming, delightful one it is. I cannot call it by its real name, because I am going to be so very personal; so I will call it "Baby-land," which indeed people often do in fun. There never was such a place for children. The population is mostly under seven years old, for it was about seven years ago that young married people began to move into it in such numbers, because it is so healthy; but it was always a great place for them even when it was small. The old inhabitants are mostly grandfathers and grandmothers now, and enjoy it very much; but they usually go into town in the winter, with such unmarried children as they have left, to get a little change; for there is no denying that there is a sameness about it — the sidewalks are crowded with perambulators every pleasant day, and at our parties the talk is apt to run too much on nursery-maids, and milkmen and their cows, and drains, to be very interesting to those who have not learned how terribly important such things are. So in winter we — I mean the young married couples, of whom I am half a one — are left pretty much to our own devices.

Though we are all so devoted to our infant families, we are not so much so as to give up

all rational pleasures or intellectual tastes; we could not live so near Boston, you know, and do that. Our husbands go into town every day to make money, and we go in every few days to spend it, and in the evenings, if they are not too tired, we sometimes make them take us in to the theaters and concerts. We all have a very nice social circle, for Babyland is fashionable as well as respectable, and we are asked out more or less, and go out; but for real enjoyment we like our own clubs and classes the best. We feel so safe going round in the neighborhood, because we are so near the children, and can be called home any time if necessary. There is our little evening dancing-club, which meets round at one another's houses, where we all exchange husbands — a kind of grown-up "puss-in-the-corner"; only, as the supply of dancing husbands is not quite equal to that of wives, we have to get a young man or two in if we can; and for the same reason we don't ask any girls, who, indeed, are not very eager to come. Then there is the musical club, and the sketching-club, and we have a great many morning clubs for the women alone, where we bring our work (and it is splendid to get so much time to sew), and read or are read to, and then talk over things. Sometimes we stay to lunch, and sometimes not; and we would have an essay club, only we have no time to write the papers.

Now, many of these clubs meet chiefly at Minnie Mason's — Mrs. Sydney Mason's. She gets them up, and is president: you see, she has more time, because she has no children — the only woman in Babyland who has n't, and I don't doubt she feels dreadfully about it. She was not strong, and had to lie on the sofa most of the time, and that was another reason why we met there so often; and then she lives right in the midst of us all, and so close to the road that we can all of us watch our children, when they are out for their airings, very conveniently. Minnie is very kind and sympathetic, and takes such an interest in all our affairs, and if she is somewhat inclined to gossip about them, poor dear, it is very natural, when she has so few of her own to think about.

Well, in the autumn before last, Minnie said we must get up a Tolstoi Club; she said the Russians were the coming race, and Tolstoi was their greatest writer, and the most Christian of moralists (at least, she had read so), and that everybody was talking about him, and we should be behindhand if we could not. So we turned one of our clubs, which had nothing particular on hand just then, into one; and, besides Tolstoi, we read other Russian novelists, Turgenieff and — that man whose name is so hard to pronounce, who writes all about convicts and — and other criminals. We did not read them all, for they are very long, and we can never get through anything long; but we hired a very nice lady "skimmer," who ran through them, and told us the plots, and all about the authors, and read us bits. I forget a good deal, but I remember she said that Tolstoi was the supreme realist, and that all previous novelists were romancers and idealists, and that he drew life just as it was, and nobody else had ever done anything like it, except indeed the other Russians; and then we discussed. In discussion we are very apt to stray off to other topics, but that day I remember Bessie Milliken saying that the Russians seemed very queer people; she supposed that if every one said these authors were so true to life, they must be, but she had never known such an extraordinary state of things. Just as soon as ever people were married, — if they married at all, — they seemed wild to make love to some one else, or have some one else make love to them.

"They don't seem to do so here," said Fanny Deane.

"*We* certainly do not," said Blanche Livermore. "I think the reason must be that we have no time. I have scarcely time to see anything of my own husband, much less to fall in love with any one else's."

We all laughed, but we felt that it was odd. In Babyland all went on in an orderly and respectable fashion. The gayest girls, the fastest young men, as soon as they were married and settled there, subsided at once into quiet, domestic ways. At our dances each of us secretly thought her own husband the most interesting person present, and he returned the compliment, and after a peaceful evening of passing them about we were always very thankful to get them back to go home with. Were we, then, so unlike the rest of humanity?

"Are we sure?" asked Minnie Mason, always prone to speculation. "It is not likely that we are utterly different from the rest of the world. Who knows what dark tragedies lie hidden in the recesses of the heart? Who knows all her neighbor's secret history?" This was being rather personal, but no one took it home, for we never minded what Minnie said; and as many of the club were, as always occurred, detained at home by domestic duties, we thought it might apply to one of them. But I can't deny that we, and especially Minnie, who had a relish for what was sensational, and was pleased to find that realistic fiction, which she had always thought must be dull, was really exciting, felt a little ashamed at our being so behind the age — "provincial," as Mr. James would call it; "obsolete," as Mr. Howells is fond of saying — at Babyland as not to have the ghost of a scandal among us. None of us wished to give cause for the scandal ourselves; but I

think we might not have been as sorry as we ought to be if one of our neighbors had been obliging enough to do so. We did not want anything very bad, you know. Of course none of us could ever have dreamed of running away with a fascinating young man,— like Anna Karenina,— because in the first place we all liked our husbands, and in the next place, who could be depended upon to go into town to do the marketing, and to see that the children wore their india-rubbers on wet days? But anything short of that we felt we could bear with equanimity.

That same fall we were excited, though only in our usual harmless, innocent way, by hearing that the old Grahame house was sold, and pleased — though no more than was proper — that it was sold to the Williamses. It was a pretty, old farm-house which had been improved upon and enlarged, and had for many years been to let; and being as inconvenient as it was pretty, it was always changing its tenants, whom we despised as transients, and seldom called upon. But now it was bought, and by none of your new people, who, we began to think, were getting too common in Babyland. We all knew Willie Williams: all the men were his old friends, and all the women had danced with him, and liked him, and flirted with him; but I don't think it ever went deeper, for somehow all the girls had a way of laughing at him, though he was a handsome fellow, and had plenty of money, and was very well behaved, and clever too in his way; but we could not help thinking him silly. For one thing, he would be an artist, though you never saw such dreadful daubs as all his pictures were. It was a mercy he did not have to live by them, for he never sold any; he gave them away to his friends, and Blanche Livermore said that was why he had so many friends, for of course he could not work off more than one apiece on them. He was very popular with all the other artists, for he was the kindest-hearted creature, and always helped those who were poor, and admired those who were great; and they never had anything to say against him, though they could not get out anything more in his praise than that he was "careful and conscientious in his work," which was very likely true. Then he was vain; at least he liked his own good looks, and, being esthetic in his tastes, chose to display them to advantage by his attire. He wore his hair, which was very light, long, and was seldom seen in anything less fanciful than a boating-suit, or a bicycle-suit, though he was not given to either exercise, but wanted an excuse for a blouse, and knee-breeches, and tights, and a soft hat — and these were all of a more startling pattern than other people's; while as to the velvet painting-jackets, and brocade dressing-gowns, in which he indulged in his studio, I can only say that they made him a far more picturesque figure than any in his pictures. It was a shame to waste such materials on a man. Then he lisped when he was at all excited, which he often was; and he had odd ways of walking, and standing, and sitting, which looked affected, though I really don't think they were.

He made enthusiastic but very brief love to all of us in turn. I don't know whether any of us could have had him; if one could, all could; but supposing we could, I don't believe any of us would have had the courage to venture on Willie Williams. But we expected that his marriage would be romantic and exciting, and his wedding something out of the common. Opinions were divided as to whether his ardent love-making would induce some lovely young Italian or Spanish girl of rank to run away from a convent with him, or whether he would rashly take up with some artist's model, or goose-girl, or beggar-maid. We were much disappointed when, after all, he married in the most commonplace manner a very ordinary girl named Loulie Latham.

We all knew Loulie too; she went to school at Miss Woodbury's, in the class next below mine; and she was a nice girl, and we all liked her well enough, but there never was a girl who had less in her. She was not bad-looking, but no beauty; not at all the kind of looks to attract an artist. Blanche Livermore said that he might have married her for her red hair if only there had been more of it. The Lathams were very well connected, and knew everybody, and she went about with the other girls, and had a fair show of attention at parties; but she never had friends or lovers. She had not much chance to have any, indeed, for she married very young.

She was a very shy, quiet girl, and I used to think that perhaps it was because she was so overcrowed by her mother. Mrs. Latham was a large, striking-looking if not exactly handsome, lady-like though loud, woman, who talked a great deal about everything. She was clever, but eccentric, and took up all manner of fads and fancies, and though she was a thoroughly good woman, and well born and well bred, she did know the very queerest people — always hand in glove with some new crank. Hygiene, as she called it, was her pet hobby. Fortunately she had a particular aversion to dosing; but she dieted her daughter and herself, which, I fear, was nearly as bad. All her bread had husks in it, and she was always discovering that it was hurtful to eat any butter or drink any water, and no end of such notions. She dressed poor Loulie so frightfully that it was enough to take all the courage out of a girl: with all

her dresses very short in the skirt, and big at the waist, and cut high, even in the evening, and thick shoes very queerly shaped, made after her own orders by some shoemaker of her own, and loose cotton gloves, and a mushroom hat down over her eyes. Finally she took up the mind-cure, and Loulie was to keep thinking all the time how perfectly well she was, which, I think, was what made her so thin and pale. Mrs. Latham always said that no one ever need be ill, and indeed she never was herself, for she was found dead in her bed one morning without any warning.

This happened at Jackson, New Hampshire, where they were spending the summer. Of course poor Loulie was half distracted with the shock and the grief. There was no one in the house where they were whom she knew at all, or who was very congenial, I fancy, and Willie Williams, whom they knew slightly, was in the neighborhood, sketching, and was very kind and attentive, and more helpful than any one would ever have imagined he could be. He saw to all the business, and telegraphed for some cousin or other, and made the funeral arrangements; and the end of it was that in three months he and Loulie Latham were married, and had sailed for Europe on their wedding tour.

This was ten years ago, and they had never come back till now. They meant to come back sooner, but one thing after another prevented. They had no children for several years, and they thought it a good chance to poke round in the wildest parts of southern Europe,—Corsica, and Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles, and all that,—and made their winter quarters at Palermo. Then for the next six years they lived in less out-of-the-way places. They had four children, and lost two; and one thing or another kept them abroad, until they suddenly made up their minds to come home.

We had not heard much of them while they were gone. Loulie had no one to correspond with, and Willie, like most men, never wrote letters; but we all were very curious to see them, and willing to welcome them, though we did not know how much they were going to surprise us. Willie Williams, indeed, was just the same as ever—in fact, our only surprise in him was to see him look no older than when he went away; but as for Mrs. Williams, she gave us quite a shock. For my part, I shall never forget how taken aback I was, when, strolling down to the station one afternoon with the children, with a vague idea of meeting Tom, who might come on that train, but who did n't, I came suddenly upon a tall, splendidly shaped, stately creature, in the most magnificent clothes; at least they looked so, though they were all black, and the dress was only cashmere, but it was draped in an entirely new way. She wore a shoulder-cape embroidered in jet, and a large black hat and feather set back over great masses of rich dark auburn hair; and though so late in the season, she carried a large black lace parasol. To be sure, it was still very warm and pleasant. I never should have ventured to speak to her, but she stopped at once, and said, "Perhaps you have forgotten me, Mrs. White?"

"No—oh, no," I said, trying not to seem confused; "Mrs.—Mrs. Williams, I believe?"

"You knew me better as Loulie Latham," she said, pleasantly enough; but I cannot say I liked her manner. There was something in it, though I could not say what, that seemed like condescension, and she hardly mentioned my children,—and most people think them so pretty,—though I saw her look at them earnestly once or twice.

Willie was the same good-hearted, hospitable fellow as ever, and begged us to come in, and go all over his house, and see his studio that he had built on, and his bric-à-brac. And a lovely house it was, full of beautiful things, for he knew them, if he could not paint them, and indeed he had a great talent for amateur carpentering. We wished he would come to our houses and do little jobs to show his good-will, instead of giving us his pictures; but we tried to say something nice about them, and the frames were most elegant. Of course we saw a good deal of Mrs. Williams, but I don't think any of us took to her. She was very quiet, as she always had been, but with a difference. She was perfectly polite, and I can't say she gave herself airs, exactly; but there was something very like it in her seeming to be so well satisfied with herself and her position, and caring so little whether she pleased us or not. Of course we all invited them, and they accepted most of our invitations when they were asked together, though she showed no great eagerness to do so; but she would not join one of our morning clubs, and had no reason to give. It could not be want of time, for we used to see her dawdling about with her children all the morning, though we knew that she had brought over an excellent, highly trained, Protestant North German nurse for them. When we asked her to the dancing-class, she said she never danced, and we had better not depend on her, but Mr. Williams enjoyed it, and would be glad to come without her. We did not relish this indifference, though it gave us an extra man, and Minnie Mason said that it was not a good thing for a man to get into the way of going about without his wife.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Williams, opening her great eyes with such an air of utter ignorance that it was impossible to explain. It was easy to see that she need not be afraid of trust-

ing her husband out of her sight, for a more devoted and admiring one I never saw, whether with her, or away from her, talking of "Loulou" and her charms, as if sure of sympathy. But we had our doubts as to how much she returned his attachment, and Minnie said it was easy to see that she only tolerated him; and we all thought her unappreciative, to say the least. He was very much interested in her dress, and spent a great deal of time in choosing and buying beautiful ornaments and laces and stuffs for her, which she insisted on having made up in her own way, languidly remarking that it was enough for Willie to make her a fright on canvas, without doing so in real life. Blanche Livermore said she must have some affection for him, to sit so much to him, for he had painted about a hundred pictures of her in different styles, each one worse than the last. You would have thought her hideous if you had only seen them; but Willie's artist friends, some of them very distinguished, had painted her too, and made her into a regular beauty. Opinions differed about her looks; but those who liked her the least had to allow that she was fine-looking, though some said it was greatly owing to her style of dress. We all called it shockingly conspicuous at first, and then went home and tried to make our things look as much like hers as we possibly could, which was very little; for, as we afterward found out, they came from a modiste at Paris who worked only for one or two private customers, and whose costumes had a kind of combination of the fashionable and the artistic which it seemed impossible for any one here to hit. We used to wonder how poor Mrs. Latham would feel, could she rise from her grave, to behold her daughter's gowns, tight as a glove, and in the evening low and long to a degree, her high-heeled French shoes, and everything her mother had thought most sinful. Her hair had grown a deeper, richer shade abroad, and she had matched it to perfection, and one of Willie's pictures of her, with the real and false all down her back together, looked like the burning bush. She was in slight mourning for an old great-uncle who had left her a nice little sum of money; and we thought, if she were so inimitable now, what would she be when she put on colors?

We did better in modeling our children's clothes after hers, and I must say she was very good-natured about lending us her patterns. She had a boy and girl, beautiful little creatures, but they looked rather delicate, which she did not seem to realize at all; she was very amiable in her ways to them, but cool, just as she was to their father.

It must be confessed that we spent a great deal of time at our clubs in discussing her, especially at the Tolstoi Club; for, as Minnie remarked, she seemed very much in the Russian style, and it was not disagreeable, after all, to think that we might have such a "type," as they call it, among us.

Just as we had begun to get accustomed to Mrs. Williams's dresses, and her beauty, and her nonchalance, and held up our heads again, she knocked us all over with another ten-strike. It was after a little dinner given for them at the Millikens', and a good many people had dropped in afterward, as they were apt to do after our little dinners, to which of course we could not ask all our set, however intimate. Mrs. Reynolds had come out from Boston, and as she was by way of being very musical, though she never performed, she eagerly asked Willie Williams, when he mentioned having lived so long in Sicily, whether he had ever seen Giudotti, the great composer, who had retired to the seclusion of his native island in disgust with the world, which he thought was going, musically speaking, to ruin. We listened respectfully, for most of us did not remember hearing of the great Giudotti, but Willie replied coolly:

"Oh, yes; we met him often; he was my wife's teacher. Loulou, I wish you would sing that little thing of Mickiewicz, '*Panicz i Dziewczyna*,' which Giudotti set for you."

Loulie was leaning back on a sofa across the room, lazily swaying her big black lace fan. She had on a lovely gown of real black Spanish lace, and a great bunch of yellow roses on her bosom, which you would not have thought would have looked well with her red hair; but they suited her "Venetian coloring," as her husband called it—

> "Ni blanche ni cuivrée, mais dorée
> D'un rayon de soleil."

Willie's strong point, or his weak point, as you may consider it, was in quotations. She did not seem any too well pleased with the request, and replied that she hardly thought people would care to hear any music; it seemed a pity to stop the conversation—for all but herself were chattering as fast as they could. But of course we all caught at the idea, and the hostess was pressing, and after every mortal in the room had entreated her, she rose, still reluctantly, and walked across the room to the piano, saying that she hoped they really would not mind the interruption.

It sounded fine to have something specially composed for her, but we were accustomed to hear Fanny Deane, the most musical one among us, sing things set for her by her teacher—indeed, rather more than we could have wished; and I thought now to hear something of the same sort—some weak little melody all on a few notes, in a muffled little voice, with a word

or two, such as "weinend," or "veilchen," or "frühling," or "stella," or "bella," distinguishable here and there, accordingly as she sang in German or Italian. So you may imagine how I, as well as all the rest, was struck when, without a single note of prelude, her deep, low voice thrilled through the whole room:

"Why so late in the wood,
Fair maid?"

I never felt so lonely and eery in my life; and then in a moment the wildly ringing music of the distant chase came, faint but growing nearer all the time, from the piano, while her voice rose sweeter and sadder above it, till our pleasure grew more delicious as it almost melted into pain. The adventures of the fair maid in the wood were, to say the least, of a very compromising description; but we flattered ourselves that our course of realistic fiction had made us less provincial and old-fashioned, and we knew that nobody minded this sort of thing abroad, especially the Russians, of whom we supposed Mickiewicz was one till somewhat languidly set right by Mrs. Williams.

After that her singing made a perfect sensation all about Boston, the more because it was so hard to get her to sing. Her style was peculiar, and was a good deal criticized by those who had never heard her. She never sang anything any one else did — that is, anybody you might call any one, for I have heard her sometimes sing something that had gone the rounds of all the hand-organs, and make it sound new again; but many of her songs were in manuscript, some composed for her by Giudotti, and others old things that he had picked up for her — folk-songs, and ballads, and such. She always accompanied herself, and never from any notes, and very often differently for the same song. Sometimes she would sing a whole verse through without playing a note, and then improvise something between. She always sang in English, which we thought queer, when she had lived so long abroad; but she said Giudotti had told her always to use the language of her audience, and Willie, who had a pretty turn for versifying, used to translate for her. We felt rather piqued that she should ignore the fact that we too had studied languages, but we all agreed that she knew how to set herself off, and indeed we thought she carried her affectation beyond justifiable limits. She had to be asked by every one in the room, and was always saying that it was not worth hearing, and that she hoped people would tell her when they had enough of it, though, indeed, she could rarely be induced to sing more than twice. If her voice was praised, she said she had none; and when she was asked to play, she would say she could not — she could only accompany herself. A likely story — as if any one who could do that as she could, could not play anything! — and we used to hear her, too, when she was in her own house, with nobody there but her husband. As for him, he overflowed with pride and delight in her music, and evidently much more than pleased her, and sometimes he even made her blush — a thing she rarely did — by his remarks, such as that if we really wanted to know how Loulou could sing, we must hide in the nursery. It was while singing to her baby, it appeared, that the great Giudotti had chanced to hear her, and immediately implored the privilege of teaching her, for anything or nothing.

Minnie Mason said it was impossible that a woman could sing like that unless she had a history; and she spent much of her time and all of her energy for several weeks in finding out what the history could be. It was wonderful how ingeniously she put this and that together, until one day at the club she told us the whole story, and we wondered that we had never thought of it before. It seems that before Loulie Latham was married there had been a love-affair between her and Walter Dana. It is not known exactly how far it went, but her feelings were very much involved. She was too young, poor thing, and too simple, to know that Walter Dana was not at all a marrying man; he could not have afforded it, if he had wanted to ever so much. He was the sort of young man, you know, who never does manage to afford to marry, though in other respects he seemed to get on well enough. He had passed down through several generations of girls, and was now rather attentive, in a harmless, general sort of way, to the married women, and came to our dances.

"And then," said Minnie, "when he did not speak, and she was so suddenly left alone, and nearly penniless, after her mother's death, and Willie Williams was so much in love with her, and so pressing — though I don't believe he was ever in love with her more than he was with a dozen other girls, only the circumstances were such, you know, that he could hardly help proposing, he 's so generous and impulsive. But he is not exactly the sort of man to fall in love with, and his oddities have evidently worn upon her; and now she feels with bitter regret how different her life might have been if she could have waited till her uncle left her this money. Walter has got on better, and might be able to marry her now, and she is young still — only twenty-nine. It is the wreck of two lives, perhaps of three. Willie is most unsuspicious, but should he ever find out — "

We all shuddered with pleasurable horror at the thought that we were to be spectators of a Russian novel in real life.

"I have seen them together," went on Minnie, "and their tones and looks were unmistakable. Surely you remember that Eliot Hall german he danced with her, the winter before her mother's death — the only winter she ever went into society; and I recollect now that he seemed very miserable about something at the time of her marriage, only I never suspected why then."

"How very sad!" murmured Emmie Richards, a tender-hearted little thing.

"It is sad," said Minnie, solemnly; "but love is a great and terrible factor in life, and elective affinities are not to be judged by conventional rules."

For my own part, I thought Willie Williams a great deal nicer and more attractive than Walter Dana, except, to be sure, that Walter did talk and look like other people. Perhaps, I said, things were not quite so bad as Minnie made them out. It was to be hoped that poor Loulie would pause at the brink. A great many such stories, especially American ones, never come to anything, except that the heroine lives on pining, with a blighted life; and I thought, if that were all, Willie was not the kind of man who would mind it much. Very likely he would never know it.

Blanche Livermore said the idea of a woman pining all her days was nonsense. All girls had affairs, but after they were married the cares of a family soon knocked them all out of their heads. To be sure, Blanche's five boys were enough to knock anything out; but Minnie told us all afterward, separately, in confidence, that it was a little jealousy on her part, because she had been once rather smitten with Walter Dana herself. This seemed very realistic; and I must say my own observations confirmed the truth of Minnie's story. Mrs. Williams did look at times conscious and disturbed. One night, too, Tom and I called on them to make arrangements about some concert-tickets. Willie welcomed us in his usual cordial fashion, saying Loulou would be down directly; and in ten minutes or so down she came, in one of her loveliest evening dresses, white embroidered crape, with a string of large amber beads round her throat.

"I am afraid you are going out, Mrs. Williams; don't let us detain you."

"Not at all," she said, with her usual indifference. "We are not going anywhere. I was waiting up-stairs to see the children tucked up in their beds."

It seemed like impropriety of behavior in no slight degree to fag out one's best clothes at home in that aimless way, but when in ten minutes more Mr. Walter Dana walked in, her guilt was more plainly manifest, and I shuddered to think what a tragedy was weaving round us. Only a day or two after, I met her alone, near nightfall, hurrying toward her home, and with something so odd about her whole air and manner that I stopped short and asked, rather officiously perhaps, if Mr. Williams and the children were well.

"Oh, yes; very — very well indeed!" she threw back, in a quick, defiant tone, very unlike her usual self; and then, as I looked at her, I perceived to my dismay that she was crying bitterly. I felt so awkward that I did not know what to say, and I stood staring, while she pulled down her veil with a jerk, and hurried on. I could not help going into Minnie's to ask her what she thought it could mean. Minnie, of course, knew all about it.

"She has been in here, and I have been giving her a piece of my mind. I hope it will do her good. Crying, was she? I am very glad of it."

"But, Minnie! how could you? how did you dare to? how did you begin?" I asked in amazement, heightened by the disrespectful way in which Minnie had dealt with elective affinities.

"Oh, very easily. I began about her children, and said how very delicate they looked, and that we all thought they needed a great deal of care."

"But she does seem to take a great deal of care of them. She has them with her most of the time."

"Yes; that 's just it. She always has them, because she wants to use them for a cover. I am sure she takes them out in very unfit weather, and keeps them out too long, just for a pretext to be strolling about with him."

"You certainly have more courage than I could muster up," I said. "What else did you say?"

"I did not say anything else out plainly; but I saw she understood perfectly well what I meant."

"I don't see how you ever dared to do it."

"It is enough to make one do something to live next door to her as I do. You know that Walter Dana has not been at either of the last two dancing-classes. Well, it is just because he has been there, spending the whole evening with her alone. I have been kept at home myself, and have seen him with my own eyes going away before Mr. Williams gets home. I can see their front gate from where I sit now, and the electric light strikes full on every one who comes and goes."

I thought this was about enough, but we were to have yet more positive proof. One evening, soon after, we were all at the Jenkses'. It was a large party, and the rooms were hot and crowded. The Williamses were there, and Walter Dana; but he did not go near Loulie; he paid her no more attention in company than

anybody else,—from motives of policy, most probably,—and she was even quieter than usual, and seemed weary and depressed. Mrs. Jenks asked her to sing, and she refused with more than her ordinary decision. "She had rather not sing to-night, if Mrs. Jenks did not mind," and this refusal she repeated without variation. But Mrs. Jenks did mind very much; she had asked some people from a distance, on purpose to hear Mrs. Williams, and when she had implored in vain, and made all her guests do so too, she finally, in despair, directed herself to Mr. Williams, who seemed in very good spirits, as he always did in company. It was enough for him to know that Professor Perkins and Judge Wheelwright depended on hearing his wife, to rouse his pride at once, and I heard him say to her, coaxingly:

"Come, Loulou, don't you think you could sing a little?"

Loulou said something in so low a tone that I could not catch a word.

"Yes, dear, I know; but I really don't think there 's any reason for it—and they have all come to hear you, and it seems disobliging not to."

Again Loulie's reply was inaudible, all but the last words, "Cannot get through with it."

"Oh, yes, you will. Come, darling, won't you? Just once, to oblige me. It won't last long."

Loulie still looked most unwilling, but she rose, more as if too tired to contest the point than anything else, and walked over to the piano. Her cheeks were burning, but I saw her shiver as she sat down. Her husband followed her, looking a little anxious, and I wondered if they had been having a scene. Surely the course of dissimulation she was keeping up must have its inevitable effect on her nerves and temper, but her voice rang out as thrilling and triumphant as ever. She sang an English song to the old French air "Musette de Nina." It was a silly, sentimental thing, all about parted loves and hopeless regrets; but the most foolish words used to sound grandly expressive as she gave them. When she came to the last line, "The flowers of life will never bloom more," at "never" her accompaniment stopped, her voice shook, struggled with the next words, paused, and a look of despair transformed her whole face. I followed the direction of her eyes, and caught sight of Walter Dana, just visible in the doorway, and, like every other mortal in the room, gazing on her in rapt attention. It was like looking on a soul in torture, and we all shuddered as we saw it. What must it have been for him? He grew crimson, and made an uneasy movement, which seemed to break the spell; for Loulie, rousing herself with an effort, struck a ringing chord, and taking up the words on a lower note, carried them through to the end, her voice gaining strength with the repetition that the air demanded. No one asked her to sing again; and when she rose Walter Dana had disappeared, and the Williamses left very soon afterward.

Things had come to such a pass now that we most sincerely repented our desire for a Tolstoi novel among us; and if this was life as it was in Russia, we heartily wished it could be confined to that country. We felt that something shocking was sure to happen soon, and so it did; but if you go through with an earthquake, I am told, it never seems at all like what you expected, and this came in a most unlooked-for way. It was on a day when our Tolstoi Club met at Minnie Mason's, and she looked really ill and miserable. She said she had enough to make her so; and when we were all assembled, she asked one of us to shut all the doors, lest the servants should hear us, and then took out, from a locked drawer in her desk, a newspaper. It was the kind of paper that we had always regarded as improper to buy, or even to look at, and we wondered how Minnie had ever got hold of it; but she unfolded it nervously, and showed us a marked passage.

It is rumored that proceedings for a divorce will soon be taken by a prominent Boston artist whose lovely wife is widely known in first-class musical circles. The co-respondent is an old admirer of the lady's, as well as an intimate friend of her husband's.

We all read these words with horror, and Emmie Richards began to cry.

"We ought to have done *something* to prevent it," said Blanche, decidedly.

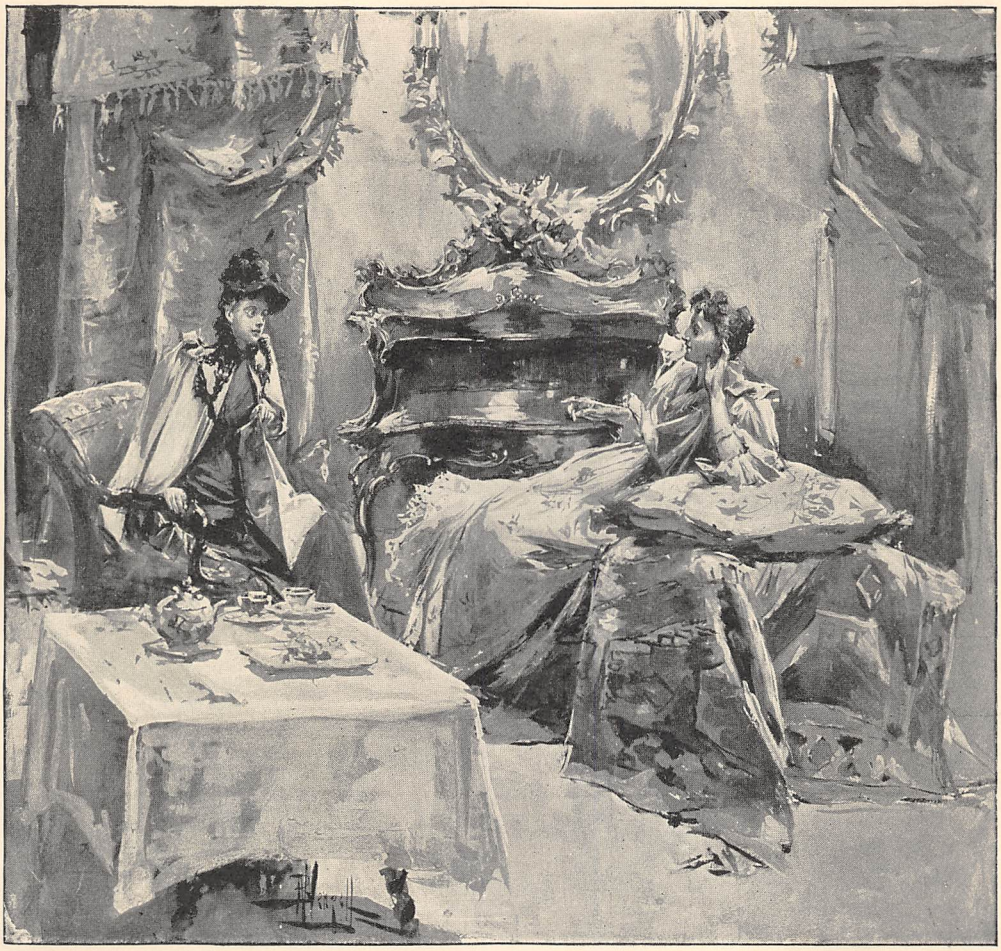
"What could we do?" said I.

"Poor Willie has n't a relation who could look after those children," murmured Bessie Milliken.

We all felt moved to offer our services upon the spot, but just then there came a loud ring at the door-bell. We all started. It could not be a belated member of the club, for we always walked right in. Minnie had given orders, as usual, to be denied to any chance caller; but in a moment the door opened, and the maid announced that Mr. Williams was in the hall, and wished to see Mrs. Mason.

"Ask Mr. Williams, Ellen, if he will please to leave a message; tell him I am engaged with my Tolstoi Club."

"I did, ma'am; but he says he wishes to see the club. He says it is on very particular business, ma'am," as Minnie hesitated, and looked for our opinion. Our amazement was so great that it deprived us of words, and Minnie, after a moment, could only bow her head in silent affirmation to the girl, who vanished directly.



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

"I HAVE BEEN GIVING HER A PIECE OF MY MIND."

Could Mrs. Williams have eloped, and had her husband rushed round to claim the sympathy of his female friends, among whom were so many of his old flames? It was a most eccentric proceeding, but we felt that if any man were capable of it, it was poor Willie. But even this conjecture failed, and our very reason seemed forsaking us, as Mr. Williams walked into the room, followed by Mr. Walter Dana, who looked rather awkward on the occasion, while Willie, on the contrary, was quite at his ease, and was faultlessly dressed in a London walking-suit of the newest cut; for he had plenty of such things, though he hated to wear them. He carried a large note-case in his hand.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Mason," he began, "good-morning—" with a bow that took us all in; and without an invitation, which Minnie was too confused to give, he comfortably settled himself on a vacant chair, which proceeding Mr. Dana imitated, though with much less self-assurance, while his conductor, as he appeared to be, went on: "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but I am sorry to find that you have been giving credence, if not circulation, to some very unpleasant and utterly false rumors concerning my wife's character. I do not know, nor do I care to know, how they originated, but I wish to put a stop to them; and as Mr. Dana is the other person chiefly concerned in them, I have brought him with me."

I believe we felt as if we should like to sink into the earth; nay, it seemed to me that we must have done so, and come out in China, where everything is different. Willie Williams, without a lisp, without a smile, grave as a judge, and talking like a lawyer opening a case—it was a transformation to inspire any one with awe. He saw that we were frightened, and proceeded in a milder tone, but one equally strange in our ears.

"Don't think I mean to blame you. I know women will talk, and I do not believe any of you meant the least harm, or dreamed of things

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

"THE FLOWERS OF LIFE WILL NEVER BLOOM MORE."

going as far as they have. Indeed, Louise[!] attaches no importance to it whatever. She says it is only idle gossip, and will die out if let alone, and she did not wish me to take any notice of it; but I felt that I must do so on my own account, if not on hers. I don't care what trash gets into such journals as that," and he looked scornfully at the unhappy newspaper, which we wished we had never touched with a pair of tongs; "but I do not want our friends and neighbors to think more meanly of me than I deserve, when I have it in my power to put a stop to it at once. Mr. Dana, is it true that you and Mrs. Williams were ever in love with each other?"

"It is not," replied Mr. Dana, who began to take courage under the skilful peroration of his chief. "I was never on any terms with Mrs. Williams, when she was Miss Latham, but

those of the very slightest and, of course, most respectful acquaintance. I don't believe we ever exchanged a dozen words."

"I believe you," murmured Blanche Livermore, who sat next to me, and whose unruly tongue nothing could long subdue; and indeed we had none of us supposed that Loulie Latham conducted her love-affairs by means of conversation.

"Did you dance the german with her at the Eliot Hall Assembly on January 4, 188–?"

"I regret very much that I never had the pleasure of dancing the german with Mrs. Williams. At the party to which you refer I danced with Miss Wilmerding."

We all remembered Alice Wilmerding and her red hair, just the shade of Loulie Latham's, but which had not procured her an artist for a husband; indeed, it had not procured any at all, for she was still single.

"Neither," pursued Willie Williams, "is there any truth in the report that Louise was obliged to marry me for a support. She had no need to do so, being possessed of very sufficient means of her own, as I can show by her bank-account at that date."

How he had got hold of every scrap we had said to one another, and even of all we had thought, we could not imagine then, but we afterward found out that he had procured every item from the editor of that horrid paper, under threats of instant personal and legal attack; and as to how this person happened to know so much, I can only advise you not to say or think anything you would be ashamed to have known while there are such papers in existence.

"The only reason that Loulou and I married each other," went on Loulou's husband, "is that we loved each other; and we love each other now, if possible, twice as much as we did then. If you think she does not care for me because she is not demonstrative in company, you are mistaken. She gives me as much proof of it as I want. We all have our peculiarities, and I know I have a great many which she puts up with better than most women would. Of course I don't expect her to be without hers either; but they don't trouble me any more than mine do her, and, besides, most of what has struck you as singular in her behavior can be easily explained. You have thought she was conceited about her music, but it 's no such thing; she has not an atom of conceit in her; indeed, she thinks too humbly of herself. She has heard so much music of the highest class that she thinks little of any drawing-room performance, her own or anybody else's, and her reluctance to sing is genuine, for she has a horror of being urged or complimented out of mere politeness. You are not pleased, I hear" [*how* could he know that?], "that she refused to join all your clubs and classes; one reason was that she really did not care to. Every one has a right to one's own taste; she has met a great deal of artistic and literary society abroad, and has become accustomed to live among people who are doing something; and it is tedious to her to go about so much with people who are always talking about things, as we are given to do here. She is really fond of hard reading, as but few women are; and she likes better, for instance, to stay at home and spend her time in reading Dante by herself in the original, than to go to a club and hear him talked over, with a little skimming from a translation interspersed. She dresses to please me and herself, and not to be envied or admired; and if she has a fondness for pretty clothes for their own sake, that is not surprising, when she had so little chance to indulge it when she was a girl."

Here he paused, and it was high time, for we were growing restive under the catalogue of his wife's virtues; but in a moment he resumed.

"There is another reason, too, why she has not been more sociable with you all. You don't know how unhappy Loulou is about her children; but you do know, perhaps, that we have lost two,"—here his voice faltered slightly, with some faint suggestion of the Willie Williams of our old acquaintance,—"and she is terribly afraid that the others will not live to grow up. I don't think them as fragile as she does; but they do look delicate, there 's no denying it. We came home, and here, very much on their account; but yours are all so healthy and blooming that it 's almost too much for poor Loulou sometimes, especially when people—" he was considerate enough not to look at Minnie—"tell her that they look poorly, and that she ought to be more careful of them. How can she be? She is always with them—more than is good for her; but she has an idea that they won't eat as much as they ought, or go to sleep when they should, without her; and she never leaves them at lunch, which is, of course, their dinner. I think she is a little morbid about them, but I can't torment her to leave it off; and I hope, as they get older and stronger, she 'll be more cheerful. It is this that makes her out of spirits sometimes, and not any foolish nonsense about being in love with anybody else."

"*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien!*" whispered the incorrigible Blanche, and though I don't think it fair to call Willie Williams an ass at any time, our surprise at his present fluency was nearly as great as the prophet's. He seemed now to have made an end of what he wished to say, but Mr. Dana, whose presence we had nearly forgotten, looked at him meaningly, as if in request.

"Oh, yes — I had forgotten — but it is only due to Mr. Dana to say that he has been coming to my house a good deal lately on business. I would tell you all about it, but it 's rather private." But, humbled as we were, we could not hear this without a protesting murmur, disclaiming all vulgar curiosity. I did, indeed, wonder for a moment if he were painting Walter's portrait; if he were, I did not think it strange that the latter looked a little sheepish about it; but I afterward found out through Tom that it concerned some good offices of them both for an old friend in distress. "When he came to my house in the evening when I was out, it was to meet another person, and Mrs. Williams, half the time, never saw either of them. As to that song at Mrs. Jenks's party, which, I hear, created so much comment, she was feeling very unhappy that night because little Violet had a cold, and she thought she might have made a mistake in trying to keep her out, and toughen her, as you do your children here. Perhaps that heightened her expression; but as to breaking down on the last line of the song, that effect was one of Giudotti's lessons, and he taught her how to give that look. He always said she had the making of a great tragic actress in her. She does try to look at the wall," went on Willie, simply, "but it was so crowded there that she could not, and Mr. Dana could not help standing in the way of it. I think I have said all I need say — and I hope you won't mind it or think I am very impertinent, but I could n't bear to have this thing going on; and I hope we shall all be as good friends as we were before, and that it will all be very soon forgotten." And he bowed and departed, followed by Mr. Dana, with alacrity.

We were doubtful as to these happy results. We could all admire Willie Williams for standing up so gallantly for his wife, but we did not like her any the better for being so successfully stood up for, and we felt we could never forget the unpleasant sensation he had given us. It took a long course of seeing him in his old shape and presentment among us — working, in the same flamboyant clothes, at paintings as execrable as ever; with the same lisp, and the same trip and jerk, and the same easy good nature, and trifling enthusiasms — to forget that he had ever inspired us with actual fear, and might again, though he never has. We came also, in course of time, to like Loulou better, though it was rather galling to see how little she heeded the matter that cost us all so much remorse; but she lost her reserve in great measure as her children grew healthier and more like other people's. I think the hatchet was fairly buried for good and all when, in another year, she had another baby, a splendid boy weighing nine pounds and three quarters, at whose birth more enthusiasm was manifested in Babyland than on any similar occasion before, and who was loaded with the most beautiful presents, one in particular from Minnie Mason, who was much better, for her recovery of health dates from that sudden incursion into our Tolstoi Club, and the shock it gave her.

I should have said as to that, that after the men had left us Blanche Livermore exclaimed, "Well, girls, I think we are pretty sufficiently crushed!"

This was generous of Blanche, when she was the only one among us who had ever expressed any incredulity as to the "Russian novel," as we called it. "The fact is," she went on, "I have come to the conclusion that we have not yet advanced to the realistic period here; we are living in the realms of the ideal; and, what is worse, I fear I am so benighted that I like it best; don't you?" And, encouraged by an inarticulate but affirmatory murmur from all of us, she proceeded:

"Let us all agree to settle down contentedly behind the age in our provinciality; and, that we may keep so, let us cut the realists in fiction, and take up something they don't approve of. I vote that we devote the rest of the season to a good thorough course of Walter Scott!"

And so we did.

Dorothy Prescott.

LOVE AND LIFE.

"GIVE me a fillet, Love," quoth I,
"To bind my sweeting's heart to me,
So ne'er a chance of earth or sky
Shall part us ruthlessly.
A fillet, Love; but not to chafe
My sweeting's soul, to cause her pain,
But just to bind her close and safe
Through snow and blossom and sun and rain.
A fillet, boy!"
Love said, "Here 's joy."

"Give me a fetter, Life," quoth I,
"To bind to mine my sweeting's heart,
So Death himself must fail to pry
With bitter Time the two apart.
A fetter, Life, that each shall wear,
Whose precious bondage each shall know.
I prithee, Life, no more forbear —
Why dost thou wait and falter so?
Haste, Life; be brief!"
Said Life, "Here 's grief."

Julie M. Lippmann.

PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT. OWNED BY ROBERT GOELET. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

PORTRAIT OF MISS BEATRICE GOELET.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

THE VILLAGE ROMANCE.

MRS. CATHERINE PEMBROKE, a stout young matron, sat in the vine-checkered shade of her own back gallery, watching Uncle Ned stake the pease in the garden.

"You 'll have to cut some more brush for that back row," she was just saying, when Fanny, Uncle Ned's yellow granddaughter, bounced around the corner of the house, and stood in the path, at the foot of the steps, dilating with excitement.

"La, Miss Cat'rine, I jes hyarn de awfus news, an' it 's true, plumb true. I jes now run up to Miss Marg'et Martin's to git dat cape jassamine she done promise — yes 'm; I 'm a-tellin' you as fas' as I kin. I dat out of bref — dey is all in turrible state up dere. Yes 'm; 't is about Miss Mary Bell. She done say — jes now, not an hour ago — dat she wone git mah'ed nex' Thosd'y at all; she wone git mah'ed no time, she say. Dey done stop bakin' de cake. No 'm; dey say ain't been no qua'l at all. Mars Nelson he come up dere jes little while ago to see 'bout sumpin', an' Miss Mary Bell she jes sent 'im down a note statin' dat she got no 'tention of mah'in' 'm. He prett' nigh wil', dey say, an' de ole Squiah he dat bu'stin' wid mad dey 'fraid he fall in fit. Miss Mary Bell done lock huhse'f up in huh 'oom, an' wone say nuffin' to nobody, 'cept jes dat she wone git mah'ed."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

UNCLE NED AND FANNY.

When everything that Fanny knew about the unprecedented situation of the Martin family had been extracted from her, Miss Catherine resumed her dignity by saying:

"Fanny, you always talk too much about white people's business, anyhow, and I won't have you coming from Miss Marg'ret's and setting the whole town afire. You come into the house now, and go finish winding them carpet-rags. Miss Marg'ret did n't say anything about my coming up there, did she?" she weakly added, as Fanny was sullenly sitting down to her task.

"No 'm," was the over-prompt reply; "I hyarn her say she hope she not got to look a soul in de face for a monf."

"Wind that there ball tighter 'n that, or you 'll have to do it over," said the mistress, and resolutely put on her sunbonnet, and stepped firmly across the street to the house of her husband's cousin, Mrs. Kitchens.

Such a state as Strathboro' was in that day!

No sooner was Miss Catherine's back turned than all the negroes in the "yard" — there were a dozen of them, big and little — gathered on the gallery and its steps to discuss through the window the news Fanny had brought and for which she had been so ill rewarded.

Before night everybody in Strathboro' knew the little all that was to be known of Mary Bell's unparalleled fickleness; for a girl to break an engagement, that was nothing, but to do it when the "invites" to her wedding were out, and the cake was a-baking, and some of the Allison County kin were actually in the house — there was nothing to do but to watch for chance

visitors from the country to whom the whole story could once more be recited.

Time added few details to it. The Martin family were terribly afflicted, but they bore the prominence thrust upon them dumbly; the stout, grim Squire "took" to his farm; Mrs. Martin, a dim, faded beauty, stayed away from church one Sunday, but gathered herself up and came the next, Mary Bell by her side, and the impassivity of the Sphinx upon her face.

No one was allowed to refuse to see a visitor in Strathboro', but no barbarity of custom could cope with Mrs. Martin's genius for silence, and no one left her a whit the wiser as to facts or feelings regarding the tragedy within her realm. Mary Bell had not inherited her mother's prettiness,—this fact was generally assumed to enhance her mother's present grief,—but she had perhaps chosen the better part in making the maternal gift of silence her own. She now presented Strathboro' with an even more monumental form of it. All this was presently appreciated as really enhancing the interest of the situation, though for the time being it was grievous.

"I tell you," said Mrs. Pembroke to Mrs. Kitchens, "no one knows what that poor girl is going through."

"Pore gyurl" was precisely what Miss Catherine said, and I am constrained to mention it both because it conveys to my ear a superior degree of compassion, and also as sufficiently indicating the quality of the Strathboro' accent.

"Mary Bell," she went on, "was always mighty still and close about the very things that touched her feelings most, and that kind suffer mightily, in my opinion. There was never a girl more in love than Mary Bell. Not that she ever carried on soft, or that, but then look—she was engaged to be married to Nelson Croft before she had known him two months, and they do say that she sought him out and pressed him to come and see her, when they were first acquainted, to a degree that would have been called forward in most girls; but Mary Bell not being handsome, and having that kind of dignified way with her, she could do things others could n't. And when they got engaged, why, she expected him to come and see her every night, and old Aunt Viney told Uncle Ned—though I am not one to pay any attention to nigger news in general—that if ever he did n't come, she got that restless, for all she so heavy-like, that she 'd go up and walk her room, and they could see her shadow coming and going on the window-curtain, off and on, till mighty nigh ten o'clock. Oh, I tell you, Maria, Mary Bell 's eating her black bread now!"

"Poor Mary Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Kitchens, sympathy and relish equally expressed in her tones; for you see the village was already beginning to feel that here was a romance—its romance, its contribution to the history of poetic pain.

This was after all speculations as to a reconciliation had died away; Nelson Croft had left the town, and there was no prospect of the finale taking the commonplace and disappointing form of a speedy marriage. The possibility of that culmination was soon made properly remote and difficult. Within three months Mary Bell "up" and married somebody else. The stern and inexperienced idealist might suppose that this was death to the romance, but he would be altogether wrong. He does not understand the terms on which romance has to live in a world like this, or the completeness of the acquiescence of mankind in these little necessary compromises.

The marriage was accomplished before Strathboro' had fairly gotten a hint that it was to be, and this time Mrs. Kitchens had the triumph of announcing the news to Mrs. Pembroke. She found her where we saw her first, sitting knitting in her back gallery, but the pea-vines were pod-hung and yellow-green now, and overflowed Uncle Ned's brush. Mrs. Kitchens was a thin, pale little woman, but she got a color as she hurried through Mrs. Pembroke's long hall without the preliminary of knocking.

"Catherine," she broke forth, "do you know what 's happened? Mary Bell Martin has just got married—to Tim James. Mr. Eaton has just come from there, and A'nt Rose's Joe heard him tell Harry Maury on the Square that he 'd been marrying of them."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Miss Catherine, with reflective accents. "Sit down, Maria, sit— You, Pete, come fetch your Miss Maria a chair. Poor girl! And she 's tried to drown her sorrow by marrying Tim James. Poor girl!"

"You don't think, then," said Miss Maria, "that she 's caring anything about Tim? He used to go to see her some, I believe."

"La, Maria, Tim James has been running in and out of Miss Marg'ret's ever since he was knee-high, same as he does at his own mammy's; but Mary Bell care about Tim now, after all that 's passed? No, Maria; women's hearts ain't made that way." And Maria was relieved.

All the town soon settled into views of the union in the main harmonious with those expressed by Miss Catherine, and the romance was fairly established; it became the Romance. The interest soon dropped to the gentle and pensive point, but it never became indifference; on the contrary, time encircled it with its own charm. Never was the value of mystery better demonstrated; for this it was, of course, that made a heroine of Mary Bell Martin. She let

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.
SQUIRE PEMBROKE.

concealment, like the little coral insect, build a pedestal for her.

Her story soon took precedence over various vivid experiences of life which the village had vicariously enjoyed; for it was at this time only fifteen years since Jim Cajour had shot down old Judge Thompson on the Square, and hardly ten since Sally Simmons had run away with a Yankee trader. The Romance indeed held its own, not only against rivals already in the field, but distanced all competition for popular favor for the next fifteen years, and girls who were only learning to walk when Mary Bell took her wayward matrimonial course at last found in Miss Catherine's dramatic presentation of her veiled sorrows their favorite love-story.

"And Mary Bell, from that day to this, has never been heard to mention Nelson Croft's name,"—that was her usual formula of conclusion. And then, on summer evenings, the girls would steal away from her, and, winding their arms about one another's waists, would walk up and down before Timothy James's modestly comfortable dwelling, studying his wife's ample figure as she rocked back and forth in her gallery amid her progeny, and speculating upon her tragic history.

Mrs. James was a hearty, well-ordered woman, whose house and whose children were admittedly up to the average, and who won deep encomiums from the neighborhood authorities for never going anywhere; and yet Mr. James was not exactly a cheerful man. He was the superfluous figure in the Romance, and he seemed to feel it, though he was a gentle creature, and far from the spirit of complaint at his lot. On the contrary, one would have said that he felt that Mary Bell's bestowal of herself on him under the circumstances placed him under heavy obligations to her; perhaps that was it—the obligations were too heavy. Certain it is that he always wore an apologetic air. It had now become part of the story that within a year after his marriage he took to drink, but that solace he must soon have abandoned; it demanded a hardihood his temperament did not furnish. At last, after sixteen years' effort to meet the situation with dignity, Timothy finally managed it by dying.

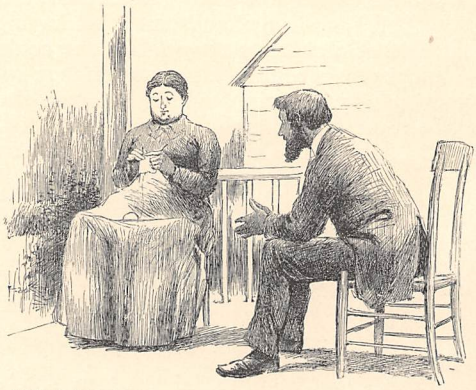
Amid the decorous interests of the funeral, and checked undoubtedly by some sorrow for the weak supernumerary, the new possibilities of the Romance were pushed into the background, but in a quiet way the canvass of them soon began.

The elders generally expressed themselves by nods and half-spoken hints, but Miss Catherine unbosomed herself to the sympathetic girls more freely.

"Nelson Croft's wife 's been dead more 'n ten years," she said to three of them, as they sat around her sitting-room fireplace.

"Why, I did n't know he 'd ever been married," said one callow listener, in accents of disappointment.

"Married! Of course he 's been married," replied her hostess, impatiently. "Married a girl there in Memphis, where he lives, and they had one child, and both it and its mother been dead ten years. And that Nelson Croft ain't never married again," she continued, "is proof positive to my mind that he cares yet about Mary Bell. Of course," she added, with delicious prudence protecting the Romance against all hazards,—"of course, it may be he 'll never come around her no more. He hears nothing to speak of from Strathboro', and after the way Mary Bell treated him I dare say he don't want to."



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.
THE COURTSHIP.

The girls were not discouraged by this; they had faith in the future of the Romance, and it did not wane, though before anything happened to justify it time enough elapsed for some of them to experience courtship, marriage, and motherhood.

But one spring evening the Square was agitated by the arrival of a stranger in the stage—a stranger who alighted at the village tavern, an establishment rarely thus disturbed.

"Dressed a good deal like a Yankee, was n't he?" asked Squire Pembroke as he came down the court-house steps.

"He 'd got on a stiff hat, Squire; but I seen heaps of fellows in them hats when I was in Memphis Christmas before last," eagerly answered a shabby man in the group of loungers, desiring to entertain the Squire on terms of equality.

Not finding it to square with his dignity to say more, the Squire was passing on, when the stage-driver came up, and he stopped perforce to listen for his revelations.

"Brought over a stranger to-night, Bill," said one.

"Well, I don't know altogether about that," said Bill, running his hands into his pockets and gazing around with suave and conscious power.

"Who was he, then?"

"What did he go to the tavern for?"

"Miss Mary Bell seemed to be acquainted with him," said Bill, sighting a post as the mark for a stream of tobacco-juice.

"Miss Mary Bell James?"

"Yes," explained one of the group, hurriedly, that the revelations might not be delayed; "she went over to the Branch day before yesterday to Bassom's funeral; Bassom's wife kin to her."

"Bill, you don't suppose that man was Nelson Croft?"

"I don't suppose nothin' else."

A dramatic pause ensued. The Squire started off; he knew his duty as a husband. His zeal outran his discretion; the less devoted ones who stayed and pumped Bill dry received more gratitude and fewer reproaches from their womenkind.

Miss Catharine had to visit across the street before she could eat her supper.

"It 's not, Maria, that I 'm busying myself about the concerns of others," said she; "this town must know by this time that no woman in it ever stayed at home closer or knew less about her neighbors than me, for the most part; but we that have known Mary Bell all these years must have some human feeling about that meeting, and here the Squire comes home and don't know a blessed thing about the particulars of it. Bill said they talked to each other, did he? But he did n't know which begun it? Well, well, well! I wonder if he could have recognized Mary Bell after all these years. Mary Bell carries considerable flesh these days, but she 's kept her looks better 'n some that had more to start with. Well, well! Love 's a wonderful thing, Maria!"

"I never knew him till he began to ask Bill about Strathboro' people," said Mrs. James to one friend after another, "the Sykeses and them; and then Bill he turned to me, and says he, 'Miss Mary Bell, you hear from Jim Sykes's folks, don't you?' and then Nelson turned and stared at me, and finally he said, 'Miss Mary Bell as was Miss Mary Bell Martin?' and then I spoke his name; seemed as if I spoke it before I fairly sensed in my mind who it was."

This little statement, made without substantial variation or enlargement, and with entire simplicity, Mrs. James gave whenever her account of the meeting would have been conspicuous by its absence. She was now, as ever, dignified, unaffected, and reticent. The public imagination was left a fair field. Nelson Croft wandered about the village, the next day, a somewhat melancholy figure. He had lived in Strathboro' only a year, and had there no kinspeople; and indeed if he had spent all these intervening years in the place, he would still have been accounted in a degree a stranger, though a stranger in better standing. Strathboro' had an unmistakable distrust of those mortals who had passed much time in fields beyond its ken. It never felt sure in such cases what standards of judgment were being turned upon it, and it had to receive marked evidence of regard for its own dignities and proprieties before it gave its good graces to such unknown quantities.

Nelson lounged around the Square the first day, and it did not help him to popularity that he failed to embrace the first opportunity to explain his presence, expound his past, and express his hopes for the future.

It was not till the day after this, when he took his way up to Mrs. James's gate, that the tide definitely turned in his favor.

"Them as comes a-courtin' will be sly," was a formula of justification that found favor with the soft-hearted.

The widow was sitting in her back gallery sewing a pair of small trousers. She heard the gate-latch click, and, peeking around the door, through the open hall, saw her visitor coming up the box-bordered walk. A smile, not without humor, crossed her face.

"A'nt Nervy," she called across to the log kitchen some yards away, "there a gentleman comin' up the walk; get your hands out the flour so you can go to the door. Just bring him out here. Bring out that hickory-bottom chair; it 's a heap more comfortable than the others."

And Mary Bell redirected her attention to the little trousers.

Three days later, as she sat in the same spot, Nelson was saying to her in a pleasingly dispassionate tone:

"It appears to me, Miss Mary Bell, that it would be a good thing for us both if you could conclude to marry me."

He was leaning forward on his chair, his profile turned toward the object of his suit, and was placing his finger-tips together in front of him with judicial care, while his gaze was fixed reflectively on a brood of small chickens darting about in the yard below. Mary Bell was knitting.

"You see," he went on, "it is n't like I wanted you to go away and leave things here. You are fixed comfortable, and what I want would only make you comfortabler. You say yourself that the farm wants a man to look after it, and, as I told you, there 's a good chance for me to come back to Strathboro' and do pretty well. I have n't any idea of getting rich in Strathboro', but then you ain't likely to get rich without me, and it 's my idea that we would advantage each other."

This speech was broken by several marked pauses, but Mary Bell knitted away rapidly without a word, though her expression was attentive.

"Besides," said Nelson, after another pause, readjusting his finger-tips, and now turning his intent gaze upon them,—"besides, it seems to me sort o' proper and right that you should marry me in the end. You treated me pretty badly, Miss Mary Bell."

"Yes, Mr. Croft, I did," said Mary Bell, plumply; "I never had a word to say for myself about that business, though it seems little enough to me now like it was me that did it."

"Sure enough," said Nelson, turning to her with interest, "it don't seem much like it was me that you mistreated, either; but I feel sorry for the boy that was me then, some; seems as if it would be a good idea for me to try to make it up to myself, long as I can't get at him."

"And do you think I could make it up to you?" said Mary Bell, with a faint flash of something resembling coquetry, as she pursed up her lips and counted her stitches.

Nelson looked a little puzzled as he answered slowly:

"Why, Miss Mary Bell, that 's my idea. I 'd be mighty glad if you could see it the same way; it seems to me as if the case fits all around."

"Well," said Mary Bell, rolling up her work and sticking the needles through it, "I don't see as I can do anything else; though as for your taking care of the farm, I have n't much idea you know as much about that as I do. Howsomever, any man can ride around and see what the hands are doing better 'n a woman."

Mary Bell had risen now, and, pretty well filling the hall door with her ample proportions, she stood on its threshold, running her needles in and out of her ball as with downcast eyes she continued:

"Anyhow, it 's—well—a woman feels it some when she 's remembered so many years." And with this the just and staid Mary Bell turned with a lightness surprising and not ungraceful, and disappeared.

Nelson got up with a definite change of expression, and followed her into regions beyond the interested gaze of Aunt Nervy.

"Miss Mary Bell," said he, some days later, with an air laboriously *dégagé*, "perhaps it 's not the thing for me to ask, but the mind will wonder, you know—the mind will wonder, and if you 've no objections, I 'd like to ask—it 's for you to answer, of course, or not. My inquiry is, Why did you stop that wedding of ours when we were young people? Though, as you 've said, it don't seem much like it was us, but still, the mind will wonder, and I 'd—I 'd like to know."

Mary Bell was silent for a moment; then she said: "There is no reason why I should n't tell, and there 's no reason why you should n't ask; but it is the truth, it seems going back dreadful far to remember anything about it. It seems to me now as if I must have been the flightiest, wilfulest girl that ever drew breath. The fact is, those days I was just entirely taken up with Tim James, and when we quarreled,—it was something about one of the Benson girls,—why, I was glad to be courting with you to spite him. Then when pappy did n't like that, seems as if I was just egged on till I really did think I wanted you. But when the wedding came so close, and I was mighty nigh married to you sure enough, why, then, like the perfectly uncertain object I was them days, I just thought I 'd die if I did n't have Tim. I wished I 'd never see you again to the end of time."

"Well, you 've got over that," said the whilom jilted one, cheerfully.

"Yes, sir; I have," declared Mary Bell, calmly. "Young folks are terrible foolish."

"Did Tim understand how it was?" asked Tim's successor, reflectively.

"Perhaps he did, and perhaps he did n't," replied his widow, with conclusive inflections, while her knitting-needles clicked. "'T ain't always best that a man should know too much." And with this two-edged oracular utterance she resumed the silence with which she had for years dignified her early passionate vagaries.

When the lovers were married, as they were speedily, there was such wide-spread commen-

dation of the union as never blessed another in that town.

Tim's own relatives acquiesced, after finding that in the sentimentally besotted state of public opinion even the prospect of a stepfather over Tim's children aroused no appreciable indignation.

"Well, Judge," said Squire Pembroke with gentle pride, when he met a neighbor on the day of the wedding, "that 's quite a romance that 's getting finished over there," with a nod toward the house Tim James had built.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the Judge, ponderously; "the human heart is a strange thing, and we see right before us in Strathboro', sir, a—a marvelous example of its strangeness, sir."

"Just to think of those two poor creatures coming together after all these years," sighed Miss Catherine, wiping her eyes at the supper-table that night. "It 's a comfort to think things can happen so sometimes in this world, for Lord knows most of us don't have much that 's romantic in our lives."

"That 's true, that 's true, I 'm afraid, Cathy," said the Squire, humbly.

Viola Roseboro'.

ODE TO SPRING.

I WAKENED to the singing of a bird;
I heard the bird of spring.
And lo!
At his sweet note
The flowers began to grow,
Grass, leaves, and everything,
As if the green world heard
The trumpet of his tiny throat
From end to end, and winter and despair
Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice.
O my belovèd, then I said, the spring
Can visit only once the waiting year;
The bird can bring
Only the season's song, nor his the choice
To waken smiles or the remembering tear!
But thou dost bring
Springtime to every day, and at thy call
The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of autumn fall.

Annie Fields.

LOVE IS A BIRD.

LOVE is a bird that beats against thy breast,
And seeks in thy warm heart to make his nest.
Ah, gentle maid, wilt thou not let him in?

Far has he flown across the world to-night;
Through wind and storm he seeks thy bosom bright.
Arise, dear maid, and let him enter in.

Joyful the heart he makes his dwelling-place;
He bringeth bloom and gladness to the face.
Ah, gentle maid, wilt thou not let him in?

His little bosom flutters wild and fast;
He hath no shelter from the raging blast.
Oh, haste, dear maid, and let Love enter in.

William Prescott Foster.

THE FARMER AND RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

THE interests of the farmer in just and conservative management of railways are not at all different in kind from the interests of every other well-meaning citizen; and the laws required by him to render those interests secure are of the same sort as are required by any class of men who rely for a livelihood upon the production of articles for distant markets. In some respects, however, agriculture is a peculiar business, and there are some reasons why the demand of the farmer for fair treatment in the transportation of his produce comes with special force and directness. For it must be noted that agriculture is of all industries the least flexible. The merchant is able to shift from place to place and so to adjust himself to changing conditions; the manufacturer, although his business is less mobile than that of the merchant, is, nevertheless, able to control in large measure the conditions under which he carries it on; but the farmer, on account of the absolute fixedness of his plant, enjoys no such advantages. With free money in hand it is possible for him to settle wherever commercial conditions invite; but his capital having once taken the form of reclaimed land, fences, drains, buildings, and the like, he is tied to the soil. His produce is assured as freight to the railway, or association of railways, that commands the territory in which his investment lies, and on this account he is at the mercy of those who provide him an outlet to the market. He has no recourse in case of unfair treatment except an appeal to Government.

For another reason, also, the industry of agriculture is at a relative disadvantage, when considered in its relation to the question of transportation. The merchant and the manufacturer are constantly receiving and shipping goods, and are on this account in a condition to take advantage of fluctuating rates. The rates which they actually pay will likely be less than the average of general charges; but the farmer, who has a single harvest during the year, cannot cut and trim to get the better of fluctuating rates. He it is who, in the presence of fluctuating charges for transportation of freight, is likely to carry the heavy end of the beam. It is, therefore, the occasion of no surprise, because inherent in the nature of agriculture as an industry, that farmers should be more directly interested in railway legislation than any other class of business men. Their appeal to Government is one of the natural outcomes of the situation in which they find themselves.

But what is the nature of the enactments which have resulted from the appeal of farmers to the makers of law? We shall be assisted in answering this question if we call to mind the peculiar character of the business of transportation by rail, for the only purpose of railway legislation has been to check the evils which flow from unregulated railway administration.

From 1848 to 1870 railways were regarded by managers, by legislatures, and by the courts, as subject to the satisfactory control of commercial competition. It was thought that the public had nothing to fear, provided only there were a sufficient number of railways to insure competition. Of course, under such circumstances it was impossible for a railway problem to make its appearance, since all parties interested were agreed as to the theory of railway management; but as the development of the country provided a continually increased traffic, experience showed that competition between railways was not of that conservative and steady sort which commends itself to the judgment of reasonable and fair-minded men. Certain clearly defined abuses forced themselves upon public attention, and among the questions which statesmen were obliged to consider, the question of the administration of railways assumed a prominent place.

The reason why competition cannot control in railway affairs may be easily stated. The railway business is a business subject to what economists call "the law of increasing returns"; that is to say, the larger the traffic the less will be the cost of carrying any portion of that traffic. This being the case, the criterion of success in the business of transportation comes to be the volume of traffic that can be controlled, and a practical railway manager considers only the means of securing for his line the largest possible volume of traffic. Under the impulse of such a purpose certain evils are sure to arise, prominent among which may be mentioned the evil of unstable charges for traffic. The truth is, rate-sheets have never been adjusted in a scientific or rational manner, but have evolved themselves out of a prolonged strife for traffic; and as in times of war a plan of campaign must be continuously modified to meet temporary exigencies, so rate-sheets of railways are subject to constant modification, either to in-

crease traffic at the expense of a rival, or to save traffic which a rival seeks to secure. All businesses which have to do with railways are, on account of uncertainty in freight-charges, rendered speculative in character, and this, when properly understood, is an evil which cannot be too seriously regarded.

But the burden of fluctuating rates rests upon the farmer in a peculiar manner, because they render it difficult for him to reach the central market. It is sometimes asked why farmers do not themselves send their produce to the market, and consign it to commission merchants who shall place the proceeds of its sale to their credit. In this manner the number of middlemen who live from handling produce would be greatly decreased, and there would result a much better organization of national industry than the one which now exists. The farmer would indirectly as a member of the community, as well as directly in his capacity of a producer, be decidedly benefited by the change. One cannot say that such a step would be taken by the farmers should freight-rates be rendered more stable, but it is certain that without stable rates such a step must forever be impossible. From every point of view fluctuating charges for transportation of freight are to be deprecated.

Much more serious, however, is another class of evils resulting from unregulated competition between railways. Not only do rates fluctuate in an arbitrary manner, but all persons doing business with railway corporations are not charged the same rates. Unfair discrimination between customers is, like fluctuating rates, a result of the struggle for traffic. Large shippers secure better rates than small ones, and cities command more advantageous terms than towns. One who appreciates the social functions of railways cannot express too strongly the evils consequent upon such an abuse of power. They are second only to those which would follow should courts discriminate between citizens in the dispensation of justice. Equality before the law is a canon of political liberty; equality before the railways should become a canon of industrial liberty. Since, however, the evils of discriminating charges, special contracts, rebates, and the like are familiar topics in every discussion of the railway problem, nothing further need be added here respecting them.

Coming, then, directly to the question asked, it may be said that the aim of railway legislation in this country has been to correct abuses necessarily incident to the unregulated competition for traffic between railways. Experience has shown that commercial competition does not work in the business of transportation as it works in the case of other businesses, and the aim of laws to regulate railways has always been to bring the competitive principle under the control of the political principle in all matters affecting the public. It is true that much confusion exists in the laws that have been passed, but all harmonize in this — that they set before themselves the same problem.

The first step actually taken toward control of railways in this country was to place beyond question the right of Government to a voice in the management of railway affairs, and this is a step for which the farmers of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin are directly responsible. The "Granger Laws" of about 1870, which were contested by the railways, but upheld by the courts, placed beyond controversy the fact that railways are common carriers in the extreme interpretation of that phrase, and, as such, are amenable to direct legislative control. This was an important point gained, since it rendered unnecessary further discussion as to the right of public control. It did not, however, touch directly the railway problem which pertains to the most practical and effective methods of exercising public control over carriers among a democratic people.

If we consider the laws themselves that have been passed for the purpose of regulating the relations of railways to the public, two principles may be observed running through them all. On the one hand there are many enactments whose aim it is to compel competition, or, what means the same thing, to prevent combination; for it must be noted that, side by side with fierce competition to which reference has been made, and which results in fluctuating rates and special favors to large shippers and large places, there is always present in the minds of those who direct railway affairs the hope of consolidated management. The cutting of rates is regarded in the light of a battle that is to lead to an advantageous treaty of peace. Besides the law of Congress which forbids pooling, a number of States have passed laws having for their purpose the maintenance of competitive conditions between railways. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and Wisconsin. It is not necessary, however, to say much respecting this class of legislation, for its advocates are coming to admit that it has not met their expectations. Indeed, the futility of law to prevent consolidation seems to cast suspicion on the theory on which such laws are based.

The other principle upon which reliance has been placed for the solution of the problem of transportation is found in those laws which aim to secure and maintain fair rates. Such laws

embrace three separate counts: first, that rates themselves should be just, the nature of the service being taken into consideration; second, that rates should be the same for all, with no invidious discrimination; and third, that rates should not be subject to frequent or arbitrary changes. The doctrine that Government should enforce a just price is not new. It has the sanction of Roman law, of medieval custom, and of common law. "In countries where the common law prevails," said the late Chief Justice Waite, "it has been customary from time immemorial for the legislature to declare what shall be a reasonable compensation." It may, perhaps, be surprising to learn how far this principle of a "just price" has permeated American law. Confining the statement to railway legislation, it may be found in some of its phases in Federal law, and in the laws of the States of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. There can be no question but that the purpose of legislation in American commonwealths is to enforce just dealings on the part of the railways.

Our present interest, however, centers rather in the machinery regarded as necessary to render these laws effective than in the laws themselves. The execution of a law which touches the rights and duties of citizens is usually left to the courts, but in the case of railway legislation special tribunals, called commissions, have been created. The United States at the present time seems committed to the policy of railroad commissions, and whatever Government is doing for farmers so far as railways are concerned, or, indeed, for any other class of business men, it is doing through the medium of commissions. On this account it may be well to analyze them with some care.

A commission may be roughly defined as a body of men appointed to represent Government in its dealings with railways, and to care for the public interests in all matters of controversy that may arise. There are at present thirty State railroad commissions besides the Interstate Commerce Commission, which rests for its authority upon Federal law. The jurisdiction of each of these independent bodies is strictly defined. Each State commission has to do with traffic within its own borders, while the Federal Commission exercises jurisdiction over interstate traffic. The necessity for the Interstate Commerce Commission became apparent when it was judicially decided that the powers of State commissions were limited to local traffic. Federal and State commissions, therefore, must be regarded as parts of the same system of control. The form which this system has assumed may not theoretically be the most perfect, but it is the only one possible in this country, on account of the peculiar structure of the American Federal State.

A feature common to all commissions is that of periodical reports from railway corporations covering all important financial and business operations. The consideration usually urged in favor of such reports is that commissioners need the information thus secured in order to perform in an acceptable manner the functions of their office; but an equally important argument is that publicity in itself tends to conservative management on the part of railways. It would be difficult for a person who believes in a democratic form of government to overestimate the importance of publicity in the management of corporate enterprises. Many an abuse which would otherwise linger long to vex the public dissipates itself when brought into the strong light of public opinion. Great advance has been made during the last few years in the matter of railway reports. A common form of report has been adopted by the commissioners of twenty-two States, and by the Interstate Commerce Commission, thus insuring a certain degree of uniformity in the matter of keeping accounts. There now exists in this country, for the first time, a basis for sound railway statistics, for which the State and Federal railroad commissions should have full credit. There is nothing striking or brilliant about this policy of publicity, but it has within it a potential efficiency which few recognize. It should, however, in order to secure the best results, embrace, in addition to the accounts of railways, the accounts of construction companies, without which "cost of way" can never be known; of express companies, whose business is in reality that of quick-delivery freight; and of all companies and individuals owning rolling-stock or terminal facilities used by railways. The great danger is that the quietness with which the principle of publicity works will deprive it of the confidence it deserves.

Aside from the principle of publicity, which is common to them all, railroad commissions may be divided into two classes, according as they conform to the Massachusetts or to the Illinois type. The former of these may be characterized as supervisory, the latter as supervisory and regulative. Commissions of the Massachusetts type have direct and final jurisdiction over certain minor questions that arise, and are also intrusted with the control of all

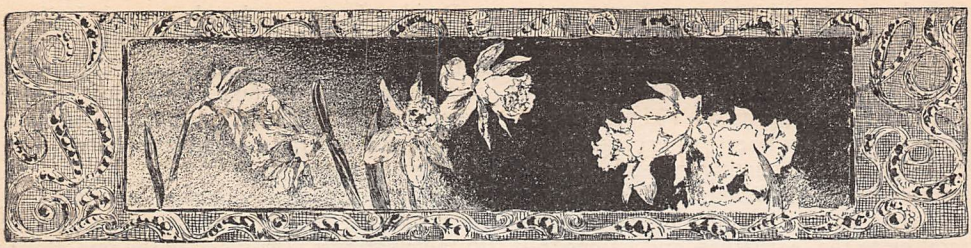
technical matters which concern the safety and convenience of the public. Outside of this their duties are limited to such inspection as is necessary to determine whether the laws established by the legislature are properly observed. They are at liberty to exercise no discretion whatever respecting general questions of transportation. The reports of commissions of this class are made either to the attorney-general or to the legislature, and having rendered this report their responsibility ceases; for it lies within the discretion of the attorney-general, acting upon the information contained in the report, to proceed against any derelict corporation, and within the discretion of the legislature to enact new laws which shall provide more perfectly for the protection of the public. Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia, and Wisconsin have commissions of this type.

The Illinois Commission, on the other hand, has had conferred upon it, in addition to such general functions as are assigned to commissioners in Massachusetts, certain powers that are partly administrative and partly judicial. For example, commissions of this type are empowered to revise or alter rates, or indeed to impose schedules of rates on the railway companies. They may also regulate connections between roads, and fix terms for exchange of traffic. Besides these powers, commissions of the Illinois type are competent to hear complaints under oath, to compel the attendance of either party to a complaint, to subpœna witnesses, and in the name of the State to institute proceedings against the roads. Powers of this sort seem to be, in part at least, of a judicial character. The commissions which exercise them are somewhat new to the established principles of law, and there are a number of legal questions to be settled before their rights and powers can be strictly defined. Especially is this true of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is patterned after the Illinois rather than the Massachusetts type. But no one can doubt that the unusual powers conferred are rendered necessary by the unusual state of affairs which the development of railways has produced, or that these commissions are asserting for themselves a permanent place in the administrative machinery of Government. The States whose commissions are adjusted, in the main, to the Illinois type are Alabama, California, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, South Carolina, and Texas.

Besides the States already named, Indiana, Arkansas, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have commissions especially established for the assessment of railway taxes, and the State of Pennsylvania has made as ample provision for the collection of railway statistics as any State having a commission.

It seems proper, in showing what Government is doing to secure justice from railways to their patrons, to emphasize the importance of commissions, since this is the part of the subject usually overlooked. The truth is, there has been created in this country during the past twenty years a vast governmental organization which, if permitted to develop as experience points the way, and if supported by the enlightened sentiment of the public, will surely solve the railway problem without endangering the stability of our democratic institutions. To speak in detail of the work already accomplished by commissions would carry us beyond the limit of a magazine article. Many contested questions have been decided, a fact of importance, not only to the parties directly interested, but to the public at large, since through such decisions there is being crystallized a body of opinion touching the rights and duties of railway corporations. In the matter of charges, for example, the power of fixing, revising, or altering rates has been exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the commissions of the States of Alabama, California, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, and South Carolina. The power to regulate connections and terms of exchange of traffic between railways has been exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the commissions of the States of Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Carolina, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. As legal principles are evolved by the decisions of the courts, so the reciprocal rights and duties of those interested in the question of transportation may be evolved through the aggregation of opinions rendered by commissions. It is not more schemes or plans for the solution of the railway problem that are desired, but a more careful study and a more conscientious application of the plan to which the country has committed itself. It should not be forgotten that any great social or industrial question ceases to be a question when the people of the country come to think clearly respecting it.

Henry C. Adams.



"WHEN FROM THE TENSE CHORDS OF THAT MIGHTY LYRE."

I

WHEN from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine, and Passion lack her fire,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say,
"Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme."

II

Yet — stay! there 's one, a later-laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son! — men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropt wreath and the unenvied throne.

III

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by envious Death,
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I.

ANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has been dead for seventeen years, but his fame shows a vitality which suffers no diminution with the lapse of time. It is born anew with every fresh generation of children, and it is cherished by adults with the tenderness which clings to every memory of childhood. His "Wonder Stories" are the only books belonging to the pinafore period which are not discarded with advancing years; nay, which gain a new significance with maturing age. We read "The Ugly Duckling" with the same delight at thirty that we did at ten; for we discover a new substratum of meaning which escaped our infantine eyes. "The Emperor's New Clothes," which fascinates a child by the mere absurdity of its principal situation, recalls to the adult a charming bit of satire for which he finds daily application in his own experience. The novel "The Improvisatore," though it is fifty-seven years since it was written, is yet exhibited in the booksellers' windows on the Piazza di Spagna side by side with the latest Parisian successes; it is found in the satchels of nearly every tourist who crosses the Alps; and it was republished a few years ago, in a complete set of its author's works, by a well-known Boston publishing house. Father Time, as we all know, is the author's worst enemy; and an author who, though dead, can make such a vigorous fight against the ruthless old iconoclast has evidently the stuff in him for a long post-mortem career. He may be said to have made a successful launch toward immortality.

I had the good fortune to make Hans Christian Andersen's acquaintance in 1873, during a three weeks' sojourn in Copenhagen.

The Danish poet Vilhelm Bergsöe was my cicerone, and kindly furnished me with introductions to his literary friends. He told me a charming story of Andersen, just as we were on our way to the latter's dwelling. Mr. Bergsöe, it appeared, had some years ago been blind, and, after an operation had been performed on his eyes, had been obliged to spend several weeks at a hospital in a dark room. Time hung heavily on his hands, and his solitude was made doubly oppressive by his inability to read or to engage in any kind of occupation. One morning there was a knock at the door, and a man whose face was invisible on account of the dark walked up to his bedside.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," the stranger said, pressing the invalid's hand. "I was told that you were ill; I too have been ill, and I know what it is. Let me sit down and keep you company; I will, if you like, tell you some of my stories."

This was only the first of a long series of visits which Andersen made to the hospital during Mr. Bergsöe's slow and tedious convalescence. He told amusing incidents from his life, or pathetic ones, according as his mood varied, and occasionally he recited from memory his own poems and tales. The tenderness of his nature, and the gentle and childlike simplicity of heart for which he has been both praised and ridiculed, were vividly revealed to his listener in these improvised entertainments, and Mr. Bergsöe has never ceased to have a high regard for "the children's poet" since those happy hours in the dark.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we ascended the stairs to Andersen's lodgings. He had two old maids to keep house for him, and one of these obligingly opened the door. In the front room, into which we were ushered, was a portrait bust of the poet, standing on a pedestal, and round about were scattered a great number of blooming plants in flower-pots. The room, which served for parlor and reception-room, was plainly but comfortably furnished. The door to the inner chamber was presently opened, and a voice called to us to enter. We found Andersen's long and lank figure lying upon a sofa wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown.

"Ah, indeed. You come from America," he said, half rising from his pillow as Mr. Bergsöe presented me. "That is a long way off; but distance is nothing nowadays. I have many friends in America. Do you know Horatz Scooder?"

"Horatz Scooder," I repeated, trying vainly to recall the association of that name. "No; I do not know him."

"But you must have heard of him, surely," Andersen insisted. "I have been told that he is a very distinguished man of letters."

"He may be distinguished, but not as a man of letters," I replied; "for I know, at least by name, every author of any consequence in

the United States, and I never heard of Horatz Scooder."

"That is indeed singular," my host continued, with a puzzled face. "I have been told that his books are charming and popular. He translated my "Wonder Stories" into English."

"Ah, you mean Horace Scudder," I exclaimed, laughing. "Yes; he is a well-known man of letters, and I have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

Andersen seemed to be greatly relieved to know that the translator of his works had valid claims to distinction; though, if Fame were to undertake to mispronounce his name as badly as Andersen did, I fear Mr. Scudder would be unable to identify his own reputation.

"I wish you would tell me something about life in America," Andersen went on, after a little chat with Mr. Bergsöe about a common friend; "I dare say I am very ignorant. I have laid the scenes of my "Wonder Stories" almost everywhere in Europe and Africa and Asia; but of America I don't know enough to make even a fairy conduct herself there with propriety."

"If you would come over, I should be pleased to act as your cicerone," I answered, "though there would be a great many who would contest that honor with me."

"Oh, yes," he said; "if you could telegraph me over, I should be pleased to go. But I am a poor sailor, and am always ill on the ocean. But you must take my greeting with you to my friends in America, and, if you write anything about me, you must give my love to all the American children who read my books, and tell them I am sorry that I am too old and feeble to go to see them."

I declared my willingness to forward this message, and Andersen, after a moment's thought, continued:

"It is very strange that America should appear so incomprehensible to me. It may be because I got my first impression of the country from Cooper's novels, and nothing that I have read since has been able to displace that first impression. In the moon (you know the moon is an old friend of mine) I can imagine all sorts of delightful things happening, but in that great land of harsh prose where you come from, I should think a poetic imagination would starve to death for want of material or for want of recognition."

I endeavored to refute this assumption, and the conversation grew general. At the end of half an hour we took our leave, and Andersen, rising with difficulty, pressed my hand and said: "If you will come to see a sick old man, I need not tell you that you will be very welcome. I am a great deal alone, and I should like very much to chat with you, when you have nothing better to do."

II.

A FEW days later, when I availed myself of the poet's invitation to call, I found him, as at our first meeting, lying on the sofa wrapped in a dressing-gown. He was pale and emaciated; but his face seemed ennobled by suffering, and had lost the plebeian look which is characteristic of all the portraits taken during the earlier periods of his life. The large receding forehead, which was spacious and of good proportions, was the only feature which gave any indication of intellect; the nose, mouth, and chin were rudely modeled, almost ugly.

The grayish blue eyes were full of kindness; but they were small, and could never have been luminous. The whole figure was loose-jointed and angular, and the arms and legs seemed too long in proportion to the trunk.

It was evening when I called, and a lamp, heavily shaded and placed behind a screen, lighted the room dimly.

"Ah, it is my American friend," was Andersen's greeting as I entered; "it is very kind of you to come back to me so soon."

He pressed my hands almost affectionately, and begged me to be seated.

"I have thought a great deal about America," he began, "since I saw you last. I have a great deal of time for thought now, because I can do nothing else. Is it true that the streets in New York are so crowded with wagons and trucks that you cross them only at the peril of your life?"

"Broadway," I replied, "is at certain times of the day, and at certain street-crossings, so crowded that ladies would not venture to cross without the escort of a policeman."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed in childlike delight. "That is certainly amusing. I should like to see that very much — fine ladies conducted across the street by policemen. If I had known that a few years ago I should certainly have used it in a story."

He threw himself back on the sofa, and laughed heartily.

"There must be something colossal about life over there," he ejaculated with unwonted animation. "I am afraid it would not suit me. I should be bewildered by the din, lose my wits, and be run over. How did you ever get accustomed to it?"

"In the little university town where I live," I replied, "it is as quiet as it is in Copenhagen."

"Ah, indeed, yes. I did not think of that. But how do people conduct themselves over there? Are they not very hard and unfeeling, having regard for money and for nothing else?"

"I know that notion is very prevalent here; but though Americans have great regard for

money, they are far from being what you take them to be. In daily intercourse they are to me quite as congenial as my own countrymen."

"I am pleased to hear that. But you can not deny that they have shown themselves very unfeeling toward the poor Indians. I think it is quite shocking. I assure you, I wept when I read in a German paper how the American Congress had broken all their treaties, and driven the poor red man ever farther westward, until soon he who once owned the whole magnificent continent will not have a foot of ground he can call his own."

As I am not writing about myself, but about Andersen, I shall not reproduce my special plea in the case of The White Man *versus* The Red Man. We had a very animated discussion; and Andersen, who scarcely knew by name the pitiless doctrine of the survival of the fittest, grew quite alarmed at the novelty of the theory which I advanced. He had heard of Darwin, and took him to be a very absurd and insignificant crank who believed that he was descended from a monkey. It surprised him to hear me speak of him with respect as the greatest naturalist of the age.

"Oh, it is very sad," he said, with a naïveté which laid bare his simple, childlike soul, "that men cannot be satisfied with what God has taught them, but must question his word as if they knew better than he. Useful inventions which make life easier and happier, those I approve of with all my heart, and to them the scientists ought to confine their labors. But when they come to me and want to deprive me of my faith in God and his word, then I say to them, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I know as much about this as you do, and cannot accept you as guides.'"

I did not choose to take up the cudgels for Darwin just then, because I much preferred to have Andersen talk about things concerning which he had a more definite knowledge. The subject was therefore allowed to lapse, and after a moment's pause my host began to question me about my route of travel and my plans for the future. "I wish I could give you some letters," he said, as I referred to my intention of going to Paris; "but my Parisian friends are either dead or so old that you scarcely would care to see them. Victor Hugo, to be sure, is still vigorous; but my acquaintance with him is only slight. Alexandre Dumas is dead. I shall never forget his great woolly head and his irrepressible jollity."

"I believe you tell a story of your first meeting with him in your autobiography," I remarked.

"Yes; I told as much of it as I dared to tell," he replied. "But there is more of it, and, if you like, I will tell you what I left out."

On my urging him to supply the suppressed details, he laughed gently to himself, and continued:

"It was during my second visit to Paris in 1842 that I met Dumas. Whenever I called I was told that he was not up yet, until I concluded that he spent the whole day in bed. I knew, however, that he could not be sleeping; for he was publishing at the rate of two or three romances and plays a month, and they all showed the stamp of his luxurious imagination. I know it has been proved in court that he did not actually write all of them; but he at least plotted them and supervised the writing. He lived in very grand style when I went to see him, and they said he was a great gormand, who prided himself more on a salad he had invented than on 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I was very anxious to see him, as I had a letter of introduction, and all Paris was talking about him. At last, when I had called half a dozen times in vain, being always told that he was in bed, I sent up my letter and determined to wait until he should get up. After a while the servant returned and asked me to accompany him to M. Dumas's bedroom. It was a splendidly furnished room, but in great disorder. As I entered, Dumas looked up, nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I am just having a visit from a lady'; and, seeing my astonishment, he burst into a hearty laugh, and added: 'It is my Muse. She will be going directly.'

"He was sitting up in bed as he said this, writing at lightning speed, in a clear, beautiful hand, and shying each sheet, as he finished it, across the floor in all directions. I could scarcely step for fear of spoiling his manuscript. I waited for ten or fifteen minutes, during which he kept scratching away, crying out every now and then, 'Viva! Bon, mon garçon!' 'Excellent, Alexandre!' At last, with a jerk, as of an earthquake, he rolled his huge form out of bed, wrapped the blanket about him, toga-fashion, and in this costume advanced toward me, declaiming furiously at the top of his voice. As he strode along with theatrical gestures I fell back, half alarmed at his vehemence; and when I had reached the door he seized me by the lapels of my coat, shook me gently, and said, 'Now is n't that magnificent, eh? Superb; worthy of Racine!' I assented, as soon as I could catch my breath, that it was very magnificent. 'It's my new play,' he said. 'I write an act, and often more, before breakfast. This is the third act I have just finished.'

"Another time I called upon him; he was living in the Hôtel des Princes in Rue Richelieu. He asked if I would not like to become acquainted with the celebrities of Paris. I an-

swered that I had the honor of knowing Victor Hugo already.

"'Victor Hugo,' he interrupted me; 'oh, yes; he is well enough, but he is no great celebrity. No; come along with me, and I will show you celebrities who are better worth knowing.' I thanked him very much, and declared myself ready to go with him. To my surprise he took me to the greenroom of the Théâtre Saint-Martin. They were giving a ballet, and we found ourselves in a throng of ladies dressed in tricot and gauze petticoats. I assure you, I was very much embarrassed; but Dumas was not in the least abashed. I would have made my escape, but Dumas seized me by the arm and introduced me to two fairies with whom he was talking. I saw from the way they looked at me that Dumas had been talking to them about me. I feared they were making sport of me, and it hurt me very much. As I retired a second time, Dumas came after me, laughing merrily.

"'No skulking, my lad,' he said; 'come back and make yourself agreeable.'

"I assured him I did not know French enough to be agreeable to ladies.

"'Oh, never mind that,' he insisted; but I saw plainly enough that he was making merry at my expense, and I bade him good-evening.

"'Well,' he said, as he shook my hand at parting, 'how do you like our celebrities?'

"As he was about to return to the greenroom he suddenly changed his mind, took my arm, and invited me to dine with him at his hôtel. He seemed to feel sorry that he had offended me, and ever afterward he was one of my kindest friends in Paris. On the boulevards we met a young man who resembled Dumas somewhat, though he was much handsomer.

"'That is my son,' said the elder Dumas, as he stopped and introduced the young man, who has since become so famous."

III.

THE last time I called upon Andersen he had just received a visit from some lofty personage,— a member of some royal family, if I remember rightly,— and he could talk of nothing but the gracious condescension and kindness of the duke or prince. He was less interesting to me than he had been on previous occasions, because his excessive humility seemed unbecoming in a man who by dint of genius had risen from the lowest origin to a world-wide fame. We conversed for a while about royalty in general, and he had kind words and admiration for every rogue who sat or had sat upon a throne. They had all been unjustly maligned by those dreadful people, the socialists and republicans, who had the cruelty continually to harass and wound the feelings of the good and noble kings. He told me how kind King So-and-so and Duke So-and-so had been to him, how they had granted him a pension, given him presents, and admired his writings.

"If you will pull out the top drawer in the bureau there, you will find a ring which her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia graciously gave to me as a souvenir of our voyage to the island of Föhr."

I went to the bureau, and after some searching among a number of similar souvenirs found the ring. He evidently expected me to regard it with reverent interest, and he seemed disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm. I endeavored to be sympathetic and not to display the cloven foot of democratic sentiment, which would at once have put an end to his friendship for me.

"In the left-hand corner of the same drawer," he went on, after I had duly inspected the precious ring, "you will find a little case containing the Order of the Red Eagle of the Third Class, which his Majesty King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia graciously bestowed upon me in commemoration of the happy evening when I read 'The Swineherd' and 'The Ugly Duckling' to their Majesties at the Palace in Potsdam."

I handed him the box containing the order, and he opened it and gazed upon it with eyes full of childlike delight. I endeavored to do the same, but with ill success.

"He was a noble and highly cultivated man, the King of Prussia," he said, as he took the order from its case and invited me to admire it. "He had a gracious and affable manner which won all hearts. He had a great deal of *esprit* too, and frequently said witty things."

"Heine says that he was much addicted to the bottle," I remarked lightly.

"Heine was a mocking, irreverent spirit," Andersen replied warmly. "Nothing was sacred to him — not even God himself. How could you then expect that he would have reverence for his king?"

"I know," he continued after a pause, "that it is the fashion nowadays to malign the memory of departed kings. Friedrich Wilhelm had his failings, no doubt, but no one can make me believe that he was not a great and noble man. His bearing was so kingly, his condescension so kind and spontaneous, and goodness of heart shone out of his eyes when he spoke to me. If his brother, the present king, had had as kind a heart, we should not have lost Sleswick-Holstein."

For more than an hour Andersen entertained me with stories and anecdotes connected with his souvenirs of celebrated people. He had a

great variety of things, and each object recalled some pleasant incident in his own career or in that of the giver. He grew eloquent and animated. He showed me a large screen which had been gotten up for a church fair in England, to be put up at lottery for some charitable purpose. It was embroidered (in colored silks, if my memory does not deceive me) by the ladies of the congregation, and represented a dozen or more scenes from Andersen's "Wonder Stories." The winner had sent it to the author of the tales.

The conversation then turned upon his writings, and I told him how his stories had been the dearest books of my childhood, and seemed associated with all that was delightful in the memory of it. I told him how happy and flattered I had felt at finding the name of the little boy in "Ole Shut-Eye" the same as my own, and that half unconsciously I had appropriated his experiences and half believed them to be my own.

This little confession seemed to touch Andersen strangely. Tears filled his eyes; he seized both my hands, and pressed them warmly.

"Now you understand," he said, "what a happy lot it is to be the children's poet."

I rose to take my leave, but lingered talking; and on my expressing a desire to hear him read, he half rose upon his sofa, adjusted his pillows, and began to recite from memory "The Ugly Duckling."

His manner was easy and conversational, full of caressing inflections, such as one employs in telling a tale to a child. In the pathetic passages he was visibly affected, and he closed almost solemnly.

"It is the story of my own life," he said. "I was myself the despised swan in the poultry-yard, the poet in the house of the Philistines." I felt suddenly, as he finished his recital, that I understood the man. I had caught the keynote of his character. All that was good and noble in him rose in vivid light before me. I never saw him again.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Louisiana Lottery a National Infamy.

A MONTH ago we asked our readers to reflect on "The Degradation of a State," as revealed in the history of the Louisiana State Lottery. It was shown, on the testimony of the originators of the Lottery, that its charter was obtained and maintained by wholesale bribery and corruption; that this meanest and most pernicious form of public swindling was fastened upon Louisiana and the country in general by a gang of New York lottery-dealers and racing-men; that those gamblers were, in their own words, the conductors of a "business reprobated by law and contrary to public policy and good morals"; that, in effect, Louisiana has licensed a gambling corporation to break the laws of all the other States of the Union, and to plunder their citizens of millions of dollars annually; and that Louisiana herself has been a sufferer, not only by the impoverishment of her working-classes, but by the moral degeneracy of rich and poor alike, and by the subversion of the most sacred duties of State government.

For twenty-four years this giant parasite, this vile contagion, has been nourished by Louisiana for the sake of a paltry $40,000 a year, which is only a fraction of the hundreds of thousands enticed annually from her own people; for twenty-four years it has fattened on the whole country, thanks to the venal cunning of its managers, and the blindness or indifference of the guardians of the laws, and even of the people themselves. Never before has one State of the Union so prostituted her authority to her own reproach and to the injury of her sister States; and never before has the general public been so apathetic toward such imposition, such infection, such robbery. A point has been reached where the existence of the Louisiana Lottery is not merely the degradation of a State; it is a national infamy.

Eighteen months ago, Congress tardily took effective measures to deprive the Lottery of the free use of the mails. This was attained only by giving other Federal courts than those of Louisiana jurisdiction over lottery infractions of the postal laws. But this salutary measure has only impaired the power of the monster by adding to its running expenses and by curtailing its advertising. Newspapers containing its advertisements may no longer be sent through the mails. This has given its organs a text for complaint on the score of infringing the liberty of the press; and with the aid of some of the most noted and respectable lawyers of the country, ostensibly in the interest of the newspapers, an attack is being made on the constitutionality of the law. Even if the law is upheld by the Supreme Court, the Lottery will get along very well, as at present, with the aid of the express companies, which in some ways are almost as far-reaching as the mails; and in case the expresses are prevented from serving the Lottery, it will still be possible to carry on the business by private messengers to all the large cities.

It has been suggested that a national tax, so large as to be prohibitory, on each lottery ticket sold, would be an effective measure of suppression. Congressman Little of New York has in fact, introduced a bill to this end, which ought to be made a law before the Louisiana election in April, partly for the moral effect it would have in that contest. The bill is skilfully drawn as to methods and penalties, which, with the great inducement offered to informers, would render concealment hazardous; yet the margin of profit is so enormous that the managers could lose three fourths of their plunder and still chuckle. When it is a fact that a million to a million and a half worth of lottery tickets are now sold monthly in States where the business has to be conducted by stealth, it will be possible,

clearly, for the Lottery to supply its subterraneous channels from secret suboffices. It would be as easy and as respectable as the distribution of counterfeit money, with this advantage — that while the lottery tickets are really worth little more than "green goods," they are accepted for "face value received" by the dupes who buy them. So, while under the action of such a law the profits would be smaller, "the swindle would be sure" and still yield a handsome maintenance in case the Lottery could protect itself against informers.

The upshot of all repressive legislation, except, perhaps, in the form of Mr. Little's bill, will be that so long as the Lottery has the refuge and ownership of a State, where distinguished generals may preside in mock dignity over drawings conducted in apparent honesty, the Lottery will snarl at Federal postal laws and the prohibitory laws of other States, and will still enjoy the wages of our national infamy.

Strange as it may seem to citizens of other States who are not thieves at large, or already in prison, Louisiana is believed to be at the point of yielding herself for another twenty-five years to this swindling nuisance. Up to this time the State has had only a nominal bribe of $40,000 a year, more as an amiable excuse for her purchasable legislators than as a reward for her services; but now what appears to be a majority of her influential citizens are eager to make her a full partner in the crime against her sister States, with a minor share of the profits.

Many otherwise good people of Louisiana have grown so fond of the stench of Lottery money that they doubt if the State could exist without its morsel of the carrion. The Lottery's offer to pay annually $1,250,000, almost the present State levy for taxes, is talked of as "a revenue measure," when it is a scheme to farm out the taxes and the responsibility of government to a ruthless corporation, with power to filch four or forty dollars from the people of Louisiana for every one it turns into the treasury. Through self-deception, bribery, and personal interest this proposition has taken the form of a constitutional amendment recommended by two thirds of the State legislature, and, though irregular in its origin, has been accredited by a majority of the Supreme Court of the State. One of the justices of that court, ex-Governor McEnery, disguised as a half-lottery man in sentiment, has become the candidate for governor of the Lottery party, who hope to elect him and carry their measure in April. Every motive and every act of the pro-lottery people is under one disguise or another.

When otherwise respectable citizens are in open apology and support for an institution like the Lottery, shall we wonder at the barefaced effrontery of the Lottery owners? One of the minor stockholders was a passenger on an ocean steamship during the summer. In a smoking-room talk he had discoursed sweetly of religion, and had maintained the poise of an honest man until the conversation drifted into the channels of investment; then he could not help bragging of the wonderful dividends earned by some Lottery stock in his possession, until a justice of the supreme bench of Missouri, who was in the circle, boiled over with indignation, and shut him up with the exclamation: "Sir, in our State we treat the sellers of your lottery tickets as we treat horse-thieves."

But it is the chief beneficiary of the Lottery, the man who figures in the new bill as sponsor for the $1,250,000 bribe to the State, who is most to be admired for cool assurance in this business. He has made millions of money out of the Lottery; he has seen political parties, political bosses, governors, legislators, and judges bend to his behests; he has felt the lick of a people degraded by the Lottery on the palms of his alms-giving hands; though a citizen of New York, he is now enjoying an office higher than that of the Governor of Louisiana, who is a mere creature of the constitution of that State,— for he is a part of the constitution itself, the maker and maintainer of government. Why should he not aspire to twenty-five years more of such omnipotence, and seal his ownership with nearly the full maintenance of the State? If Louisiana accepts this new degradation, how much longer will the other States accept their attendant infamy?

To be sure, there is a ray of hope that the anti-lottery party, which is a sudden growth among the best Democrats of Louisiana, aided by the Farmers' Alliance and by a section of the Republican party, may defeat the Lottery bill even if it does not elect its own candidate for governor. Tremendous will and energy are enlisted to that end, though the money resources are meager. If the Democrats of other States ever mean to resent the Louisiana outrage on their rights, they can never again do it so cheaply and so effectively as now, by carrying aid to Governor Nicholls, Senator Murphy J. Foster, and their earnest colleagues. If the Republicans of the other States hold public honor above party advantage, they will send strong appeals to the colored Republicans of Louisiana to turn deaf ears as regards the Lottery bill to some of their leaders who are, and always have been, Lottery owners and supporters. And if Congress means ever to act by a tax measure, then let Congress act with double force by the immediate passage of such a law.

But the Lottery's agents are in Congress as well as out of it; its money lurks in the coffers of State and national committees of both parties. Heaven only knows how well and for how long we have been trained to endure this national infamy.

Columbia College.

WHEN Mr. Seth Low was installed as president of Columbia College two years ago, we said that "those who have pondered on the needs of New York have dreamed of a time — which Mr. Low can, and we believe will, do much to hasten — when Columbia College will be the center, and our various museums, libraries, and other institutions more or less formal and official parts, of 'the great metropolitan university.'" In the two years which have passed, the new president has accomplished much at Columbia, internally and externally. He has reorganized the administration of the various schools which make up Columbia, so that each school in a measure manages its own affairs, while the affairs of the college as a whole are managed by the University Council, consisting of delegates from every school. He has taken over the College of Physicians and Surgeons and made it an integral part of Columbia — an act of great importance to the future of medical education in the United States. He has rearranged the work of the senior year so that the student may begin his professional studies in the technical schools without surren-

dering his connection with his fellow undergraduates. He has begun to ally Columbia with the other educational institutions of New York; the students of the theological seminaries are now admitted to certain lectures of Columbia; and Dr. Osborn, the head of the new Department of Biology, has also been appointed Curator of Mammalian Paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History. Thus we see Columbia extending one hand to religion and the other to science. Thus we see Columbia seeking to coördinate, if not to consolidate, the influences which make for the intellectual life in this great city, giving them a center, a focus, a rallying-point.

The trustees of the college — to whom we owe the choice of Mr. Low as president, a distinct accession to the citizenship of New York — have been liberal in throwing open to the public those college lectures at which the presence of strangers would not interfere with the work of the students. They have in contemplation courses of lectures, to be delivered probably at Cooper Union, intended for "the plain people" — to use Lincoln's phrase — and chiefly on those subjects wherein the need of instruction is greatest in our polyglot and cosmopolitan city, the science of government, political history, economics, and sociology. They have invited Mr. E. C. Stedman to deliver, under the auspices of Columbia, his course of lectures on Poetry. They have been strengthening the teaching staff unceasingly, having within a year called Dr. Osborn from Princeton, Mr. Cohn from Harvard, Mr. J. B. Moore from the Department of State at Washington, and Mr. George E. Woodberry from his library. They have done much to make Columbia a really great metropolitan university — for there is no reason why New York should not have as great a university as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

Now the time has come when the citizens of New York must do something for the college. Columbia has shown its desire and its ability to identify itself with all that is best in the life of the city, and the people of the metropolis must now do something to help Columbia to a sphere of greater usefulness. The single block of buildings at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth street is no longer large enough for the many workers who are thronging there. The space which was ample for the little college of 1863 is wholly inadequate to the great university of 1892. So the trustees have secured an option on a part of the land now occupied by the Bloomingdale Asylum. This new site for the old college is two and a half times as large as Madison Square; it is set on the heights near the new cathedral, between the Riverside Drive and Morningside Park, a situation of exceptional beauty and of unexceptionable fitness for the purpose. Here Columbia can spread out; here its schools can expand and multiply; here there will be space enough for a proper campus whereon the sports dear to the student's heart may be played comfortably; here will be room for dormitories — if it should be decided to add these aids to the compact cohesion of the undergraduates.

The advantages of this removal, of this opportunity for development, are indisputable — the advantages to the college and to the city. But if this removal is to take place, if this development is to be brought about, the citizens of New York must lend a helping hand. Columbia is not rich, despite the popular belief to the contrary. Considering the work which the college is called upon to do, Columbia is poor. To make the move will cost money — for the land itself, for the library, for laboratories, for lecture-halls. Who will help? Whether New York shall have a great metropolitan university worthy of this great city now depends in a measure upon the response which its public-spirited inhabitants make to the statement of Columbia's desires, possibilities, and needs.

A Columbian Fair Memorial Building.

No more worthy proposition has been made in connection with the Columbian Exposition than that for the erection at Chicago of a permanent memorial of it in the form of a great museum. The establishment of such memorials has long been recognized as one of the most valuable concomitants of international fairs, and it would have been very surprising if Chicago, with her redundant and admirable public spirit, had not perceived her opportunity very soon after the Columbian Exhibition was organized. The project was in fact broached at the very outset, and played a considerable part in the discussions over a site. When the directory decided to go to the lake front, it decided also that it could not use any of the funds at its disposal for a memorial building. This threw the proposal upon public favor for support, and efforts were at once begun to enlist popular interest in its behalf.

The most zealous advocate of it from the outset has been Mr. W. T. Baker, the president of the World's Columbian Exposition (called the local board), and president as well of the Chicago Board of Trade. He has been warmly seconded in all his labors by Dr. W. R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, and the two together have formulated a plan which has such obvious merits that public support of it ought to be quick and generous.

In brief, this plan is to construct, on grounds secured for the purpose, a magnificent fireproof building, especially adapted for its purposes, into which could be gathered, at the close of the Exposition, such antiquities and articles of historical value as the Fair had brought together, the same to be made the nucleus of a great museum for the education of the people for all time. It is believed by the promoters of the Fair that its residuum will be richer and more varied than that of any of its predecessors, especially so in reference to collections from the American continents, since the countries of Central and South America will be more completely and generally represented than they have ever been before.

In order that the best intelligence may be brought to bear upon the museum and its collections from the very beginning, it is proposed to have it started in connection with the new University of Chicago, and to have it conducted in connection with it, but not under its absolute control. This is an excellent idea, and ought to stimulate interest in the plan and at the same time encourage contributions; for the association of the university authorities is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be carried forward on lines of the highest artistic and educational value. President Harper showed his eminent fitness for this service in a speech which he made in support of the project when it was laid formally before the people of Chicago a few months

ago. He declared then that the opportunity of a lifetime had come to Chicago, and that if it were improved properly, the outcome would be a museum which would do for Chicago what the British Museum has done for England and the Smithsonian Institution has done for America. The first and most important work of universities, he contended, was that of research, the discovery of new facts, the deduction of new ideas from old facts; the universities of America were behind the great ones of Europe, chiefly because of the lack of libraries and museums; Chicago owed it to herself to provide, in addition to the libraries which she was supplying, a great museum which should furnish the equipment for research and investigation needed for the advancement of education; the establishment of such a museum would be a lasting benefit not only to Chicago, but to the people of neighboring cities and States.

This is a forcible and cogent statement of the case. The plan is simply one for the advancement of education and enlightenment throughout the whole Northwest. The influence of a great museum of the character described is limited only by the country itself. We need one in every group of half-dozen States at most, and if we were to have one in every State, the supply would be none too large, provided the material for their equipment could be found.

Mr. Baker proposes a total expenditure of $1,000,000 for the building, and declares that if this were furnished, there would be forthcoming contributions of specimens and articles of historic interest aggregating $3,000,000 in value. The whole State of Illinois ought to unite in subscribing the million desired, for the museum will be an incalculable benefit to the State as well as one of its proudest possessions. Philadelphia rejoices today in the possession of two beautiful memorials of her Exposition — Horticultural Hall and Memorial Hall, both situated in Fairmount Park, and both containing collections which are among the largest and finest of their kind in the country. Nothing would induce her to part with these, to have their beneficent influence eliminated from the community. The city and State contributed through large appropriations to the erection of these institutions, nearly two millions of dollars going into the construction of them, but the outlay has never been regretted. It will be all the greater honor to Chicago and Illinois if they can erect their memorial by private aid alone.

National Justice to Postal Clerks.

THE bill for the classification of clerks in first and second class post-offices, which Congress is considering, ought to become a law without opposition. It was prepared by the National Association of Post-office Clerks, and is a measure conceived and designed for the sole purpose of securing just and fair treatment to a very hard-working and meritorious body of public servants. It fixes their compensation upon an equable and reasonable basis, insures promotion according to service and ability, and makes faithfulness and efficiency the sole requisites for permanent employment. It is a measure in the interest of true civil-service reform, as well as national justice, since it classifies the service, makes it mandatory that all appointments to the higher grades shall be from the lower grades, on the ground of proficiency and length of service, and requires that all new appointments shall be to the lower grades after competitive examinations as required by the Civil Service Act.

Under the present system, or rather lack of system, the clerks have no classification which insures promotion according to service and ability, have long hours of labor, are poorly paid, and have no annual vacation. To say that a great and rich government like ours is justified in treating its employees in this heartless, unfair, and parsimonious manner is obviously absurd. A private employer who pursued such a course would be censured roundly by all reputable men. As a nation we are abundantly able to pay our servants fair wages, and we ought to see that it is for the best interest of the whole public to have our post-office clerks a permanent, well-drilled, intelligent, capable, and contented body of servants, for it is only from such a body that the best service can be obtained.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army.

THE total number of men who served in the Confederate army in the late war has never been ascertained. The number cannot be ascertained exactly, and perhaps cannot be very closely approximated. But there are certain evidentiary facts which have an obvious and important bearing upon the subject, but which, it appears, have not been duly weighed or understood by historians of the war.

The numerical strength of an army ought to be ascertainable in one way — that is, by enumerating the names borne upon its muster-rolls, provided, of course, that such rolls are complete and true; but if they are not, then the actual strength of such army cannot be exactly determined.

Let us refer, by way of illustration, to the Federal army rolls. Probably the rolls of a great army were never more accurate or complete. Various facts might be cited in proof of this assertion. It will suffice to state that in the repeated inspection of these rolls from day to day in the War Department, during the whole period since the war, in order to furnish evidence to the Commissioner of Pensions relative to the claims filed in his bureau, it is of the rarest occurrence — in fact, it may be said that it is unknown and unheard of — that such rolls are ever found to omit the name of any person who served in that army. It will be perceived that this is a thorough and conclusive test. About twelve hundred thousand claims for pension have been filed since 1861. The report furnished to the Commissioner by the War Department from its records is conclusive in determining whether a claimant, or his or her deceased relative, actually served in the army of the United States in the late war. No testimony except the record is admissible. Since, therefore, in 1,200,000 claims, filed from every State and Territory, there is never a complaint upon the ground of omission of a

name from the records, it must be taken as infallible evidence that those records are correct and true. And such, beyond doubt, is the fact. The records are of course found in some cases to be meager or deficient in respect to casualties, or other facts in a soldier's history; but in preserving the *names* of those who served at one time or another, the muster-rolls have been found and demonstrated to be practically perfect, omitting the name of no man who ever served, even for a day, as a soldier in the Federal army. If this sweeping statement is subject to any rare exceptions, they are so few that they do not require to be taken into account.

It was therefore easy to determine from these rolls that the total number of *enrolments* in the Federal army for the war (counting all enlistments for short and long periods of service, and all reënlistments) was 2,672,341. This, however, is largely in excess of the total number of Federal soldiers, since a considerable percentage served under two or more terms of enlistment, so that their names are duplicated on the rolls. The terms of enlistment were for three, six, nine, and twelve months, two and three years; and many were enrolled as often as three or four times. Making allowance for the large number of reënlistments, and counting each soldier but once, it is estimated that the total number of men who served in the Federal army from first to last was about 2,200,000.

These references to the Federal rolls are made by way of illustration, and because of the contrast existing between them and the rolls of the Confederate army.

The original muster-rolls of the Confederate army, so far as they are preserved, are in the Confederate Archives Office of the War Department, having been captured with the other official records of the Confederate government at the fall of Richmond. There has never been occasion or necessity to examine these Confederate rolls in the transaction of the public business, as has been the case with respect to the Federal rolls. So far as I can learn, no officer of the War Department or other person has ever been charged with the official duty of enumerating the names upon these rolls to determine their aggregate number, and no such enumeration has ever been made. No official or other test has been applied to such rolls, to determine whether they are true and complete. The Government is publishing the "Rebellion Records," a numerous and valuable series of volumes, which will embrace the official military reports and records of both armies; the purpose being to publish the naked official records without addition or comment. But this publication will of course not contain the muster-rolls,—the mere names of the men of either army,—and therefore will not necessitate the examination of such rolls. Furthermore, the Confederate rolls were never published in any Southern State during the war; whereas, on the contrary, the Federal rolls were published in every Northern State.

While we therefore have abundant and accurate information concerning the Federal rolls and numbers, there is a corresponding dearth of information or data relative to the rolls or the true numerical strength of the Confederate army.

In North Carolina, and in some other Southern States, recent efforts have been made to compile and publish rosters of the troops furnished by such States to the Confederate army. These efforts have thrown a great deal of light upon the subject, and have disclosed deficiencies in the rolls which are very surprising.

North Carolina is the only Southern State in which there has yet been published anything approaching a complete roster of Confederate troops. The roster in that State was published in 1882, in pursuance of an act of the State legislature, which designated Major John W. Moore, late of the 3d North Carolina Battalion, to compile and publish the same. Finding no complete rolls at the capitol, Major Moore visited Washington, and, by permission of the Secretary of War, transcribed the names from the captured rolls, and published them in four volumes. In his preface to the first volume he announces as his estimate that the State furnished to the Confederate army 150,000 troops. But his four volumes show only 104,498 names. In the preface to his last volume he revises his estimate, which he says was originally too high; but he declares his opinion that the muster-rolls omit the names of not less than twenty thousand North Carolinians who served in the Confederate army, an estimate which indicates a total of 125,000 for that State. These two official estimates, which differ by twenty-five thousand,—one of which may, perhaps, be received with as much confidence as the other,—should suffice to show the extremely dubious value of such rolls as evidence of the true strength of the Confederate army. Major Moore's statements regarding the deficiencies in the rolls are made from personal knowledge. He states, of his own knowledge, that the rolls of certain-named regiments do not contain the names of "one half" of the men who actually served in them. Investigation shows that the same is true of other regiments of which he makes no mention. I will refer to the 60th, which was recruited mainly in Buncombe County, where many of its surviving officers yet reside. I am reliably informed by survivors of that regiment that at the time it was organized, in the fall of 1862, being at that time transformed from a battalion into a regiment, it numbered not far from 1200 men; and that, with subsequent recruits and conscripts added, its total strength for the war was probably upward of 1500. Yet its muster-rolls, as published in Major Moore's roster, show only 458 names—an omission of 1000 names from the rolls of one regiment!

There is another and conclusive test by which the North Carolina rolls may be judged—the test which is applied in administering the pension laws of that State. The persons entitled to pension under the laws of the State of North Carolina are principally those who were seriously wounded, and the widows of those who were killed in battle, in the Confederate army. In determining the question of service in such cases, it has been found that the published muster-rolls are wholly unreliable as evidence; that hundreds of men are known to have been killed in battle while serving in North Carolina regiments whose names are omitted from the rolls. The North Carolina pension officers, therefore, instead of accepting the muster-rolls as conclusive evidence, as such rolls are accepted by the United States Commissioner of Pensions, are compelled to disregard the rolls and to accept parole testimony to prove the fact of military service, and of death or wounds received while thus serving in the Confederate army. I am advised that there are on the pension-rolls of North Carolina 2798 widows whose husbands were

either killed in battle or died of wounds or disease while serving in that army, and that fully one third of such pensioners were enrolled without any record evidence that their husbands had ever served in the Confederate army, their names not appearing on the published muster-rolls.

The importance of these facts and the bearing which they must ultimately have in determining disputed points in the military history of the war are plainly apparent. There is one conclusion which, independent of any direct testimony bearing upon the subject, has long been settled in the minds of the principal Union commanders; namely, that the strength of the Confederate army was habitually understated in the official reports of its commanders, and has in like manner been understated since by ex-Confederate historians. This conclusion is advanced by General Grant, in his "Memoirs," as follows:

> There has always been a great conflict of opinion as to the number of troops engaged in every battle, or all the important battles, fought between the sections, the South magnifying the number of Union troops engaged, and belittling their own. Northern writers have fallen, in many instances, into the same error. The whole South was a military camp.
>
> Conscription was resorted to early, and embraced every male from the age of eighteen to forty-five years. The slaves, the non-combatants, one third of the whole, were required to work in the field without regard to sex, and almost without regard to age. The four million colored non-combatants were equal to more than three times their number in the North, age for age, and sex for sex, in supplying food from the soil to support armies. Women did not work in the fields in the North, and children attended school. The press was free (in the North) up to the point of open treason. The copperhead disreputable portion of the press magnified rebel successes and belittled those of the Union army.
>
> Before the war was over, further conscription (in the South) took those between fourteen and eighteen years of age as Junior Reserves, and those between forty-five and sixty as Senior Reserves. Under such circumstances it is hard to conceive how the North showed such superiority of force in every battle fought. I know they *did not*.[1]

General Grant's opinion was shared by other Federal commanders. Their opinions were not based upon direct evidence relating to the records, but upon their observations, and their knowledge of the resources of the Southern States in men and slaves, and of the fact that those resources were exhausted and drained to the utmost by sweeping measures of conscription. The first Confederate conscript law was enacted before the war had been in progress a year,— March, 1862,—and required the services of all white males, with few exceptions, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. In February, 1864, the law required the services of all white males between seventeen and fifty, "for the war," while boys under seventeen and men past fifty were organized into regiments of Junior and Senior Reserves. Even the "free negroes" and a certain number of "slaves" were held liable by this law for the performance of auxiliary military service.

This Confederate statute, approved February 17, 1864, entitled "An Act to increase the Efficiency of the Army," etc., provided: "That all male free negroes, and other free persons of color, between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, shall be held liable to perform such duties with the army, or in connection with the military defenses of the country, as the Secretary of War or the commanding general of the trans-Mississippi department may from time to time prescribe; and shall receive rations and clothing and compensation at the rate of eleven dollars a month." The same act also provides for the impressment of "slaves" for the same duties, to the number of 20,000.

How many "male free negroes" or "*other* free persons of color" were impressed under this act, for auxiliary military service with the Confederate army, I have no means of determining.

There is another important fact touching the question of the value of the Confederate records. The records of the Confederate "conscript department" at Richmond appear to have been kept separate and apart from the muster-rolls. These appear to have been deliberately destroyed by order of the Confederate government, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Federal authorities. I have heard this statement made by Major Duffield, a Virginia officer, who declared that he had executed such orders by burning the records in the fireplaces of the building which was occupied by that department, of which he was in temporary charge.

It is easily understood that the total strength of the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865 far exceeded the number of white males in the seceded States "who were between the ages of eighteen and forty-five" as shown by the census of 1860; for that army included, in the last year of the war, men of sixty, as well as boys of sixteen, who were therefore only eleven years old at the census of 1860. The number of white males between eighteen and forty-five in North Carolina in 1860 was 115,369; yet no one pretends to estimate the North Carolina contingent to the Confederate army at less than 125,000, while Major Moore has placed on record an estimate that the State furnished 150,000. The number of white males between eighteen and forty-five in the eleven seceded States in 1860 was 1,064,253. In the three border slave States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, there was the additional number of 516,175. The people of these three border States were not unevenly divided, and gave about an equal number of men to each army. It is fair to assume from these data that the State of North Carolina could not have furnished more than one tenth of the strength of the Confederate army, which, therefore, in its total aggregate must have numbered not far from a million and a half of men.

The Federal aggregate is of course conceded to have been larger, though it included many who served under short terms of enlistment, and many who, enlisted in the last year of the war, never reached the front; whereas, in the South, substantially all of the fighting men were in the ranks long before the war ended.

The larger percentage of men furnished by Southern States to the Confederate army, in proportion to the population, than was furnished by Northern States to the Union army, may be shown by a comparison of the States of North Carolina and Iowa, which were nearly equal in white population, as shown by the following figures from the census of 1860:

TOTAL WHITE POPULATION.

North Carolina	629,942
Iowa	673,779

TOTAL WHITE MALES BETWEEN 18 AND 45.

North Carolina	115,369
Iowa	139,316

[1] "Memoirs," chapter 68.

NUMBER OF TROOPS FURNISHED.

North Carolina, incomplete records show	104,498
Estimated total	125,000 or 150,000
Iowa, complete records	76,242

In the consideration of particular battles or campaigns, we naturally reflect that the disparity in numbers present at any specified battle, or in the field at a certain period, cannot be estimated by reference to the total number enrolled in either army for the war.

The disparity in strength of the opposing armies was greatest in the last year of the war, and it never could have been very great until the last year. The Confederate government drew upon their resources far more rapidly than the North; they forced their fighting men early into the field; and this in part accounts for the heroic resistance against odds which they were enabled to display more conspicuously in the closing campaigns, when nine tenths of the Confederate army were the seasoned veterans of many campaigns, while they were opposed, to a considerable extent, by raw recruits freshly drawn from the plentiful and unexhausted resources of the North. However the subject is viewed, it leads to the conclusion that General Grant was right when he emphatically denied that the Confederates were outnumbered in all the important battles of the war. It is certainly true that their muster-rolls were incomplete, and that the official reports of their commanders, therefore, could not have been exact.

Major Moore's published roster of North Carolina troops purports to show the date of enrolment of nearly all of the 104,000 men whose names are preserved on the rolls of that State. I have made a careful examination of this roster, in order to determine approximately the number who appear to have been enrolled during the years 1861 and 1862, and the number stated to have been enrolled subsequent to that period. This roster shows that of the 104,000 men whose names appear therein, about 85,000 (in round numbers) were enrolled in 1861 and 1862, and only about 19,000 subsequent to 1862. Assuming, as above stated, that the State of North Carolina furnished about one tenth of the Confederate troops, these figures indicate an aggregate of Confederate troops for the years 1861 and 1862 of about 850,000; and also that only about 190,000 were added to the Confederate army subsequent to the year 1862. It seems wholly unreasonable to assume that the Confederates raised 850,000 troops in 1861 and 1862, and only 190,000 thereafter, and yet this is the conclusion to which the North Carolina records lead. And I may add that it appears to me suggestive that these North Carolina records should thus appear to have been so full and complete for the first two years of the war, but deceptive for the last two years.

The facts here referred to point to another aspect of the subject, and suggest several inquiries: The Federal army rolls being perfect, why are the Confederate rolls so defective? How can it be accounted for that the rolls of one North Carolina regiment omit more names than are omitted from the rolls of the entire Federal army? Why did the Confederates, as stated by General Grant, "belittle their numbers in every important engagement"?

The principal ex-Confederate historians are those who held high civil or military rank in the Confederate government. They must necessarily have had knowledge of the resources of their Government, of the actual or approximate strength of their army, and of the character of their official records, whether true and accurate, or the reverse. Great inaccuracy of statement upon these points by such historians can hardly be accounted for upon the ground of ignorance.

The statements usually made by ex-Confederates regarding the strength of their army place the total at about 600,000 or 700,000; whereas, I do not think it would be difficult to demonstrate that the number was not far from 1,500,000.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, in his "History of the War between the States," says, "The Confederates, all told, could not have much if any exceeded 600,000." How does this statement of the historian coincide with the estimate of Major Moore that the single State of North Carolina alone furnished 150,000 troops, or with his revised estimate of 125,000, or even with the incomplete records, which show the names of 104,000 men furnished by that State?

The facts herein stated lead me to submit one suggestion, looking to further and more thorough research upon this subject. The "Rebellion Records," so called, comprising the immense mass of Federal and Confederate official reports and correspondence touching the conduct and events of the war, valuable as that publication will be, will not settle this question; and this for the reason that the official records do not show, and perhaps were not designed to show, the true, actual strength of the Confederate army. There is, I believe, but one way in which the question can ever be really settled and removed from the field of doubt and controversy, and that is by an investigation authorized by law, made by the Government, and directed especially to that object. The efforts of ordinary individual research will only invite controversy, and prove unsatisfactory. The Government has in its custody all the captured muster-rolls, but it has made no use of these invaluable historical data. The names upon these rolls should be enumerated by regiments. Investigation would then easily determine how far the rolls of any given regiment fall short of showing its true strength for the war, and how many regiments, like the 60th North Carolina, had three times as many men in their ranks as they had names upon their rolls. The Government has also, in the records of the last census, data which should show the number of Confederate survivors in 1890. The census law of 1889 did not provide for obtaining these data; but I understand that the Superintendent of the Census, in the exercise of the discretion vested in him, found that in enumerating the Federal survivors, as the law required, he could with little inconvenience also enumerate the Confederate; and that, if the other duties of his bureau do not prevent, he will compile and publish the result of such enumeration.

I am deeply impressed with the conviction that the Government at Washington, possessing as it does these important historical data, and the means which would enable it to settle this question, so far at least as it will admit of definite solution, owes it to itself, to the cause of truth and justice, and to the good name of those who fought for its preservation, thoroughly to investigate this question. It ought, at least, to authenticate and

publish every known fact and record in its custody that may throw light upon the question, to the end that history may speak the truth, and may not become the mere trumpet of ignorance and of vague conjecture.

A. B. Casselman.

The Illinois of Lincoln's Time.

PORTIONS of the Lincoln "Life" recall most vividly my childish recollection of the time and the people mentioned there, as well as many points told me by my mother and father.

My father was the A. T. Bledsoe referred to in the history. He practised law in the Supreme Court of Illinois, of which my grandfather, Moses O. Bledsoe, was clerk. He was an intimate associate of most of the men mentioned in this open letter as being prominent in the Springfield of that date, and I have heard him talk by the hour and tell stories of that time.

In those days the character of the courts in which my father, as well as Mr. Lincoln, practised was very primitive, and the stories told by my father are perhaps worth recording.

In one case a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The case finally required some proof that the defendant was a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lanky Westerner. The lawyer said, "How does Mr. So-and-so usually ride?"

Without a gleam of intelligence, the witness replied, "A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Wall," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse he walks, when he rides a trottin' horse he trots, when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops, when—"

The lawyer, irately, "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow."

"Wall," said the witness, still meditating, "when his company rides fast he rides fast, and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and very stern now, "how Mr. So-and-so rides when he is alone."

"Wall," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I wa'n't along, and I don't know."

The laugh of the court at the baffled questioner ended the cross-examination.

A case of sheep-killing came up. The defendant was a rustic, and the charge was, "Killed with malicious mischief." When asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" the defendant would give no direct answer. "I *did* kill that sheep, but I did n't kill him with no malicious mischief." Nothing else could be extracted from him. Finally he was told that he must plead something, "guilty or not guilty." He refused to acknowledge himself either. "You must do something," said the judge. "What do you do?" "I stands mute," was all that could be extracted from him. In the end, the case was decided against him, but he was told that he could take it up to the Court of Errors. "If this here ain't a court of errors," said the phlegmatic victim of the law, "I 'd jest like to know where you kin find one."

In a case (I have forgotten the charge) which went against the defendant, who rose up and gave his opinion of the judgment, and was fined ten dollars for contempt of court, a bill was handed over to the clerk which proved to be twenty dollars.

"I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender.

"Never mind about the other ten dollars," was the retort. "Keep it; I 'll take it out in contempt."

There was in those early days a curious character who presided at the bar; his name I have forgotten, but I remember my father's characterizing him, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, as "dullness blundering upon vivacities." In a certain case in which this person acted as counsel for the plaintiff, a five-dollar note had been stolen. That fact was proved beyond question. The point at issue finally was one of grand or petit larceny. The counsel for the defendant made the ingenious plea that the bill was an Indiana bill, and worth four dollars and ninety-five cents, and therefore was below the limit of petit larceny, five dollars being that limit. The jury seemed quite impressed by the argument, when the counsel for the plaintiff rose, and in the peculiar drawl and nasal intonation characteristic of his speech said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if any one of you was to take that Indiany five-dollar bill to market, there 's not a butcher there that would not be glad to take it at pa-a-ar. If you was to go to any of the stores on the square here, they 'd be willing and more 'n willing to take it at pa-a-ar; but this mean, *con*founded sneak could n't afford to steal it at pa-a-ar." The jury rendered a verdict of "guilty of grand larceny."

After General Shields had challenged Mr. Lincoln, and before the preliminaries had been arranged, Mr. Lincoln came into my father's office. He said: "I don't like this duel business. It is very foolish; but I can't show the white feather, and I don't know what I ought to do." My father said: "Lincoln, you are the challenged party, and can choose the weapons. Choose broadswords, and I 'll be qualified Shields will never fight you." Mr. Lincoln was very much amused with the notion, and instructed his second to name broadswords as the weapons. When the seconds met and broadswords were proposed, General Shields's second demurred. He said, "Barbarous weapons for the nineteenth century." "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln's second; "they are barbarous; so is duelling, for that matter. It is just as well to have the whole thing of a piece," or words to that effect. When the time for the duel came, my grandfather, father, Dr. Merryman, and some others went to the scene of action. In those days stage-coaches were the only public conveyances overland, and the party had to spend at least one night on the way. The men, as was not uncommon in those days, found very limited accommodations, so four, I think, had to sleep in a bed. My father said that during the night he found himself in very narrow quarters as to the shoulders, while below there seemed ample room to expatiate. In the morning he discovered that his right hand bedfellow, a perfect stranger, had lost his left leg. Dr. Merryman called out in the night to my grandfather, "Wake up, Bledsoe; wake up." Grandpa said, "Dr. Merryman, are you a doctor and don't know that when a man snores it is a sign that he is asleep, *not*

that he is dying?" "Yes; I know," said the doctor. "When most men snore, I know it is a sign that they are asleep; but when you snore it is a sign that nobody else in the house but yourself *is* asleep."

The news of the proposed duel was noised abroad, and a crowd had collected on the Illinois side of the river, awaiting the return; it seemed to this merry party that the termination of this threatening affair would be unbearably flat if they just came home and announced an apology as the "upshot in the end." So they put a log of wood prostrate in the bottom of the canoe, covered it over with General Shields's cloak, or something equally effective, and then clustered around the supposed victim of the fight, one fanning, another supporting, etc., till the crowd gathered on the opposite bank was worked up to a great pitch of excitement and sympathy. When the log was lifted out the dueling party had effectually turned the laugh from themselves.

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

A Remarkable Trial by Jury.

JOSIAH LAMBORN, who was a law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and one of the galaxy of stars that embraced Lincoln, Douglas, Baker, Calhoun, Logan, and Browning, has been nearly eclipsed by the neglect of the generous biographers who have recorded the fame of his compeers. Politics and law in his day were almost inseparable, and he took a leading part as a Democrat in the heated campaign of 1840. He was engaged in a notable debate, with Douglas, Calhoun, and Thomas as coadjutors, against Lincoln, Logan, Baker, and Browning for the Whigs. He was not brilliant in oratory, but correct and calculating. Only once was he beaten in argument, and that was by Stephen A. Douglas.

The following account of Lamborn's power as prosecuting attorney in a celebrated case is furnished by Judge J. H. Matheny, who was at the time a clerk in the Circuit Court, and an eye-witness of the event:

In a neighboring county, in a difficulty arising out of politics, two prominent citizens became involved, and one killed the other. He was arrested and indicted for murder. His friends employed Edward D. Baker to defend him. Baker was just coming to the front as a great criminal advocate; was young, ambitious. Lamborn was prosecutor, and he, too, was young and ambitious, and felt that Baker was a foeman worthy of his steel. The author of this sketch [Judge Matheny] was then studying law with Baker, and was somewhat skilled in the preparation of defenses and selection of juries, and at Baker's request went with him to the trial. The whole county was intensely excited. The trial had assumed a political aspect. The man on trial was a Whig, and the man killed was a Democrat; the party lines were closely drawn, and the friends of the dead man were clamorous for the blood of the man who killed him. The court was held in a large frame building used as a Baptist church, and on the day of the trial it was crowded to its utmost capacity. The jury was impaneled, and the evidence taken. The killing was admitted, and the defense was "justifiable homicide."

Lamborn and Baker were both strangers to the people and jurors, neither having visited that county before, and each determined to win a victory. Lamborn arose to open the case on the part of the prosecution. He was a tall, slim man, with a most singularly musical voice, and the strangest tawny complexion imaginable. His whole countenance was utterly emotionless. Over his voice he had complete control. He simply read the indictment, and then, in a few unimpassioned words, asked a conviction of the defendant. Everybody was astonished and disappointed. I was watching him intently. I knew the man so well that I was looking for something extraordinary; but his sudden abandonment of the case surprised me greatly. Baker arose for the defense. He was a handsome man — one of the handsomest men I ever knew. Beneath the magic power of his burning eloquence all hearts were subdued, all angry passions were hushed, the fierce cry for blood was stilled, and it could be plainly seen that from every bosom in that vast audience went up the earnest prayer, "Let him go free!"

During Baker's wonderful defense I was watching Lamborn. He sat perfectly still, seemingly totally unconscious of time and place. When Baker sat down and the murmuring ripple of approval had ceased, Lamborn arose in a weary and listless manner, and asked the court to take a recess until after supper, stating that he did not feel well, and needed a little time to prepare his answer to the powerful defense made by Baker. Court adjourned until seven o'clock. After the people had gone Lamborn came to me and asked me to go with him to see the sheriff.

The sheriff came to the front door and invited us in. Lamborn declined, but said: "I am not well, and my eyes are so exceedingly weak that I cannot bear the light. Now I want you to do this for me. When you open the court-room to-night, I don't want any light in the room but one candle, and I want that placed on the little stand in front of the jury." The sheriff replied: "Will the judge permit that? It will leave the room so very dark." Lamborn said: "I will speak to the judge. It will be all right. Baker made a strong defense, and I must answer it, for that man is a murderer and must be hung, and I can't successfully answer it unless you do as I want you to." "All right — all right," said the sheriff, "if the judge don't object."

Seven o'clock approached, and Lamborn took my arm, and we made our way slowly to the court-room. As soon as I entered the door I comprehended it all. The house was completely filled, and the one solitary candle, casting its weird, ghostly shadow throughout the room, sent a shivering chill all over me, and, casting my eyes over the faces of the jurors, I could plainly see that the same effect was produced upon them as upon me. Gone were the beaming eyes and joyous countenances as they gleamed and glowed beneath Baker's glorious eloquence; gone the pulsations of mercy that then thrilled every bosom.

Lamborn slowly and deliberately arose in front of the jury, that one candle casting its faint light upon his cold and pulseless face. Half bent he stood, leaning upon a chair in front of him; and thus he stood for fifteen or twenty seconds utterly motionless. Every eye was upon him. Then with a cold and passionless sepulchral voice he said:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

He partly straightened himself, pausing for perhaps a half-minute, the ghostly shadows seeming to grow darker around him, when again came the fearful words:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

By this time the silence in the room had become absolutely appalling; men ceased to breathe, and their very hearts stood still. He raised himself to his full height, stood perfectly motionless for perhaps a minute, then in words as cold and passionless as death came again the awful denunciation:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Then, pointing his quivering fingers at the jury, and with a voice that rang like a trumpet, he exclaimed:

"Such is God Almighty's awful decree. Dare you disobey it?"

He ceased. It was enough, the work was done; a verdict of guilty followed, and the unfortunate victim passed on to his fate. I have seen in my time wonderful actors, have witnessed some extraordinary scenes on the stage, but never have I seen anything to equal that night's work in that humble court-room.

Lamborn became the law partner of Abraham Lincoln; was appointed prosecuting attorney for Jacksonville, Morgan County, Illinois, and was elected attorney-general of Illinois for 1840–43. He died in 1847.

Samuel Lamborn.

American Artist Series.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

A YEAR ago Mr. Sargent's life-size portrait of a little girl called Beatrice hung at the end of the main gallery, in the place of honor, at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. All New York talked about it, and this was surprising enough, as our city does not often interest itself very keenly in a picture of so unsensational a kind. But it was still more surprising to find that all New York not only discussed but admired this "Beatrice," for as yet it is the way of the world that what artists praise the public does not find quite satisfactory.

In truth, attractive qualities which are not often combined in a picture unite to make this one beautiful in the eyes alike of the most critical and the most ignorant. The charm of the subject is the first thing to be noted — the rare and exquisite individuality of the little lady herself. But, it should quickly be said, we must not overestimate the intrinsic importance of this charm, since it is one that would certainly have been lost under the brush of any but a consummately able artist. To paint a child well is perhaps the most difficult of the portrait-painter's tasks — to preserve the naïve, infantile look of a face upon which time and experience have made no marks, and at the same time to express the character and soul which reveal themselves so shyly that the interpreter must be singularly in sympathy with children if he is to perceive them at all. It is one of Mr. Sargent's greatest distinctions that he never fails of entire success when he has a child before him. No painter who ever lived could more sympathetically have expressed the delicate, peculiar personality of little Beatrice with more truth and fullness or with more simplicity; and none now alive could have done it so well. It is worth noting, moreover, that Mr. Sargent did not "costume" the child for the sake of pictorial effect. The dress is one she was in the habit of wearing, and the bird is her own particular pet.

Beauty of color also counts for much in the attractiveness of this portrait. The dress, with its pale-brown stripes and sprinkled flowers, the rosebud-tinted flesh and light-yellow hair, the pink topknot, and the pink and gray bird in its gilded cage, all relieved against the rich, deep tone of the background, unite in a harmony as brilliant as it is pure and tender. The pretty pose, too, must be taken into account, and the scheme of composition, where the height of the canvas, as well as the tall table and cage, so admirably emphasize the fairy-like smallness of the child.

All these things a brother-painter appreciated as fully as the public. And yet he might almost have overlooked them all for a time in admiration for the technical skill displayed — for the truth and beauty, the combined force and delicacy, of the handling. Rarely had the values and texture of flesh been so perfectly reproduced, and never, one was tempted to decide, the values and texture of flesh of this fragile transparency. The treatment of the neck, where white skin, white lace, and white pearls met, was a marvel of delicate vigor, and in all the rest of the canvas it was wonderful to see how so dashing a brush could produce an effect so complete, refined, dignified, and quiet. One did not feel that brilliant handling had been displayed for its own sake, but simply that the painter had known so exactly what he wanted to do, and been so sure that it was exactly the right thing, that he could not help working broadly and swiftly. It was masterly painting, because a master's eye had seen the subject before the master hand began its reproduction. Mr. Sargent had seen not only form and color with clearness and acuteness, but also the baby soul behind them; and he had reproduced them all so beautifully that, when the tears came in one's eyes from sheer delight, it was hard to tell whether emotion was more touched by the work of nature or the work of art. Yet when we reflect a minute, and say again, A pearl among babies portrayed in a pearl among pictures, we feel that art must be allowed the chief share in the result. Exquisite children are born into the world more often than exquisite works of art, and nothing is beautiful upon canvas unless beautifully painted. Mr. Sargent might have found another model to give him as happy a chance; little Beatrice could hardly have found another painter to do her such absolute justice. To art, not nature, will be due the credit when in later years this child shall win an immortality like that with which a Velasquez or a Van Dyck endowed the royal children of his brush. I should hesitate to say that this is the finest picture Mr. Sargent has painted; but it is one of the very finest, and is certainly the loveliest of them all.

John Singer Sargent was born of American parents in Florence, Italy, in the year 1856. His mother is a Philadelphian, and his father belonged to the Boston family several members of which have been honorably conspicuous in journalism, literature, and science. He studied painting under Carolus Duran in Paris, and evidently, in another fashion, under the spirit of Velasquez in Spain. In 1878 he received an honorable mention at the Salon, and in 1881 a medal of the second class, while at the International Exhibition of 1889 he was given a medal of honor and the rank of chevalier in the *Legion d'Honneur*.

Born in Italy, educated in France, living much in London, and traveling widely, Mr. Sargent is that typically modern product, a citizen of the world. Yet he is not a man without a country. Blood has proved the strongest influence. No American would take him for a "foreigner," and we are only following his own lead when we claim him for the Western World. The pictures which won him the highest honor that could be gained at the Paris Exposition formed the chief feature of the American collection, and though he is a member of the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts* in France, he is also a member of the Society of American Artists in New York; and Americans appreciate their good fortune in being able to claim him as a fellow-countryman. Wherever his pictures have been shown they have excited a very unusual amount of interest; prizes have been awarded him in Chicago and Philadelphia; and he is now working upon a large mural painting for the Boston Public Library.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Observations.

THE liar despises those who believe him, and hates those who do not.

THE woman who loves you is at once your detective and your accomplice.

BY the world's law a man is held guilty until he is proved innocent — and afterward.

MODERN pessimism is ancient Calvinism with God left out.

SOME people would like to have an Inquisition to compel liberality and toleration.

TO tell a woman you love her without doing so, and then to love her without telling her so, is the Alpha and Omega of flirtation.

HOW exasperating are those sunny-natured people who will never allow you to complain!

MANY a woman makes a man perfectly wretched because she loves him so much.

IF I were as rich as my right-hand neighbor, I should have his faults; if I were as poor as my left-hand neighbor, I should have his. Being myself, I have mine.

A MAN who praises himself meets with general denial; a man who decries himself finds plenty to agree with him.

TO believe that evil rules the universe is to believe that the destroying principle once created and now conserves.

AS it is man's place to ask, so it is woman's place to wait to be asked; yet oftentimes she has a way of asking why she is kept waiting.

A GREAT many people who discuss great questions think that they must arrive at *some* conclusion, like a debating society. Oftenest we should be satisfied with indecision.

POSITIVE persons may be so either from having tested their opinions by long experience or from never having tested them at all.

WHAT hardens one most is not suffering, but getting over it.

OPPOSITION is a sign of interest. A bored listener always agrees.

THE common run of literature is stenciled, not written.

DID you ever notice the rapturous fervor with which the postman is sometimes received — not for himself, but for what he brings? Be sure that you have been in his position oftener than you know.

THERE are people so actively occupied by misfortune that they have no time to be miserable.

BEWARE of the man who seems to have no earthly chance with a woman. He is more than likely to secure her at last.

A WOMAN'S progress in a love-affair is a zigzag road: each deviation ends in a slight advance. And a man's, which should be a straight line, meets hers at the return from each of these deviations.

Manley H. Pike.

My Sweetheart.

No violet purples have so deep a hue
As do her angel-painted eyes of blue.
A wild-rose pink, a sea-shell's dainty grace,
Were borrowed to bewitch her bonny face.

Her lips were made for kisses — nothing more;
I 'll tell her this forever, o'er and o'er.
Forever and a day I 'll love her, too,
Because her heart is mine — her heart so true.

She loves and lives, and lives and loves for me,
And for her sake I 'll all things lovely be —
For her, my love, my angel, treasure, pearl,
Marie, my own, my darling baby-girl.

Margaret Andrews Oldham.

A Cradle Song.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Through the yellow grain
Stoutly moves the cradler to a low refrain,
While the swaying blades of wheat tremble to his sweep
Till he lays them carefully in a row to sleep;
And he feels a mystic rhyme
Makes his cradle swing in time
To the rocking of the baby by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! So the cheeks grow red,
Bowls are filled with porridge, and ovens piled with bread,
Bossy claims the middlings, and coltie eats the bran,
Chicky gets the screenings, and birdie all he can.
So the cradle's harvest rhyme
Keeps the reaper's stroke in time
With the cradle that is rocking by the door.

Thus the golden harvest falls to yield the precious wheat.
Life is golden, too, alas! but only love is sweet.
Labor for the fireside is the royal crown to wear,
And Love that gave the harvest will give each heart its share,
While the reaper swings in time,
Like a loving, tender rhyme,
To the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Ah, the good old sound,
Harvest note of gladness all the world around!
Hear the cradles glancing on the hilly steep;
Hear the little rocker where baby lies asleep —
Gentle, universal rhyme
Of the reaper keeping time
With the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Charles H. Crandall.

Pegasus in Harness.

I HAVE a neighbor; 't is his fate
To deal in bricks and lime.
He 'd like to be a poet great,
But can't afford the time.

John Kendrick Bangs.

An Impossible Girl.

ONCE on a time there lived a maid
Who never was of mice afraid,
A perfect game of whist she played,
This maid entrancing.
Of gowns and styles she never talked,
Attempts to compliment she balked,
For exercise she only walked —
She hated dancing.

She wore no loud, queer-colored glove,
She never yet had been in love,
Her bureau held no picture of
The latest actor.
And, furthermore, she never went
To matinées, nor ever spent
Her change for soda; roses sent
Could not attract her.

Of slang she never used a word,
Of flirting she had never heard,
Society — it seems absurd —
She did not care for.
At gay resorts where men were not
She never seemed to care a jot,
Until the mothers wondered what
The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she came,
She left no record but her fame,
Not even can we learn her name
Or what her station.
When did she live? How did she die?
She lived in fancy. It 's a lie.
I 've only tried to practise my
Imagination.

James G. Burnett.

Silent Applause.

THE more his frowning modest worth withdraws,
The more, forsooth, they lavish their applause.
In vain. He waits for praise from her alone
Who will not speak lest love with praise be shown.

Edith M. Thomas.

"The Linnet Sings."

BY note and word
My sense is stirred,
For never clearer song was heard
Than that the linnet sings.
Lying near it,
Full I hear it,
From the brier where it swings:
"He kist her — kist her — kist her —
Sweet — my sweet —
Sweet sister."

If grief or glee
Impels this free
Outpouring of its soul to me,
My voice will not betray.
I silent lie
The brier by,
And hear it sing and say:
"He kist her — kist her — kist her —
Sweet — my sweet —
Sweet sister."

Think as you will,
Or well or ill,
Of what it sings in swinging still
Upon the brier there;
It may be glad,
It may be sad,
But, oh! the sweetest air —
'He kist her — kist her — kist her —
Sweet — my sweet —
Sweet sister."

To me or you
It says not who
This right or wrongful act did do —
I wonder if it could.
I only hear
Its notes so clear
Go ringing through the wood:
"He kist her — kist her — kist her —
Sweet — my sweet —
Sweet sister."

Henry T. Stanton.

A Cheering Outlook for the Editor.

DEAR friends and fellow-writers, send we our verse no more;
The editor's strange blindness we long enough deplore.

Come, ye whose wounded spirits with disappointment burn,
Strike! Let us strike! for even the goaded worms will turn.

Send not your verse in winter, his thoughts are full of care;
The closing year and opening year bring all *his* mind can bear.

Send not your verse in springtime, lest, like the king of Spain,
Your poem should go marching forth, and then march back again;

For while our hearts beat blithely with lambkins, buds, and birds,
Above his pile of poems he mutters, "Words, words, words!"

Send not your verse in summer, he 's gone north, east, or west;
Vacation is as much for him as those who need the rest.

Or if within his office the seething hours are spent,
He cares less for Apollo's flights than Mercury's ascent.

Send not your verse in autumn, he 'll greet it with a frown,
Such hopeless heaps await him on his return to town.

Come join, ye fellow-writers, in answer to my call,
In one vast vigintillion and send no verse at all;

And leave him, sadly jingling his overloaded purse,
To meet December's issue with not a line of verse!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. (SEE PAGE 842.)

"THE THREE AGES OF MAN," BY LORENZO LOTTO.

IN THE PITTI GALLERY FLORENCE.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. APRIL, 1892. No. 6.

OUR COMMON ROADS.

THAT the condition of the common road has much to do with the prosperity of both town and country; that it enriches the farmer, and raises him socially, commercially, and financially; that it widens his influence, contributes to the happiness of his family, and brings him in touch with all the improving and civilizing influences of the busier world, there can be no manner of doubt. We are spending, in this country, $140,000,000 every year for the maintenance of our common schools. Official statistics show that an average of more than thirty per cent. of the pupils are absent from school on every school-day of the year, and that of these absentees by far the larger proportion is made up of our farmers' children. To every one acquainted with the difficulties of traveling the ordinary country road, especially during the wet weather of spring and fall, the reason for this immense falling off in attendance at the public schools will be clearly traceable to the impassable state of the farmers' highway; and thousands of farmers in all parts of the country will testify that they frequently are compelled, by this unfortunate condition, to send their children to inferior schools, which have little to recommend them except mere convenience of location, while a better condition of the roads would enable them to give their children the advantages of more thorough schooling. At every political election, too, the question of the common roads plays an important part; and results have repeatedly established the fact that a heavy rain-storm occurring just before a general-election day will reduce the aggregate vote in many of our States to so great an extent as to prevent an expression of the popular will. It is by no means an agreeable comment on the institutions of a great nation to say that the success or failure of an important political principle, or the approval or condemnation of a carefully devised policy of government, may depend in so large a degree upon the weather.

We have in the United States something like 16,000,000 of horses and mules above the age of two years upon our farms, and at the moderate estimate of 25 cents as the cost of feed and care of each of these animals, we see at a glance that the aggregate expense of maintaining them is about $4,000,000 per day. If, by a similarly moderate estimate, we say that they are kept in the stable in a condition of enforced idleness by the deep mud of spring and fall for a period averaging 20 days in each year, we may easily compute that the loss, in this respect alone, will amount to $80,000,000 per year, a sum sufficient to build 16,000 miles of excellent highway. Of course, considering the great variety of conditions, and the consequent number of factors to be regarded, it is impossible by mathematical formula to compute the loss entailed on any community by the continued toleration of these dirt roads in their present condition; but the error in the result of any computation is more likely to show a loss smaller than actually exists, and in whatever way the matter be regarded, it is certain that with the imposed burden of extra help and extra draft-animals, lost time, wear and tear of wagons and harness, the drawing of light loads, and the depreciated value of farm-lands, we are pursuing

Copyright, 1892, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

a short-sighted policy in permitting the present system to continue. Besides the actual loss, which a moment's reflection will serve to show, we are gaining nothing and saving nothing in that great department of agricultural industry to which the condition of the dirt road is of such marked importance.

By dwellers in cities the actual condition of these country roads during the wet season is scarcely known; while with farmers, to whom all roads are dirt roads, and who have never seen nor known of a highway better than that which they have used from boyhood, the dirt road is an accepted fixture, which long habit and use have impressed upon them as a natural and necessary adjunct to farm life. On this page appears an illustration showing an actual scene on an important road in northern Ohio in the spring of 1891. It is similar in every essential respect to a thousand other views which might have been taken in that region during the same month, and, indeed, not unlike a countless number of scenes which occurred in most parts of the United States in the spring of that year. Farmers were everywhere mud-bound, traffic was suspended, and even the outlying districts and suburban streets of important towns took on the stagnant condition of remote farms, and suspended all forms of wheel traffic for weeks at a time. In the State of New York the country newspapers were printing long editorial complaints of the hopeless condition of the rural highways, and the consequent paralysis of country trade, while commercial reports were published from week to week in which business embarrassments and failures were charged directly to the impassable condition of the country roads. Half-loaded farm-wagons were stalled in deep mud almost in the shadow of the magnificent twenty-million-dollar Capitol at Albany, while, as if to show to what ridiculous ends the perversity of the human mind will sometimes lead us, the good farmers of Albany County were actually sending telegrams to the legislature, asking for the adjournment of a committee hearing, because the roads of Albany County were too bad to permit them to get to town in time to oppose a bill which promised to make them better!

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

THE FARMERS' SLOUGH.

(THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND WARRENVILLE, OHIO, ABOUT TWO MILES FROM CLEVELAND CITY LIMITS, APRIL 7, 1891.)[1]

But aside from the social and political features of this question, and the direct bearing which it has upon the personal income, expense, and economy of the farmer, a bad road increases the first cost of produce — an increase which tends to enhance the price paid by every consumer; and this consideration, if no other, brings the road question home to every reader. On the day of this writing the people of the city of New York are paying $1.10 per hundred pounds for baled hay which fifteen days ago was selling for 80 cents per hundred in the same market. This increase of price represents

[1] All the pictures in this article, with the exception of the diagrams, are after photographs from nature.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

VIEW ON HUNTING PARK AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM THE CITY HALL, FEBRUARY 23, 1891.

nothing to the farmer, who during the last fifteen days has had no connection with the local market by reason of the deep mud in the country roads. It simply represents an added profit of about 37 per cent. to the middleman or speculator, who, following the unbending rule of supply and demand, trades upon the helplessness of the consumer in a market where he is unhampered by competition.

How long should this costly and paralyzing condition be permitted to continue? Measured by every rule of economy, public or private, these common roads of the United States are not only the worst in the civilized world, but in labor and money we are spending more to carry on a "system" of inefficient and shiftless maintenance than would be sufficient to keep in proper repair double the length of high-class roads under the methods pursued by France, Italy, and other European states. In our struggle for road reform we are following in the footsteps and repeating the history of European nations, where, in the beginning, the same objections were urged, and the same obstacles interposed, which meet the later-day American who is engaging in the same good work. A writer of early English history, referring to the difficulties of agriculture, says:

Roads were so bad, and the chain of home trade so feeble, that there was often scarcity of grain in one part and plenty in another part of the same kingdom. Export by sea or river to some foreign market was, in many cases, more easy than the carriage of corn from one market to another within the country. The frequency of local dearths and the diversity and fluctuation of prices were thus extreme. It was out of this general situation that the first corn-laws arose, and they appear to have been wholly directed toward lowering the price of corn. Exportation was prohibited, and home merchandise in grain was in no repute or toleration.

Writing of a later period, Macaulay makes graphic reference to the difficulties of travel upon English country roads at a time when the English farmers indulged in the same periodical diversion of "working out" their road taxes that is provided for in the antiquated American statutes which we still keep in force for the maintenance of our own highways. He states that in rainy weather the English coaches of that day were compelled to travel along roads which, for miles in succession, were little better than quagmires, and it is said to have been a matter of common occurrence for an English coach to become hopelessly mired in a slough on the public road, and to remain there until

lifted out by the aid of a yoke of cattle from some neighboring farm. Not so are the English roads of to-day. By experiment, and by the better light of experience, the English people and their neighbors all over the European continent have learned that true economy in the construction and repair of the common roads, as in the construction and repair of the great railroads, consists in the scientific making and the systematic maintenance of these roads according to fixed rules, and under the direction of an intelligent head.

In the perfection of this enlightened system it is probable that France leads the world. Although her area is only about four times as great as that of the State of New York, France has spent about $600,000,000 in the construction of her common roads, and now annually spends about $18,000,000, or three per cent. of the first cost, in keeping them in repair. France has eighty-seven departments, answering somewhat to our counties, and within these are various forms of local governments bearing some resemblance to that generally adopted in our cities and towns. The Government maintains a large body of trained engineers in its special department of roads and bridges, to whom is intrusted the practical work of constructing and repairing the common roads. These comprise: first, national roads, which generally cross several departments, connecting important cities and towns; and secondly, departmental roads, which connect the chief cities and towns within the department. The less important roads are still further classified and divided; but the roads within a department are under charge of an engineer-in-chief, whose directions to his corps of subordinate superintendents and overseers must be implicitly followed. No part of the road system of France escapes attention, and every road is subdivided into sections varying in length according to its importance, each section being placed in charge of a man who is held responsible for the constant excellence of its condition. Referring to the economic worth of these roads to the French government, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, commercial agent at St. Etienne, makes report to our Department of State, within the last year, as follows:

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

VILLAGE STREET, SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT, WITHIN ONE THIRD OF A MILE OF RAILROAD STATION, APRIL 13, 1891.

The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of lands, and of putting the small peasant proprietors in easy communication with their markets, than have the railways. It is the opinion of well-informed Frenchmen, who have made a practical study of economic problems, that the superb roads of France have been one

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

SUBURBAN DESOLATION.

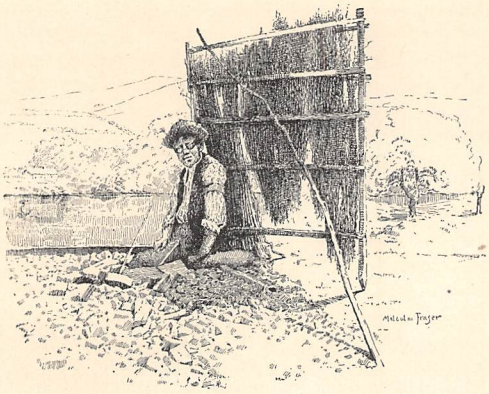
(WAGONS ABANDONED IN DEEP MUD NEAR INTERSECTION OF OGDEN AVENUE AND 22D STREET, CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1891.)

of the most steady and potent contributions to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far-reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors, and in their prosperity, and the ensuing distribution of wealth, lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation.

In a similar report to the home Government, United States Consul Oscar F. Williams, writing from Havre under date of May 29, 1891, says:

Every freighting- and market-cart here is a road-maker. Its tire is from three to ten inches in width, usually from four to six, and so rolls the road. With the few four-wheeled vehicles used, the tires are rarely less than six inches, and the rear axle is about fourteen inches longer than the fore, so that the rear or hind wheels run in a line about an inch outside of the line rolled by the fore wheels: thus, with a six-inch tire two feet of road width is well rolled by every passing wagon. The varied gauge is also usually observed with cabs, hacks, and other four-wheeled vehicles, so that they become road-makers instead of rut-makers, as in our country. The cost of highway transportation over the properly built roads of France does not exceed one third the like expense in the United States, it being common in the rural districts of France to haul three tons, and in the cities from three to five tons, freight net with one horse.

Differing somewhat in manner of construction from the best roads of France, but still in many respects admirable examples of road-construction, are the important roads of Norway, of which the great highway extending from Christiania to Leirdalsören is conspicuously prominent. This highway is about one hundred and fifty miles long, has a stone foundation, and is thoroughly underdrained — a precaution adopted in the construction of all first-class roads, and uniformly followed by the road-builders, of Europe. For the greater part of the distance this road winds through the mountains of Norway, and in many places great masses of rock have been blasted out along the edge of the river or mountain stream (there is always a river) to make space for the construction of the road. The road-surface is composed of a fine, gritty material, which might be called "pin gravel," combined with a smaller proportion of clay, which seems to serve as an efficient binding material, and, when finished, possesses peculiarly elastic properties, which



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

BREAKING STONE FOR THE COUNTRY ROAD.
(A FAMILIAR ROADSIDE SCENE IN GERMANY.)

forbid the presence of any kind of jarring and give to the rider a delightful sensation resembling that which might be felt by a person traveling over a surface of velvet.

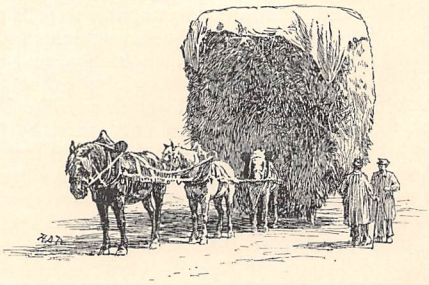
Contrived and maintained under systems bearing much likeness to that of the French government, the roads of Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and some of the German states are but little inferior in quality to, even though less extended than, the roads of France; and, indeed, in every country where the hand of the government has been directed to the making and keeping of the main roads, there seems to have followed an effort at emulation by the local authorities which has led to the similar improvement of the branch roads, and finally to the welding together of all the systems for mutual benefit.

Have we no excellent roads in the United States? Yes: many miles in the aggregate; but in comparison with the immense mileage of important highways which are substantially neglected, and left in a condition unfit for traffic, our good roads are but oases in the great desert of mudways which covers the face of the country. The suburban districts of Boston, the new roads of Union and Essex counties, New Jersey, the celebrated pikes of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the highways of a few other localities, might receive honorable mention in the history of our practical pioneer work; but the failure of the National and State governments to take the lead in a general movement for better roads, and the consequent discouragement of a general engineering knowledge of the maintenance and repair of common roads, have led to the neglect, and in some cases to the actual disintegration, of roads which were well constructed and intended to last through many generations. The need of a law by which the main roads may be reconstructed and cared for by the State governments is every day becoming more clearly apparent.

HOW ROADS SHOULD BE MADE.

If you take four pieces of white paper, each having a superficial area equal to about one twentieth of the printed portion of this page, and place them on a hard floor, locating one at each corner of an imaginary rectangle about four feet and a half by six feet in size, they will represent in dimension and relative location the four points of contact upon which the wheels of an ordinary farm-wagon will rest, if made to stand upon the same floor, while each piece of paper will also show, with tolerable accuracy, the entire area of actual contact between the wheel and a hard road-surface in good condition. Here, then, is a foundation of eight square inches or less upon which must be rolled across the country a load varying anywhere from five hundred pounds to ten gross tons in weight; and it is obvious that the mechanical advantages of the wheel can be profitably brought into play only by preserving these points of contact, or tangent points, at their minimum size. Of course, to maintain even a quiescent load of several tons upon so slight a foundation without settling would require a well-made and substantial foundation; but when it is remembered that the foundation is a moving one, and that in its transit along the public highway it is made to carry a rolling, jolting, and pounding burden of perhaps several tons, it is all the more clear that the foundation — to wit, the road-bed and -surface — should be of a smooth and unyielding kind. When, by reason of an excessive load, or the inferior condition of the roadway, the wheel is pressed into the surface of the road, the point of contact is enlarged in proportion to the depth of the depression, and this enlargement continues until the wheel is half submerged; but whether it be great or slight, every increase of the surface of contact involves a corresponding increase of the power required to move the loaded vehicle.

To this fact is mainly due the superior tractive qualities of the Macadam or Telford surface over that of the ordinary dirt road. If the



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR C. COLLINS.

A LOAD OF HAY IN NORMANDY.

wheels of a loaded wagon be made to roll over a hard Macadam surface in direction from M to N, as shown in fig. 1, the force required to move the wagon is manifestly small, depending for its amount principally upon the weight of

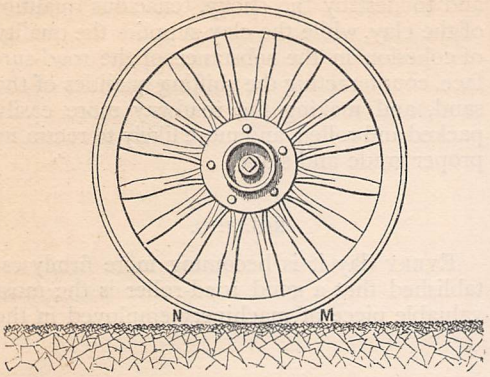


FIG. 1. SHOWING WAGON-WHEEL SUSTAINED AT SINGLE POINT OF CONTACT ON HARD, SMOOTH SURFACE OF COMPACT MACADAM OR TELFORD ROAD.

the load and the hardness and smoothness of the road-surface. But if the same loaded wagon be moved over the surface of an ordinary dirt road, as in the direction of the arrow shown in fig. 2, the weight of the load and wagon will, in most cases, cause a depression of the surface beneath each wheel, by which a continual obstruction is formed at N′ to impede the forward movement of the wagon. Thus a greater amount of power is necessary to draw the wagon, and its computation is made complex and difficult.

Many soils are possessed of elastic qualities, and these are sometimes deemed to be of advantage; but in point of economy in the use of power they are not to be considered in comparison with the Macadam surface, for no dirt surface, however elastic, will rise and give back to the passing wheel (as at M′ in fig. 2) the same force which it destroys by the obstructing qualities which it offers to the forward movement of the vehicle.

In all that is hereafter written, then, let it be remembered that hardness and smoothness of surface are two prime qualities in every good highway, and that the insistence of the writer upon thorough drainage, which prevents the softening of the road by rain and flood, and upon thorough rolling, which insures the hardening results of continued pressure, is due to the importance of these qualities of smoothness and hardness in the maintenance of every high-class road.

Of course within the necessary limits of this article no elaborate treatment of the technical side of road-making can be attempted; but avoiding reference, as far as possible, to those methods and details about which road-builders radically disagree, the writer will attempt to set forth briefly a few time-proved directions which may safely be followed in ordinary cases where the construction or improvement of a road is undertaken.

DIRT ROADS.

By this term is meant those roads which are formed of the natural soil found in the line of the roadway. They are so common as to be almost our only roads outside of town and city limits, and will for many years be used largely in country districts, and especially on the lines of cross-roads which connect the main highways. Dirt roads, at their best, are greatly inferior to Macadam and Telford roads in every essential of a good highway; in durability, cost of maintenance, drainage, tractive qualities, and, in many locations, in point of economy also. But the dirt road is here, and the public hand must be directed to its treatment. The first and most important thing necessary for the maintenance of a dirt road may be stated in a single word—*drainage*. It is the one thing that can neither be dispensed with nor neglected. Most dirt is soluble, and is easily displaced under the softening influence of rain, and this process is hastened in the dirt road by the passing of heavy wagons over the wet surface. On every mile of roadway within the United States there falls each year an average of 27,000 tons of water—a heavy, limpid fluid, always directing itself to the nearest outlet and seeking the lowest level. Water is hard to confine and easy to release, and yet, through sheer neglect of the simplest principles of drainage, water is the most active destroyer of our country roads.

In providing for the drainage of a dirt road we should first consider the material of which

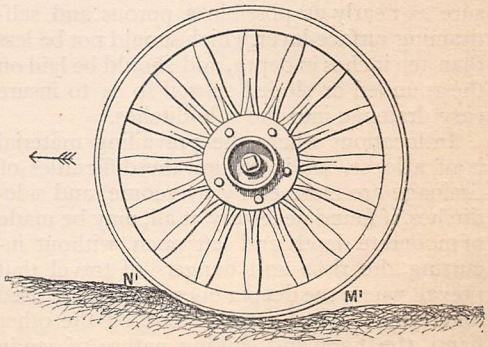


FIG. 2. SHOWING WAGON-WHEEL PRESSED INTO THE SURFACE OF A DIRT ROAD, ENLARGING THE AREA OF CONTACT AND IMPEDING THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE VEHICLE.

the roadway is composed. If a heavy, viscous clay predominates, the ordinary side-ditches should be of good depth, and will even then,

in many cases, be inadequate for thorough drainage without the addition of a center-drain running midway between, and parallel with, the side-ditches. The center-drain should of course be filled with loose irregular boulders, cobblestones, broken bricks, or similar filling, covering a line of tiles or fascines at the bottom, and should be connected with the side-ditches by cross-drains carrying the water outward from the center-drain at proper intervals along the length of the roadway. These center- and cross-drains, and, indeed, the side-ditches also, may be made cheaply after the manner shown in the cross-sections, figs. 5 and 6 on page 812. Center-drains, though often greatly needed for the improvement of country roads, are not in common use. They add somewhat to the cost of the roadway, but, in most cases, considerably more to its value, and should be employed in all situations where sand or gravel cannot be had to relieve the heaviness and water-holding properties of the clay. If gravel, sand, or other porous material can be conveniently or cheaply obtained, the center- and cross-drains may often be dispensed with by mixing the gravel or sand in plentiful quantities with the clay roadway, so as to insure as nearly as possible a porous and self-draining surface-layer, which should not be less than ten inches in depth, and should be laid on the rounded or sloped subsoil so as to insure easy drainage into the side-ditches.

In locations where the prevailing material is of a loose, sandy nature, the difficulties of drainage are more easily overcome, and side-ditches, if found necessary at all, may be made of moderate depth and left open, without incurring the risks and dangers of travel that prevail where the deeper open ditches are used for draining heavier soils. But, on the other hand, the light and shifting nature of sandy road-material destroys its value as a surface layer for an earth roadway, and its deficiency in this respect is most easily remedied by the addition of a stronger and more tenacious substance, such as stiff clay. When mixed with sand in proper proportions (which in each case depend upon the nature of the clay and sand used, and which can best be determined by experiment), this composition affords many advantages which make it superior to a roadway composed of either sand or clay when used alone. The sand serves to quicken the drainage and to destroy the sticky, tenacious qualities of the clay, while the clay supplies the quality of cohesion in the substance of the road-surface, counteracting the shifting qualities of the sand, and making the roadway more easily packed and rolled, and more likely to retain its proper grade and slope.

ROLLING.

EVERY day it is becoming more firmly established that a good road-roller is the most valuable piece of machinery employed in the road-maker's art; and indeed, without it, neither can the foundation or subsoil of the roadway be made uniformly hard and reliable, nor the surface-layer be given that uniform compactness and solidity which give excellence to the road and insure a perpetual economy in the cost of maintenance and repairs. To one who has seen a heavy road-roller used in compacting the soil of a new roadway these facts will be very evident. If a length of one thousand yards in an ordinary earth road be cut to an exact and uniform grade one foot below the original surface of the road, it will be found in most cases that the new surface thus exposed will present an appearance which, to the ordinary observer, is of a uniform material and even hardness from end to end: but the passage of a roller weighing from ten to fifteen tons over this new surface will soon disclose defects and soft spots located at irregular intervals throughout the length of the work; and as the process of rolling continues, the uniformity of the grade will disappear, and what at first appeared to be a tolerably satisfactory surface will develop into a succession of humps, holes, and undulations. In the using of the roller in actual work these depressions and soft spots are carefully filled

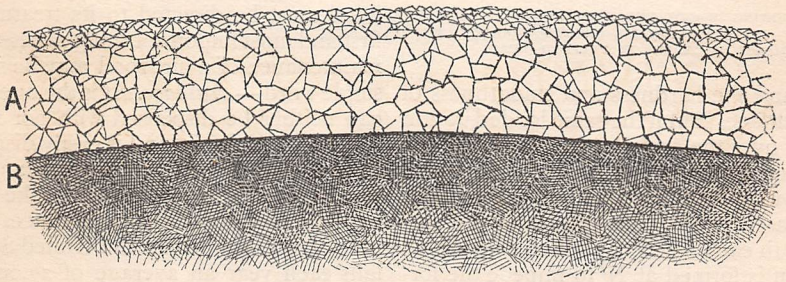


FIG. 3. CROSS-SECTION OF MACADAM ROADWAY LAID ON COMPACT EARTH, AND MADE SOLID AND PERMANENT BY HEAVY ROLLING.

and brought to the line of the required grade, while the successive passing of the heavy roller over the filling gives to the entire road that form and consistency which are so essential to every good highway. It is true that heavy rollers are rarely used in the construction or improvement of dirt roads; but this is owing as much to a lack of knowledge of the real value of a good roller as to the apparently formidable outlay involved in its first cost. All dirt roads become hard and passable by the use of a roller. Every wagon-wheel acts as a roller upon the road-surface, and the value of its rolling qualities depends upon the width of the wheel-tires and the load which the wheel sustains; but the wagon-wheel is generally made so narrow as to create ruts in many cases, and its use always tends to develop the weak spots, humps, holes, and undulations which are so quickly revealed in the use of the regular roller. Moreover, the rolling qualities exerted by the wheels of passing traffic are never bestowed uniformly upon the entire width of the roadway, but are confined throughout the length of most country roads to the two narrow lines of travel which marked the tracks of the wheels of the first passing vehicle, and which seem to have been followed with scrupulous care by all the vehicles which came after. The result is that the roadway on both sides of these beaten tracks is often left in a soft, muddy, or rutty condition, and when two heavily loaded vehicles are compelled to pass each other, the necessity of turning out results in a break-down, or in the delay and difficulty which are familiar to every farmer just in proportion to the number of times that he has been stuck in the mud by reason of the conditions here described. The writer has made mention here of the value and use of a road-roller in connection with the maintenance of the ordinary dirt road, not with the belief that expensive road-rollers will be purchased for use solely upon the dirt roads in our country districts, but rather because it is believed that in the near future every progressive county will make use of the road-roller in the making and keeping of its important roads and streets, and that a hint given here may serve to instruct the county authorities in the fact that a good road-roller, when not profitably employed upon the higher-class Macadam or Telford roads, may often be made to serve with value and economy in the improvement of adjacent dirt roads. In the grading of a dirt road the work may generally be cheapened and improved by employing one of the various forms of "road-machines" which have come into use within the last few years. In its common form this machine is provided with an adjustable steel-shod blade which cuts, scrapes, and forms the earth to the desired grade, and, when drawn by one or two teams, generally performs its work in a commendable and satisfactory way.

MACADAM ROADS.

In the construction of a Macadam road the experience of a century has warranted modern road-builders in departing somewhat from the rules which Macadam believed to be imperative; but in its prominent features the Macadam road, properly so called, is to-day not unlike that built by its original maker. The first consideration to be looked after in the construction of a Macadam road is the probable traffic, and consequent wear and tear, to which the road will be subjected. Macadam roads are by no means the best in locations where heavy traffic is to be provided for, and are generally inferior to the Telford road for reasons which may presently appear. But Macadam roads, when made with care, are infinitely superior to the ordinary dirt roads, and are most excellently adapted to suburban localities where the travel is not too heavy, and where the earth bottom can be made firm and compact. It is not uncommon in some of our States to find the idea prevalent with town authorities that the purchase of a stone-crusher, and the turning out of a large mass of broken stone which can be dumped in irregular quantities along the length of a country road, to be leveled and worn down by passing traffic, will result in the formation of a Macadam road, and such a process is sometimes miscalled macadamizing. To say nothing of the false economy generally en-

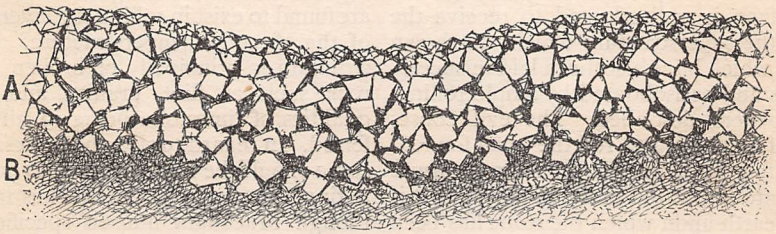


FIG. 4. CROSS-SECTION SHOWING WASTEFUL USE OF MACADAM MATERIAL.

tailed by such a process, it may be asserted to be not only wholly unlike the method of road improvement which Macadam instituted, but it is in direct violation of the principles upon which he most strongly insisted.

The evil results of this shiftless and unsystematic use of broken stone may not only be seen in the long and toilsome process of rolling this material into passable shape by the wheels of wagon traffic, but it involves questions of economy in the use of material, and in the permanency of the road itself, which ought to be considered. In fig. 3, page 810, the writer has attempted to show the permanent form of cross-section which a well-laid and well-kept Macadam road will always retain. The earth foundation B, having first been consolidated by the use of a heavy roller passed over its surface many times in preparing it for the stone, and having also been shaped into a convex cross-section so as to insure the quick drainage of such water as may find its way through the upper surface, is well adapted to receive the stones of the superstructure which are shown at A, and which have also been laid in successive layers and consolidated by ample rolling, as is elsewhere described. The evil consequences of neglecting to roll the earth foundation, and to give it the proper form to insure drainage, are illustrated in fig. 4, in which B is again the earth upon which the stone has been laid. The dumping of loose stone upon the soft and flattened earth foundation in this case invites disaster in many ways. In the first place, the loose, open texture of the superstructure readily admits the water of rain and melting snow, and this water, passing quickly through the sieve-like material, still further softens the earth beneath. Then the weight of the stones themselves, added to that of heavy wagons which pass over the road, serves to press the loose, angular stones down into the soft earth beneath, while the dirt itself seems to permeate the body of the stone, and eventually to find its way to the surface, where it forms into puddles and hastens the disintegration of the entire structure. In this condition the passing of loaded wagons for a considerable time results in the disappearance of the Macadam stone into the soft dirt, and in such cases it too often happens that the remedy attempted results in the adding of new material in the same neglectful and slovenly way as marked the putting down of the first. The writer feels confident in saying that he can point out sections of Macadam highways in the United States where, by the wasteful process just described, enough stone has been sunk into the earth foundation of the road-bed to serve in the building of six times the same length of excellent Macadam road.

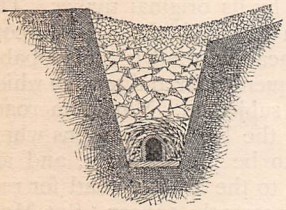


FIG. 5. CROSS-SECTION OF FILLED DRAIN WITH TILE BOTTOM.

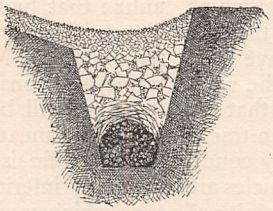
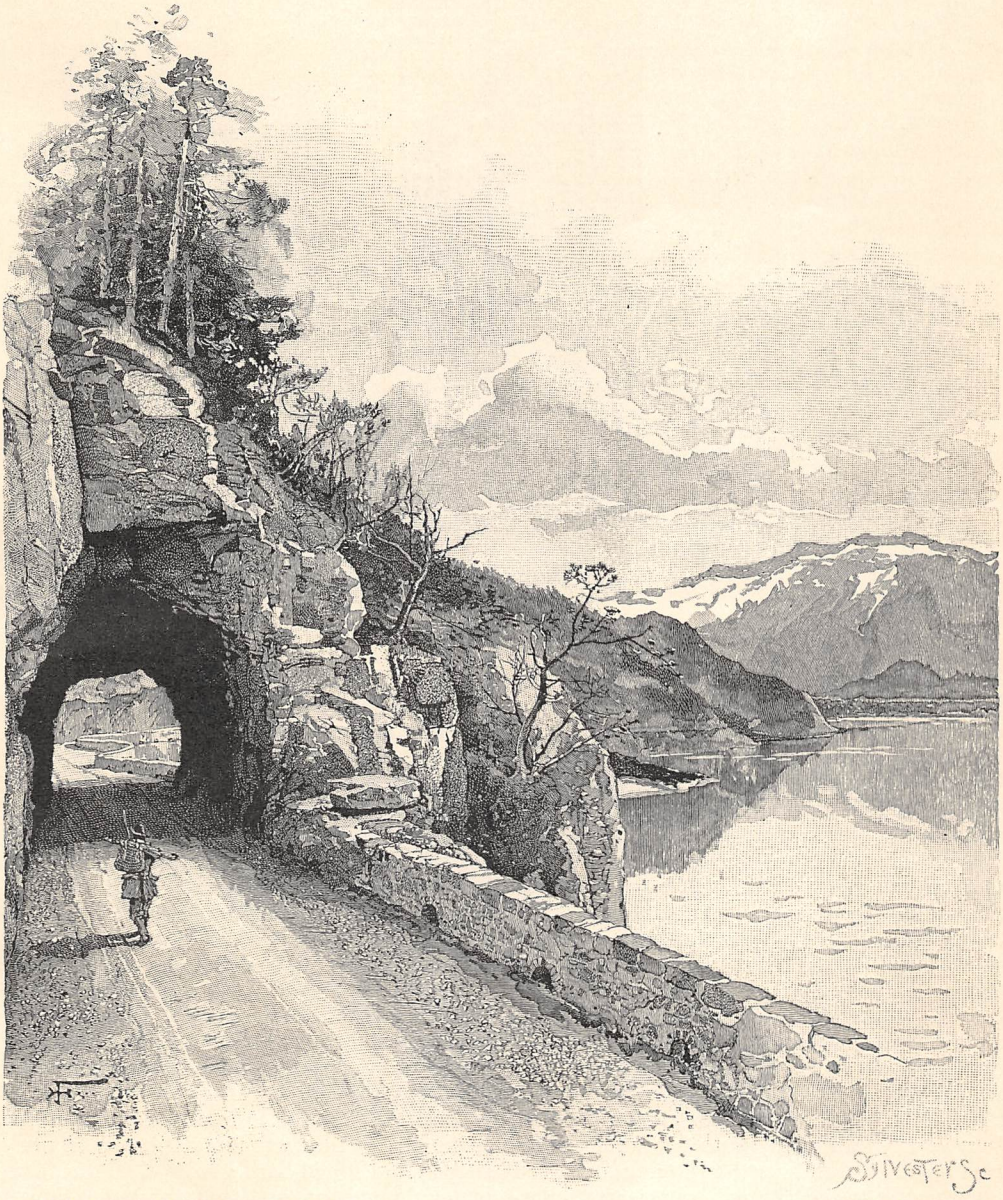


FIG. 6. CROSS-SECTION OF FILLED DRAIN WITH FASCINES AT BOTTOM.

In the proper construction of a Macadam road, then, rolling of the earth foundation is of prime importance, and it is essential also to give to the earth foundation a cross-section having a convex form, so as to quicken its draining qualities. The necessity for this rolling process may easily be gathered from what has been here written under the head of dirt roads, and the same reasons which have been urged in favor of rolling the earth foundation are found to exist in rolling the layers or courses of the Macadam superstructure. This superstructure is principally of broken stone, hard rock such as flint, granite, and the better qualities of limestone being in all cases preferred. In regard to size, the largest admissible stone should be small enough to pass through a ring two and one half inches in diameter, though Macadam himself specifies that the largest stone in this road should be determined by weight, and seemed to prefer a somewhat smaller stone as the maximum to be used. Theoretically, the stones of the Macadam road should be as nearly cubical in shape as possible, as indicated in fig. 10, where the largest of the three rough cube-shaped stones represents about the maximum size to be used in Macadam construction, and in the upper course of Telford roads, to which reference will be made elsewhere.

In a Macadam road the thickness of the road-covering need not in any case exceed nine or ten inches when completed, and in many locations, where the road has been subjected only to light traffic, even six inches have been found sufficient. Stone roads somewhat resembling the Macadam in form, and having a thickness of only six inches, are by no means uncommon in France, and have been successfully used in some of our New England States. Macadam mentions one case in which he declares that the road had been allowed to wear down to a thickness of only three inches, and that "this was found sufficient to prevent the water from penetrating, and thus to escape any injury from frost." It thus appears, as it will appear in all cases, that the efficiency of the

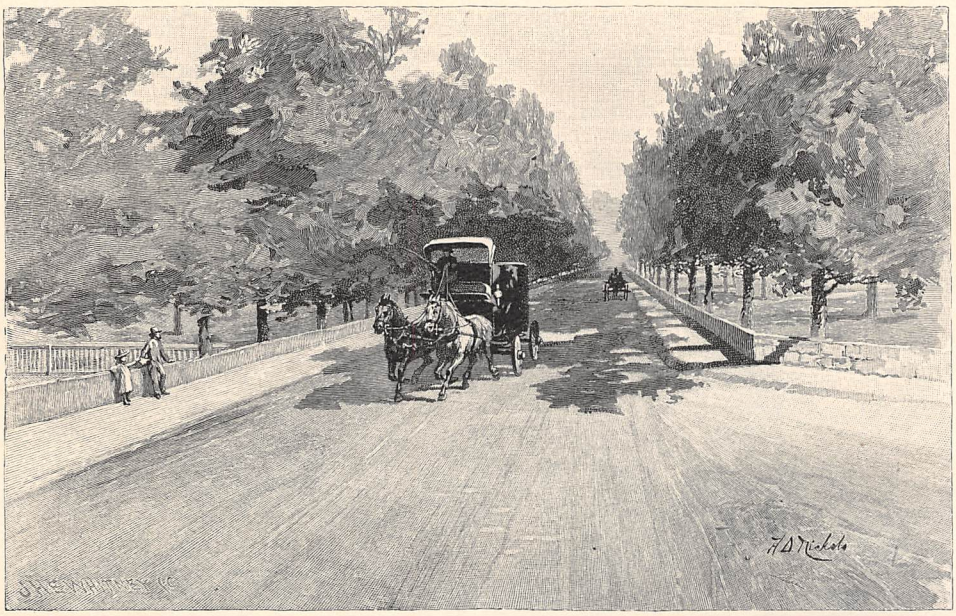


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

SCENE ALONG THE LAKE OF THUN, SWITZERLAND.

Macadam road, beyond a certain limit, does not depend so much upon the amount of material used in its construction as upon the manner in which that material is applied.

Drainage of Macadam roads, as of all roads, must be provided for, and the question of drainage admits of such extended scope in its treatment that it can be attempted here only in the briefest way. Suitable side-ditches should in all cases be provided, and center- and cross-drains may profitably be added wherever heavy water-holding clays and similar soils present the same conditions as have been referred to in recommending drainage of ordinary dirt roads. But some of the objections and dangers of open side-ditching have already been pointed out, and in the construction of Macadam and Telford roads it is infinitely better to avoid their use as much as possible. This can be done in many situations by substituting covered drains upon each side of the roadway; and these covered drains may be made in a variety of ways, depending for their cheapness and ease of construction upon the mate-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

MATTAPAN STREET, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEVEN MILES FROM BOSTON.

rials most conveniently at hand, and upon the ingenuity of the road-maker. Two forms in common use are shown in figs. 5 and 6.

In fig. 5 there appears in the shaded outline the ordinary form of an open ditch as constructed in stiff soils, where the sides may be cut with a steep incline without danger of caving in. The ditch so opened is made with a longitudinal grade at the bottom, corresponding with more or less exactness to the grade of the road-surface. Upon the graded bottom of the ditch is laid a succession of planks or flat stones, and upon this is placed a line of ordinary U tiling with ends set close together, so as to prevent, as much as possible, the introduction of foreign substances into the waterway of the tile. The tiling is then covered with straw, hay, coarse marsh-grass, or similar substance, still further to protect it from the introduction of dirt, and the ditch is afterward filled nearly to the top with coarse, irregular-shaped stones of various sizes, the work being completed by the addition of finer stones and sharp gravel, so laid as to invite the free passage of water from above. As these side-drains are generally located at about the lowest point in the cross-section of the finished roadway, the covering layer of the drain should be given a concave or gutter-shaped section as shown in the illustrations, so as to hold the water which runs off from the roadway and to carry it along in the line of the surface grade, depositing in adjacent culverts or watercourses such portions of the surface-water as fail to become absorbed by the porous material of the side-drains. Whenever it appears that natural waterways, culverts, or other artificial outlets occur at frequent intervals along the roadway, the expense of side-ditches and drains may be entirely saved by simply forming a concave-paved gutter, as shown in fig. 7, along which the surface-water may be carried by a proper grade to the nearest outlet; but in this form of construction it is essential that the earth foundation be properly shaped and rolled hard before the Macadam material is put on, and that the latter should be finished with great compactness, so as to resist the introduction of water, and the consequent softening of the earth foundation which is likely to follow. Fig. 6 represents another and somewhat cheaper form of side-drain, in which fascines are bound together in separate bundles and laid along the bottom of the drain, instead of the tiling. The fascines are covered with straw and coarse, porous material in the same manner as was shown in the description of fig. 5. Flat

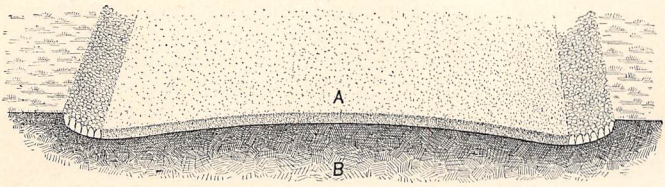


FIG. 7. CROSS-SECTION AND TOP VIEW OF COMPLETED MACADAM ROAD WITH PAVED SURFACE-GUTTERS AT SIDES.

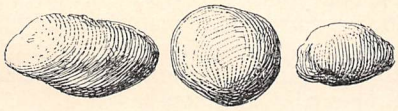


FIG. 8. ROUNDED PEBBLES AND SMALL COBBLESTONES TO BE CAREFULLY EXCLUDED FROM ALL MACADAM AND TELFORD ROAD-MATERIALS.

FIG. 9. SHOWING FORM AND SIZES OF STONE CHIPS COMMONLY USED FOR THE TOP LAYER IN CONSTRUCTION OF MACADAM AND TELFORD ROADS.

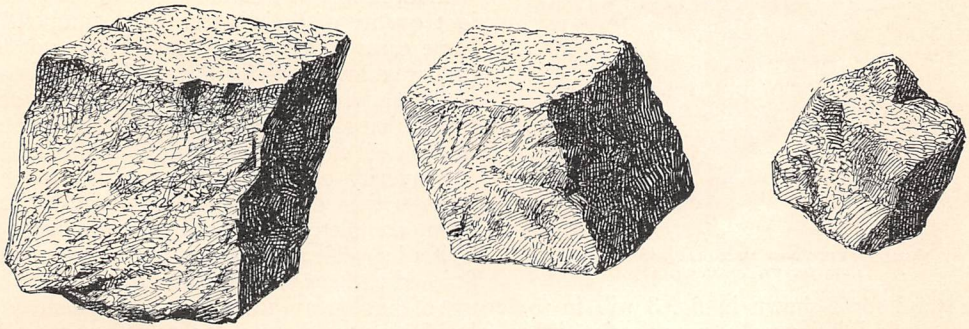


FIG. 10. SHOWING ROUGH CUBE-SHAPED STONES OF PROPER SIZE AND FORM TO BE USED IN MACADAM AND TELFORD ROADS. In the "intermediate" courses of either form of construction moderately larger sizes may be employed; but in top courses it is always best to restrict the workmen to a maximum-size stone not materially greater than that shown at the left of the figure.

stones or bricks are sometimes laid at the bottom of the side-drains, so as to form an open waterway with angular cross-section; and other methods are pursued, all leading to the same end and based upon the same principles of construction.

After the road-bed has been properly excavated, the drainage provided for, and the earth foundation properly rolled and shaped, a layer of broken stone from four to six inches in thickness, and never exceeding the latter figure, should be spread evenly upon the surface of the earth foundation, and rolled until it has become thoroughly compact. In this process of rolling, a sharp, clean binding material in moderate quantities may be added to advantage, but on no account should loam, dirt, or other soft material be used, since these soon turn to mud by the addition of water. After the first layer is thoroughly consolidated, the second layer may be added, being spread evenly and smoothly over the surface of the finished course, and in its turn rolled until firmly compacted. In rolling these Macadam layers into a compact form, it is frequently found best to sprinkle the surface with water, as is recommended elsewhere in the construction of Telford roads. After the completion of the second course of macadam, a top or finishing layer of clean gravel or fine stone chips not exceeding two inches in depth should be spread evenly over the whole surface and thoroughly consolidated by rolling. For this top layer perhaps nothing is better than the fine chips and gritty material which may be found in every quarry where the breaking of stone is carried on, and if this cannot be otherwise obtained, it may be broken from the larger stones by a crusher specially adjusted for that purpose. The small stones used in this finishing layer are usually in size and shape somewhat like those represented in fig. 9, and the largest stone used for this purpose should not exceed three quarters of an inch in its greatest dimension. The completion of the top surface just described marks the finished work of the construction of a Macadam road, and it is then ready for use. A partial cross-section of a completed Macadam road is shown in fig. 3, in which A represents the consolidated stones resting upon the rolled and compacted earth foundation B. The top view and cross-section of the finished Macadam road are shown on a small scale in fig. 7, where A again represents the finished superstructure and B the compact earth foundation.

An important thing to be kept in view in the construction of roadways of the Macadam, Telford, and kindred types is the necessity of excluding from the road-material all rounded stones of whatever size. Such stones are most damaging in their effects when incorporated in the structure of any of these roads, and the greatest care should be taken to prevent their use. On many occasions mere pebbles of the

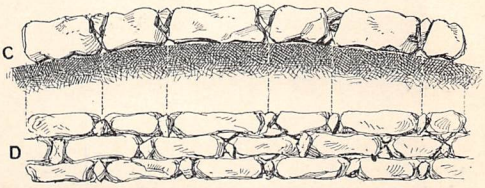
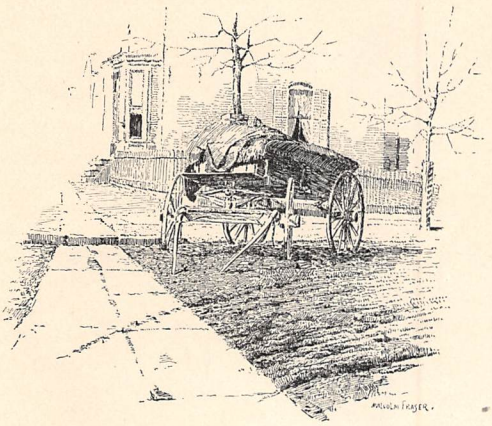


FIG. 11.

Cross-section (C) of portion of Telford sub-pavement laid on rolled earth foundation, and top view (D) of three partial courses of same, showing method of breaking joints of larger stones and wedging and packing of stone chips into voids and interstices.



EAST BROAD STREET AND MAGNOLIA AVENUE, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 14, 1891.

size and form shown in fig. 8 will in some manner find their way between the flat and angular stones of the superstructure, destroying the compactness of the roadway and preventing that snug settling and wedging of the angular stones which are so essential to the proper completion of the road.

TELFORD ROADS.

THE system of Thomas Telford, whose name for many years has been used to designate the kind of road which he advocated, differs from the Macadam system in many particulars, the most important of which prescribes the use of a sub-pavement of large stones set in in courses upon the earth foundation.

Since the time of Telford, and indeed in his own day, road-builders have modified his rules without in any way detracting from the excellent quality of their work. For example, in some cases it has been found better not to prepare a level bed for the road-materials as Telford advised, but rather to give to the earth foundation a downward slope from the center-line to each side of the roadway, so as to insure a convexity of cross-section parallel to the cross-section designed for the road-surface when completed. According to the original Telford specifications the convex form of the finished surface was obtained by varying the size of the stones used in the sub-pavement, and by placing the deeper stones in the center of the road, while those of less depth were placed in the order of their decreasing size from the center to the sides of the roadway. This method, while possessing excellent features, appears in some cases to have the disadvantage of requiring a careful assortment of the sub-pavement stones, and it may also be questioned whether the leveled earth foundation is as well suited to insure sub-drainage as is the rounded earth

ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

A STONY ROAD IN BAD REPAIR.

(CODMAN STREET, DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, NEAR STABLE OF THE MUNICIPAL PAVING DEPARTMENT.)

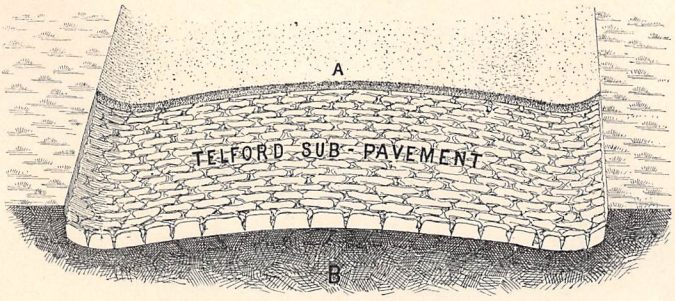
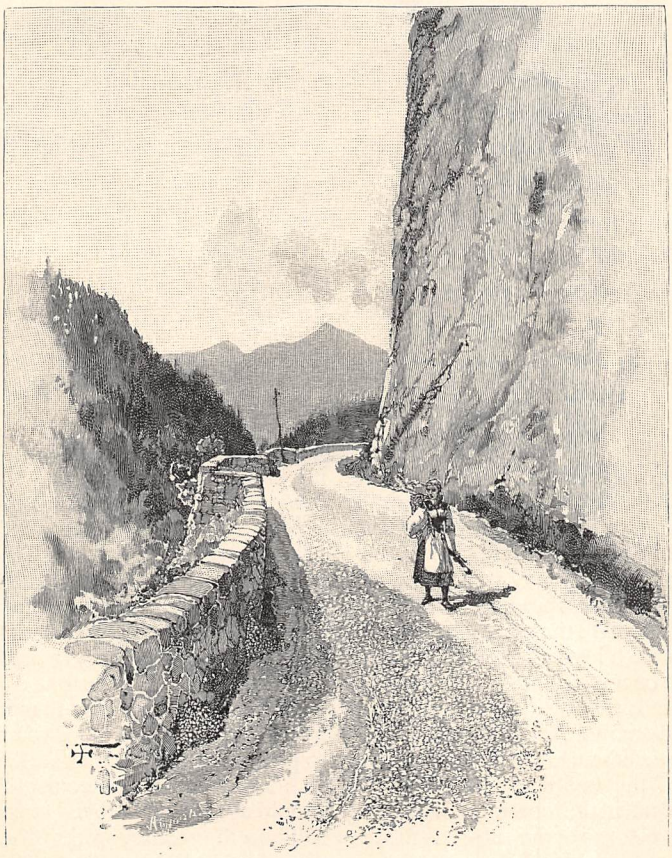


FIG. 12. TOP VIEW AND CROSS-SECTION SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING TELFORD ROADWAY.

B is the rolled earth foundation on which is laid the sub-pavement as shown in fig. 11. At A have been laid the upper courses of broken stone rolled into compact form, similar to that shown in the broken-stone layer of fig. 3.

foundation which in late years has come to be more commonly used. The construction of the Telford road may be better understood by reference to some of the accompanying figures. In fig. 11 C represents a portion of cross-section, or end view, of the Telford sub-pavement laid on a well-rolled earth foundation, with the broadest edges of the stone laid lengthwise across the road. In the interstices between these larger stones of the sub-pavement are wedged and firmly packed the smaller stone chips. At D in the same figure is shown a top view of portions of three successive layers, or courses, of sub-pavement stones, in which may be seen the rough, irregular upper edges of the large stones, and the chips and smaller fragments which have been wedged and packed into the interstices. This wedging and packing should be most carefully and thoroughly done, as it insures the solidity of the sub-pavement, and serves to prevent the dropping or settling of all materials which are subsequently put on. When finished, the sub-pavement should present a general uniformity of outline, with a moderately roughened surface caused by the irregular upper edges of the pavement stones and chips — an irregularity which serves well to prevent the shifting and sloping of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

SWISS MOUNTAIN ROAD IN PROCESS OF REPAIR.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN CARBUTT.

A ROAD NEAR TRYON CITY, NORTH CAROLINA.

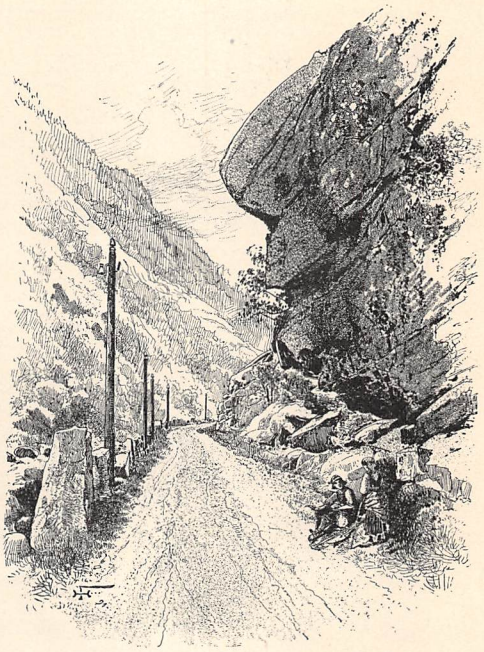
smaller stones above, and to insure the compact binding together of the entire structure. In the making of a Telford road it is important to remember that the stones used in the sub-pavement need not be selected with regard to their hardness, and that stones may be used in this part of the work which would be wholly unsuited to situations where they might be exposed to direct contact with heavy vehicles. Another practical point to be remembered in the laying of the sub-pavement is that the driving and wedging of chips and smaller stones into the interstices of the sub-pavement must not be permitted near the face of the unfinished work, as this practice would result in the loosening and forcing apart of the larger stones of the sub-pavement.

After the completion of the sub-pavement at least two separate layers of broken stone are generally put on to form the upper and finishing course of the roadway. The intermediate course next to the sub-pavement is made of broken stones somewhat after the manner of Macadam material, although these need not be, and in practical work generally are not, of the same uniform size and quality as are required for the finishing layer. The stones used in the intermediate course may vary in size from one inch to three inches in their largest diameter, and this course should be at least four inches thick, free from dirt, and laid in a bed of uniform thickness to preserve the regular contour of the roadway. In putting down this course, the heavy roller should again be employed to compact and consolidate the stones, so that the repeated passing of the roller over its surface will produce no settling, hollows, or uneven places. Before

completing the rolling, a quantity of clean, sharp sand should be laid on the surface of the intermediate course, evenly and in sufficient amount, and over this the roller should be passed repeatedly, after having first sprinkled the sand with a sufficient quantity of water to prevent its sticking to the surface of the roller.

The top or surface course is the finishing work in the building of a Telford road; and in the making of this course great care must be had both in selecting the material to be used and in the method of laying it down. All the stones of this course should be of uniform size, and all stones should be rejected from this material which are too large to pass through a ring having an inner diameter of two inches. If trap-rock can be obtained for this course, it can be used with the assurance that a better material is scarcely obtainable; but if trap-rock cannot be had, there are several varieties of hard granite and limestone which make excellent substitutes, and which are frequently used with success.

The top or surface course should be laid with a uniform depth of not less than three inches, and after being compactly rolled it should show a thickness of at least three inches above the intermediate course. After the loose stones for the top course have been evenly laid over the surface of the intermediate course, so as to show the form of the completed roadway, the roller should be run over the new surface just enough to render it moderately compact, and for this purpose a light roller will be sufficient. Then a light coat of clean, sharp sand should be put on, and sprinkled as in the case of the intermediate course, after which, by the use of splint brooms, the sand may be worked in between the stones of the surface, while the heavy roller is made to follow, pressing the small stones firmly into a compact mass. The rolling should proceed backward and forward in line with the direction of the road, beginning at the side or gutter of the roadway, and working toward the center. The process of rolling and adding moist sand should continue until each stone becomes so firmly bedded, and the finished surface so hard, that more sand cannot be pressed into the surface, after which all loose material remaining on top of the road may be removed, so as to leave the surface smooth and complete. This process of rolling the top sur-

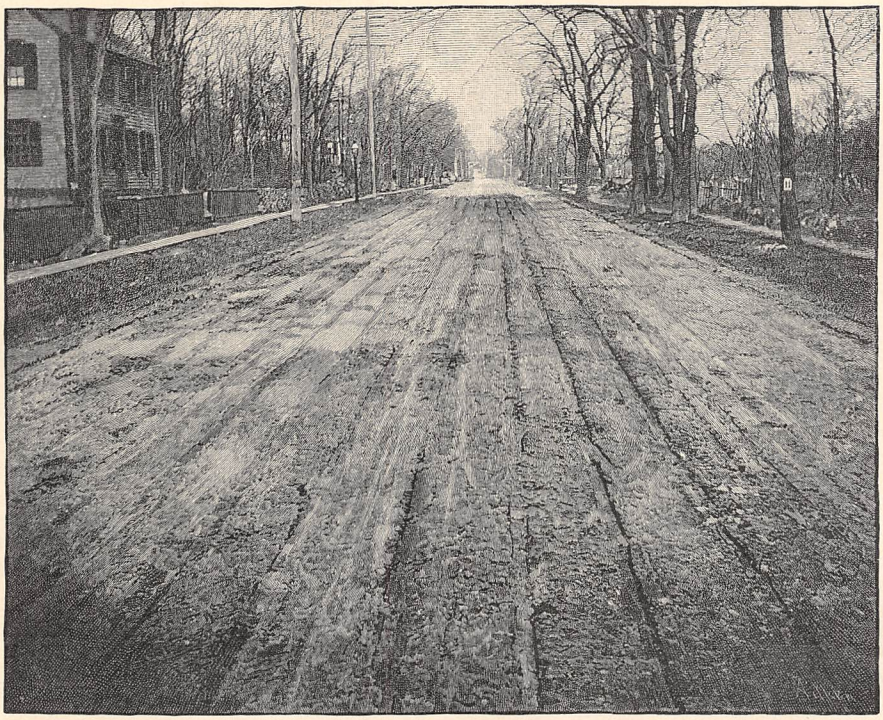


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN NORWAY.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. ELWELL.

A FRENCH NATIONAL ROAD.



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

VIEW OF BLUE HILL AVENUE, MATTAPAN, MASSACHUSETTS.
(AN IMPORTANT BUT BADLY KEPT ROAD, SHOWING DEEP RUTS CAUSED BY THE USE OF NARROW WHEEL-TIRES.)

face can hardly be continued too long or done too thoroughly. In France it is no uncommon thing for engineers to require that this rolling shall be continued until a cubic inch of hard Macadam material laid on the finished surface of the road shall be crushed by the roller without being pressed into the finished surface or marring its compactness.

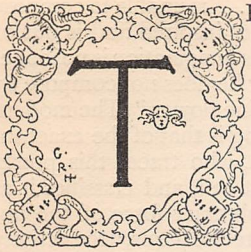
Macadam himself declaimed most loudly against binding material; but the methods of both Macadam and Telford were anticipated by Trésaguet, a French engineer, whose methods have been followed with eminent success by the road-builders of France. The system of Trésaguet involved the use of a binding material, and it is now generally adopted in the construction of roads both in England and America. Every stone road comes eventually to be supplied with a binding material into which its component parts are bedded and by which its voids are filled. This may easily be seen by the examination of any of the old Macadam roads which were originally laid without a binding material, and which, after a long term of years, are found to contain a gritty substance which completely fills all the voids between the original stones. The use of binding material in the first instance insures and hastens the compacting of the roadway, and, if the materials be of proper quality, in no way detracts from the character of the work.

In fig. 12 is shown a cross-section and top view of a Telford road in process of construction after the manner here described. The portion at A represents the finished surface of the broken-stone layer or course after the completion of the rolling, and the portion at B is the compact earth foundation upon which the sub-pavement has been set. The concave portion on each side of the road serves as a gutter to carry surface-water lengthwise in the direction of the roadway into the nearest watercourse or culvert; and where no watercourse is conveniently near, it is best to introduce side-ditches or -drains as described in that portion of the text which refers to Macadam roads. It may briefly be said that this form of concave gutter is not so commonly used as curb gutters, in which the curbstone is set nearly vertical, inclining slightly outward from the roadway, and forming an angle with the road-surface at its lowest point, somewhat after the manner of the street gutter seen in cities and towns. Such a form of construction permits of a more thorough use of the roller on the entire road-surface, but in districts where suitable stone for curbing cannot be had cheaply, the concave gutter may be well substituted.

Isaac B. Potter.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.[1]

II. WHAT IS POETRY?



THESE lectures, as I have intimated, are purposely direct of statement, and even elementary. From my point of view this does not of itself imply a disrespect for the intelligence of the listener. The most advanced star-gazer holds to his mathematics; while, as to poetry, enthusiasts find it easier to build fine sentences than to make clear to others, if to themselves, the nature of that which affects them so inspiringly. I trust that you are willing, in place of the charm of style and the jest and epigram of discourses for entertainment, to accept a search for the very stuff whereof the Muse fashions her transubstantial garments — to discover what plant or moth supplies the sheeny fiber; in what heat, what light, the iridescent fabric is dyed and spun and woven.

It has occurred to me — I think it may not seem amiss to you — that this eager modern time, when the world has turned critic, this curious evening of the century, when the hum of readers and the mists of thought go up from every village; when poetry is both read and written, whether well or ill, more generally than ever before; and when clubs are formed for its study and enjoyment, where commentators urban or provincial, masters and mistresses of analytics, devote nights to the elucidation of a single verse or phrase — it has occurred to me that this is an opportune time for the old question, so often received as if it were a jet of cold water upon steam or the stroke of midnight at a masquerade — an apt time to ask ourselves, What, then, *is* poetry, after all? What are the elements beneath its emotion and intellectual delight? Let us have the primer itself. For, if such a primer be not constructible, if it be wholly missing or disdained, you may feel and enjoy a poem, but you will hardly be consistent in your discourse upon it, and this whether you concern yourself with Browning, or Meredith, or Ibsen,— as is now the mode,— or with the masterworks of any period.

NEVERTHELESS, we too must begin our answer to the question, What is poetry? by declaring that the essential *spirit* of poetry is indefinable. It is something which is perceived and felt through a reciprocal faculty shared by human beings in various degrees. The range of these degrees is as wide as that between the boor and the sensitive adept — between the racial Calibans and Prosperos. The poetic spirit is absolute and primal, acknowledged but not reducible, and therefore an axiom of nature and sensation.

To state this otherwise: it is true that the poetic essence always has been a force, an energy, both subtile and compulsive; a primal force, like that energy the discovery of whose unities is the grand physical achievement of this century. The shapes which it informs are Protean, and have a seeming elusiveness. Still, even Proteus, as Virgil tells us, is capturable. Force, through its vehicle of light, becomes fixed within the substance of our planet; in the carbon of the fern, the tree, the lump of coal, the diamond. The poetic spirit becomes concrete through utterance, in that poetry which enters literature; that is, in the concrete utterances of age after age. Nothing of this is durably preserved but that which possesses the crystalline gift of receiving and giving out light indefinitely, yet losing naught from its reservoir. Poetry is the diamond of these concretions. It gives out light of its own, but anticipates also the light of after-times, and refracts it with sympathetic splendors.

With this uttered poetry, then, we are at present concerned. Whether sung, spoken, or written, it is still the most vital form of human expression. One who essays to analyze its constituents is an explorer undertaking a quest in which many have failed. Doubtless he too may fail, but he sets forth in the simplicity of a good knight who does not fear his fate too much, whether his desert be great or small.

In this mood seeking a definition of that poetic utterance which is or may become of record,— a definition both defensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase,— I have put together the following statement:

Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion, and insight, of the human soul.

First of all, and as a corollary,— a resultant

[1] A series which formed the initial course, delivered in March, 1891, of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry, founded at Johns Hopkins University by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore.

from the factors of imagination and expression,—we infer that poetry is, in common with other art products, a creation, of which the poet is the creator, the maker. *Expression* is the avowed function of all the arts, their excuse for being; out of the need for it art in the rude and primitive forms has ever sprung. No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively, whether to the eye in stone or on canvas, or to the ear in music or artistic speech; this thought, the imaginative conception moving him to utterance, being his creative idea—his art-ideal. This simple truth, persistently befogged by the rhetoric of those who do not "see clear and think straight," and who always underrate the strength and beauty of an elementary fact, is the last to be realized by commonplace mechanicians. They go through the process of making pictures or verses without the slightest mission—really with nothing to say or reveal. They mistake the desire to beget for the begetting power. Their mimes and puppets have everything but souls. Now, the imaginative work of a true artist, conveying his own ideal, is creative because it is the expression, the new embodiment, of his particular nature, the materialization of something which renders him a congener, even a part, of the universal soul—that divinity whose eternal function it is to create. The expressive artist is to this extent indeed fashioned after his Maker. He can even declare, in the words of Beddoes, who used them, however, to reveal his surprising glimpses of evolution:

> I have a bit of *Fiat* in my soul,
> And can myself create my little world.

At the same time, the quality of the poet's creation, be it lyrical, narrative, or dramatic, is in a sense that of revelation. He cannot invent forms and methods and symbols out of keeping with what we term the nature of things; such inventions, if possible, would be monstrous, baleful, not to be endured. But he utters, reveals, and interprets what he sees with that inward vision, that second sight, the prophetic gift of certain personages—that which I mean by "insight," and through which the poet is thought to be inspired. This vision penetrates what Plato conceived to be the quintessence of nature, what Wordsworth, in his very highest mood, declares that we perceive only when

> We are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

The creative insight, according to its degree, is allied with, if not the source of, the mysterious endowment named genius, which humdrum intellects have sought to disallow, claiming that it lies chiefly in one of its frequent attributes,—industry,—but which the wisdom of generations has indubitably recognized. The antique and idealistic notion of this gift is given in "Ion": "A poet . . . is unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired and is out of his sober senses, and his imagination is no longer under his control; for he does not compose by art, but through a divine power." The modern and scientific rendering is that of the exact investigator, Hartmann, who traces this power of genius to its inmost cell, and classifies it as the spontaneous, involuntary force of the untrammeled soul—in precise terms, "the activity and efflux of the Intellect freed from the domination of the Conscious Will." Whichever statement you accept,—and I see no reason why the two are not perfectly concordant,—here is the apparently superhuman gift which drew from Sophocles that cry of wonder, "Æschylus does what is right without knowing it."

As an outcome of genius producing the semblance of what its insight discovers, poetry aims to convey beauty and truth in their absolute simplicity of kind, but limitless variety of guise and adaptation. The poet's vision of these is shared to some extent by all of us, else his appeal would not be universal. But to *his* inborn taste and wisdom is given the power of coadequate expression. Taste has been vilely mistaken for a sentiment, and disgust with its abuse may have incited the Wordsworthians and others to disqualify it. They limited their own range by so doing. The world forgives most sins more readily than those against beauty. There was something ridiculous, if heroic, in the supercilious attitude of our transcendentalists, not only putting themselves against the laity, but opposing the whole body of their fellow-seers and -artists, whose solace for all labors ever has been the favor of their beloved mistress Beauty—the inspirer of creative taste.

The truth is that taste, however responsive to cultivation, is inborn—as spontaneous as insight, and, indeed, with an insight of its own. Schlegel's alertness with respect to the esthetic moved him to define even genius as "the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence, and, consequently," he added, "it is taste in its highest activity." Profound thinkers, lofty and unselfish natures, may flourish without taste: if so, they miss a sense, nor only one that is physical—something else is lacking, if the body be the symbol of the soul. I would not go so far as to say of one born, for instance, without ear for melody, that there

will be "no music in his soul" when that is disembodied. It is finer to believe that

> Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in

such a one cannot hear it; that

> The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
> The body stooping, does herself erect.

But taste, whether in or out of the body, is a faculty for want of which many ambitious thinkers have in the end failed as poets. It is a sense, however, the functions of which are very readily assumed and mechanically imitated. At periods when what are called false and artificial standards have prevailed, as in French and English letters from 1675 to 1790, the word "taste" has been on every one's lips, and the true discernment of beauty has been supposed to be supreme, when in fact merely the crown and scepter of taste have been set up and its mantle stuffed with straw. At this very time art is suffering everywhere from an immense variety of standards and models, and our taste, in spite of the diverse and soulless yet attractive productions of the studio and the closet, is that of an interregnum.

Assuming that the artist's conceptions are spontaneous and imaginative, their working out brings into play the conscious intellect. He gives us thought, building up masterpieces from the germinal hint or motive: his wisdom is of so pure a type that through it the poet and the philosopher, in their ultimate and possible development, seem united. It is the exclusive presentation of thought and truth that makes poetry didactical and hence untrue in the artistic sense. For taste has been finely declared to be "the artistic ethics of the soul," and it is only through a just balance of all the elements in question that poetry rises above ordinary and universal human speech and becomes a veritable art.

Under the conditions of these reciprocal elements, the poet's nature, "all touch, all eye, all ear," exalted to a creative pitch, becomes *emotional.* Feeling is the excitant of genuine poetry. The Miltonic canon, requiring the sensuous beauty which taste alone insures, demands, last of all, as if laying stress upon its indispensability, that poetry should be passionate. It is the impassioned spirit that awakes the imagination, whose taste becomes alert, that hears whisperings which others do not hear,—which it itself does not hear in calmer periods,—that breaks into lyric fervor and melody, and that arouses kindred spirits with recital of its brave imaginings. Feeling of any kind is the touch upon the poet's electric keyboard; the *passio vera* of his more intense moods furnishes the impulse and the power for effective speech. His emotion instinctively acquires the tone and diction fitted to its best expression. Even the passion of a hateful nature is not without a certain distinction. Flame is magnificent, though it feed upon the homes of men.

RIGHT here we stop to consider that thus far our discussion of the poetic elements applies with almost equal significance to all the fine arts; each of them, in fact, being a means of expressing the taste, thought, passion, imagination, and insight, of its devotee. The generic principles of one are those of all. Analysis of one is to this extent that of art as art: a remark illustrated by the talk of every noteworthy virtuoso, from Angelo to Reynolds and Ruskin and Taine. Reflect for an instant upon the simultaneous appearance of a certain phase, such as Preraphaelitism, in the plastic, structural, and decorative arts, in imaginative literature, and on the stage itself, and you see that the Muses are indeed sisters, and have the same food and garments — often the same diseases. But take for granted the "consensus of the arts." What is it, then, that differentiates them? Nothing so much as their respective vehicles of expression. The key-stone of our definition is the statement that poetry, in the concrete and as under consideration, is *language.* Words are its specific implements and substance. And art must be distinguished, whatsoever its spirit, by its concrete form. A picture of the mind is not a painting. There is a statue in every stone; but what matters it, if only the brooding sculptor sees it? A cataract, a sunset, a triumph, a poetic atmosphere, or mood, or effect — none of these is a poem. When Emerson and Miss Fuller went together to see Fanny Elssler dance, and the philosopher whispered to the sibyl, "Margaret, this is poetry!" and the sibyl rejoined, "Waldo, it is religion!" they both, I take it, would have confessed with Hosea that they had used similitudes. We are now considering the palpable results of inspiration. Poetry houses itself in *words*, sung, spoken, or inscribed, though there is a fine discrimination in the opening sentence of Ben Jonson's Grammar, which declares of language that "the writing [of it] is but an accident."

Language is colloquial and declarative in our ordinary speech, and on its legs for common use and movement. Only when it takes wings does it become poetry. As the poet, touched by emotion, rises to enthusiasm and imaginative power or skill, his speech grows *rhythmic*, and thus puts on the attribute that distinguishes it from every other mode of artistic expression — the gild-mark which, rightly considered, establishes the nature of the thing itself. At this date there is small need to descant upon the

universality of rhythm in all relations of force and matter, nor upon its inherent consonance with the lightest, the profoundest, sensations of the living soul. Let us accept the wisdom of our speculative age, which scrutinizes all phenomena and reaches the scientific bases of experience, and, looking from nadir to zenith, acknowledges a psychological impulse behind every physical function. The earliest observers saw that life was rhythmical, that man and brute are the subjects of recurrent touch, sensation, order, and are alike responsive to measured sound, the form of rhythm most obvious and recognizable; that music, for instance, affects the most diverse animate genera, from the voiceless insect and serpent to the bird with its semi-vocal melody, and the man whom it incites to speech and song. The ancients no less comprehended the rhythm of air and water, the multitudinous harmonies, complex and blended, of ocean surges and wind-swept pines. But our new empiricism, following where intuition leads the way, comprehends the function of *vibrations:* it perceives that every movement of matter, seized upon by universal force, is *vibratory;* that vibrations, and nothing else, convey through the body the look and voice of nature to the soul; that thus alone can one incarnate individuality address its fellow; that, to use old Bunyan's imagery, these vibrations knock at the ear-gate, and are visible to the eye-gate, and are sentient at the gates of touch of the living temple. The word describing their action is in evidence: they "thrill" the body, they thrill the soul, both of which respond with subjective, interblending vibrations, according to the keys, the wave-lengths, of their excitants.

Thus it is absolutely true that what Buxton Forman calls "idealized language," *i. e.*, speech which is imaginative and rhythmical, goes with emotional thought; and that words exert a mysterious and potent influence, thus chosen and assorted, beyond their normal meanings. Equally true it is that natural poets in sensitive moods have this gift of choice and rhythmic assortment, just as a singer is born with voice and ear, or a painter with a knack of drawing likenesses before he can read or write. It is not too much to say that if not born with this endowment he is not a poet: a poetic nature, if you choose,—indeed, often more good, pure, intellectual, even more sensitive, than another with the "gift,"—and, again, one who in time by practice may excel in rhythmical mechanism him that has the gift but slights it; nevertheless, over and over again, not a born poet, not of the royal breed that by warrant roam the sacred groves. I lay stress upon this, because, in an age of economics and physics and prose fiction, the fashion is to slight the special distinction of poetry and to deprecate its supremacy by divine right, and to do this as our democracy reduces kingcraft—through extending its legitimate range. You cannot force artists, architects, musicians, to submit to such a process, for material dividing lines are too obvious. Otherwise, some would undoubtedly make the attempt. But poetic vibrations are impalpable to the carnal touch, and unseen by the bodily eye, so that every realist, according to his kind, either discredits them or lays claim to them. All the same, nothing ever has outrivaled or ever will outrival, as a declaration of the specific quality of poetry, the assertion that its makers do

> Feed on thoughts, that *voluntary* move
> Harmonious numbers;

and the minstrel poet, of my acceptation, "lisped in numbers" as an infant—and well does the hackneyed verse reiterate, "for the numbers came."

Aside from the vibratory mission of rhythm, its little staff of adjuvants, by the very discipline and limitations which they impose, take poetry out of the place of common speech, and make it an art which lifts the hearer to its own unusual key. Schiller writes to Goethe that "Rhythm, in a dramatic work, treats all characters and all situations according to one law. . . . In this manner it forms the atmosphere for the poetic creation. The more material part is left out, for only what is spiritual can be borne by this thin element." In real, that is, spontaneous minstrelsy, the fittest assonance, consonance, time, even rhyme,—if rhyme be invoked, and rhyme has been aptly called "both a memory and a hope,"—come of themselves with the imaginative thought. The soul may conceive unconsciously, and, as I believe in spite of certain metaphysicians, without the use of language; but the moment the wire is put up, the true and only words are flashed along it. Such is the test of genuineness, the underlying principle being that the masterful words of all poetic tongues are for the most part in both their open and consonantal sounds related to their meanings, so that with the inarticulate rhythm of impassioned thought we have a correspondent verbal rhythm for its vehicle. The whole range of poetry which is vital, from the Hebrew psalms and prophecies, in their original text and in our great English version, to the Georgian lyrics and romances and the Victorian idyls, confirms the statement of Mill that "the deeper the feeling, the more characteristic and decided the rhythm." The rapture of the poet governs the tone and accent of his

> High and passionate thoughts
> To their own music chanted.

Whoever, then, chooses to exempt poetry from this affinity with rhythm is not considering the subject-matter of these discourses. Not that I would magnify its office, or lessen the claims of other forms of imaginative and emotional expression. "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another . . . there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon." Nor do I ask you, with the Scripture, to set one above the other: count them of equal rank, if you like,—as in truth they seem to be in a time which has produced not only "In Memoriam," "Pippa Passes," "The Problem," but also the "Tale of Two Cities," "Henry Esmond," "The Scarlet Letter,"—but count them as *different*. Of one thing I am assured, that every recognized poet will claim the vitality of this difference — a professional claim, without doubt, but not as though made by a lawyer or a divine, since their professions are more arbitrary and acquired. I confess that natural aptitude justifies in a measure the expressions "a born lawyer," "a born doctor," etc.; still, more of what we call professional skill is obtained by training than by derivation. The reverse of this is true of minstrelsy, and thus it chances that for a thousand excellent lawyers you shall not discover one superior poet.

It is not essential now, when the trick of making clever verse is practised, like all the minor technics of decoration, music, and so on, by many more or less cultured persons with a talent for mimicry, to discuss historic forms of measure, and to show why rhythm is not confined to any formal measures rhymed or unrhymed. Yet even rhyme, in our tongue, has advantages apart from its sound, when so affluent and strong a workman as Browning uses it in some of his most extended poems as a brake on the whirl and rush of an over-productive genius. All the varied potencies of rhythm,—its trinity of time-beat, consonance, and assonance, its repetends and refrains and accidental wandering melodies and surprises,—are the vibrations of the poetic fervor made manifest, and the poet's conveyance of it to his listeners.

Now, we have seen that the term poetry was long applied to all imaginative literature. I recognize the fact that the portion of it which was only germinal with the ancients, but is the chief characteristic of our modern age, the prose tale or romance — that this, our prose fiction, is equally a part of the feigned history celebrated by Plato and Bacon and Sidney, of the thing creatively invented rather than of things debated or recorded. It is often imbued with the true spirit of poesy, and is almost always more original in plot, narrative, structure, than its sister art. It well may supply the topic for a series of discourses. Among the brilliant romancers and novelists are not a few who, were not fiction the dominant mode of our time, would possibly have wreaked their thoughts upon expression in rhythmical form. But to see how distinct a thing it is, and also to illustrate my belief that a dramatic poet may as well not originate his own narrative or plot, read a story of Boccaccio or a chronicle by Holinshed, and then the play of Shakspere's molded upon it. The masterly novelist, the better to control his plot and to reflect life as it is, keeps his personal emotion within such command that it fails to become rhythmical. Where it gets the better of him, and he breaks into blank verse or singsong, his work is infallibly weakened; it may catch the vulgar ear, but is distinctly the less enduring. Who now can abide the tricky metrical flow of certain sentimental passages in Dickens? And Dickens, by the way,—nature's own child and marvelous, as in truth he was,—occasionally set himself to write poetic verse, but he knew no trick of it, and could acquire none. His lyrics were mostly commonplace. This was to be expected, for a real poet usually writes good prose, and rarely rhythmical prose as prose, though he may elect, with Macpherson, Blake, Tourgénieff, Emerson, and Whitman, to cast his poetry in rhythmical prose form. Thackeray, who was a charming poet, of a light but distinct quality above which he was too genuine to venture, put no metrics into his novels. See how definite the line between the prose and verse of Milton, Goethe, Landor, Coleridge, Byron. Of Emerson I have said elsewhere that his prose was poetry, and his poetry light and air. There is a class of writers, of much account in their day, whose native or purposed confusion between rhythmical and true prose attracts by its glamor, and whom their own generation, at least, can ill spare. Of such was Richter, and such in a measure have been De Quincey, Wilson, Carlyle, and even Ruskin, each after his kind. The strong personality of a writer forces its way. But it is to be noted that these after a time fall into distrust, as if the lasting element of true art had somehow escaped them. Certain latter-day lights well might take a lesson from the past. These illuminati leave firm ground, but do they rise to the upper air? There is something eery and unsubstantial about them as they flit in a moonlit limbo between earth and sky. Howbeit, they are what they are, and may safely plead that it is more to be what they can be than not to be at all. The difference betwixt poetical prose and the prose of a poet is exemplified by Mark Pattison's citation of the two at their best — the prose of Jeremy Taylor and that of Milton, the former "loaded with

imagery on the outside," but the latter "colored by imagination from within."

In short, although throughout our survey, and especially in the Orient, the most imaginative poetry often chants itself in rhythmic prose, the less rhythm there is in the prose of an essayist or novelist the better, even though it characterizes an interlude. As a drop of prosaic feeling is said to precipitate a whole poem, so a drop of sentimental rhythm will bring a limpid tale or essay to cloudy effervescence. As for eloquence, also classed with poetry by our ancestors, and which is subjective and passionate, I do not say that it may not rise by borrowing wings; but in a poem the force of eloquence pure and simple cannot be prolonged without lessening ideality and the subtlest quality of all, — suggestiveness,— and rhetoric is as false a note as didacticism in the poet's fantasia.

It is worth while to observe, in passing, that there never was a time before our own in literary history when more apparent successes, more curious and entertaining works, were achieved by determined and sincere aspirants who enter, not through original bent, but under gradual training and "of malice aforethought," fields to which they are not born inheritors — the joint domains of poetry and prose fiction. Their output deceives even the critic, because it does serve a purpose, until he reflects that none of it is really a force — really something new, originative, enduring. Such a force was that of Fielding, of Byron, of Scott, of Keats, of Wordsworth, of Browning; and many lesser but fresh and natural poets and novelists are forces in their several degrees. What they produce, from its individual, often revolutionary, quality, is an actual addition to literature. But we see natural critics and moralists, persons of learning, of high cultivation in the focal centers of literary activity, who develop what *is* inborn with them — an exquisite gift of appreciation, and in time a stalwart purpose to rival the poets and novelists on their own ground. This they undertake at that mature age when the taste and judgment are fully ripe, and after admirable service as scholars, essayists, and the like. Now, there scarcely is an instance, in the past, of a notable poet or romancer who did not begin, however late, by producing poetry or fiction, however crude, and this whether or not he afterward made excursions into the fields of analysis or history or esthetics. Mr. Howells is a living illustration of this natural process. He began as a poet, and then, after excursions into various literary fields that displayed his humor, taste, and picturesqueness, he caught the temper of his period as a novelist, and helped to lead it. The cleverness and occasional "hits" of many self-elected poets and tale-writers are, however, noteworthy, even bewildering. At this moment those who command public attention and what is called the professional market have previously demonstrated that their natural bent was that of didactic and analytic, rather than of emotional and creative, writers. Their success has been a triumph of culture, intellect, and will power. These instances, as I have said of an eminent poet and essayist now no more, almost falsify the adage that a poet is born, not made. Still, we bear in mind that precisely analogous conditions obtain in the cognate artistic professions — in painting, music, architecture. The poets and novelists by cultivation, despite their apparent vogue in the most extended literary market the world has ever seen, and ambitious as their work may be, lack, in my opinion, the one thing needful to create a permanent force in the arts, and that is the predestined call by nature and certain particles of her "sacred fire."

We need not enter the poet's workshop and analyze the physics and philosophy controlling the strings of his lyre. That a philosophical law underlies each cadence, every structural arrangement, should be known in this very spot, if anywhere, where not alone the metrics and phonetics, and what has been called the rationale, of verse, but therewithal the spirit of the poetry of the East, of our classical antiquity, of the Romance tongues, of the Norse, and of our own composite era, are in the air, one may say, are debated with a learning and enthusiasm for which a few of us, in my own academic days, hungered in vain. Here, too, it was that the most analytic treatise ever conceived, upon the technics of rhythmical effect, was written by your own poet, Lanier, for whom the sister-spirits of Music and Poesy contended with a rivalry as strong as that between "twin daughters of one race," both loving, and both worshiped by, one whom death too soon removed while he strove to perfect their reconciliation. Though poetry must come by the first intention, if at all, and inspiration laughs at technical processes, even the unlettered minstrel conforms to law, as little conscious of it as some vireo in the bush is conscious of the score by which a Burroughs or an Olive Miller transfers the songster's tirra-lirra to the written page. The point remains that poetry is ideal expression through words, and that words are not poetry unless they reach a stress that is rhythmical. Painting is a mode of expression, being visible color and shadow distributed upon a material surface; the language of poetry is another mode, because it is *articulate* thought and feeling. Sidney pointed merely to the fact that rhythm is not confined to verse, when he spoke of "apparelled verse" as "an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many

most excellent poets that never have versified"; and he added that "now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poet." Wordsworth's familiar recognition of "the poets that ne'er have penned their inspiration" was a just surmise; but such a poet is one *in posse*, assuredly not *in esse*, not a maker. Swinburne traverses the passage with a bit of common sense — "There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate."

SUBMITTING these views with respect to a scientific definition of poetry, I ask your attention to a brief consideration of its bounds and liberties, as compared with those of music and the respective arts of design.

The specific province, by limitation, of Sculpture, the art consecrate to the antique precision of repose, is to express ideals of form arrested as to movement and time. Its beauteous or heroic attitudes are caught at the one fit moment, and forever transfixed in rigid stone or wood or metal. Painting has an additional limitation; it gives only the similitude of form in all its dimensions, and only from one point of a beholder's view. To offset this, the range of the painter is marvelously broadened by the truth of perspective, the magic and vital potency of color, the tremulous life of atmosphere, and the infinite gradations and contrasts of light and shade. The mystical warmth and force of the Christian humanities are radiant in this enrapturing art. Yet its office is to capture the one ideal moment, the lifelong desire of Faust, and to force it to obey the mandate

> Ah, still delay — thou art so fair !

Such are the arts addressed to the eye alone, both of them lending their service to the earliest, the latest, the most various, of all material constructions — Architecture, whose pediments and roofs and walls originate in our bodily necessities, whose pinnacles typify our worship and aspiration, and which so soon becomes the beneficiary and the incasement of its decorative allies. None of the three can directly express time or movement, but there is practically no limit to their voiceless representation of space and multitude.

But movement in time is a special function of Music, that heavenly maid, never so young as now, and still the sovereign of the passions, reaching and rousing the soul through sound-vibrations perpetually changing as they flow. To this it adds the sympathetic force of harmonic counterpoint. Its range, then, is freer than that of the plastic and structural arts, by this element of progressive change. Under its spell, thrilling with the sensations which it can excite, and which really are immanent in our own natures, considering moreover the superb mathematics of its harmony, and again that it has been the last in development of all these arts, we question whether it is not only superior to them but even to that one to which these lectures are devoted. All feel, at least, the force of Poe's avowal that music and poetry at their highest must go together, because "in music the soul most nearly attains the great end for which it struggles — supernal beauty." And so old John Davies, in praise of music,—

> The motion which the ninefold sacred quire
> Of angels make: the bliss of all the blest,
> Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest desire.

Schopenhauer thought that the musician, because there is no sound in nature fit to give him more than a suggestion for a model, "approaches the original sources of existence more closely than all other artists, nay, even than nature herself." Herbert Spencer has suggested that music may take rank as the highest of the fine arts, as the chief medium of sympathy, enabling us to partake the feeling which excites it, and "as an aid to the achievement of that higher happiness which it indistinctly shadows forth." And in truth, if the intercourse of a higher existence is to be effected through sound-vibrations rather than through the swifter light-waves, or by means of aught save the absolute celestial insight, one may fondly conceive music to be the language of the earth-freed, as of those imagined seraphim with whom feeling *is* "deeper than all thought."

Consider, on the other hand, how feeling governs the simple child, "that lightly draws its breath," while thought begins its office as the child grows in strength and knowledge, and it is a fair inference that thought is the higher attribute, and that the suggestion of emotion by music is a less vital art than that of intellectual speech. The dumb brutes partake far more of man's emotion than of our mental intelligence. Neither is music, despite our latter-day theorists who defy the argument of Lessing's Laocoön and would make one art usurp the province of another, and despite its power as an indirect incentive to thought by rousing the emotions, a vehicle for the conveyance of precise and varied ideas. The clearer the idea, the more exact the language which utters and interprets it. This, then, is the obvious limitation of music: it can traverse a range of feeling that may govern the tone of the hearer's contemplations, it can "fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath" and prolong their harmonic intervals indefinitely, but the domain of absolute thought, while richer and more imperial for its excitation, is not mastered by it. Of that realm music can make no exact chart.

Thus far, we have no art without its special office, and none that is not wanting in some capacity displayed by one or more of the rest. Each goes upon its appointed way. Now comes poetry,— rhythmical, creative language, compact of beauty, imagination, passion, truth,— in no wise related, like the plastic arts, to material substance; less able than its associate, music, to move the soul with those dying falls of sound that increase and lessen thought and the power to harbor it; almost a voiceless spirit of invention, working without hands, yet the more subtile, potent, inclusive, for this evasive ideality, and for creations that are impalpable except through the arbitrary and nonessential symbols by which it now addresses itself to the educated eye.

Permit me to select, almost at random, from Keats and Tennyson, ready illustrations of the bounds and capabilities of the various arts— passages necessarily familiar, since they *are* from Keats and Tennyson, but chosen from those masters because, of all English poets since Spenser, they are most given to picture-making, to the craft that is, as we say, artistic, picturesque. A stanza from the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" describes, and rivals in verse, the ravishing power of a bit of sculpture to perpetuate arrested form and attitude — yes, even the suggestion of arrested music:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
  Though winning near the goal; yet, do not grieve —
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
  Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

These undying lines not only define by words the power and limits of the sculptor, but are almost a matchless example of the farthest encroachment poetry can make upon sculpture's own province. What it cannot do is to combine the details of the carving so as to produce them to the mind, as sculpture does to the eye, at a single instant of time. It lingers exquisitely upon each in succession. Progressive time is required for its inclusion of the effects of a Grecian frieze or scroll. Now, take from Tennyson's lovely but lighter poem, "The Day-Dream," — a lyrical idyl at the acme of melodious and fanciful picture-making,— a stanza which seems to match with a certain roundness and color the transfixing effect of the painter's handiwork. It portrays a group entranced by the spell that has doomed to a hundred years of abeyance and motionlessness the life of the king's palace and the Sleeping Beauty. In the poems of Keats and Tennyson, as I say, artists find their sculptures and paintings already designed for them, so that these poets are the easiest of all to illustrate with some measure of adequacy. The theme of the following lines, rendered by a painter, would show the whole group and scene at a flash of the eye; poetry cannot do this, yet the listener has painted it all in his mind when the last word is uttered:

More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
  That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
  Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
  The maid-of-honor blooming fair;
The page has caught her hand in his:
  Her lips are sever'd as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
  The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

It is to be noted, as we read, that Tennyson's personages, and those of Keats as well, are mostly conventional figures, as characterless as those on a piece of tapestry. The genius of neither poet is preferably dramatic: they do not get at individuality by dramatic insight like Shakspere, nor by monodramatic soliloquy and analysis, like the strenuous Browning. Their dramas are for the most part masques containing *eidullia* (little pictures) — though who can doubt that Keats, had he lived, would have developed the highest dramatic power? Remember what the less sensuous, more lyrical Shelley achieved in "The Cenci," when only four years beyond the age at which Keats imagined his "gold Hyperion, love-lorn Porphyro." But, to resume, see what poetry, in addition to the foregoing counterfeit of the painter's ocular presentment, can bring about in its own field through its faculty of movement in time — a power entirely wanting to the arts which it has just mimicked. Note how it breaks the spell of transfixed attitude, of breathless color and suspended action; how it lets loose the torrents of Life at the instant of the "fated fairy prince's" experimental kiss:

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
  There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
  And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
  A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
  And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

. . . . .

The maid and page renew'd their strife,
  The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
  Dash'd downward in a cataract.

That is the stream which the painter has no art to undam. Only by a succession of pictures can he suggest its motion or follow the romance to its sequel; and that he can do even this with some fitness in the case of a Tennysonian ballad is because the laureate, as we see, counterfeits the painter's own method more artistically than other idyllists of rank in our time. If art is the fit and beautiful conformation of matter infused with the spirit of man, it must indeed have life. The most nimble, ardent, varied transfer of the vital spirit is by means of language, and of all language that of the poet is the most alive and expressive. Observe, again, that in what are called art circles — Arcadian groups of those devoted to art and letters — the imaginative writers are apt to interest themselves far more with respect to the plastic arts than the sculptors and painters with respect to poetry and romance; and well they may, since the poet enriches his work by using all artistic effects, while nothing is more dangerous to a painter, for example, than that he should give his picture a literary cast, as the phrase is, and make it too closely tell a story or rehearse a poem. This of itself tends to confirm Lessing's apothegm that "the poet is as far beyond the painter as life is better than a picture."

THE conquests of poetry, in fine, are those of pure intelligence and of emotion that is unfettered. Like the higher mathematics, it is not dependent on diagrams, for the mind to which it appeals is a responsive draughtsman of lines finer and more complex than any known to brush or graver. It creates no beauty of form beyond the accidental symbols grouped in script and print, none of light and color, while the ear is less touched by it than by the melodies or harmonies of music; for its melody is that of flexible speech, and it knows not counterpoint, but must resort to the value of successive strains. Yet we say that it has form and outline of its own, an architecture of its own, its own warmth and color, and, like music, life, and withal no little of music's vocal charm, in that through words it idealizes these "sweet influences," and is chartered to convey them all to the inward sight, the spiritual hearing, of the citadeled soul, with so apt suggestion that the poet's fellow-mortals, of like passions and perceptions with himself, see and hear and feel with much of his distinct individuality. Its vibrations excite the reflex action that creates in the mind of the receiver a vision corresponding to the imagination of the poet. Here is its specific eminence: it enables common mortals to think as the poet thinks, to use his wings, move through space and time, and out of space and time, untrammeled as the soul itself; it can feel, moan, weep, laugh, be eloquent, love, hate, aspire, for all — and with its maker; can reflect, and know, and ever seek for knowledge; can portray all times and seasons, and describe, express, interpret, the hiddenmost nature of man. Through poetry soul addresses soul without hindrance, by the direct medium of speech. Words are its atmosphere and very being: language, which raises man above the speechless intelligences; which, with resources of pitch, cadence, time, tone, and universal rhythm, is in a sense a more advanced and complex music than music itself — that idealized language which, as it ever has been the earliest form of emotional expression, appears almost a gift captured in man's infancy from some "imperial palace whence he came." To the true poet, then, we say, like the bard to Israfel:

> The ecstasies above
> With thy burning measures suit —
> Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
> With the fervor of thy lute —
> Well may the stars be mute.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

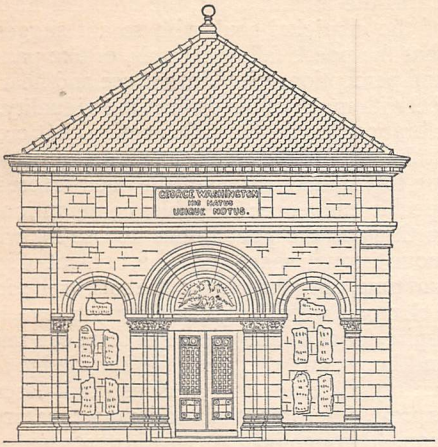
COME LOVE OR DEATH.

O LIFTED face of mute appeal!
Poor tongueless pantomime of prayer!
O sullen sea, whose deeps conceal
The children of despair!
O heart that will not look above!
Poor staggering feet that seek the wave!
I would come quick, if I were Love,
And I had power to save.

O sinking sunset loneliness
Aflame in hot, unmoving eyes!
Poor wan lips, creeping in distress
To cover up your cries!
O broken speech, and sobbing breath!
Poor restless and uncertain will!
I would come quick, if I were Death,
And I had power to kill!

Will H. Thompson.

THE MOTHER AND BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.



DESIGNED BY CHARLES C. PERKINS.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO MARK THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

IN Lancaster County, Virginia, on the left bank of the Rappahannock River, where its tide broadens before blending with beautful Chesapeake Bay, stood Epping Forest, which, nearly two centuries ago, was the plantation home of Colonel Joseph Ball. There, in the latter months of the year of grace 1706, was born his youngest child, Mary. The baby came of brave and sturdy British stock. Her English grandfather, Colonel William Ball, a Royalist, emigrated to America in 1657, and settled upon a plantation called Millenbeck, in the parish of St. Mary's, Lancaster County, Virginia. The name Ball is mentioned first in the "Doomsday Book of Exon" some time in the thirteenth century. The scutcheon of the family is described in Burke's Armory, its crest thus: "Out of a ducal coronet a hand and arm, embowered in mail, grasping a fire ball — all proper."

That the Balls were alike faithful to Church and state is set forth in Bishop Meade's book, "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," which also mentions that Major James Ball and Colonel Joseph Ball were allowed to finish a private gallery for the use of their families, themselves meeting the expense, while White Chapel[1] was rebuilding.

A number of these historic colonial churches still remain, some in an excellent state of preservation, others in ruins, with their silent congregations gathered around them under the solemn shade of noble pine- and cedar-trees, notably at White Chapel, where many time-worn tombstones remain almost hidden in wild grass, but bearing uneffaced upon the lichened marble the names and brave records of the Balls.

Under the old régime in Virginia estates were entailed as in the mother-country, and the life of the planters was dignified and aristocratic, and also rather isolated, while of the lives of the women we find few records beyond those of birth, marriage, and death.

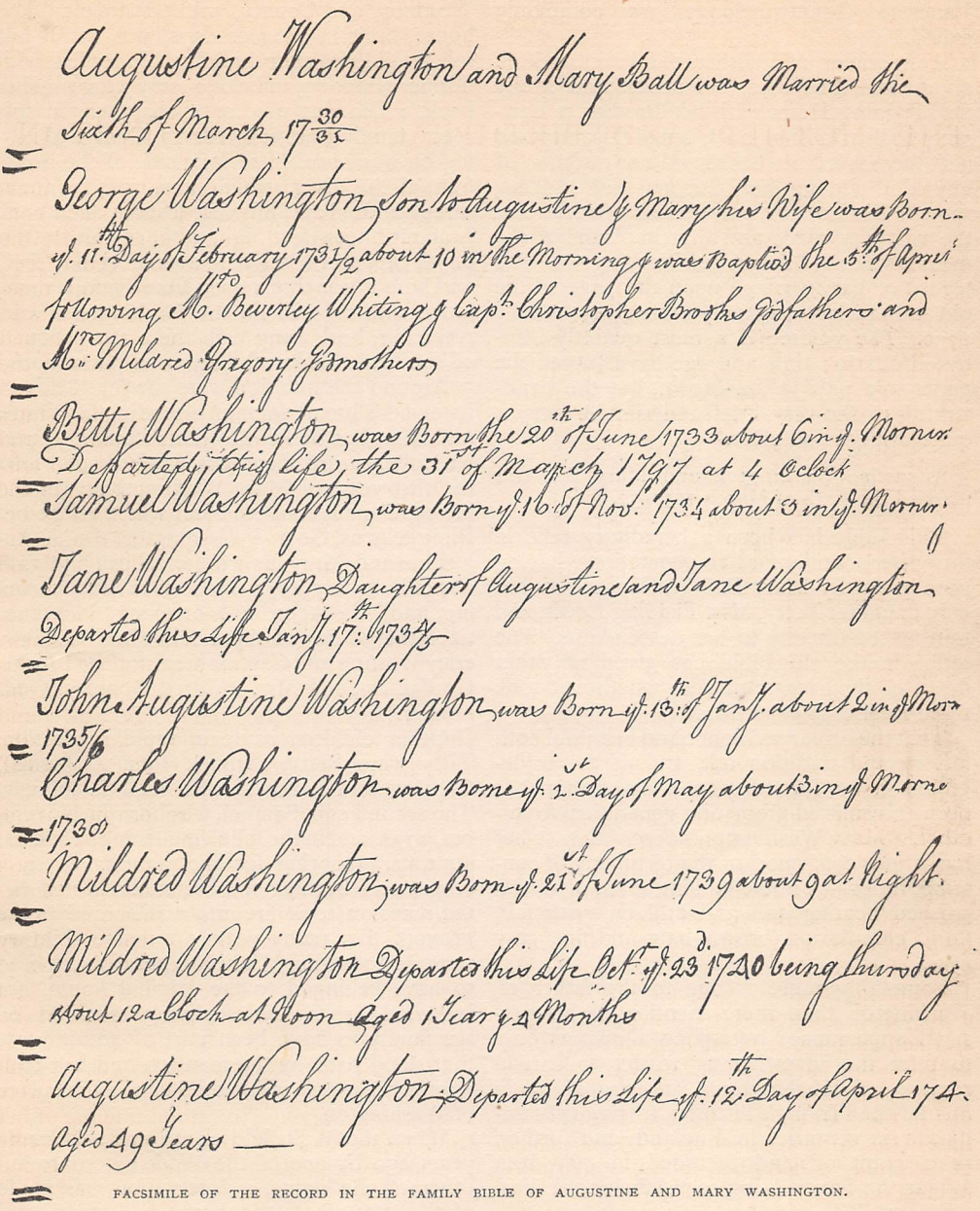
Scant data are left of Mary Ball's childhood and youth at Epping Forest. Her name occurs in a legal document of the 25th of June, 1711, when her father, smitten with sore sickness, and, as he states, "lying upon the bed in his lodging-chamber, maketh his last will and testament, commending his soul to God with sound and disposing mind," carefully arranges the settlement of a large estate, real and personal, for the benefit of his family.

Only a single extract can be given from this lengthy document with its profuse legal phraseology. Having made liberal provision for his wife, the testator makes a special bequest to their youngest child thus: "Item,— I give and bequeath unto my daughter Mary 400 acres of land in Richmond County in ye freshes of Rappa-h'n River, being a part of a pattern of 1600 acres, to her, ye said Mary, and her heirs forever."

From the time of her husband's death Colonel Ball's widow lived many years, which were undoubtedly devoted to careful training of her child, fitting her, as it proved, to pass with rare firmness and fortitude through the trials and vicissitudes that later life laid upon her.

Few of Mary Ball's letters remain; it is probable that few were written. The handwriting is stiff and cramped, the spelling is bad, but they are most sensibly and earnestly expressed. Only one letter of her girlhood is known; it was written at seventeen to her half-brother Joseph, in England, and says, among other things, "We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years." In the Virginia of that day of course no public schools existed, and few tutors were available, except when the rector of the parish consented to perform that function.

[1] Chapel of Ease to Old Christ Church, Lancaster County, Virginia.



Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the Sixth of March, 17 30/31

George Washington Son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was Born the 11th Day of February 173 1/2 about 10 in the Morning & was Baptized the 5th of April following M.r Beverley Whiting & Capt. Christopher Brooks Godfathers and M.rs Milard Gregory Godmothers

Betty Washington was Born the 20th of June 1733 about 6 in the Morning Departed this life the 31st of March 1797 at 4 Oclock

Samuel Washington was Born the 16th of Nov. 1734 about 3 in the Morning

Jane Washington Daughter of Augustine and Jane Washington Departed this Life Jan.y 17th 173 4/5

John Augustine Washington was Born the 13th of Jan.y about 2 in the Morn 1735/6

Charles Washington was Borne the 2d Day of May about 3 in the Morne 1738

Mildred Washington was Born the 21st of June 1739 about 9 at Night.

Mildred Washington Departed this Life Oct. the 23d 1740 being Thursday about 12 a Clock at Noon Aged 1 Year & 4 Months

Augustine Washington Departed this Life the 12th Day of April 174. Aged 49 Years —

FACSIMILE OF THE RECORD IN THE FAMILY BIBLE OF AUGUSTINE AND MARY WASHINGTON.

She is described with charming quaintness in a fragmentary letter that was found during the war in one of the desolated houses near Yorktown, Virginia. Under date of "Wmsburg, ye 7th day of Oct., 1722," the letter-writer says:

Madame Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly have gone Hom. Mamma thinks Molly the Comliest Maiden She Knows. She is about 16 yrs old, is taller than Me, is verry Sensable, Modest, and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax. Her eyes are the color of Yours, and her cheeks are like May Blossoms.

From the time of this visit to Williamsburg, years follow of which no record is left until some time in 1728, when it befell that her mother died. But before Mistress Ball's eyes closed she had seen her daughter bloom from the "sweet Molly" of sixteen into a lovely young woman of twenty-two, who was termed, in the flowery language of that day's local romance, "The Rose of Epping Forest," and is mentioned by Sparks and Irving as "the belle and beauty of the Northern Neck," as that section of the Virginia low country to which

Lancaster County belonged was commonly called.

A fragment of another old letter, written about this time, says, "I understand Molly Ball is going Home with her Brother, a Lawyer who lives in England"; but of this proposed visit there is left neither record nor tradition of any kind among her personal descendants, though Dr. Lossing considers it possible that the visit was made and that in England she met and married Augustine Washington. The record of her marriage upon the page of the old and much-worn family Bible gives the date 1730. The volume is a most quaintly illustrated quarto; time and age have turned the paper to a pale yellow-brown, but the handwriting of the very brief and simple entry is quite distinct and clear.

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was married the sixth of March 1730–31.

This Bible has been a hereditary relic in the writer's family for five generations, having been given by Mary Ball Washington to her only daughter Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, and transmitted directly to her descendants. The scribe in the old Bible has given no other detail of the event, not even whether it took place in church or at home.

That the bride was blonde and beautiful both history and tradition tell, and of the bridegroom in his fortieth year a description has been transmitted from one generation to another. Mary Washington's description of her husband is confirmed by the testimony of contemporaries — a noble-looking man, of distinguished bearing, tall and athletic, with fair, florid complexion, brown hair, and fine gray eyes.

Something more is due to the father of Washington than mere mention of his personal appearance; but space allows us only to refer the investigating reader to careful reviews of Washington's ancestry given in Sparks's and Irving's histories, tracing the family for six centuries in England, and further, to a grant of land recorded in 963 from Edgar the Saxon King to "Athelunold Wassengatone."[1]

Returning to Mary Ball's marriage and the query who was her husband, nothing could be more emphatic than his own solemn assertion, made in the first sentence of his last will, "I, Augustine Washington of the county of King George, Gentleman."

The bridegroom's home at this time was in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac. The house, built in pioneer days, was small but substantial, the main building hip-roofed, with dormer-windows, and a one-story wing running back, which was used as a chamber; in this room, family tradition tells us, George Washington was born. The long side of the house fronted the river, which was, and is, about three hundred and fifty feet distant. The bank is about fifteen feet high, with, at this date, a depth of water at its base averaging five feet; and here it was that vessels from Europe came laden with supplies for the Washingtons, and, returning, bore away with them the products of the Wakefield and Haywood plantations.[2]

Around the mansion were the fine fields of its owner's broad domain, extending for a mile, and skirted on one side by the Potomac. There was full measure of content in this abode where the first years of Mary Washington's wedded life were spent, made perfect when, as the old Bible tells us, George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary his wife, was born "ye 11th day of February, 1731–2, about 10 in the morning, and," the record goes on to say, "was baptized the 3d day of April following, Mr. Beverley Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks, Godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, Godmother."[3]

Other children came in rapid succession. They were Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles, and Mildred, who died in infancy. The second son, Samuel, was born in November, 1734, and in the following spring, while the servants, preparing for the planting of early crops, were burning the accumulated "trash," the mansion took fire and was burned to the ground. For many years a massive chimney remained standing; it was generally supposed to have belonged to the original house, but is stated by the oldest living members of the family to have been part of an outhouse that stood hard by the mansion and has been wrongly pictured in histories as the birthplace of Washington.

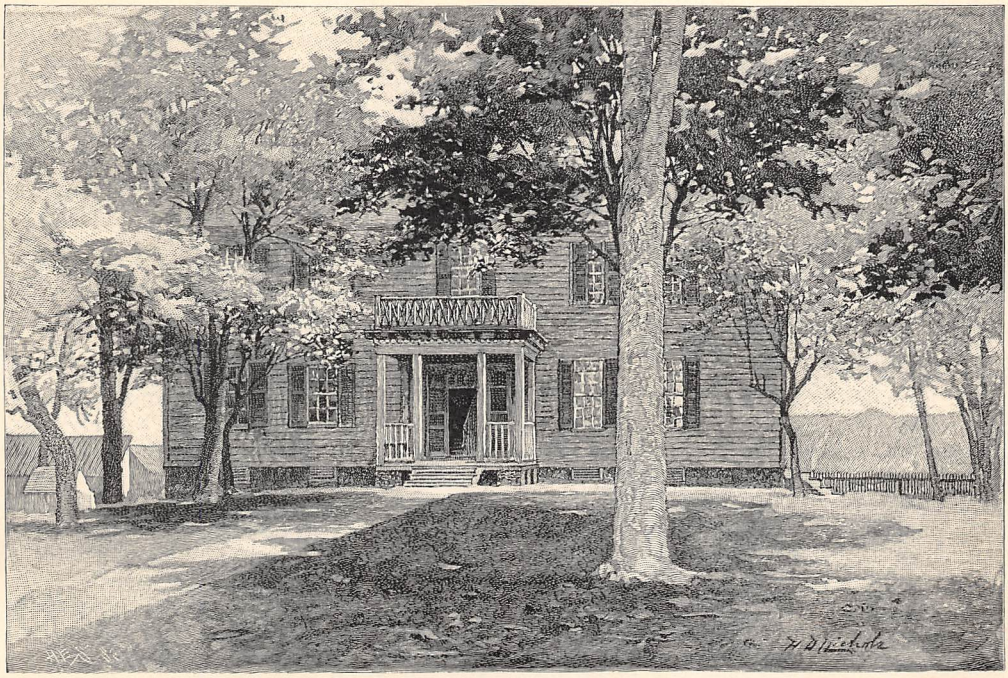
When the Wakefield estate was sold many years ago by one of the Washingtons to another of the name, a reservation was made of the spot where the house had stood, and in 1858 this reservation was presented to the State by its hereditary owner, the late Colonel Lewis W. Washington of Virginia, conditional upon the place being inclosed, and a fitting monument erected upon it properly inscribed as the birthplace of Washington.

Recently Congress passed a bill appropriat-

[1] Volume I, Chronicon Monasterie de Abingdon, published by the British government.

[2] Statistics from the State Department's exploration of Wakefield, made by Dr. F. O. St. Clair.

[3] The godmother, Mrs. Mildred Gregory, was an aunt of the infant. She was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, brother of Augustine. Mildred Washington married Roger Gregory of King and Queen County, Virginia, and after his death was married to Colonel Thornton of Fredericksburg.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

EPPING FOREST, BIRTHPLACE OF MARY BALL.

ing thirty thousand dollars to erect a monument upon Washington's birthplace, and while the Hon. William M. Evarts was Secretary of State much interest was excited. He visited the spot, and Colonel Casey, chief engineer, made a careful survey of the site. Subsequently, under instructions of the State Department, the foundation of the house was traced and uncovered. There is an old water-color picture now hanging in the west room at Mount Vernon, for several generations an heirloom in one branch of the Washington family, which, tradition tells, represents the old Wakefield house where George Washington was born.

The place to which Augustine Washington removed in 1735 was known to his Lewis grandchildren, who subsequently inherited it, as Pine Grove; it was also called Ferry Farm, from the adjacent ferry over the Rappahannock. The house was small, and stood upon a bank above the river, surrounded by fine orchards, garden, and shrubberies. The Washingtons with their children were regular attendants at the Episcopal church in Overwharton Parish, where their home was situated; and here one Master Hobby, a pompous person of enormous self-esteem, who combined the vocation of sexton with that of schoolmaster, earned a post-mortem fame as the first instructor of George Washington.

Eight years passed serenely, when suddenly Mary Washington's great sorrow came. Early in April her husband, riding one day over his plantation, was caught in a rain-storm; he took cold, and after a brief illness died of rheumatic gout. The record in the old Bible tells us tersely, "Augustine Washington Departed this life ye 12th day of April, 1740, aged 49 years." His remains were taken back to his birthplace on the Potomac, and entombed in the family vault. One clause of his will is a little curious: "It is my Will and desire that my said four sons' (George, Samuel, John, and Charles) estates may be kept in my wife's hands until they respectively attain the age of Twenty One years, *in case my said wife continues so long unmarried.*"

The provision in case of a second marriage proved unnecessary, for, though left a widow at thirty-seven, Mary Washington was loyal to her husband's memory and to his trust. And now, having to assume her husband's duties in addition to her own, no time for sorrowful brooding was permitted to the widowed mother, upon whom the management of her own and her children's properties devolved; for Augustine Washington bequeathed landed estates to each of his young sons, and made an especial provision in sterling money for his only daughter Betty. The personal care and training of their children until majority were left solely to the mother, and of the result able historians have written that in these manifold duties she "ac-

quitted herself with great fidelity to her trust, and with entire success."

Three years passed, and her son George being now fourteen years old, Mrs. Washington's thoughts were seriously moved to the consideration of his future career. She consulted his eldest half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who had married and settled at Mount Vernon, and become a prominent county gentleman, after having served with distinction in the British navy. Recognizing the boy's decided military taste, Lawrence strongly advised that George should adopt the same profession and enter the navy, though his mother's anxious heart opposed the plan.

To this episode in Washington's career attention has been repeatedly called by many writers, who quote from a letter written by Joseph Ball, in England, to his sister Mary, in Virginia, who had taken counsel with him on the subject of her son's entering the navy. The reply is, that no preferment can be expected for him, as he has "no influence" to obtain it. This was a mistake, and against the probably hasty assertion put the historic fact that Lawrence Washington secured by his influence a commission for George in the British navy, and after his luggage had been put aboard a man-of-war lying in the Potomac, at the last moment, his mother, yielding to her fears, recalled her consent, and the obedient but sorely disappointed boy returned home. After this episode the mother gave over her beloved son much to his eldest brother's guidance, permitting him to live at Mount Vernon until two years later, when he was appointed to and accepted, at the age of sixteen, the office of public surveyor.

The well-known incident of the boy's killing his mother's favorite thoroughbred colt has probably given rise to the mythical hatchet story. In a daring effort to break and ride the fiery, untamed creature, it reared, and fell back dead. Afterward, in response to her remarks about the colt, George confessed his fault without extenuation; to which the mother replied, "I am sorry that my favorite colt is killed, but I am glad that my son always tells the truth."

The time soon came when the country was shaken by the French and Indian War, and again the mother's heart ached with anxiety, while he, eager to win his spurs, was preparing to join General Braddock. His strong sense of duty overcame the illogical protest of anxious maternal love. Answering her objections, he said: "The God to whom you commended me, madam, when I set out on a more perilous errand defended me from all harm, and I trust he will do so now. Do you not?" After this she could only commend him to God, and — wait. Rumors reaching her, after Braddock's defeat, that he was killed, he wrote promptly assuring her of his safety, and in one of her few letters she writes at this time to her brother in London, "I have known a great deal of trouble since I saw you; there was no end to my trouble while George was in the army, but he has now given it up."

The first month of the year 1759 brought brighter days, for in January Colonel Washington was married to beautiful Martha Dandridge Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, and brought his lovely bride to Mount Vernon the following spring, while the mother rejoiced in her son's happiness.

For nearly a decade from this time there is no special note of Mary Washington's life. In 1760 her only daughter Betty was married to Colonel Fielding Lewis of Gloucester County, who built for her an elegant house on the border of the village of Fredericksburg, that she might be near her mother.

In 1765 the passage of the Stamp Act startled the colonists from their dream of peace. Deeply moved as she was by the public agitation, keenly alive to its possibilities of peril to her sons, the prevailing excitement made no change in the routine of her duties. Directions to the overseer, supervision of the spinners' and weavers' work,— an important item, as the servants were clothed in the main from fabrics of home manufacture,— and the daily direction of the household, kept her constantly occupied. Typical of her force of character and her rigid discipline was the rebuke she administered to an overseer who, presumptuously departing from her directions, followed his own judgment upon some matter of work. When arraigned for the offense, he made the insolent reply, "Madam, in my judgment the work has been done to better advantage than if I had followed your directions." A withering flash of her eyes fell upon the offender, with the imperious question: "And, pray, who gave you the right to exercise any judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey." The overseer was dismissed at once, and tradition tells that afterward, relating his misfortune to his friends, he declared that when he "met the blue lightning of Madam Washington's glance he felt exactly as if he had been knocked down."

Before leaving home for the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, with a recognition of the deadly strife the nation was entering upon, and with tender forethought for his own aging mother, Washington induced her to leave the lonely country home and to remove to Fredericksburg. Mistress Lewis and her husband urged that she should come to live with them in their beautiful home overlooking the town, but her answer to their loving insistence was

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LEWIS FAMILY PLACE AT MARMION, VIRGINIA, ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

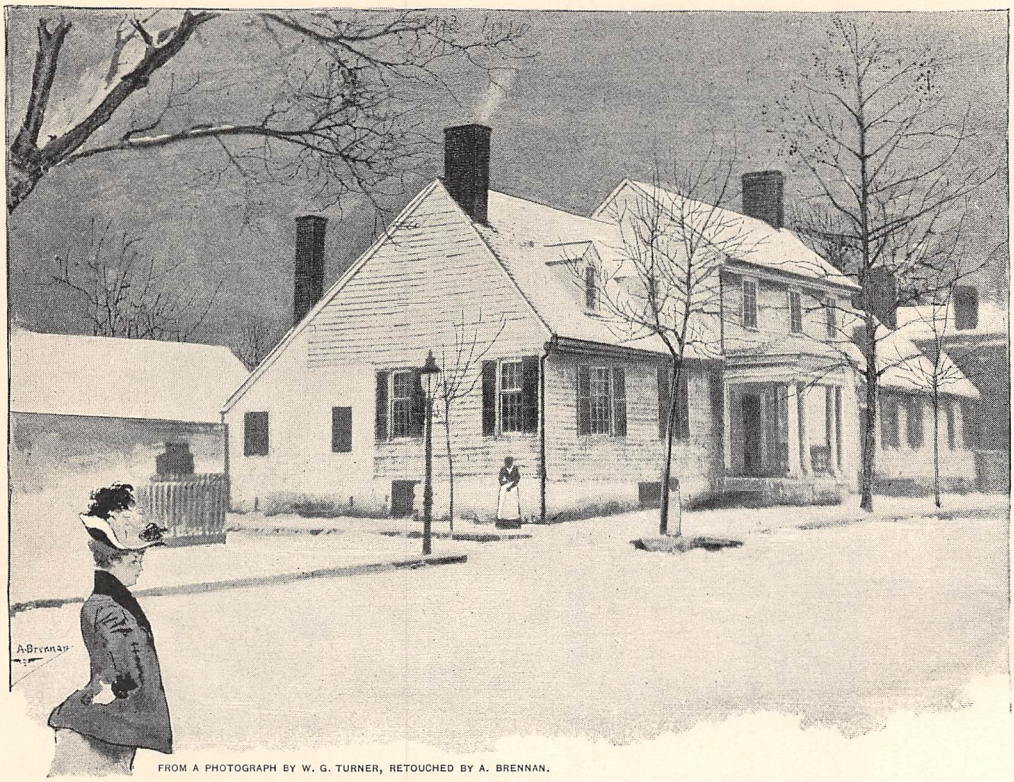
BETTY, WASHINGTON'S ONLY SISTER.

tender yet firm: "I thank you for your dutiful and affectionate offer, but my wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." She selected a house of good size on Charles street. There were stables and an orchard in the rear, and a garden, redolent in their season with lilacs, calycanthus, flowering almond, hyacinths, cowslips, and other flowers. This garden was her favorite resort. Washington's solicitude for his mother's comfort was not satisfied until he had assisted in her removal and seen her comfortably settled in the new home.

Some of its furnishings may be gathered from the items of her will, which states that she is disposing of what "remains of her worldly estate." Numerous beds, bedsteads, counterpanes, curtains, and quilts; dressing-glasses, looking-glasses,—probably parlor mirrors,—silver tablespoons and teaspoons, "square dining-table," sets of china, "blue and white" and "red and white," are itemized. "Six red leather chairs," an "oval table," and her "walnut writing-desk with drawers," are also mentioned.

There was also a mahogany sideboard, given shortly before her death to her daughter for her young grandson Robert. The writer's mother well remembered it; but in the settlement of Major Robert Lewis's estate it was sold in the sale of personal property. The value of such relics was not realized then as now. The equipages mentioned in her will are a "phaëton and bay horse," also her "riding-chair, and two black horses"; so the stable was amply supplied. The number of attendants upon the mistress of this comfortable establishment formed quite an array for one person's needs; but in that day a retinue of domestics was required by every Southern lady.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Skelton, an active young woman, had general charge under the mistress's directions, and three colored servants, Patty, who held high dignity as "maid" to her lady, Bet, or Betsey, the cook, and her husband Stephen, coachman, sometimes gardener, with their two children, who had occasional duties between house and kitchen, completed the household.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER, RETOUCHED BY A. BRENNAN.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

This house, where Washington's mother passed her declining years, still stands in Fredericksburg, Virginia, but not in its original form, one end having been altered and the roof raised to give a full second story, which destroyed its former quaintness of aspect.

During the trying years when her son was leading the Continental forces the mother was watching and praying, following him with anxious eyes; but to the messengers who brought tidings, whether of victory or defeat, she turned a calm face, whatever tremor of feeling it might mask, and to her daughter she said, chiding her for undue excitement, "The sister of the commanding general should be an example of fortitude and faith." At last Fredericksburg was thrilled with the glad tidings of the victory at Trenton. Friends flocked to her with congratulations, and when the principal citizens waited upon her to express their gratitude and pride in the nation's hero, she gently answered, "George seems to have deserved well of his country"; and when they read letters eulogizing his skill and courage, she said, smiling, "Gentlemen, here is too much flattery; still, George will not forget the lessons I have taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is an object of so much praise."

The following years were anxious and troubled ones, with few lights amid their shadows; but she never swerved from the systematic daily routine, and in good weather took frequent drives to her country-place in Stafford, making an impressive appearance in progress, said the grandson from whose personal recollections these facts are given. Her favorite conveyance, imported from London, was a "park phaëton," so called. It was low, without a top, and resembled a Windsor chair, with the difference that it had a seat in front for the driver and two seats within; it was an easy step from the ground, and had a somewhat straight back of perpendicular rounds. Her coachman, Stephen, was a tall, elderly colored man, full of pompous pride and dignity. On these excursions into the country, in summer she wore a dark straw hat with broad brim and low crown, tied down under the chin with black ribbon strings; but in winter a warm hood was substituted, and she was wrapped in the "purple cloth cloak lined with shag" that is described in the bequests of her will. In her hand she carried her gold-headed cane, which feeble health now rendered necessary as a support, and, as my grandfather and Mr. Custis stated, "When passing through the streets of Fredericksburg in this unostentatious manner, her progress became an ovation, for every one, from the gray-

haired old man to the thoughtless boy, lifted his hat to the mother of Washington."

Her systematic exactness in business was a distinguishing trait, and even when her health and strength failed under the weight of age and infirmity, the spirit was still strong and steadfast. When her son-in-law, Colonel Lewis, desiring to relieve her of business cares, offered to take the supervision of them, he received the resolute reply, "Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine; but leave the management of the farm to me."

The experiences of these years must have been deeply felt by Washington's mother: but whatever the tension of thought, there was no change of demeanor, while she dispensed a large though simple hospitality to the friends who gathered around her from far and near; and though her means were limited, her charities were wide and generous. There was something of nervous energy in her constant occupation, knitting-needles ever flying in the nimble fingers; for with her daughter and their domestics to aid, dozens of socks were knitted and sent to the General at camp for distribution, together with garments and provisions, the fruit of her thrift and economy.

Young grandchildren were growing up around her through all this bitter war, bright boys and one girl. The children often came with their mother in her almost daily visits to her honored parent, and were always made welcome, though at the same time required to behave properly. The distance was not great between the suburban mansion of Mistress Lewis and her mother's house in the town, and these visits were frequently returned.

Sometimes the venerable but still active lady walked over in the morning to spend the day, followed by her handmaid Patty, whose turban handkerchief towered in a toploftical structure, carrying with her an extra wrap and the little basket of needlework or knitting for her mistress, who usually ordered Stephen to come in the evening with the chaise to fetch her home.

Accustomed to exercise, admiring nature's beauties, she loved to go into the open and enjoy them, and retained to a remarkable degree her strength and activity. In their grandmother's walks the young Lewises were often her companions, forming in their early years a sort of infantry escort. In later years Major Lewis often reverted to them as among his most interesting and pleasant recollections of his grandmother.

Upon the Lewis estate, overlooking the valley of the Rappahannock, was a favorite spot which she afterward selected for her burial. Where several picturesque gray rocks were piled she would sometimes stop to rest, and, seated upon a low, flat boulder, would meditate while the young ones amused themselves.

But they better liked to nestle near her side while she chatted cheerfully, teaching them lessons of natural history illustrated by their surroundings and linked with the Bible story of the creation of the world, the deluge, and the changes that came over the earth. The manner of her speaking was so deeply impressive that neither the lessons taught nor the scenes connected with them were ever quite forgotten by the young listeners. As one of them related when himself growing old, "There was a spell over them as they looked into grandmother's uplifted face, with its sweet expression of perfect peace," and they "were very quiet" during the homeward walk. A small picture of this

DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

TOMBSTONES OF THE ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF WHITE CHAPEL, VIRGINIA.

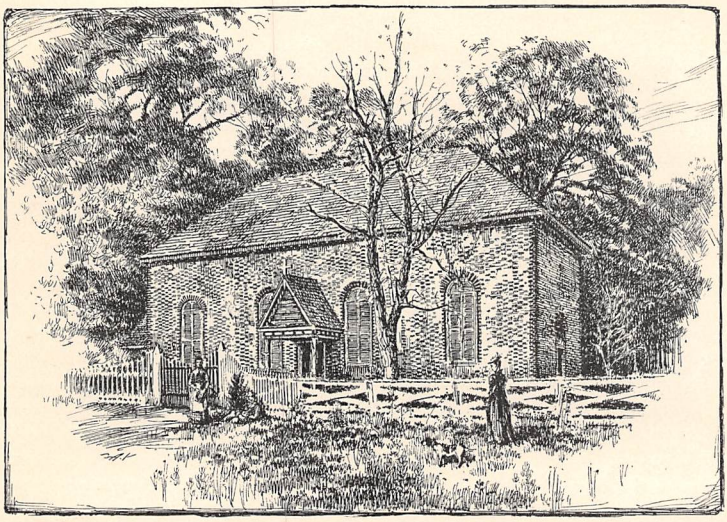
spot was preserved many years in the family, but lost during the war — in the foreground the group of rocks, with two splendid pine-trees towering above them.

Firm as were the forces of her nature, Mary Washington was almost overcome with terror during a thunder-storm. This fear was the effect of a shock received in youth, when a girl friend sitting at her side had been instantly killed by lightning. As long as she lived she would sit silent and still during a thunder-storm, with closed eyes and clasped hands. On one occasion the daughter, missing her mother, and knowing how she suffered, found her kneeling by the bed with her face buried in its pillows, praying. Upon rising, she said, "I have been striving for years against this weakness, for you know, Betty, my trust is in God; but sometimes my fears are stronger than my faith."

The Bible was her constant study, its precepts the guide of her life, and the influence of its teachings ever shone in her character and conversation. When teaching her children from its pages, any irreverence or mutinous merriment was sternly rebuked. The old Bible which she used has descended through Robert Lewis to his daughter, the writer's mother. It is a curious specimen of the illustrations of the day, full of horrors and absurdities. The venerable volume is covered with homespun cloth in a check plaid of now faded blue and buff, the Continental colors; this cover, fashioned by her hands, remains upon the sacred book, much worn and patched to preserve the original fabric.

In the intervals of war she had occasional brief visits of cheer and comfort from her younger sons, who were serving in the army at different points. John Augustine commanded a regiment of Virginia troops, was afterward a member of the House of Burgesses, and married Hannah, daughter of Colonel John Bushrod. Samuel won the rank of colonel, and was married five times. Charles, the youngest son, also became a colonel, and married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Francis Thornton of Virginia.

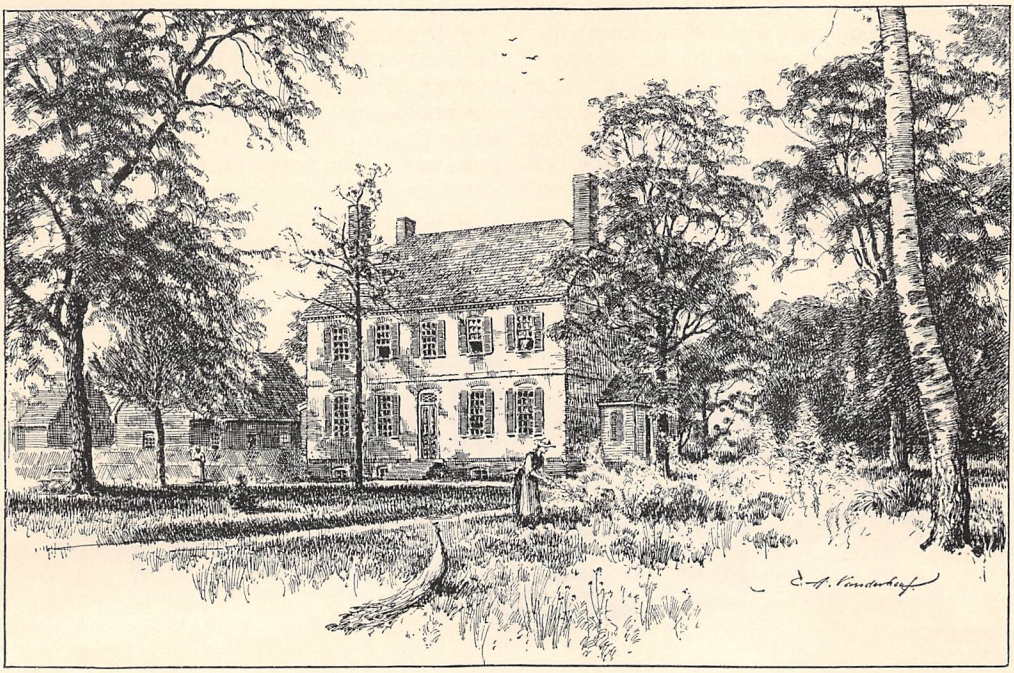
After the treason of Arnold, he, with a horde of British and Tory freebooters, landed upon James River in Virginia, plundering and desolating the country; and when, in the spring of 1781, an armament of British vessels ascended the Potomac River, threatening to devastate that portion of Virginia not remote from Fredericksburg, and near Mount Vernon, Washington became very anxious on his mother's account. Speaking of this to her daughter, the serene matron remarked: "My good son should not be so anxious about me, for he is the one in danger, facing constant peril for our country's cause. I am safe enough; it is my part to suffer, and to feel, as I do, most anxious and apprehensive over him."



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OLD WHITE CHAPEL, LANCASTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA, WHERE WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER ATTENDED, AND WHERE HER ANCESTORS ARE BURIED.

When the tidings of the splendid success at Yorktown were brought direct from the General to his mother, she was moved to an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness, and independence, for at last our country is free." Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington left Yorktown with a brilliant suite of French and Ameri-



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER.

HOME OF MRS. FIELDING LEWIS, WHERE WASHINGTON'S MOTHER DIED. NOW CALLED "KENMORE."

can officers, and started upon his journey to Philadelphia, stopping on the way at Fredericksburg to visit his mother. It was nearly seven years since he had last seen her face: he left Mount Vernon in May, 1775, and did not return till the autumn of 1781. Now that the time of meeting drew near, his mother was serene but very quiet, only smiling to herself oftener than usual. Yet it was not the hero crowned that filled her thoughts, but the son who, after years of absence and danger, was coming back to her. On the 11th of November, 1781, the town of Fredericksburg was all aglow with joy and revelry. Washington, "in the midst of his numerous and brilliant suite," wrote Mr. Custis, "sent to apprise her [his mother] of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. . . . Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America," he goes on to say in the grandiloquent style of the day, "the deliverer of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being," etc. When the warm embrace of greeting was over, looking into his face with earnest, close observance, her eyes enkindled with maternal love, she said tenderly, "You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw it last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet, and he loved its cadence as she called him by name. She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much "of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word."[1]

The citizens of Fredericksburg had resolved to give a grand ball in honor of the victors, and the lady above all others who should grace the *fête* was the mother of Washington. The messenger who called to invite her attendance was graciously received, and her consent given to gratify her son and friends, although, she added, her "dancing days were pretty well over."

The town-hall at Fredericksburg, where this ball took place, was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and had fresh muslin curtains at the windows, and seats along the side of the room for those not dancing, and a low platform at the end where chairs were placed for the most distinguished guests. When Washington entered at the early hour then considered correct, his mother leaning upon his arm, every head was bowed in reverence. She wore a simple black-silk gown, with snow-white kerchief and cap, her figure still erect, though it had grown thinner and frailer than it once had been.

The foreigners stood in admiring astonishment as they watched the crowd pressing forward to gain a salutation. When she was holding her little court, one of the French

[1] "Rec. and Private Mem. of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis, as per Lossing, p. 141.

officers observing, "If such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of illustrious sons." Neither elated nor excited by the largess of compliments and attentions bestowed upon her, when ten o'clock approached she rose, and, bidding good-night, remarked that it was "time for old folks to be in bed," and left the ball-room, supported as before upon her son's strong and tender arm.

The Marquis de Lafayette, before leaving the States for his home in France, and after a farewell visit to Mount Vernon, came to Fredericksburg to bid adieu to his friend's honored mother,—there is a discrepancy in statements as to the exact date of this visit,—and upon the occasion was conducted to her presence by the young grandson Robert Lewis, who often narrated the incident to his family and friends.

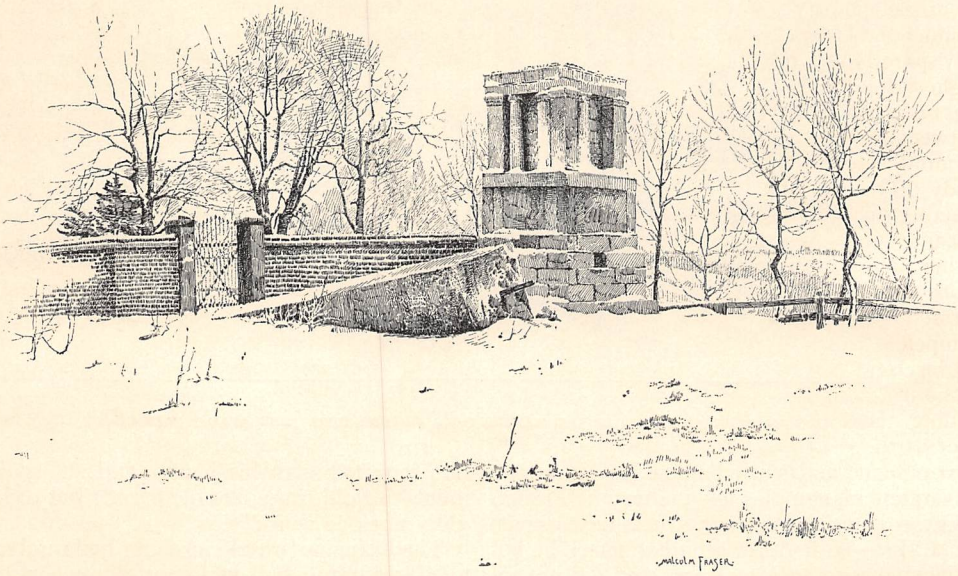
She was walking in the garden, taking careful note of its condition, when they approached. Her black stuff gown and apron were as neat as a nun's, while above the white cap that nearly covered her gray hair a broad straw hat was worn, tied down under her chin.

"There, sir, is my grandmother," said young Lewis, pointing toward her. The Marquis made the military salute as they approached, while she, recognizing the distinguished visitor, came to the garden paling, and, looking over, with a kind smile remarked: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome without parade of changing my dress."

The impulsive Frenchman's reply was full of warmth, he calling her the mother of his friend, his hero, the preserver of the country and its liberty. For had not America adopted the sons of France who fought for her, and was not Washington's mother dear to him for her noble son's sake? After listening to this outpouring of enthusiastic praise, her simple answer was, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy."

Lafayette remained some time talking with her, and when he arose to take leave referred to his speedy departure for his native land and home, and asked that she would bestow upon him a blessing. With clasped hands, and the light of faith in her uplooking eyes, the blessing was fervently invoked, beseeching that "God might grant him every blessing of safety, happiness, prosperity, and peace," so moving the heart of her noble guest that tears filled his eyes, and, taking the frail, faded hands into his warm clasp, he bent his head to touch them reverently with his lips as the final adieu was spoken. The grandson who witnessed this scene said that it was "so affecting that he almost choked to keep from crying aloud." Speaking of Washington's mother subsequently, the Marquis made the remark that he had seen the only Roman matron who was living in his day.

The years of life now left to her were weary ones, a painful and wasting disease—cancer—caused by an accidental blow slowly undermining her naturally fine constitution. The weakness and suffering were met with uncomplaining calmness and cheerfulness; nothing that could be done by her loving children for her health and comfort was omitted.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. TURNER.

UNFINISHED MONUMENT TO MARY WASHINGTON, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Writing to the President from Fredericksburg, July 24, 1789, his sister says:

> I am sorry to inform you mother still suffers from her breast. She is sensible of it, and is perfectly resigned — wishes for nothing more than to keep it easy. She wishes to hear from you, and will not believe you are well till she receives it from under your hand.

When the summer heats of the low country were prostrating, she was sometimes persuaded to take a trip to Berkeley Springs and the fine mountain country of Frederick, where her sons Samuel and Charles resided. Her life was happily spared to see her eldest son elevated to the highest dignity a grateful people could offer. It was in April, 1789, that a final farewell took place between mother and son. He found her bright of mind, serene of spirit, but weak and worn in body. The fear that this would be their last meeting on earth intensified the tenderness of the interview. When the son spoke regretfully of her illness, inquiring anxiously if something more might not be done to relieve it, and expressed his profound sorrow that public duty compelled him to leave her, but however painful, he could not go to his responsible position without having her bid him God-speed, then adding, "So soon as public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government has been disposed of I shall hasten to Virginia and—" she gently interrupted him. "You will see me no more," she said. "My great age and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God. I am prepared for a better. But go, George, and fulfil the high destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may that Heaven and your mother's blessing be always with you."[1]

Her hand was laid upon his bended head, and the great man's strong frame trembled in the parting embrace, while a sob, almost a groan, burst from his breast, for already he saw that the shadow of death was upon her.

When Washington rose to go she went with him to the door, leaning fondly upon his arm. Stopping on the threshold to repeat the last adieus, her son silently pressed into her hand a purse filled with gold pieces. This she refused to receive, and insisted upon returning the gift. "I don't need it, my son," she remonstrated. "My wants are few, and I think I have enough."

"Let me be the judge of that, mother," he replied; "but whether you think you need it or not, keep it for my sake."

This appeal was irresistible, and the purse was retained; but after he had gone she dropped it indifferently upon the table, and sank into a chair, lost in sad reverie. Her grandson, coming with a message, witnessed this parting scene, and, too respectful to disturb her sorrow, hastened home to tell his mother all that had passed. Feeling anxious touching her mother's state, and fearing that this painful excitement might cause serious illness, she hastened at once to her side. Very calm and still they found her, seated with drooping head and sad, unseeing eyes.

In Washington's cash-accounts and memorandum-books many entries appear of money given to his mother, in sums ranging from three to thirty pounds, during a period of years. Also "a chaise" and a "cloth cloak lined with silk shag."

Mary Washington's forebodings were fulfilled, for her death took place a few months afterward (in August), in her eighty-third year, upheld by unfaltering faith in the promises of her Bible and by full belief in the communion of the saints. It has been supposed that this event took place at the house in Fredericksburg where she had lived so many years; but there is a tradition that not long before her death the daughter induced her to consent to a removal to the Lewis home. All of her relatives, children, and grandchildren who could come were there; but the best-beloved son was far away.

Extracts from a diary of Robert Lewis, then in New York acting as assistant private secretary to the President, his uncle, inform us that on August 22 he was "surprised by a visit from Parson Ryan, who has brought letters from my sister Carter and Mr. Carter making mention that my grandmother was exceedingly ill and not likely to recover"; and though her death took place on the 25th, and she was laid to rest on the 28th, the news, sent by a messenger who had to ride the distance from Fredericksburg to New York, did not reach her son until September 1. The diary further states that "Baron Steuben and Governor St. Clair dined with us to-day [September 1]; the Baron was remarkably cheerful and facetious, likewise greatly devoted to the President. In the midst of our mirth my uncle received a letter . . . informing him of the death of my grandmother, an event long expected." Only so far does the brief record go, but its writer said afterward, in a letter to his mother, "My uncle immediately retired to his room, and remained there for some time alone."

Those who remembered Mary Washington's appearance in the later years of her life describe her person as being of medium size and well proportioned, the dignity of bearing, the erect carriage, giving something of stateliness to her presence, while her features were regular and strongly marked, her brow fine, and her eyes a clear blue.

No *authentic* portrait of Mary Washington

[1] Lossing, p. 67.

is known; it is a family tradition that in the destruction of Wakefield by fire the family portraits were lost. Colonel G. W. P. Custis was questioned as to his knowledge of the subject, and replied by letter to Colonel Lewis W. Washington that "there was *no picture* preserved of the mother of the chief," and this has been always the belief of her descendants.

At Fredericksburg on the day of the funeral all business was suspended, and though the August sun shone hot, crowds of citizens from town and the country around "thronged St. George's Church, . . . where the impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America . . . was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Thornton, her pastor." And then, borne reverently in her coffin by strong men, the mortal remains of Mary Washington were conveyed to the spot she had chosen for her burial, followed by a long procession.

Colonel Custis, Dr. Lossing, and other writers have emphasized the transmitted accounts of her death, telling how "clergymen throughout the land spoke eloquently from their pulpits of the honored dead, while members of Congress and many private citizens wore the usual badge of mourning in respect to her memory." In a long letter to his sister — recently given in Ford's publication — Washington speaks religiously and tenderly of their mother's death and her Christian character.

For many years her grave remained unmarked. About the year 1830 there was a plan proposed to remove the remains, and to place them in a vault under the Presbyterian church; but to this the Washington family positively refused consent. Many other suggestions and proposals were made, but nothing was done till at last, in 1833, the Hon. Silas E. Burrows of New York offered to raise a monument at his private expense. The corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies by the President of the United States, General Andrew Jackson, in the presence of the relatives, many distinguished guests, and a large concourse of people.

Unfortunately, when the monument was almost completed, the generous donor, meeting with sudden and severe reverse of fortune, was unable to finish the work of placing the obelisk upon its handsome base. Hoping to rally from his financial prostration, Mr. Burrows requested the committee to wait awhile until he could have the work finished, but not long afterward he died, before recovering anything of his fortune. Then disagreements arose regarding the matter, and the shaft lay prone upon the ground, slowly disintegrating, for nearly sixty years, until the women of the country rallied to the rescue, as they did for Mount Vernon, and the Mary Washington Monument Association, organized a few years ago and now successfully working, will before long complete their patriotic plan, and perfectly restore the now mutilated monument.

Ella Bassett Washington.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

LORENZO LOTTO.—1480(?)–1554(?).

THERE is absolutely no record known of the birth of Lorenzo Lotto, one of the most important of the second-rate painters of the Venetian school, and remarkable for the range of his emulations rather than for genius or individuality. He may be compared to Andrea in the school of Florence, less individual, but more varied in his appreciation and imitation of the masters about him. He began as a follower of the Bellini, later inclined to the style of Palma, then to that of Giorgione, and finally became Titianesque, but with a tinge of Lombard execution underlying his manner. His family was of Bergamo, and his life was passed mostly under the influence of the Venetian school; but he was a great roamer, and though he painted in some of the cities of central Italy, and finally, when his powers as a painter had declined through age, died in the sanctuary of San Loretto, he was on the whole one of the most faithful followers of Titian whose works are left us. Cavalcaselle says of him: "It is easy to be enthusiastic about Lotto's talent; he had a very fine feeling for color; he became a master of foreshortening and modeling; he studied action in its most varied forms, and rendered it with unaccustomed daring; expression in every mood — expression roguish, tender, earnest, solemn, he could depict them all. But there was one thing lacking in his pictorial organism — he lacked the pure originality of genius and independent power." To put it in fewer words, he lacked imagination, without which there is no great individuality. A man may contrive a new manner, but a genuine style cannot spring from imitations or determination to be original, but is the expression of the personality, which can be told in art only by the presence of creative power — that is, imagination. Lotto's styles were many, but none of them his own; he was a reflex of whichever painter of genius at the time had absorbed him. He was a painter of enormous fertility, and as a portrait-painter is considered in the aggregate of his production inferior only to Titian, among all the painters of the generation suc-

ceeding his. Some of the pictures which are now conclusively assigned to him are among those long attributed to Giorgione. To that number belongs the example engraved by Mr. Cole for the frontispiece of this number, painted after Lotto had fallen under the influence of the brilliant genius of Castelfranco.

With this general technical mastery of the art of painting, in which few of his time surpassed him, and the want of a strong and individual inspiration in the conception of subject, it might be expected that a man growing up in art under the conditions of life at Venice would become a successful portrait-painter, and this was, in fact, the capacity in which he rendered his best service to the ages following his own. In this vein of art he had few superiors, and none except the half-dozen leading masters just preceding him. There is at Hampton Court a portrait, long attributed to Correggio, but now known to be by Lotto, of a gentleman in a fur pelisse, seated at a table with fragments of antique sculpture near him; he holds a statuette in his right hand, and on the table are a book and some coins. Cavalcaselle considers it the portrait of the contemporary connoisseur Andrea Odoni, and says of it:

There is hardly a masterpiece of this time more deserving of praise than this half-length for warmth and fluid touch, for transparence of color, and freedom of handling. It has the qualities of softness and brilliance combined with excessive [exceeding?] subtlety in modeling, and tenderness of transitions.

And again he says:

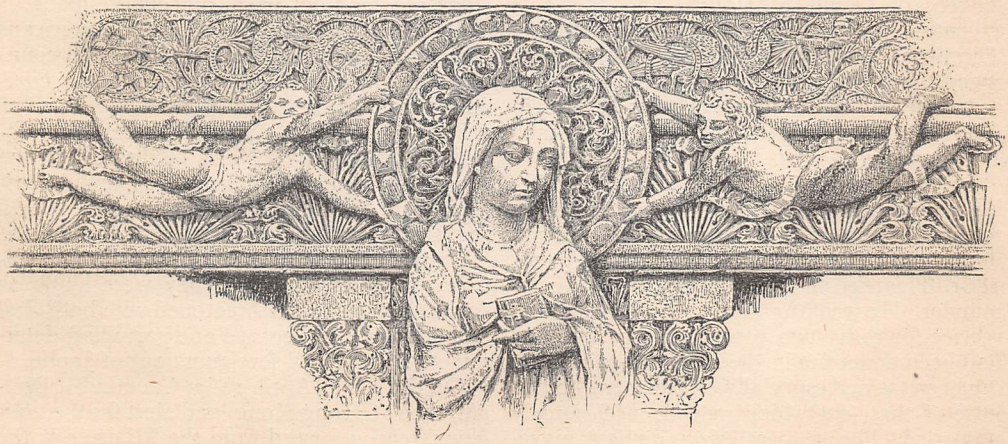
There are few masters of the time, if we except Titian, of whom we possess so many and such masterly portraits. That some of these should be attributed to Giorgione, others to Leonardo, and others again to Titian and Pordenone is one of the natural consequences of a versatile manner. In one of the best single figures under Pordenone's name at the Borghese palace, we have the semblance of a stout, florid man in grand attire, whose turn of thought is possibly illustrated by a hand resting on a death's-head concealed by flowers. St. George tilts at a dragon in a landscape seen through a window. We do not meet with a finer or more dignified pose in any of Titian's canvases, nor do we know of any other example in which Lotto so nearly approached Vecelli. The treatment is broad and powerful; the color, in its warm and golden transparence, is fluid, and modeled with perfect blending.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE BY THE ENGRAVER.

THE "Three Ages of Man" is in the Hall of Saturn of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. It is painted on wood, and measures 26 inches in height by 31¾ inches in width. Though much retouched, it is still a fine example of Venetian coloring. The background is a rich, deep, dark color; the flesh-tints are mellow and glowing. The garment of the old man is of a rich, soft cardinal. The color of the boy's garment is a purplish maroon; his scarf is scarlet, not brilliant, but soft and rich. His cap is black, from beneath which flow his dark locks. The garment of the young man is a soft, delicious green. How vain to describe these harmonious colors! His hair is brown, imperceptibly softening into the background, after the manner of Giorgione. Indeed, in its breadth and softness of treatment, the whole thing reminds me of Giorgione. How charming it is in sentiment, and in the perfection of its arrangement! I like the way in which the beautiful boy, with his gay scarf, is brought into contrast with the stern, bald old man. The painting of the old man's head is wonderful in its deftness of execution and its subtleness of treatment. The characteristics of age are in every touch, while there is that breadth of handling that bespeaks the consummate master.

T. Cole.



THE "WYOMING" IN THE STRAITS OF SHIMONOSÉKI.

IN the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the *Wyoming* at Shimonoséki. Happening on the other side of the globe, during our civil war, this daring exploit passed unnoticed at the time. Ignored by our naval historians, it has thus far found no chronicler. The modest report of the hero, in about five hundred words, conveys no idea of the splendor of the achievement.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop of war of six guns, in a narrow strait, engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns, and three men-of-war carrying eighteen guns — in all, forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised probably twelve hundred men. The *Wyoming*, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sunk two ships, disabled a third, and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

The *Wyoming* was a sister ship to the *Kearsarge*, and on the same errand. At the outbreak of the war, being one of the few national vessels within call, she was despatched to the Asiatic station. Built in 1858 by Merrick & Co. of Philadelphia, she was rated as a sloop of war, second class, of 726 tons. Like the *Kearsarge*, she was of the type recommended, as far back as 1841, by Captain Matthew Calbraith Perry. This sailor diplomatist was not only one of the most accomplished artillerists in the navy, but the trainer, as both officers repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, of David McDougal and the able executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, James S. Thornton. Long and narrow in build, of great speed, the *Wyoming* was armed with the heaviest ordnance. With only four 32-pounder broadside-guns, she mounted amidships two 11-inch Dahlgren pivot-guns.

In anticipation of Confederate privateers being let loose in the eastern seas, the *Wyoming* received a new crew at Panama, and was put under the command of McDougal in June, 1861. This tried and true officer was then a commander. He was fifty-four years old, had seen service for thirty-two years on many seas, and had been under fire in the Mexican war. Having been trained especially on steamers, he had little of that fear which in 1861 occasionally possessed, like a paralyzing demon, naval officers who had never fought over a boiler. Though he had served for sixteen years in one grade, — that of lieutenant, — he was not a creature of routine, afraid of taking responsibility when necessary. One of his companions in service had been Lieutenant James Glynn, who, at Nagasaki, in 1849, with his little fourteen-gun brig *Preble*, in the teeth of all the Japanese batteries, had dashed through the cordon of spy-boats and compelled the release and delivery of eight shipwrecked American seamen. With such precedents in Japan as Glynn and Perry, McDougal was the man to make the most of his ship and men. Among these, mostly native Americans inured to danger and burning with patriotism, were some foreigners who required watching, and McDougal found it expedient occasionally to shift or change the personnel of the gun-crews. Even after the battle, with the smell of powder still in their clothes, he found a Portuguese fighting an Englishman because the latter had said, "My stomach is on the *Wyoming*, but my heart is on the *Alabama*."

The complement of the *Wyoming* was 160 officers and men. The efficient executive officer was the late Commander George W. Young, who nobly seconded his captain in every enterprise. Master William Barton, then twenty-three years old, now President of the Maryland National Bank at Cambridge, Maryland, was in charge of the forward division, and Acting Master John C. Mills was in command of the after guns. Surgeon E. R. Denby, Paymaster George Cochran, Engineer (now Captain) Philip Inch, and Ensign Walter Pierce, were among the other officers, all young, and of the finest stock of which our naval officers are made.

By the end of the year 1862 the Americans resident in Japan felt like men without a country. The *Alabama* had so swept American commerce from the seas that the sending home of a package, or even of a letter, became a matter of extreme risk. News of disaster to the Union armies came thick and fast, and Americans were frequently twitted by men speaking their own tongue that the day of the "United" States was over. Besides the national troubles at home, they were living as social exiles in a land threatened with both civil and foreign war, because one party had determined to sweep all foreigners out of Japan.

On the 4th of April, 1863, Captain McDougal, then at Hong Kong, and alert for the *Alabama*, received word from the Minister of the

United States in Japan, the Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, to bring the *Wyoming* to Yokohama, and to "be ready to use her guns for the protection of the Legation and American residents in Japan." Incendiarism and assassination on the part of the Japanese *ronin*, or "wave men," were increasing, and the sight of an American man-of-war would be welcome. Shortly after the *Wyoming's* arrival the American Legation in Tokio was burned to the ground, but whether on account of politics or by accident is not known to this day. By an act of terrorism, but in evident anxiety for the safety of all foreigners, the Tycoon's ministers secured the removal of all Americans from Tokio and Kanagawa to Yokohama. The American flag was hauled down in Tokio, never again to float over the Legation of the United States established where it ought always to be—at the seat of the Government—until John A. Bingham raised it in 1873 in Tokio, then the imperial capital. The *Wyoming* was turned into a temporary hotel, and the American families were accommodated on board until shelter under her guns was to be found on shore. The British, French, American, and other legations ate humble-pie at Yokohama, because a horde of would-be assassins held Tokio in terror.

The Japanese were, in fact, already well advanced in those internal troubles preparatory to the crisis which they had been approaching for a century, but which the presence of foreigners, by disturbing the elaborate political machinery created by Iyéyasŭ, had precipitated. Potentially, the civil war of 1868, under which the "curtain government" of Tokio, the dual system, feudalism, and Old Japan were to sink into oblivion, had begun, though foreigners knew not the significance of the mighty movement which was to give birth to New Japan. They supposed the turmoil to mean simply the revolt of two great feudatories from their suzerain, and that it was simply a quarrel between Satsuma and Choshiu on the one hand, and the Shogun on the other. The British agents were pressing those demands upon the Tokio government for "the Satsuma outrage" in the murder of Mr. Richardson, which issued in the bombardment of Kagoshima, even after $440,000 of indemnity had been paid.

Tokio at this time had lost its prestige and nearly all the spectacular glory of feudalism, which now centered at Kioto. At this city gathered tens of thousands of two-sworded clansmen over-eager to flesh their blades. They were furious alike at the vacillating Tycoon and at the "ugly foreigners," for whose expulsion from the defiled Land of the Gods they clamored. The "Great Prince" of Tokio had been compelled to come to Kioto, and on his knees and with face on the ground to pay homage to the divine Mikado, not only "worshiping the dragon countenance," but impoverishing himself by a list of gifts that reads like the catalogue of a museum of decorative art, and which cost 63,000 ounces of silver. The sole purpose of this untold personal trouble, profound humiliation, and heavy mulct was the hope of staying the imperial edict that all foreigners should be expelled from the Holy Country, the ports closed, and Japan resume her hermit-like isolation. In vain, however, did he "moisten the whole populace in the bath of his mercy," for the decree of the Emperor had gone forth. "The ugly barbarians," so ran the edict, "are watching the Empire with greedy eye, and you will, in obedience to his wish, perform the exploit of sweeping them away." In Japanese phrase, signifying what Darius meant by "the laws of the Medes and Persians," "the decree of the Mikado is like perspiration—it never goes back."

This was the edict which set the clansmen of Choshiu at work building batteries, and which let loose the ronin, the unattached two-sworded bullies and swashbucklers, all over the country. They swept Tokio as with a broom, until no foreigners, despite all their fleets and soldiery, were left in the city, while Yokohama became an intrenched camp. The work of incendiarism and assassination was carried on diligently, even by youths who afterward became the liberal and enlightened men of New Japan; for their object was to embroil the Tycoon with the treaty powers, and thus to effect his overthrow, that the Mikado might be restored to supreme power.

On the 28th of May, in Kioto, with all decorative circumstance and spectacular pomp, the Mikado Koméi, father of the present Emperor Mutsŭhito, borne invisible in his phenix car, accompanied by the Tycoon, Hitotsŭbashi,—"the throne and the camp" together,—made a ceremonial visit to the shrines of the gods to pray for the "brushing away of the 'ugly barbarians.'" Myriads of people worshiped the Mikado as his Mysteriousness passed by, and prayed to him as the representative of the heavenly gods. His imperial Majesty took this solemn step preliminary to heading his armies for the sweeping away of the foreigners. June 25 was fixed as the date. Mere children in their seclusion, the courtiers imagined that by the word of the Emperor, backed by the sword and "the unconquerable spirit of everlasting, great Japan," the task would be as easy as the splitting of a bamboo. On the 23d of June, at Yokohama, even while the carts loaded with silver were being emptied of their $440,000, which was deposited as indemnity in the holds of the British ships *Euryalus*, *Encounter*, and *Pearl*, the order

for the closing of the ports and the notice to all foreigners to leave Japan were duly received. At the same time the Tycoon, a gentleman still living, who knew what foreign ships and cannon were, sickened at his task and wished to resign, but was not allowed to do so. Like grist poured into a hopper to be ground between the upper and the nether millstones, he manfully addressed himself to the hopeless tasks laid on him by the foreign diplomatists and his sovereign.

Meanwhile, Mori, lord of Nagato, or Choshiu, being guardian of the Straits of Shimonoséki, had resolved to begin war on his own account. So soon as the barbarian-expelling edict was promulgated, swift couriers were sent southward. In a few hours after the receipt of the news hundreds of laborers, under native engineers, were leveling, excavating, and throwing up earth on commanding portions of the bluffs overlooking the narrow straits. They worked under a flag inscribed "In obedience to the imperial order." Before the rise of Iyéyasŭ and the Tokugawa family of Tokio rulers, in 1600, the lord of Choshiu held sway over eleven provinces. When Iyéyasŭ became master of all Japan, and covered again the chessboard of the Empire, he stripped Mori of all his possessions except two provinces. Proximity to Kioto was coveted by the great daimios, with a view to seizing the imperial person and making a *coup d'état*. This was the king-move in the game of Japanese politics. Iyéyasŭ checkmated Mori, and surrounded Kioto with his own most loyal vassals. He further pressed the game by setting the Kokura clan between Choshiu and Bungo, so that the powerful feudatories Mori, Kuroda, Nabéshima, and Arima could never easily unite for harm to the Tokio government. This old allocation of friend and enemy on opposite shores of the straits explains why only one side was at this time fortified. After two centuries of galling subjection, Mori now saw a grand opportunity to regain the ancient fortunes of his house by obeying Kioto and defying Tokio. Iyéyasŭ's maxim of "divide and rule" seemed about to be turned against his heirs.

The Straits of Shimonoséki form the western entrance into the Inland Sea, and divide the great islands Hondo and Kiushiu. They are three miles long and from one half to one mile wide, the navigable channel being from three to seven hundred feet wide. The town, of eighteen thousand inhabitants, consists chiefly of one very long street at the foot of bold bluffs, except that in the center the houses completely encircle and cover two or three small hills, and cluster thickly in a ravine. The town of Shimonoséki, like that of Nagato, or Choshiu, is ancient, mirroring in its name the old feudalism of Japan. It means "the lower barrier," at which all persons passing or entering Nagato, or the long gateway of Hondo, the main island, must be examined. Some have called it "the Gibraltar of the Japanese Mediterranean."

As geography is half of war, so the most famous naval battles in Japanese history took place here in the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries. The tide in its ebb and flow runs like a mill-race at the rate of five miles an hour, and the violent oscillations acting upon the numerous sunken rocks and shoals have, in the course of centuries, furnished an appalling list of wrecks and a great loss of life. Every landmark in the region is eloquent or ominous with traditions of gloom. It is told that the foundations for a beacon, often swept away by the invincible current, were finally made by binding a fair virgin to the granite block, as it was lowered into the waters. Her life propitiated the dragon whose lair was beneath, and the tower was built. On one of the rocky ledges stands the monument of the young Emperor Antoku, drowned in the great naval battle, A. D. 1185, between the Genji and the Héiké, the white and red flags, when possibly one thousand war-ships fought together. The same waters which were reddened with the blood of the nearly annihilated Héiké clan were to witness, seven centuries later, a series of artillery conflicts between ships and forts — the prelude in both cases of a new era of national development.

At advantageous points on the bold bluffs overlooking the rushing current of this narrow and crooked passage the Choshiu men prepared the ground for seven *ho-dai*, or cannon-platforms. These were from 50 to 100 feet above tide-water, and each mounted from two to seven guns. A few of these were 12- and 24-pounders, but most of them were 32-pounders, and several in the batteries nearest to the town were 8-inch Dahlgren cannon, which the United States had presented to the Tokio government, but of which the Choshiu men had in some way obtained possession. For several years previous the study of Dutch treatises on fortification had been carried on, and it is even possible that thus early there had been direct instruction by French artillerists.

The Choshiu clansmen trusted not only to their batteries to close the straits and thus to bring on war, but also to their armed ships. Ostensibly for the Tokio government, they purchased of the American firm Jardine, Matheson & Co., for $160,000, the iron steamer *Lancefield*, of 600 tons. They also secured for $45,000 the clipper-built brig *Lanrick*, a fine sailing vessel formerly used in the opium trade, and for $22,000 the American bark *Daniel Webster*. On the steamer they mounted four, on the brig

ten, and on the bark six guns, mostly brass 24-pounders. On these vessels they raised the flag of Japan, a red ball or sun on a white ground, and at the fore the blazon of Choshiu, a blue flag with a straight bar at the top, and, underneath, a pyramid of three white balls. They named the war-steamer *Koshin* and the brig the *Kosei*. Without knowing the Chinese characters, we read the names as meaning "loyalty to the Mikado" and "in the Emperor's service," or "imperial vassal" and "imperial order," respectively.

Ships and batteries were not fully completed, but nevertheless were ready for action, when, on the 25th of June, 1863, the very date appointed by imperial order for hostilities, the first game appeared in sight, of which these eager hunters expected to make easy quarry.

The American merchant steamer *Pembroke*, from Yokohama to Nagasaki and Shanghai, entered the straits in the afternoon, passing on her way an armed Japanese bark. Instead of attempting passage through the seething, current-tossed waters, her captain obeyed the customary sailing directions, and awaited slack water. She carried the United States flag, and her Japanese pilot had been furnished by the Tokio government. Shortly after her anchor was dropped the armed bark moved past her and anchored a short distance off. It was noticed that she carried the national flag of Japan, although it was the law that vessels owned by daimios should fly the clan or feudal flag at the fore. There was no suspicion of hostilities, however, harbored by the captain of the *Pembroke*. An hour after midnight the bark suddenly opened fire on the American ship. Some minutes later a brig, which was made out to be the *Lanrick*, appeared in view, her crew shouting as they passed the *Pembroke*, and, anchoring near the bark, began firing on the American ship. As it was reported in Tokio a few days afterward, and officially made known to Mr. Pruyn by an officer of the Foreign Office, that the American vessel had been sunk, it is probable that the doughty cannoneers, who had broken the peace of two hundred and fifty years by firing the first hostile gun, did really so believe. As a matter of fact, it being a dark night, the *Pembroke*, having steam up, eluded her assailants by retracing her course, and, escaping through the rarely used Bungo Channel, reached Shanghai without having touched at Nagasaki. For indemnities, "loss of time, freight, passengers, and deadly peril," etc., though no one was hurt, and no paint, rigging, or wood injured, the owners at once sent in a bill for $10,000, through the American Legation, to the government of Tokio. As a matter of fact, $12,000 were paid.

By the 8th of July the batteries were finished, the ships equipped, and the gunners, after practising night and day, well trained. The Dutch treatises on artillery had been well conned, and were curled into dog's ears at the pages treating of how to attack ships caught in a current. A French despatch-vessel, the *Kien-chang*, on her way from Yokohama, appeared in the straits July 8, and anchored as usual to await the turn of the tide. The batteries at once opened upon her, and she was hit in seven places. A boat was lowered to inquire into the reason for these surprising hostilities, but a well-directed shot shivered it to pieces, killing several men. With heavy work at the pumps, the *Kien-chang* was able to reach Nagasaki, though nearly in a sinking condition. Her commander informed Captain, now Admiral, de Cassembroot of the heavy Dutch frigate *Medusa*, sixteen guns, then on her way to Yokohama, of what had happened.

For 250 years the flag of the Netherlands had been known in Japan. The Dutch commander, though hoping for peace, went well prepared for war. Anchoring at night, the frigate entered the western entrance at daylight on the 11th of July. As the current was running at five knots, and the *Medusa* was able to steam only six knots, progress was slow, though in this case desirably so. Signal-guns, two from the first battery and eight from the brig, were heard, yet, as the opposite shore was lined with Japanese junks, the Dutch captain was disposed to think that no hostile shot would be fired. Vain hope! No sooner was the *Medusa* opposite the brig, than the *Lanrick*, which flew the flag of Nagato, the bark *Daniel Webster*, and the heavy battery of Sennenji, mounting six guns, opened simultaneously. In a few minutes the frigate was within the concentrated fire of six batteries. What most astonished the Hollanders were the projectiles, such size and weight being undreamed of. The splendid abilities of the Japanese artillerists and the rapidity of their fire were astonishing. To find 6- and 8-inch shells exploding on their ship was a novelty to the Dutchmen in the eastern world, and showed that the Japanese were up to the times. With his port broadside Captain de Cassembroot illustrated true "Dutch courage" for an hour and a half. Unable, on account of his draft, to attack the ships directly, he passed on his way. The *Medusa* was hit thirty-one times. Seven shots pierced the hull, sending bolts and splinters in showers about the decks. Three 8-inch shells burst on board. The long-boat, cutter, and smoke-stack were ruined. Four men were killed and five wounded. On his return to Europe Captain de Cassembroot was knighted, and his crew received medals of honor. He is still living at The Hague.

A few days later, July 20, the French gun-

boat *Tancrède* was hit in three places while swiftly steaming through the channel. Later, a Satsuma steamer, mistaken for a foreign warship, was set on fire and sunk by the batteries. The bodies of nine officers and nineteen men, killed or drowned, were swept out to sea. Evidently, then, the Japanese as artillerists were not to be despised.

Before any news of hostilities was received at Yokohama the *Wyoming* had received orders to return to Philadelphia by way of the Straits of Sunda. Officers and men were in high spirits at the prospect of home and the possible capture of the *Alabama* on the way thither. When, however, on the 11th of July, the Tokio government gave information of the attack on, and the supposed sinking of, the *Pembroke*, the exact facts being received by mail from Shanghai next evening, Captain McDougal, rejoicing that the daimio of Nagato had provided an *Alabama* at hand, ordered coal and stores on board with all despatch. Two Japanese pilots were furnished by the Tokio government. Mr. Pruyn sent his interpreter, Joseph Héko, a native gentleman picked up at sea as a castaway, educated at Baltimore, and still living. Journalism was represented by Mr. E. S. Benson, an American who edited a cable paper at Yokohama. Without charts of the straits, or map of the batteries, Captain McDougal took care to learn the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, finding to his delight that where she went the *Wyoming* could follow. He hoped to board and capture her, and perhaps one of the other vessels. Weighing anchor at 5:30 A. M. on the 13th, and entering by the rarely used Bungo Channel, the *Wyoming* anchored at the eastern end of the straits at 9:30 P. M. on the 15th. There McDougal awaited the favorable turn of the tide.

Moving into the straits at 5 A. M. next day, the point of Shiroyama was rounded at six o'clock. Signal-guns were fired, and were repeated along the six batteries to the town, which was still invisible, owing to the promontory of Monshi, which projected from the southern shores of Bungo, where no batteries were. In a few minutes the first shot struck the ship just above the engine-room, cutting away the wind-sail halyard. The crew were beat to quarters, but no reply was made until after rounding the Monshi promontory on the southern side, when the whole panorama of the town, the larger batteries, and the three Japanese men-of-war burst into view. The bark was lying close in toward the town or northern shore; fifty yards outside of her and one length ahead was the brig; another length ahead and outside of the brig was the steamer. The main channel lay south and outside of all these vessels. McDougal noticed that stakes had been driven into the mud along the edges of the main channel, and it was evident that the Choshiu cannoneers expected to blow the *Wyoming* to atoms. As the three vessels lay with their sterns to the *Wyoming*, each in turn was quickly recognized. All three were crowded with men, and from the steamer hung kedge-anchors at the yard-arms, to be used as grappling-irons for boarding. On each vessel the national flag of Dai Nippon was flying at the peak, and the feudal flag at the fore.

In symbolic design the Choshiu pennant would have been suggestive to the occidental mind of the pawnbroker's three balls and the ominous interpretation of "Two to one you 'll never get it again"; but the reversed form of a pyramid, one ball above two, gave an omen that was cheering. It meant at least one chance.

What was to be done? The Japanese pilots had at first kept the *Wyoming* in the main channel, bearing to the port side or southern shore. Already frightened when told by McDougal to take the ship toward the northern shore under the very noses of the cannon, they were paralyzed with fear when he ordered them to run the *Wyoming* in between the steamer and the brig. In vain they protested that the *Wyoming* would get aground. Knowing the exact draft of the *Lancefield*, McDougal, though without charts, took all other risks, and steamed directly for the vessels. Immediately another battery of three guns, fifty feet up on the side of the hill, fired its heavy shot, cutting the rigging between the mainmast and the mizzenmast, which showed that remaining in mid-channel would have made the *Wyoming* an easy target. The American flag was now run up at the peak, and all hands were ordered to prepare for boarding. The flag was at once saluted by shot and shell from a fresh battery of four guns, and it was then noticed that the *Lancefield* had steam up and was making ready to move.

Upon this, McDougal called his men back to the guns and gave the order to begin firing. Both pivots and the starboard guns at once opened. So excellent was the gunnery, though at the time the Americans knew it not, that one fort was practically torn to pieces with the shells of the first broadside. As the Japanese historian writes, "One of the balls of the barbarian vessel destroyed a fort, and, encouraged by this lucky shot, she dashed in." As the *Wyoming* forged abreast of the bark the latter opened a broadside fire from three guns, by which two men, William Clark of New Jersey and George Watson of Vermont, stationed near the anchor, were killed, the latter by a chain-shot. A marine in the gangway was also struck dead by a ball from the battery of Sennenji, which, mounting six or seven guns, was the most formidable of all. Within two minutes more the

SHIMONOSÉKI IN 1859.

DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

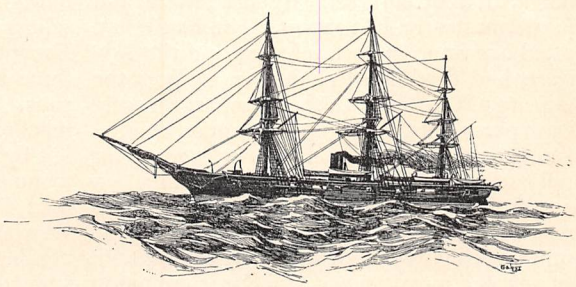
Wyoming was abreast of the brig, from which a broadside fire of four brass 25-pounders opened. On the port side the steamer was less active, having her guns pointed up the channel and being able to fire only swivels and muskets.

In these few moments every gun on the American ship was worked to its fullest power. She was so close to the bark and the brig that the faces of the Japanese were plainly discernible, the guns seemed almost to touch, and the *Wyoming* to be wrapped in sheets of flame. The Japanese sailors worked their guns so rapidly that no fewer than three broadsides were fired from the brig during the swift passage of McDougal's ship. One of her shells entered under the forward broadside-gun of the *Wyoming*, and killed and wounded all the gun-crew except three. The captain of this gun, William Thompson, having his left arm torn off, and the tackle being shot away, Charles J. Murphy, though himself wounded, lashed the breeching of the gun, kept it in position, and fought this 32-pounder short-handed until, later in the action, Lieutenant Barton sent him reinforcements from the pivot-gun. With the exception of the marine and the two men killed at the anchors, every other man killed or wounded in the action belonged to the division of Lieutenant Barton, whose sword-guard was struck and bent by a piece of shell. In passing the ships, every shot of the American told upon the Japanese vessel on each side.

When out into clear water, the *Wyoming*, having rounded the bow of the steamer, was nearer the southern shore, and the six batteries and the bark concentrated their fire on her. Despite the holes torn in the sides of the vessels by the Dahlgren shells, their guns were still vigorously plied, when the danger hitherto feared was realized—the *Wyoming* was aground. Meanwhile the steamer had slipped her cable and was moving over to the northern shore, whether to escape, to examine damages, or, as is probable, to swing round and to attempt to ram or board the *Wyoming* while stuck fast, is not known. Fortunately the propeller was powerful, and the *Wyoming* was worked off the mud. Neglecting the bark and the batteries, the brig being already in a sinking condition, attention was turned entirely upon the *Lancefield*.

Manœuvering into favorable position, despite the current, which was running like a mill-race, and training his pair of pivot-guns upon the steamer, McDougal prepared to give the Japanese a lesson in the power of 11-inch Dahlgren ordnance. This was exactly what the Choshiu men needed to know. Of the after-pivot Frank Wyatt, boatswain's mate, was captain. Of the forward gun Peter King, a fine specimen of the American sailor, had charge. Both sent their shot into the hull of the *Lancefield*, whereupon a group of men, presumably officers, left the ship in a sculling-boat, and scores of men jumped into the water, which was dotted with heads as a winter rice-field is tufted with stubble. The second shell of the forward pivot was planted directly in the center of "the Prince of Choshiu's own steamer, the *Koshin Maru*," one foot above the water-line. It pierced ship and boiler, came out on the other side, tearing a great hole, and, passing into the town a quarter of a mile away, exploded among the houses. In a moment great volumes of smoke and steam rolled out of the doomed ship both fore and aft; cinders and wreckage were hurled upward as from a geyser; and as red tongues of flame shot out here and there black crowds of men leaped into the water to swim ashore. According to reports in Tokio a few days later, forty men lost their lives on the steamer. Two more shells were fired to secure the utter destruction of the vessel. When, however, McDougal found that the sailors were using their revolvers upon the Japanese struggling in the water, he called them off, and the inhuman work stopped.

The guns of the bark were still at work as fast as they could be loaded and fired, and despite the smoke concealing the hull of the *Wyoming* the flags on the trucks enabled the



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "WYOMING."

batteries to find their target. Upon these and the bark the pivot- and the broadside-guns were now trained. By the splendid gunnery of our sailors several shells were dropped exactly within the batteries, and the bark was so riddled as to be worthless. Three days later the *Tancrède* saw only the tops of the submerged brig, the steamer also having sunk. The fire from the batteries was less active on the *Wyoming's* return, and not a man on her decks was hurt. For their non-participation in the fight the spectators on the southern side, the clansmen of Kokura, were afterward roundly berated by the Choshiu warriors, and the Emperor was greatly distressed about their conduct.

the United States the sum of $10,169. The fact that McDougal had run his ship out of the main channel and close to the northern shore, and then, incredible as it seemed to the Japanese gunners, between the ships without grounding, gave the batteries a good target only in the spars and rigging. Losing their first good opportunity to sink the ship, they failed to regain it. It was thought at first that the cannon of the Choshiu men were fixed to fire up the channel only. Before the engagement was over, the Americans found that the Japanese were able to alter their range, and did so. Four days later, when the French admiral appeared with his heavy 35-gun frigate *Se-*

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE SINKING OF THE JAPANESE SHIPS.

Throughout the action both the men and the officers of the *Wyoming* behaved with admirable coolness and *élan*. After a lucky shot the whole crew gave three cheers, enjoying this, their first battle, with fierce delight. After the last battery was passed, and the point of Shiroyama rounded, there was time to count the odds, and hear what surgeon, carpenter, mate, and quartermaster had to report. The battle had lasted one hour and ten minutes, and the *Wyoming* had fired fifty-five rounds, or, from the hoisting of the flag to the last discharge, nearly a gun per minute. The ship was in good fighting trim, though struck in over twenty places. Her hull had received ten shots; her funnel had six large holes in it; and the foremast and the mainmast were injured each in four places, while the upper rigging was badly cut. For rope, wood, canvas, and metal injured, and for ammunition expended, the battle cost the Government of

miramis, the gunboat *Tancrède*, a land force of 250 men, and, provided with maps made by the captain of the *Medusa*, took, after bombardment, a 5-gun battery of 24-pounders, it was found that the carriages were of excellent foreign pattern, able to sweep a wide arc.

Of our gallant sailors four had been killed outright, and two died of their wounds. Two sailors were severely and two slightly wounded. Except a negro, born in Martinique, and three Irishmen, all of these were native Americans. That the Japanese fired a variety of missiles was shown in the abundance of marks left by the grape and canister, the death and wounds by shell, and the killing of a landsman, George Watson, by a chain-shot. James Caswell, another landsman, by a solid shot coming through the bulwarks, was filled with splinters from head to foot, and died at sea on the Sunday following the fight. Michael

Lynch, a coal-heaver, who had both legs shot off below the knees by a ball, walked half the length of the deck on the stumps. Before he died he complained of his toes hurting him.

Sewed in their hammocks, the dead were committed to the deep next morning at 9 A. M. The service was read by the commander, who now, with the tenderness of a bereaved father, and with tears rolling down his face, mourned for his brave seamen. Beloved of his men, he had by kindness won the highest discipline and strongest personal regard even from those whose lifelong habits as landsmen had made the routine of a man-of-war odious, so that the *Wyoming* in all the potencies, human and material, was ever a unit of the highest possible efficiency for the Government of the United States.

The act of the Choshiu men, who thus deliberately and voluntarily broke the peace of two centuries and a half by firing on the steamer *Pembroke*, was, as the native historian wrote, "the first deed of arms in Japan." It marked the beginning of civil and foreign war, and began the long political struggle of which the constitutional and representative Japan of the year 1892 is the outcome, and which none more than the Choshiu men, both in war and in peace, helped to achieve. Above all things eager to try their strength with foreigners, and to show the "ugly barbarians" the spirit of unconquerable Japan, it was they who began their exhibition upon an American ship. It was an American ship, also, which first gave them a counter-exhibition, not only of extraordinary physical prowess, but of moral courage. To the Choshiu clansmen, brave and capable as they themselves were, it seemed as though McDougal possessed more than human nerve in thus running his vessel into the fierce fire which they had prepared for him. Long afterward they spoke respectfully of the "American devils." They had fought the Dutch frigate, and four days later were chastised at one point by the French, but neither of these combats, carried on in mid-channel at long range, or by a charge after the single battery had been emptied by long bombardment, so impressed the thinking men of Japan's most intellectual clan as that of the commander of a single ship coolly and of choice meeting such overwhelming odds at close quarters and winning so surprising a victory. The Choshiu men were noted for their thinking, and for the power of profiting by their reverses, and this time their profit was great.

Yet this act of McDougal was not a mere "running amuck," a rash plunge; it was as cool and scientific a movement, albeit one requiring as much nerve and courage, as Cushing's attack on the *Albemarle*. With Japanese prison-cages and torture all foreigners in Japan of that day were acquainted by daily report. Even casual walks around Yokohama had made the American officers familiar with the pillories near the blood-pits, which were almost daily decorated with human heads. Besides, it had been immemorial law and custom for the beaten party in Japan to perform *hara-kiri;* or, failing, to suffer decapitation. It was a clear knowledge of these facts that led McDougal, while shrinking from nothing within the bounds of possibility, to give an order not mentioned in his amazingly modest official report. He had, only a few days before, seen the American flag hauled down and the Legation of the United States driven from the capital; and this was humiliation enough for McDougal. Hence he determined neither to see nor to have the like thing done on the ship he commanded. If boarded or overwhelmed, or made helpless by grounding or a shot in the boilers, it was his deliberate purpose to blow up the ship and all on board, the officer of the powder division being instructed to that effect. Knowing his ship, officers, and men, the draft and the tide, he took the chances, and won. His splendid courage in fighting all their ships and batteries with his one small vessel affected the thoughtful men of Choshiu as mightily as when, a year later, as their twelve batteries, mounting sixty-two guns, crumbled under the fire of the combined squadrons of four nations, they swore by all the gods of everlasting, great Japan to give body and soul no rest till they had won the secret of the strength of the western nations. "The plucky falcon had its leg broken," but even while temporarily disabled it dreamed of new quarry. Even before their great battles with the fleet in 1864 Choshiu had no need to prove her courage. All foreigners believed and respected it. They saw one clan, and one only, even though well-drilled and armed with American rifles, fighting at one time the whole army of the Tycoon at Kioto and the combined foreign fleet at Shimonoséki. Although unable to sound the depth of Japanese politics, they admired bravery. What puzzled the men of Christendom was the ronin's attack from behind, which they counted as cowardly murder. Both assassination and incendiarism seemed to them barbarous, and as inconsistent with the boasted honor of the samurai as do "the Shimonoséki indemnity" and "Christianity" to the Japanese, when these words accidentally occur together. Yet hard fighters as they proved themselves, the chief glory and distinct mental endowment of the Choshiu clansmen is their remarkable capacity, not for military, but for civil, organization and affairs. In military talent and in the bolder virtues the Satsuma men

excel; in patience, foresight, and constructive ability, the Choshiu. The two, as mortise and tenon, make superb framework of government.

After their chastisement at Shimonoséki and Kagoshima, both Choshiu and Satsuma forgot

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID STOCKTON McDOUGAL, U. S. N.

their hatred of foreigners in their eagerness to win the secret of their power, which they suspected lay behind ships and cannon. Thirst for alien blood was consumed in the more intense thirst for knowledge. They overthrew anarchy and feudalism, and made New Japan. For twenty-two years they have led the most progressive of Asiatic nations. Now, indeed, in limited monarchy and parliamentary government, they are to be forgotten as clansmen, and to be known only in the general democracy of voters. In the education of that clan which, since the era begun by Perry, has produced more than any other the leadership and practical intellect for Japan, McDougal had a larger share than he ever dreamed. Out of that superb company of men came not only Yoshida Torajiro, the man who, with clothing stuffed with paper and pencils to take notes in a foreign country, and with scholarly hands blistered by rowing past the guard-boats, stood on Commodore Perry's ship at midnight beseeching passage to America, but the more brilliant statesmen and leaders, Yamada the brave, Kido the matchless, Inouyé and Ito and Yamagata, statesmen of highest rank, all names forever to be associated gloriously with New Japan.

One of the bravest and best of American naval officers, David McDougal acted not only in harmony with his instincts as a patriot, but in accordance with the tenor of orders from the Navy Department, the urgent request of the American Minister, and the unanimous sentiment of the Americans in Japan. His reward from the Government during his lifetime was ordinary routine promotion, as captain at the age of fifty-five, and as rear-admiral on the retired list at the age of sixty-four. He died at San Francisco, August 7, 1882.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE KING.

SUGGESTED BY GÉRÔME'S PICTURE, "THIRST."[1]

STRETCHES of sand whereon no thing of life
Is visible. Above, a copper plane,
Hung like a cymbal poised before the strife
Of clashing. Lying, seething, grain on grain,
The sand stares up, the vacant sky stares down,—
As on two idiots, one by the other seen,
Grows no expression, neither smile nor frown,—
And heated, filmy mists are spun between.
Across this horrid space a lion's tread
Is traceable. None save a king dare track
This hellish vast. Kingly he reared his head,
And his proud step pressed firm upon the rack
Of blistering sand. . . . Far in an oasis
This king bent low a water-drop to kiss.

Louise Morgan Sill.

[1] See THE CENTURY for February, 1889.

THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSES OF 1889.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

EVERY year there must be two eclipses of the sun, and there may be five. These are partial eclipses, however, except in the comparatively rare case in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disk and produces a total obscuration of his light. Since the invention of the spectroscope, in 1860, there has been barely a score of total eclipses, and a number of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar regions or upon the oceans. The belt of totality is a narrow strip —never more than one hundred and seventy miles wide—where the point of the moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total eclipses rarely recur, therefore, at the same point of the earth. At London, for example, there has been no total eclipse since the year 1140 except that of 1715, and there will be none during the next century.

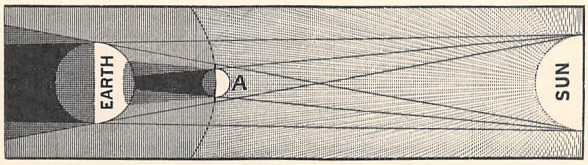


FIG. 1. THEORY OF A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

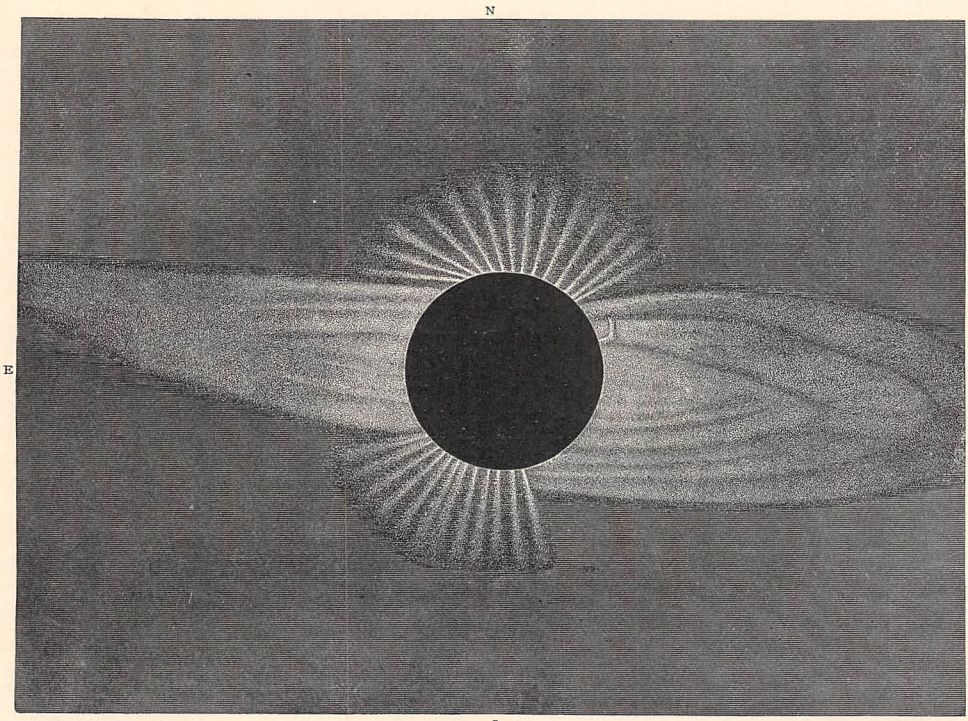
The moon is at A. The eclipse is total to a spectator within the black interior shadow, and partial to a spectator anywhere within the penumbra.

Figure 1 gives an idea of the cause of a total eclipse, but the dimensions of the moon's shadow are enormously exaggerated. As the moon moves rapidly along its orbit, the duration of an eclipse to any one spectator is never more than eight minutes, and ordinarily it is not so much as four.

Less than three quarters of an hour of actual observing time has been available to astronomers since the spectroscope was invented, or since photography was first fruitfully used in recording the features of a total eclipse. We are apt to be impatient with the slow progress of science, but, when we consider what advances have been made in these few years, we must admit that each one of the brief and precious moments has been well utilized.

The eclipses of 1842, 1851, and especially that of 1860, proved that the rose-colored flames which are seen at the sun's border during an eclipse are solar and not lunar appendages. They are shown *dark* in figures 3 and 4. The moon covered them up progressively as she advanced in her orbit. In 1868 Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer established the fact that these rose-colored prominences were, in truth, huge flames and spires of hydrogen gas extending thousands of miles above the solar globe, but truly belonging to it, as our atmosphere belongs to the earth. A method was then invented by which the flames can be observed with the spectroscope on any clear day, even without the intervention of an eclipse, and there are several observatories the chief work of which is the accurate mapping of the solar prominences day by day. Thus the few moments of totality are now left free for other observations, and the discovery of Janssen and Lockyer has virtually doubled our opportunities for the study of the corona itself, which has never been seen except at totality. Dr. Huggins has spent the last few years in experiments in photography, with the object of studying the corona in full sunshine, but so far without success. It is the next great step required.

In 1869 a very favorable total solar eclipse occurred in the United States (the first since 1834), and its opportunities were fully utilized to the permanent fame of American astronomers. The observations of Professor Young of Princeton, and of Professor Harkness of Washington, decided the question as to the general nature of the corona. It certainly consisted of a glowing gas, the composition of which, however, is still unknown. It was a solar appendage, and was not an appearance produced by the earth's atmosphere. The eclipse of 1870 (in Spain) confirmed the results of 1869. In 1871 another eclipse allowed Janssen to observe beside the bright line (1474) in the spectrum of the corona, the presence of which proved



ENGRAVED BY FELIX LE BLANC, FROM A DRAWING BY M. TROUVELOT.

FIG. 2. THE CORONA OF JULY, 1878.
It is to be remarked that the corona consists of polar rays and of two faint wings.

it to consist partly of incandescent gas, the dark Fraunhofer lines, which showed that some, at least, of its light must be due to sunlight reflected from solid particles near the solar body. Polariscopic observations confirm this also.

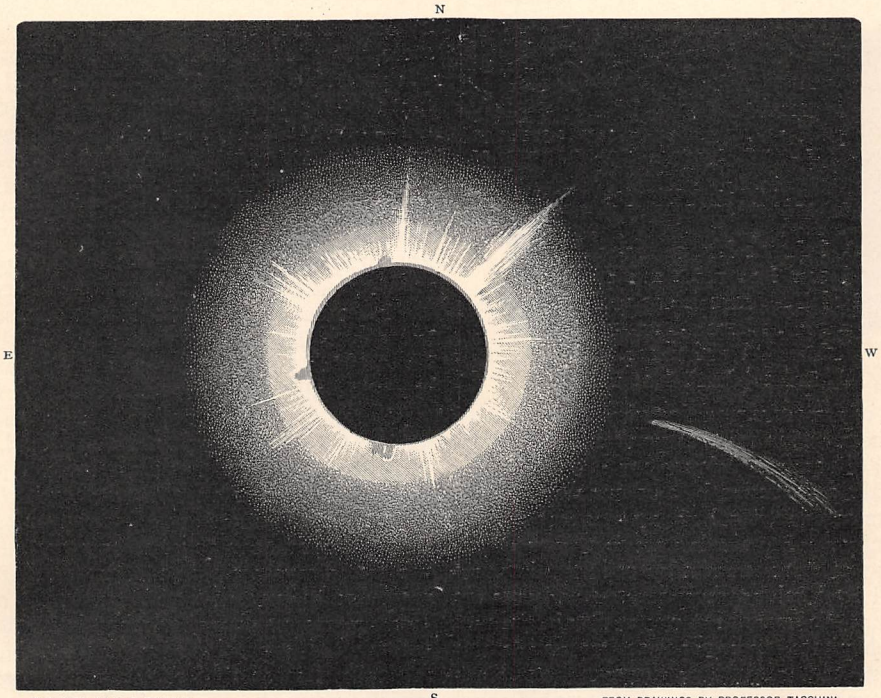
The photographs of the 1871 eclipse yielded a marvelous account of the complex details of the inner coronal forms. We began to see, with this eclipse, that the corona was of much more complex nature than the hydrogen flames, for example. Not only was its light derived both from reflected sunshine and from native brilliancy, but it appeared that the inner and brighter corona might even be of a different quality from the long wisps and streamers which form its outer portions. The eclipses of 1874 and 1875, owing to bad weather, etc., added little to previously known facts.

The American eclipse of 1878 was fully observed from Wyoming to Texas. Among its most important results was the observation that the characteristic spectrum line of the corona (1474) certainly extended nearly a radius of the sun (400,000 miles) from the edge, and that when this line vanished no other spectrum was visible. From this the conclusion was drawn that the gas corresponding to the 1474 line (coronium) extended at least to this height above the sun. The observations of Langley and Newcomb showed that coronal matter of some sort extended much further than this, even out to nine millions of miles. The photographs taken by the parties of the United States Naval Observatory were very satisfactory, and showed the shape and structure of the corona of 1878 to be essentially different from that of 1871. The year of 1878 was a year of few sun-spots; 1871 was a year of many sun-spots. It was suggested that the corona varies periodically in shape and in appearance as the sun varies in frequency of sun-spots, and an examination of the few trustworthy records lent considerable force to the suggestion.

The observations and drawings of the corona which we possess were collected into a splendid volume by Mr. Ranyard of London. A careful examination of the drawings seemed to show that among the thousand apparently accidental and capricious coronal forms two types, characteristic forms, could be traced.

During a period of maximum sun-spot frequency the corona appeared to be fully developed and of great brilliancy. Its typical form was that of a bright quadrilateral filled with rays, which have been likened to those on the card of a mariner's compass.

At a period of minimum sun-spots (as in 1878) the corona, on the other hand, seemed to be far fainter and of smaller dimensions, except for faint wing-like projections which extend sometimes for prodigious distances on each side of the sun. A rough idea of the scale of



ENGRAVED BY K. C. COLLINS, FROM DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR TACCHINI.

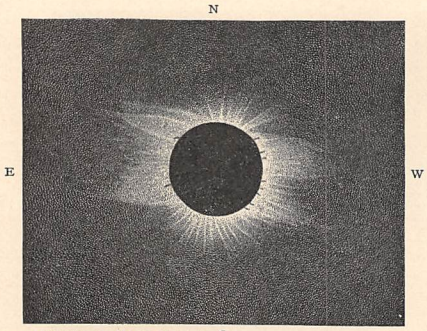
FIG. 3. THE CORONA OF MAY, 1882.

the various drawings in this paper may be had by recollecting that the diameter of the sun is about 850,000 miles.

A striking event of the eclipse of 1882 was the revelation, during the darkness of totality, of a noble comet near the sun (see figure 3). This eclipse, which lasted only seventy seconds, is also memorable for the new and bright spectral lines which were added to the 1474 line, and which indicated that the corona was composed not only of coronium gas, but of other gases as well. The dark lines due to reflected sunshine were once more visible. The spectroscopic observations of 1883 and 1886 made by Professor Tacchini seem to show the existence not only of the rosy prominences long known, but also that certain other *white* prominences exist, which are due probably to relatively cool products. Moreover, a comparison of the red prominences observed during totality with the same objects seen before and after the eclipse indicates that the ordinary spectroscopic methods give only a part, and not the whole, of the phenomenon. The reason of this is not yet fully understood, and these observations should be repeated at the next eclipse. While we are far from understanding the phenomena of the sun's envelope as revealed by the spectroscope, the foundations for a proper interpretation are laid, and the appropriate methods are already invented. But the corona still remained the mystery of mysteries. Why did it exist at all? Why did it change in shape and character? How could the same object appear so different at different times? Was it in fact the same object? It was even suggested that the corona had no objective existence at all, but was a pure diffraction phenomenon, like the alternate light and dark interference bands which one can see by holding the edge of a razor up against the bright daylight.

THE ECLIPSES OF 1889.

THE eclipse of New Year's day of 1889 was to be total in California, and the Lick Observatory, then newly established, made preparations to observe it. It was also well observed by other parties, whose reports are not published at the time of writing this account. It was decided to attempt both spectroscopic and photographic observations. The former were directed to the question just spoken of; namely, Is or is not the solar corona mainly a diffraction phenomenon? The observations of Mr. Keeler show that it really has an objective existence, and that the diffraction phenomenon previously observed must have been mainly due to atmospheric glare. Some of the photographs obtained, notably those of Mr. Woods, show the moon projected upon the corona *before the eclipse began*, and therefore before a diffraction effect was possible. The spectroscopic observations made by Mr. Keeler also establish the important fact that the length of a coronal line in the spectrum is no index of the



ENGRAVED BY FELIX LE BLANC.

FIG. 4. THE CORONA OF JANUARY, 1889.

depth of the corresponding gas in the solar atmosphere. This relieves us of amazing theoretical difficulties. We may now consider the sun to be surrounded by a comparatively shallow atmosphere, and have no longer to tax our ingenuity to explain how it is that a comet passing close to the sun is not in the least retarded by a solar atmosphere. Another main object of the expedition was to obtain the best possible photographs of the corona, and for this purpose Mr. Barnard of the observatory utilized our very incomplete photographic apparatus, and supplemented it by turning one of our small visual telescopes into a camera. We were also extremely fortunate in securing the fullest coöperation of the Amateur Photographic Association of San Francisco, which organized a party of seventeen observers, working according to a program which had been prepared in consultation with the astronomers at Mount Hamilton. The vital point of the program was the selection of the proper times of exposure, and here we had the benefit of the advice of Mr. Burnham of the observatory, who showed by experiments in photographing light, fleecy clouds, while the sun was obscured by heavier and darker ones, that the proper exposure times must be very short. It all seems extremely simple now, but this principle had not been well understood at previous eclipses. At the eclipse of 1883 some of the negatives were exposed for more than five minutes! The main object is to register the extremely small contrast between the outlying faint corona and the sky, which is by no means totally dark. This can be done by giving relatively short exposures, and only in this way.

The coöperation of the amateur photographers enabled us to make a series of exposures of varying length, and to test the question in an experimental way. Thanks to their aid and skill, we secured a great number of negatives, and these, together with the exquisite plates made by Mr. Barnard, give an account of the eclipse of January, 1889, which is complete and highly satisfactory. Figure 4 is a copy of one of Mr. Barnard's negatives. It is on a small scale, because his photographic apparatus was not powerful; but the work was so well done that the original shows a vast amount of detail—more, I think, than has been shown at any other eclipse.

Fig. 6 gives a diagram on an enlarged scale made from Mr. Barnard's photographs by studying them under the microscope. There are very many features shown in these photographs, but I will stop to mention only two of the more important. At previous eclipses the polar rays had been photographed, but it had never been noticed that these polar rays extended all round the solar disk (see fig. 6, rays 2, 4, 6 . . . 18, 21, 24, 26, 30, 32 . . . 37, 50, 64 . . . 71, 75 . . . 84, 86, 98, 100, etc.). They had always been evident at the poles, but at the sun's equator they had been lost in the brightness of the great "wings." It had therefore been too hastily supposed that the polar rays were in fact confined to the region of the poles. The photographs of the January eclipse proved clearly that such rays extended all around the sun. Again, the photographs showed that the corona, instead of growing narrower as we go further from the sun

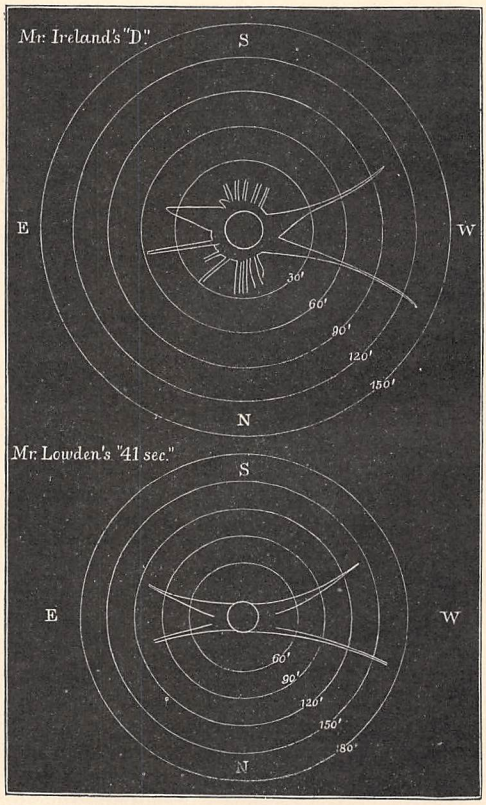


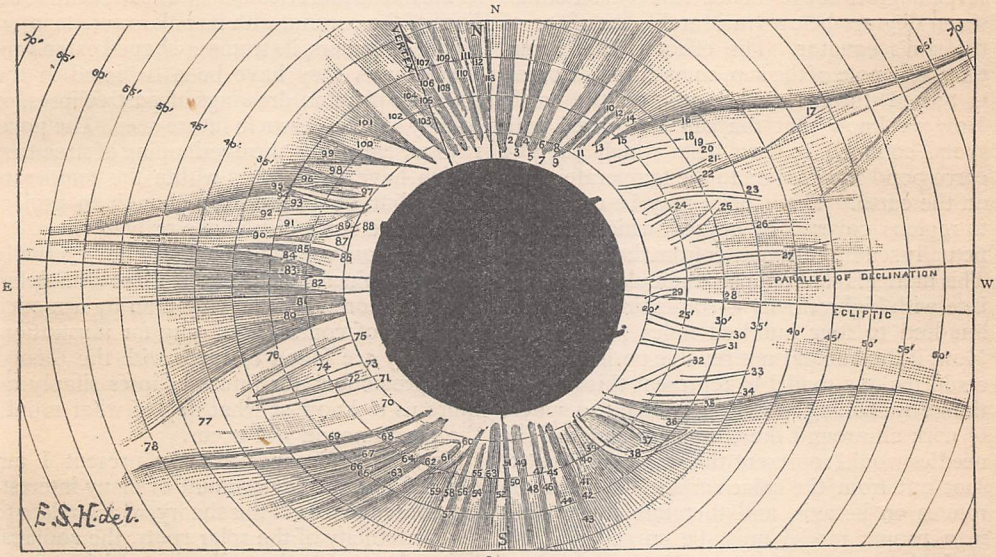
FIG. 5. EXTENSION OF THE CORONA OF JANUARY, 1889. THE OUTLINES ARE FROM NEGATIVES BY MESSRS. IRELAND AND LOWDEN.

(as, for example, in M. Trouvelot's picture, fig. 2), really terminated in branching forms. The beginning of this trumpet-shaped extension is shown in fig. 6, but is more plainly displayed in fig. 5, where I have traced only the outlines of the corona, as shown on the negatives of two amateur photographers, Messrs. Ireland and Lowden. These negatives are confirmed by others, especially by the admirable pictures of P. Charroppin, and also by a naked-eye sketch made by an artist. They show an extension to the corona which had never before been photographed. It had been seen in 1878 by Professors Langley and Newcomb, but its true shape had not been suspected by them.

I consider, then, that the main photographic results of the January eclipse were two—that the polar rays extended all round the disk, and that the corona was extended in a trumpet-shaped form. These results were merely the records of fact, and however important the facts might be, we seemed to be no nearer to the solution of the questions: What is the corona? Why has it such a shape? Why does it vary in form, and according to what laws does it vary?

The excellent photographs of the January eclipse made it highly desirable that the eclipse of December, 1889, which was total in Guiana and on the west coast of Africa, should be observed on the same principles. The small income of the Lick Observatory did not allow us to send out a party, and the plan had been reluctantly abandoned, when Mr. Crocker, one of the regents of the University of California, generously offered to bear the whole cost of an expedition to South America. Accordingly Messrs. Burnham and Schaeberle of the observatory, aided by a volunteer observer, Mr. Rockwell of Tarrytown, made the journey to Cayenne, and under somewhat unfavorable conditions secured excellent results. No engravings from their pictures are given here, as they do not differ greatly from fig. 4, and as they are to be printed elsewhere. It suffices to say that the records of the December eclipse were comparable with those obtained in January. Other expeditions were sent by the National Academy of Sciences of Washington and the Royal Astronomical Society of London to Africa, and by the latter body, and also by the Paris Academy of Sciences, to South America. The day was cloudy in Africa, and no results were obtained. The results secured by the English and the French parties in South America add nothing to our own. The two eclipses of 1889 were thoroughly well observed, and the records of the appearances and structure of the corona were plain; but the vexed questions still remained: What is the corona? What are the laws of its variation of shape?

These questions have now been answered by Professor Schaeberle of the Lick Observatory, in his "Mechanical Theory of the Solar Corona," just completed. It is possible by this theory to account for the general form and characteristics of all past coronas and to predict the general form of future ones. A solar eclipse will take place in 1893 on the coast of Brazil, and Professor Schaeberle is able to give a drawing of the general features of the corona as they will appear at that time. It may be said that the fundamental law is now established.



DRAWN BY E. S. HOLDEN.

FIG. 6. INDEX DIAGRAM MADE FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY PHOTOGRAPHS OF JANUARY, 1889.

There are minor matters to be studied, but the explanation of the long-standing mystery of the corona is now in our hands. Like all great things, it is extremely simple, and in its principal points it is easily understood. I shall speak only of the main points in this place, leaving the particularities to be treated in more technical publications.

To understand Professor Schaeberle's explanation, let us recall a few facts of observation. We know that the sun turns on its axis once in about twenty-five days. Its equator remains always in one plane. The earth revolves about the sun in a plane which is inclined to the plane of the sun's equator by about seven degrees; that is, the earth is sometimes seven degrees above (in September), sometimes seven degrees below (in March), the plane of the sun's equator. The effect is that sometimes one pole of the sun, sometimes the other, is turned toward a spectator on the earth. Now we know that the sun is covered with spots, confined to two belts which roughly correspond in situation to the temperate zones on the earth. These belts may be compared to regions covered by geysers which are perpetually sending out matter from their interiors. This matter is shot out perpendicular to the surface with high velocity—something like three hundred to four hundred miles per second. Now, if the sun did not revolve on its axis, we could make a model to represent this state of things by sticking straight needles into a sphere of cork all around the temperate zones. The needles would represent the streams of matter shot out from the solar surface. But the sun rotates on its axis, and therefore the needles in a proper model must be curved and not straight.

Professor Schaeberle has calculated the true curvature, and it is quite possible from his figures to construct a model of the sun with its outgoing streams of matter. We have simply to take a globe of cork, and to insert many wires of the proper curvature at something like equal distances from one another all over the surface of the temperate zones, where we know that the solar activity is manifested. It is a very curious fact of observation that sun-spots are never seen near the solar poles, and very seldom indeed in high latitudes. Such a model will represent the sun and the solar corona as they really are—but not as we see them. For a spectator on the earth is sometimes above, sometimes below, the plane of the sun's equator; or, to put it in another way, the sun sometimes turns its north pole, sometimes its south pole, to him. If, then, we place our model on a stand, and place the eye where the earth should be in its orbit at the time of an eclipse (according to the month of the year, etc.), we shall actually see the curved needles overlapping and interlacing by projection and by perspective exactly as the streams of matter overlap and interlace. If we go far enough away from the model to lose the view of the individual streamers, we shall see the outlines of the corona, with its polar rays, its interlacing streamers, its trumpet-shaped extension, precisely as they have been depicted in the photographs and drawings of past eclipses, or as they will be shown in future ones. The polar rays are caused by the overlapping of streamers which have their bases within the temperate zones, but which are long enough to project *beyond* the sun's disk above or below it.

The records of all past eclipses have actually been examined according to these principles, but in a more accurate way than by a model, which is, of course, used only for illustration, and they are found to agree with the theory. The predictions for future eclipses simply require us to know at what day of what month the phenomenon will occur.

In a general paper like the present I am obliged to omit any account of many interesting consequences of this theory, which relate to the periodicity of the solar spots, the zodiacal light, the aurora borealis, terrestrial magnetism, etc., and to confine myself to a simple relation of how the external appearances and the characteristic forms of the corona are explained in an extremely simple and beautiful manner. The corona is no longer a mystery. Its characteristic forms have been accurately recorded on the negatives taken in 1889, and the explanation of Professor Schaeberle accounts for the occurrence of these forms in the past, and enables one to predict them in the future.

Edward S. Holden.

"THE SHADOWS FOLD."

THE shadows fold; come back as of old,
Shine, Helen, girl with the head of gold.
As the moon from the sky overcast
Bursts into the open blue,
Out of the cloudy past
Push your bright body through.

The shadows fold; come back as of old,
Once more glow over me, head of gold.
Burn back to your place on high,
Flame there, for my heart to see:
O Helen, my youth's blue sky,
The heavens you made for me!

John Vance Cheney.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XII.

WHEN our Sunday evening talks chanced to be at Vincent's I was always well pleased. The addition of Mrs. Vincent seemed to bring out all the peculiar qualities of each of us, as a ripe peach before your best Burgundy enlarges your knowledge as to how one pleasant thing may mysteriously increase the power of another to give delight. If you were happy enough to be liked by this woman, you were made to feel when with her how gladsome a thing life may be. And this, too, in a sober way, for there was in her fashions a pretty tranquillity, and only rarely louder mirth. When she smiled, it was, as St. Clair quoted,

> "As when an infant smiles,
> Not at but with you."

For her smiles were never employed for unspoken cynical comment, nor to hint the thing she dare not say.

I remember hearing her husband remark that she was more apt to laugh when alone, and her answer that her smile was for all, but that her laughter was private property.

This puzzled Clayborne, who insisted that Saadi had said, "The wise smile, and the fool laughs."

Mrs. Vincent retorted, "Then I am wise only when in company, and a fool when alone, which is a proof of wisdom."

However, St. Clair, liking to tease Clayborne, said that he knew Saadi well, and that the quotation was an invention. Upon which Mrs. Vincent insisted that for a man to quote himself was the same as quoting some one else, because men were never the same from year to year. Clayborne, confused by her nonsense, as usual retreated into himself to examine the proposition seriously, while she and St. Clair exchanged unspoken signals of childlike delight.

She was sure, however she teased him, to send the scholar away in good humor, and I confess that for me she had the effect of a glass or two of champagne, and kept me wondering at my own cleverness.

She had, like many nice women, a taste for the *mise en scène;* but this was instinctive, and probably unsuspected by herself. For the rest, she understood her husband, and was his best friend and lover. I do not think she liked women as well as men, but it pleases me that she never said so. Her housekeeping was mysteriously perfect. She had one accomplishment, a noble voice in speech and song; and one grief, the absence of children. I fancied myself her best friend, but I was never her physician, for she said, "I could not have my friend for my doctor"—a not very rare feeling among women.

When I came in she was seated alone, reading, and, the evening being warm, was clad in white, with delicacies of lace here and there. She wore, as usual, no ornament, but behind her, on the table, so that the strength of her head was set against them, were several bowls of roses; and at her feet, on a low stool, stood a large, flat Moorish vessel, also full of flowers, on which she was gazing with distinct pleasure, her book lying open on her lap.

"What! Alone?" I said.

"Yes; we have had a discussion on folly and wisdom. Mr. St. Clair said a happy fool was better off than an unhappy wise man. Mr. Clayborne insisted with solemnity that a really wise man could not be as unhappy as a fool, other circumstances being equal. Then I quoted, 'There 's no comfort in wisdom, and no satisfaction in folly; for all that the former can do is, in some passage or other of matchless eloquence, to call the latter by her right name, after which she will dwell as contentedly your mistress as before.' I could not tell whence it came, and nothing would satisfy him but to take Fred down to the library to look for it, and the poet to help them. Sit down; they will not be long. You did not come to dinner, after all, and Miss L—— was so charming."

"Ah, my dear lady, how many of these charming women have you bidden me to see? I come, and talk, and look at them, and could classify them."

"You must not. This one was really all that I say."

"But you have said nothing. I wait."

"Well, she is not very pretty. She never says what you expect her to say, and seems always about to say or do something that might seem—well, a little pronounced. Yet she never does really do or say anything that the best bred

might not say or do. She has 'eyes that do not know their own solemnities'—eyes of heaven and a mouth of this earth."

"Fair food for saint or sinner," I said. "But, really, I could not dine with you, and I should like to see this woman. When shall it be?"

"People who decline my dinners never, never make up their loss on this earth."

"I will never dine here again," I cried, laughing. "What are you—what were you reading?"

"St. Clair's new book; he brought it to me yesterday. Have you seen it?"

"Yes; but only the outside. What is it?"

"A dramatic poem called 'A Life.' A man sees a woman in her youth. They are in love, are separated by the inevitable, meet once again in middle life for a day, and once more when both are old. The interest lies in what they say of life and its intervening experiences. I am puzzled by the large knowledge he displays of a world he has never seen save in mere glimpses."

"Indeed, but does not that often strike you in the work of genius? A friend of mine told me Lewes once said to him that George Eliot never, to his or her knowledge, had the experience of physicians which enabled her to put on paper Lydgate, the only perfect characterization of a physician in fiction. Indeed, she had said as much to a man well known on the turf as regards the low turfmen in the same book."

"And can you explain it?"

"My friend said in reply, that although Mr. Lewes, for example, might know little of serpent-worship, that were he able to recall all he had ever heard or read of it, he could write on it a book of great learning. He thought that we must presuppose in genius the capacity to reassemble by degrees a host of minutiæ for use at need.

"We all possess more or less of this. We set an idea before us, and by and by we are amazed to find how many ghosts of things apparently forgotten are summoned by this steady call upon associative memory. It is as when you drop into a solution of numberless salts a crystal of one of them. The formed solid begins at once to gather for its increase all the atoms of its kind."

She was silent a moment.

"Well?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I was only thinking over your illustration to see if it helped me to understand any better. Perhaps it does. Illustrations in argument often serve only to puzzle me. You know P——?"

"Yes."

"His talk is a constant rosary of illustrations, or of illustrative comparisons, which merely bewilder. Before you have mastered one of them (and they are always clever), he is presenting you with another. But about genius in characterization, there must be also some power to do far more than memorize. There must be power to reject and modify assembled memories, so as at last to create that natural oneness of the being described which ends by making a living thing, not a mere photograph."

"Yes, there are plenty of bright books nowadays in which a man represents people he knows; but that is bad art. Usually it begins and ends with one book, which excites false hopes of a brilliant career in fiction. Abidingly true power to characterize in fiction is automatic."

"Oh, here they come. And did you find the quotation?"

"No; we think you invented it," said Vincent.

"Not I, indeed."

"And are we to have the two manuscripts to-night? I vote for the Russian story first. Did you bring it, Mr. Clayborne? The title excited my curiosity—'The Moral Tontine.'"

"I brought it, but I have no power to translate so as really to render the spirit of the thing. I—well, really, I would rather you let me off."

"Oh, but you promised. What was it about?"

"Yes," said St. Clair; "you are in the toils. We insist on hearing."

"It is quite too absurd," said Clayborne.

"Then we shall see you in a new character," cried St. Clair.

"You shall have no tea," laughed Mrs. Vincent; "not a drop."

"That decides it," cried Clayborne. "Intelligent law proportions the punishment to the crime. I shall spoil the story, but no matter, I can't lose my cup, my three cups, of tea."

When we were quietly seated and ready, he said: "This is

"THE MORAL TONTINE.

"THE mysterious sides of Russian life are little known to the West. Nowhere else do certain forms of mysticism secure so many serious converts. Some of these peculiar beliefs have been historically long-lived; others come and vanish. The singular story I am about to relate concerns one of these strange societies. It is taken, as I give it, from a rare book by Leresky, a Pole of great learning, who has investigated these curious associations, and whose book was suppressed, and is now difficult to obtain. He was enabled to see the proceedings of the circle or society which concerns my tale, and from them copied this illustration of the views held by the members.

"He abbreviated it in the telling, and it no

doubt loses something by his abrupt way of relating what might with more art have been made interesting."

"One moment," said Vincent. "Did the Polish historian believe in the story?"

"Yes; he was himself a mystic. He gives evidence as to its occurrence, but makes no effort to explain it."

"And do you yourself credit it?"

"I!" said Clayborne. "Let me first read it. We can discuss it afterward."

"And I," cried Mrs. Vincent, "can wait no longer."

In the province of Vasilyskoosky were the headquarters of the secret society of the Kassilynza. This group of people traced their origin far back into the night of Russian barbaric time. They believed that lingual expression has interfered with the more natural and closer means of mental intercommunication, by which soul may come into contact with soul. For the purpose of recovering the lost powers of man, these mystics were accustomed to take vows of silence, and to live together in pairs, abhorring speech, writing, and even signs. They believed also that for devoted natures it was possible to exchange for a time, or permanently, mental or moral qualities. This was brought about by an effort on the part of one man to eject from his mind a quality like courage, while the other man became passive and simply receptive. Thus a surplus of virtue or vice was gotten rid of, the object being the general good of man.

The center of this strange creed was the capital of the department, Notsob, and here they continued to meet, and to elude the police, who considered their views to be dangerous to the public good.

"Of course you will understand that all this I consider nonsense. It is much more in North's line than mine."

"Thank you," said I. "Go on."

"It may interest you, North, to know that the same process by which a man got rid of an excess of temper applied also to disease. The one man willed to lose his ill temper; another accepted it by mental effort. After some days, or at times abruptly, the former man's temper returned to him ameliorated by having dwelt in union with the nobler qualities of a man trained to self-restraint. And so also of disease; the same process being repeated over and over, as between the ill man and many well ones, his disorder was enfeebled by distribution until no one possessed enough of it to do harm."

Dr. Skoblowitsky, the second regent of the society, discovered that it was possible to influence disease at a distance, so that a man in Warsaw might be receptive at a set hour for one in Irkutsk, and, also, what was stranger, that the difference in time made by the longitude of two places disappeared as a hindrance before the potency of the double exercise of two wills. But all of this has little to do with the incidents of my story, which Dr. Skoblowitsky describes in his chapter of proofs of the power of the double will.

It is related, in connection with some of the statements as to certain of the later discoveries made by members of the "Council of Minds," just before the police finally broke up the association in 1783, that at this time Dolinkovitch, the chief councilor, announced his belief that as the qualities of mind and morals involved distinctive entities, grouped for use in the republic known as man, these must be scattered by death. Some means, he conceived, might be discovered of utilizing and securing for the living man such of these faculties as, dislocated from the rest, and set at valueless freedom in spiritual ether, would otherwise cease for ages to be means of good.

It was found at last that by proper exertion of will power a man about to die could convey to one alive the dominant qualities which he himself possessed, but that those of which he had only a minor share could not thus be transferred. A prearranged acceptive willingness on the part of the recipient was alone needful for his share of the transaction.

Several curious illustrations are given of the workings of this method. Thus, the Russian poet Vasiloe Amgine, known as the Slavonic Poe, willed his imagination to his friend, the great German algebraist Von Heidenbrugger, and in consequence of the fact that two sets of qualities came thus to exist in the same being with equality of force, the mathematician wrote a superb ode on the square root of x raised to the ninth power, and was in consequence put in the asylum at Cracow.

Other as sad failures, however, did not deter three men of the lower circle of the society from agreeing that as each died his best faculties were to become the property of the survivors, it being supposed that as they were all people of varied endowments the survivor of this intellectual tontine would end by possessing such force as would raise him to eminence.

Count Ortroff, the youngest of the three, was a man of great personal beauty, and endowed with a rather light mental organization; apparently, one of those butterfly natures which are generally acceptable, but incapable of profound affection. He had too easily captured the heart of his cousin, a woman of force and remarkable charms, but quite too well aware of the slightness of character of her lover. The

engagement was broken off by a singular incident.

One morning in May Count Ortroff became suddenly aware of a change in himself. He awoke to a sense of vigor and activity of mind and body unknown before. Commonly gentle and confiding, he felt now a sense of desire to be aggressive, and scolded his valet because he had ventured to inquire of him whether he would ride or drive to the princess's country-seat.

All that day he felt himself a victim of contending forces. He was for the first time aware of being deeply in love, and astonished the princess as much by the unwonted manifestations of passion as by abrupt outbreaks of vehement criticism of various people. As a rule he was gentle, refined, and most suave of speech, and to this his easy nature inclined him. Also, he had known himself to be so wanting in courage that he regarded the possible consequences of a quarrel with terror, and had declined to enter the army. His life was spent in concealing this painful defect of character.

After seeing the princess he remained at home for two days, reflecting on the sudden changes which had made him an irascible man and a passionate lover, and had also, as it seemed, lifted him into a higher intellectual sphere. In his amazement he consulted the chief councilor of the society, Ivanovitch Dolinkovitch, who said at once, "But was not yours the No. 27, Moral Tontine?"

"Yes."

"Then you should have prepared yourself to assimilate usefully the moral and mental properties of General Graboskovitch and Captain Viloff. You could by continuous effort of will have been ready to decline to entertain in your soul their bad qualities, and to welcome their better ones. You have been loosely and thoughtlessly acceptive. It is now too late. I was always fearful that your soul was of low specific gravity. The general died four days ago. I suppose that the more receptive nature of Captain Viloff secured the dead man's courage; without it his aggressiveness would have long since gotten him into trouble. You must be careful."

"Alas!" said Ortroff, and went away in despair.

A few days later he received a letter from Viloff. "I hear," wrote the captain, "that No. 2 of our tontine is gone. I am distressed to feel that I come in for no addition to my mental force, and that I have obtained only an excess of courage and an absurd indifference to danger. All gentlemen have courage enough; you will not need that, but if by ill luck you have inherited the general's obstinate pugnacity, I am sorry for you."

"And I," said Ortroff. "I must indeed be careful."

A few days later, at a ball, a gentleman offered some trifling slight to the princess. Ortroff was present. An irresistible impulse seized him. He followed the man from the hall, and struck him. Instantly an agony of fear came upon him; a duel was of course unavoidable. He sat up all night, and on the field next day displayed such signs of cowardice that his seconds declined to act. He apologized to his scornful foe, and a few hours after drove to the house of Dr. Dolinkovitch, to whom he related his trouble. The doctor was both sympathetic and interested. At last he said: "You have only to follow my advice. Go to the chief hotel and take rooms. To-morrow get up late, and go into the street in your shirt and drawers. The police will arrest you. Ask if it is midnight, and say you want them to find me, that I know your watch is out of order. They will send for me, as I am the police surgeon. You will act wildly, and I will send you to an insane asylum. In two months you will come out well, and your failure will be regarded as having been due to mental disorder."

Ortroff hesitated, but a note from the princess breaking off the engagement determined him, and the next day he followed out the doctor's advice to the letter, and was sent to an asylum. His friends and family gladly accepted the excuse, and took care to circulate it widely.

After two or three months he returned to his estates profoundly depressed. A week later he became aware of a new change. The acquisition of the vigorous intelligence of the general had made even more painful the sense of his own defect in courage, and the whole affair of the duel had troubled greatly the members of the circle, who had been much attached to him by reason of his sweetness of character and gentle manners. These, in a degree, had suffered by the inheritance of General Graboskovitch's soldierly roughness and shortness of temper. But fear of his own defects, together with his newly acquired acuteness of mind, had somewhat enabled him, as time went on, to control and modify them.

But now, again, there was a change. Captain Viloff, dangerously stimulated by an overplus of audacity, had been again and again wounded, and at last in a desperate night attack on the frontier was mortally hurt. The news already found Ortroff a new man. Indeed, before he heard that he was the surviving heir of the qualities of the other two members of the tontine, he had begun to feel the influence of the quality of courage which the two dead members possessed. The results greatly interested the circle. Again the count

was seen in the neighboring town, and every one except the members of his secret society was astonished to hear that he had called out his old antagonist, had explained to his seconds that his fear was only the coming on of his mental trouble, and had badly wounded his opponent. As a result every one called upon him, and with perfect calmness he himself went to visit the princess.

She received him coldly. Her notable intelligence was dominated by immense tenderness, by all the self-sacrificial qualities found in many women, and by a feminine adoration of masculine beauty. These had twice involved her in love-affairs with weaker persons of the male sex, and now her chief difficulty in renewing her promise to marry Ortroff arose from the fact that he seemed to possess the stronger will, and no longer appealed silently to her sympathies by his gentleness and instability. She replied to his passionate wooing that she could not marry a coward.

"But I am not. I will submit to any test," he assured her. "There is my duel. I was, of course, insane." At this she smiled incredulously.

"I do not know now whether I love you or not. Give me six months to reflect, and—and—bring me the order of St. George won on the battle-field."

Then she kissed him, and fled from the room.

Six weeks later, he was mortally wounded in the desperate struggle of Olnovina, and a friend brought the princess the cross which the emperor left on his breast as he lay dying in the hospital at Yasiloff.

"What a cruel ending!" cried Mrs. Vincent.

"It was a good exercise in Russian," said Clayborne, as he cast the manuscript on the table. "North would have rendered it better. I hope it has amused you."

"Oh, amused! No," returned Mrs. Vincent; "it has interested me. I wonder if there can be any foundation for it."

"My wife has a coy interest in mysticism," laughed Vincent. "She enjoys a little flirtation with the vague."

"Then never could a flirtation with you have delighted her," said I.

"No, indeed," she cried; "he is atrociously definite. But what is there vague about all this strange story? It seems to the man who tells it to have happened."

"I think it in a measure explicable," I returned. "The doctrine of suggestion might—"

"There, don't explain it," she broke in. "I shall wait the demise of some of my friends with interest. Be it true or not, I understand the woman."

"I do not," said St. Clair. "How could a highly intelligent woman care for a man as feminine as he?"

"And you of all people! You, who worship personal beauty!" said Vincent.

"I am answered," cried the poet.

"No, not fully," said Mrs. Vincent. "And still, as for myself, although I understand the woman instinctively, I cannot explain."

"That is not understanding," said Clayborne, in his blunt way.

"Possibly not; but I decline to betray the secret counsels of my own sex. And here is your tea. One lump or two?"

The little chat had amused me, as, glancing at Mrs. Vincent's face, I had seen it flush faintly. She had been twice engaged before she married my friend, and, until then, her favored lovers had been men beneath her both in mind and character. She once said to me, "When you come at last to pay the debts contracted by that idiot Pity, the little god is apt to put up the shutters and declare that he is not at home for business." I should have liked to hear more from her on this subject, because the love-affairs of the best women are often inexplicable to men, and perhaps also to the women concerned. I ventured on one occasion to ask her a leading question on this serious matter. She said, smiling, "Have you not observed that clever women are apt to have more than one serious love-affair?"

I said that I had made that not difficult observation.

"Ah, well," she said, "I will make it clear to you. The answer to any one such drama is in the next."

"That," I said, "is delightfully lucid—to a woman."

As I sipped my tea I turned over a book of etchings, while our hostess went on talking the prettiest mere society nonsense to St. Clair and Clayborne. Her husband, much amused, sat by. Now and then she darted at him a swift glance of fun, or sought his eyes with a look of questioning eagerness. Whatever ideals had once been hers, she had found a trusted anchorage in the man she married. Indeed, I think the admiration she excited was one of the happinesses of Vincent's existence, and in every relation the perfect tact with which these two managed their common life was a pleasant thing to see. Like many kind and able women, dullness was for her no barrier to friendship; but to none was Vincent so charming as to her uninteresting friends, to none so generous and so courteous. She repaid the debt in kind to us all, and, as to St. Clair, was a sort of confessor to whom he confided his occasional troubles with a quiet childlike certainty of help. I think that she did not much fancy Clayborne, but the art of absolute social

masquerade belongs to the woman alone, and I doubt if even Vincent suspected her of caring less for the scholar than for her husband's other friends. Hearing the talk take a more serious turn, I drew my chair nearer.

"Yes," said Vincent; "a nation in the making is as to its individuals more interesting than one which is set in slowly changing historic ruts. As a rule, the English people — I mean the undistinguished — are to me of all the dullest. The chance American of any class, as one meets him in travel, is by far more amusing. I don't speak of his manners; he is apt enough to be common, just as the corresponding Englishman is to be vulgar; but class for class, our people interest me more."

"But how silent they are."

"Yes; yet open to talk if you ask for it. We had once the name with our cousins of being questioning creatures, but really I think that of late years we have exchanged rôles. Certainly the frank inquisitiveness of the English is past belief."

"If," said St. Clair, with his easy way of dislocating the talk, "I had to attend to the education of a nation, I should declare a war once in every fifty years at least."

"I don't care myself to manufacture any more history," returned Vincent; "but certainly the generation which emerged from our great strife, North and South, was the better for it."

"And what faces it wrought!" said St. Clair. "I stood and saw go by me in Washington that army which followed Sherman to the sea — grave, thoughtful, strong-featured, with eyes looking homeward."

"And behind them the dead of countless homes," said Mrs. Vincent, "and that desolated, mourning South. Let us talk of other things; I cannot even now think of it without pain."

"It was but the historic consequences of folly and crime," said Clayborne.

She made no answer except in her gentlest tone to ask me to ring for the servant to remove the tea-tray. I knew that one of her brothers, long settled in the South, had lost his life in the Confederate cause, and I could have soundly cuffed Clayborne, who never remembered anything not in books. Now he rose to go, as we decided that it was too late to hear the "Memoir"; but then, retiring to a corner, as though he had forgotten his intention, sat down to read the nearest book.

St. Clair, who was greatly attached to Mrs. Vincent, noticing the slight look of pain which still lingered on her face, said, "You have been glancing at my little book."

"Yes. Read me something." And then — and this was quite characteristic — "I should like the lines on Lincoln." He took up the book and read:

Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,
His spirit armed in rugged mail of mirth,
Ever above yet ever near the earth,
Still felt his heart the vulture-beaks that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander wait
Till the sharp lightning brings the awful hour
When wounds and suffering give them double
power.

Most was he like that Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of head and limb.
Tender and simple was he too; so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto him
Who always for earth's little ones has smiled.

"Thank you," she said. "And one more before you go."

"This is not mine, but a friend's. He has a certain terror of publicity, but you will see at the close of the book I have put together a few of his verses. They have a fineness of quality I like. He does not write for the world, but as you write to a friend. He has pleasure in the clear coinage thought finds only when on paper."

"I think I know the man," she said. "And thank you again."

"Shall I read any more?" he said.

"Yes," she answered; "if you will be so good."

He took a book from the table, and read aloud the first half of "Saul." As he read I watched him and her. He seemed to know he was soothing her, that this was what she needed. He read the poem as a boy explores a fresh stream or wood, with thoughtful joy, and as though he had just discovered it all, and was sharing it with you. As he turned the last leaf, she said quickly, "Do not read the second part."

"No danger of that," he said. "I think that at a certain age the poets should be retired on prose pensions."

"And who shall set the date?" said I.

"Not I," she replied; "and yet — and yet —"

"Well, what?"

"Merely that I feel now as to this poet as one feels about a friend who, as life goes on, ceases to be what he was, and becomes something else which is no longer grateful to you. You knew and loved him when only a few others understood him. And now, when he has won the adulation of the literary populace, you can only look on, and wonder with a little sadness at the character of the development which time has brought about."

"It is true," said St. Clair. "Once I went to a society, and a gentleman in the dry-goods business unrolled for us a mummy. He ex-

plained the processes of embalming and the spices used, and then the object of it and its relation to the solar system and to the manufacture of oleomargarine. He told us, too, how the Egyptians embalmed geese, and, reverting to his mummy, made plain to us that, having exposed the body thereof, it was found that it was not always possible to decide its sex or nature. I think I must have been half asleep, because, just as he assured us that this state of bewilderment was the main value of the study of mummification, and that it was a wise invention of beneficent priests to train, through vexation, the intellect of the future, I woke up and knew that he was discussing 'Sordello' with occasional allusions to Mr. Sludge."

"I never before knew you half so cynical," said our hostess.

"Really, I have not put it too strongly. These societies for the infinitesimal dilution of criticism are exasperating. How the poet must laugh in his sleeve! My only comfort is that we did not invent the craze. There is a true story that an Englishwoman broke off her engagement with a sturdy guardsman because he did not know who Browning was. She took the man back again into favor when he was able to stand an examination on 'The Flight of the Duchess,' and 'The Red Cotton Night-cap Country.'"

"At least now, for a while, they will let my Shakspere alone. They have fresher prey."

"That is curious," said the poet. "Did not you see, Clayborne, that lately in repairing Shakspere's tomb there was found on the under side of the marble slab the lines,

> "Who stirs the ashes of my verse
> In his soul shall roost a curse?"

"What? what?" cried Clayborne. "Nonsense!" While the rest of us smiled, and the poet, who delighted to mystify the historian, burst into childlike laughter.

"In my young days," said I, "the business of dissecting dead poets had hardly begun. When but a boy I asked a mild old professor what Shakspere meant by 'Marry, come up.' He reflected a little, and then said it meant merely advice to marry, and indicated the elevation of soul which would follow."

"But he was jesting at you."

"Not at all. He was quite vexed at the smile of an elder boy who stood by, and who cleared my head about it when we had left the classroom. I could tell you my critic's name, but I will not."

"Don't you want sometimes," said Mrs. Vincent, "to do to your books as the Russian censors do to newspapers, and blot ruthlessly some parts of them? If a human friend is silly, or wanting in some way, it is not thrust on you forever; but the folly of our friend-book we cannot escape. One must take our friend-book as all friends must be taken, with reasonable charity as to defect and limitation."

"A noble old man whom I know well," I said, "has had printed for himself in a book all the bits of verse he loves best; the little poems, the old ballads, he fancies; whatever taste, circumstance, or remembrance has made dear to him."

"That really is a good idea," said Mrs. Vincent. "Could n't I do that, Fred?"

"Readily," he said, with a smile. "The book might be a trifle large. And shall it be only verse?"

"Oh, there must be two; I cannot mix them. And a book or two there are I can't have in chips. By the way, is n't this a charming thought?" And so saying she gave me from the table a little copy of Marcus Aurelius. It was uncut, and tied to the long ribbon marker was a paper-cutter having on its handle a coin stamped with the features of the great emperor and greater man. I knew in a moment who had given it by St. Clair's pleased look.

As I studied the grave face on the coin, Mrs. Vincent said: "I am waiting to cut the leaves. I did begin, but then fell to thinking of the emperor man guiding my fingers through his own immortal pages, and how some Roman boy, playing at pitch-penny with this coin, may have paused as the emperor passed, and turned to see if the medal were like him or not. I shall wait."

"Would he have been more great, or less," asked Vincent, "but for the woman, his wife, who had no sense of the moral stature of the man?"

"I do not surely know," she answered. "Women may immensely help men, but the strong of purpose even a bad woman does not mar. The best and the greatest have had bad luck with wives. The women who can worship the heroic, and yet use their own common sense usefully to criticize the hero — oh, they must be very rare indeed. And as to that book, I think I shall rest content with my present plan."

"And that?" I said.

"I keep near me on my table a few books, three or four — real books, I mean; books that are in the peerage of thought. They are as friends invited for a limited stay. Some day they go back to their home on the shelves, and others are invited to their places. But I meant to ask you how such a man could have had a son like Commodus."

"His father," I replied, "had virtue lifted to the height of genius, and genius is not heritable. By the by, a great Frenchman has said that is why genius is not akin to madness, since

madness is so apt to descend with the blood. And there, too, was the mother."

"And so," said Mrs. Vincent, rising, "the blame is to fall as usual on my sex. I shall leave you, I think, to your cigars. I have exhausted your wisdom. Good-night, and thank you again, Mr. St. Clair."

We rose, and she left us.

A few minutes later, Vincent said, "Have you guessed the man St. Clair's friend describes in that little poem? Do you know him?"

As he spoke I saw the sculptor look up with a gleam of amusement in his face. "Oh, it is a character; merely a character."

"I fancy I know the man," I returned. "I mean to respect his incognito. More might be said of him. He was, when first I saw him, a rather narrow person, but it was the narrowness not of parallel lines, but of a broadening angle sure to enlarge. In all ways his life has widened with the years—his tastes, his charity, his intellect, his power to please and be pleased, his range of sympathies. As a young man he was cynical, at least in talk, which is sometimes far enough away from the cynicism of action. We used to call him bitter, but some able men are in youth like persimmons, and ripen into sweetness under the frosts of circumstance."

"The men," said Vincent, "who reverse your comparison, and, facing all their lives a lessening angle, narrow to the point called death—we know them also."

Said St. Clair, "Let us hope that the crossing lines create for them too the widening angle of larger growth."

XIII.

THE account I had so long promised my friends of the character-doctor was delayed by a variety of matters. But one evening in the winter we met again at Vincent's. When I came in the room was ringing with the notes of his wife's voice. She had set for St. Clair a little love-song. Her voice had the rare charm of rendering the words with perfect distinctness, and the music was such as prettily to humor the sentiments of the verse. As she finished, he took it up and read it in his fervid way.

"Alas," he said, "we have lost the art of song. The gaiety and self-abandonment of its Elizabethan notes are dead for us. All the pretty silliness of it—its careless folly, and its gay music—rings with the life of that splendid day. Think of the lusty vigor of it, the noble madness of the lives. Imagine the struggle for national existence which made poets soldiers, and gave to life that uncertainty which makes man natural and outspoken. Here was a queen who, whatever her faults, had the art to get from noble men an ever nobler service; a woman who somehow influenced men toward greatness as surely as her 'sister of debate' made worse all who loved her."

"Oh," laughed Vincent, "we should have Clayborne give you his cold judgment of Elizabeth."

"And almost all he would say is true," cried St. Clair, "and yet but half the story. It wants a poet for entire estimate of the values of character. Your sweet, gentle, merely lovely woman makes on man no permanent impression. There must be force somewhere to evolve force. A very feminine woman with some flavor of the resoluteness of the masculine character has the trick to keep men steadily influenced, and there must be, too, the high-minded sympathy with heroism—in fact, some touch of that quality in the woman herself."

"I meant," I said, "to have added a word to what St. Clair said. England was musical in those days. Without that the song has no natural birth. Music died, and the song with it, as Puritanism grew to be a power. It was lucky for Germany, I think, that Luther loved music."

"The thought is interesting," remarked Clayborne.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vincent. "But to go back to our last subject. One of these days I mean to write women's husbands. A calm statement of our side might be valuable. I should take as my title-page motto the wise words of a friend of mine, 'Men differ, but all husbands are alike.'"

"That would begin and end your book," I said.

"Oh, the husband is generically alike, but specifically various. You may smile, but wait until you read my chapter on the management of husbands. However, I do not mean to spoil my literary venture by talking about it."

"Give me a few points," laughed St. Clair. "At any time I may become a victim. I cannot imagine it, but everything is possible."

"Might I protest?" cried Vincent.

"No, indeed," we said in one breath.

"Oh, it will be quite impersonal, my dear," she said.

"Well, and suppose we question you?" said I. "Is marriage, as we see it, a failure?"

"What a question! Is business? Are books? There are three marriages. One is a monarchy; a king or queen presides over life. One is a true federative republic; there is equality under large sense of law and of mutual rights. The third is anarchy. Time is the true priest. Many couples who seem unfitly mated learn as years go by to find the happiness they miss at first. There are people who ask too much of life. Sometimes they fail as to their own ideals and get what is better. I shall have a chapter on the friendship of marriage, and one on its disappointments."

"And one," said Vincent, "on the marriage of friendship."

"Might I say of that," she returned, "that if not a marriage of *convenance* (for it is more than that), it is, at least, a marriage of convenience?"

"Good!" cried I.

"And now we are going to hear something more; it is interesting," said St. Clair.

"No; I elect to pause here. I give you only one piece of advice."

"Well?"

"Don't marry a fool. If you would only let me choose for you."

"Agreed," said St. Clair, "if I may have a veto."

"By all means. But—"

At this moment Vincent's servant came in with a note for me. "Pardon me," I said. "Your revelations must keep, at least for me. I have to go to the hospital. I may be gone a half-hour, or much longer. Good-by, Mrs. Vincent."

"I am sorry. I had set my mind on a pleasant evening."

"What is your errand at St. Ann's?" said Vincent, as I rose to go.

"A consultation with the surgeons."

"Might I go with you?" said St. Clair.

I looked at him, astonished. "Well, yes," I returned doubtfully. "But you may have to wait long if you remain until I can leave the wards. What on earth, my dear St. Clair, can you want now, at night? There is nothing to see."

"I will tell you as we go. If you say no, I shall be satisfied."

"Very well; come, and make haste," I said, as the others bade us good-night.

Presently, as we walked along, St. Clair said, "Your note told you that a man was probably dying. An operation might save him."

"Certainly."

"I want to see death. I want to see a man die. I never saw that strange thing. I have two reasons. One is related to my art, and is not an unworthy reason. But also, North, life is an immense happiness to me, and I feel some strange craving at times to see its misery, its darker side."

"Great heaven! It is all around you."

"Yes, no doubt; but I cannot grasp it. If I help a beggar, his satisfaction alone goes with me. I can be sad on paper, but nowhere else. It seems to me, as I reflect, unnatural, wrong. I think I realize grief and pain and trouble for others, but not as a thing possible for me. And this great awful fact of all life—death—I must see it."

I did not reply for a moment. Then I said, "Perhaps you are right. I am not sure. But you shall have your way."

"And death," he said, "you must have seen it until it is commonplace to you."

"I have seen," I said, "countless deaths in battle, executions, death-beds—men, women, children. It has never quite lost for me its awfulness. The materialism which makes it seem the mere stopping of a machine, into which I once reasoned myself, lessened and left me long ago. Once, by a death-bed in a hospital, I heard a surgeon say, as a man ceased to breathe, 'It has stopped; the engine has ceased to go.' His senior, an old man, replied, 'No; the engineer has left it.' I have ceased to reason about it. At every dead man's side I feel more and more that something, immaterial as the Being who willed the thing to live, has escaped me and my analysis. Life seems to me a thing as real, as positive, as death, and, trust me, St. Clair, as we live on and on, we get to have more and more trust in recognitions of truths indefensible by mere logic. To the man whom the latter despotically governs I have nothing to say in the way of blame."

"As I think of it," said St. Clair, "death, of which I have seen nothing, only excites my boundless curiosity; and as I observe that generally I am correct in my predictions about myself, and am by nature fearless, I suspect that I would feel more curiosity than dread if I knew that I were to die to-night. One fear I certainly should have. I should shudder to think that my curiosity might not be gratified. And you? Do you think it will be?"

"I do not know. We are on ground which I rarely tread in talk. Some men, and I am one, shrink from these discussions as they grow older. One says more or less than one means, and a word said is like a bullet sped. As to some things I like to be silent. One gets into the power of words."

"What are you saying?" I added. He was speaking under his breath. He at once repeated aloud what he had been murmuring.

> Death seems so simple. Will it be
> Only a new complexity?
> Or shall the broken body free
> Broad wings of clearer life for me?

The mood and its expressed thoughts were unusual in the joyous man beside me, and without more words we moved on to the gate of St. Ann's. I left St. Clair below-stairs, and went up alone to the consultation. Drs. L—— and S—— awaited my coming. The case was one of old injury to the head. The consultation was called so late in the case that the question of the value of an operation was doubtful. The character of the two men came out strongly, as it is apt to do in these grim councils. The one, L——, was clear, rapid,

seized on the main points with almost instinctive capacity, formulated the facts and reached his conclusions with confident decisiveness. The other, S——, an older man, listened, read and reread the notes, lifted into prominence for himself the minor symptoms, and ceaselessly combated the other doctor's conclusions, deciding finally against an operation as useless.

My own voice settled the question for operation on the ground of harmlessness to a man insensible to pain, and without it sure to die. The operation was done swiftly and well by L——. As it went on it became clear that it had failed because of being a week or more too late. Said S——, who had the case in charge: "I always knew it would fail; I am sorry I troubled you at all. I don't believe much in brain surgery."

The instruments were cleaned and removed, the dressings arranged, the man carried to his ward bed, and a screen drawn around it. Then a fair-haired nurse sat down by his side, and the man was left to his fate.

As L—— and I descended the stairs alone, he said to me, "If you or I had had that case a month ago, it would have been operated upon, and possibly saved. Certainly his chances would have been enormously better. That man S—— is like an indecisive little child playing at puss-in-the-corner. He tries this corner, and runs for that, and all are occupied by some logical difficulty. Is it a moral or an intellectual defect?"

I said: "It has probably cost a life, and must have cost many. It is not any mere lack of reasoning power. His essays are clear. You would think from them that he never had a doubt. There he has no responsibility. But let him face a case, and he begins to be troubled. He is a good man, and so tremendously anxious to be right, and to do right, that when human life and interests enter into his mental operations he becomes perplexed. At least that is the way I read him."

"How different from Y——, who does not care an atom for the patient, but is distracted by his fear of intellectual failure. Naturally he abhors the post-mortem criticism. I hate most of all the fellow who reaches an opinion somehow, is scared by his own decision, and begins to hedge."

I laughed,

"If ifs and ans
Were pots and pans,
How good a brain
Were any man's.

"Indecision is an awful fool. Good-night."

In the waiting-room I found St. Clair. "Are you still of the same mind?" said I. He nodded. "Then come." And we went up-stairs.

Stillness reigned in the dimly lighted ward, except for the soft tread of a night nurse, or the hoarse breathing of some sleeper lost to his own troubles, and regardless in slumber of the neighboring tragedy of death.

With St. Clair at my side I walked over to the bed, drew the screen aside, and went within its shelter. I could see that my friend was awed.

"He is worse," said the quiet little nurse in a low tone. "You can talk," I said to St. Clair, "only not so as to disturb these others. This man will never hear voice of earthly man."

"And he is dying!" He spoke in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, and rapidly."

"And has no pain?"

"No; none."

"And why don't you do something?"

"All has been done. We are face to face with the inevitable."

"He seems as if he was working," said St. Clair. "How flushed he is! How hard he breathes! And he sweats like one who toils, and has no other expression. It is like a watch with the mainspring broken, all a hurry of meaningless motion. And his hands, how they twitch! And this you call death. I told you that I had never seen it before, and yet it looks not unnatural. Have we some intuition of it? I must have seen it before."

The young nurse looked up at him with surprise.

"Ah!" he said, recoiling. The mockery of laughter which sometimes contorts the face of death, the *risus sardonicus*, passed over the features.

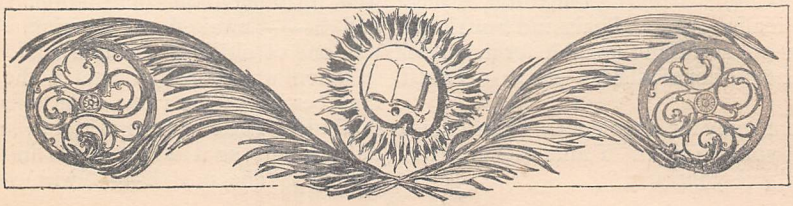
"Come," I said; "you have had enough of this."

"No; I shall stay. May I stay?"

"Certainly. A seat, nurse. I will speak to the head nurse." And I left him.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



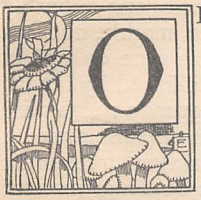
ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK.

I WIN the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.—
O lavish joy! O tender pain!
The very June wind blows,
And thrills me with the old refrain
Whose music my heart knows:
I win the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.

Ah, lost is all the summer's gain,
And lost my heart's repose;
And was it tears or was it rain
That wept the season's close?
The winter suns they coldly wane;
White fall the winter snows:
But Love and Summer come again
At touch of this dead rose.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

DID THE GREEKS PAINT THEIR SCULPTURES?



OF the many problems which are occupying the attention of archæologists, there is none of greater importance to the artists of the present day than that suggested in the above question; none the solution of which is likely to have so great an effect upon the art of the future. Up to the beginning of the Renaissance, from an indefinitely remote period, it had been the general custom to paint wooden and stone sculptures, excepting those used as exterior architectural decorations, in brilliant and often realistic colors. With the awakening of interest in classical art came the desire to imitate the ancients in their methods as well as in their principles; and the statues known at that time being—at least when they came into the hands of artists and amateurs—devoid of color, it was inferred that the Greek and Roman sculptors left the marble in its native whiteness. Consequently the artists of the Renaissance began this practice in their own works, and thus colored sculpture died out. We still find a leaning toward it in the works of the Della Robbias, and in the terra-cotta portraits of Donatello and his contemporaries, but the sentiment regarding the immaculate stone, the unwillingness to "paint the lily," had its origin in their time, and has lasted ever since.

Now, supposing we were to find that the men of the Renaissance were mistaken in believing that their classical predecessors left their sculptures white; supposing it can be proved to-day that the Greeks did color their statues and their reliefs, and that the custom of the middle ages was one handed down by unbroken tradition from classic times, will our sculptors correct the error made by their predecessors; or does the sentiment regarding the essential separation of form from color in sculpture now rest upon such firm ground of its own that we shall ignore the authority of the Greeks in this particular, and continue on our own way? This is a question which a wiser prophet than I must answer.

In the ateliers of sculptors, both in this country and in Europe, I have noticed what seemed to me indications of a desire to get away from the conventional white. The attempts to "tone" the marble with a wash that will give it an "antique" effect, the endeavor to suggest colors by pale, translucent tints, have the appearance of a sort of compromise between what the sculptor feels that his work needs to attain completeness, and what he thinks he ought to do, or to avoid doing, to conform with the traditions in which he has been educated. However, this part of the discussion is beyond my province, and is only indirectly connected with the object of this paper, which is to show what has been, not what will be done. I wish to treat the question with which we began as one of fact, not of sentiment. If we can arrive at a definite or satisfactory knowledge of what the Greeks did, we may be content to leave the consequences to others.

THE interest of the Renaissance in classical sculpture was purely artistic. The scientific spirit which now prompts the archæologist to make careful record of every detail connected with the excavation of a statue, to note every bit of evidence bearing upon its previous history, did not then exist. The sculptures of the ancients were prized solely as objects of beauty, and if they were not in beautiful condition when found, the restorer did not hesitate to make them so. Not only were they carefully

cleaned, and often polished, but missing limbs and features were freely supplied, according to the taste and fancy of the artist to whom the work fell. Sometimes, as in the case of the Laokoön, with an absolute disregard of the indications of the original gestures left upon the figures, pieces were neatly inserted where the surface had been bruised or battered, and, thus rejuvenated, statues and reliefs were offered to wealthy collectors.

Such being the case, there is small cause for wonder that the slight flakes and scraps of color which would have been the only traces that could have survived the burial of centuries were swept out of sight, and even their existence unsuspected. Yet, in a letter to which I shall have occasion to refer later, Professor Lanciani has called my attention to one circumstance which seems to me highly significant upon this point. He says:

> As regards the question of the Renaissance, I beg to notice one thing: The last element of ancient polychromy to disappear is the gilding, especially the gilding of edges, borders, and fringes. Gilding resists obliteration more [than colors] because of the *mordente*. Now, was it not the fashion of the Renaissance artists to gild not only their figures but also their architecture? Take, for instance, the lovely *ciboria* of Donatello, and even of Sansovino, the altar-pieces in *basso-* and *alto-rilievo*. They are always gilded to a certain extent.

Whether this practice was due to a conscious imitation of the antique, or was, like their painted sculptures of which I have spoken, a residue from medieval customs, the belief that an essential quality of classical sculpture in marble was its whiteness was handed down from one generation to another, and almost without question, until the beginning of the present century. Winckelmann, to be sure,—who in his "History of Ancient Art," published in 1764, laid the foundations of the modern science of archæology,—mentioned the fact that he had observed gilding in the hair and drapery of several marble statues, and that there were "heads, indeed, which were entirely gilt."[1] He even went so far as to say, in speaking of the pseudo-archaic statue of Artemis (now in the Museum of Naples), which still retains numerous traces of color, that although he believed that figure to be Etruscan, yet "from a passage in Plato it might seem as if the same practice existed also among the Greeks";[2] but, strangely enough, he left the subject there, without further hint or inquiry, important as it was. The reason is simple. The materials available for investigation in his time were of the kind already described, with very rare exceptions like those mentioned by him; and from these it would have been impossible to attain any positive results.

Yet the scientific seed was sown, and from the time of Winckelmann excavations were watched more carefully. Greece herself was beginning to open her treasures to the student. The materials which both she and Italy yielded were examined in a new spirit, and the question of color was among the earliest to receive attention. The first special publication on the subject was a superb folio by the French archæologist M. Quatremère de Quincy, issued in 1815, of which the title alone well-nigh covers the entire field.[3] His investigations were chiefly in regard to the famous *colossi* in gold and ivory, the masterpieces of Pheidias, Polykleitos, and the other sculptors of their period; but he also touched upon works in marble, and announced his belief that these were colored in all parts. He was quickly followed by others, architects especially, who began to systematize and enlarge upon the traces of paint found on architectural remains, with a view to restoring the original effect of classic buildings in color as well as in form. Semper was a strong advocate of the use of color in both architecture and sculpture, and, under the influence of men like him, the theory ran riot for a few years, so that we find one writer insisting that the Greeks not only covered their statues completely with color, but even went so far as to paint lights and shadows on them.[4]

These men went further than was warranted by the material then at hand, and their theories received a set-back in an essay by Franz Kugler, the well-known writer on the history of painting, which I may be pardoned for stopping to mention, as it remained until within a few years the most authoritative publication on the subject.[5] Kugler belonged to the class to whom the essence of sculpture is form, and form alone; and realizing that his predecessors had gone further in the matter than they were justified by the facts, he tried to save as much of the white in Greek marble sculpture as he could. Remains of statues and reliefs which retained traces of color had accumulated to a considerable extent during the previous twenty years, and in the essay of which I speak he gave a list of all such pieces as were known to him,

1 Book VII, chap. 2, § xii. of Lodge's translation.

2 Ibid., Book VII, chap. 4, § xv.

3 "Le Jupiter Olympien": ou l'art de la sculpture antique considéré sous un nouveau point de vue; ouvrage qui comprend un essai sur le goût de la sculpture polychrome, l'analyse explicative de la toreutique, et l'histoire de la statuaire en or et ivoire chez les Grecs et Romains, avec la restitution des principaux monuments de cet art et la demonstration pratique ou le renouvellement de ces procédés mecaniques. Par M. Quatremère de Quincy, membre de l'Institut.

4 L. Völkel, "Archäologischer Nachlass," Vol. I, p. 82.

5 "Ueber die Polychromie der griechischen Architektur und Sculptur und ihre Grenzen." Stuttgart, 1835.

describing the remains upon them, with a view to deducing the whole truth from these. But his object was to admit the existence of color only where he found himself compelled to, and some of the arguments he used to justify his results are decidedly amusing. The iris of the eye, for example, he was obliged to admit was colored, and of this he says:

> But the human eye, the focusing-point at which thoughts and feelings are concentrated and expressed, cannot be rendered by form; here Nature has drawn the limits of sculpture; and where she acts solely through color, there must the artist do likewise.

The results of his examination, as regards sculpture, were that the presence of color was established upon the hair, brows, lids, iris, and, in archaic works only, on the lips; also upon certain details of the draperies, such as borders, of which no indication is given in the sculpture itself. All other parts of the figure were white, though, as regards the flesh, he was obliged, in view of the statements of ancient writers, to grant a certain finish, or "toning," with wax, which did not, he thought, materially affect the color.

We need not pause now to criticize this theory, but if the reader will picture to himself the effect of a Greek statue with brown or reddish hair, gilded perhaps, eyebrows and lids to match, the iris of some dark color, and the lips, face, and skin of the natural pallor of marble, or the still more ghastly hue of wax, I think he will share my surprise that any such hideous combination could have been ascribed to the most keenly esthetic people that ever lived; and still more that such a doctrine should have held its own for some forty years, as this did. Such wretched compromises were the last throes of the school to which the term "classic" was synonymous with cold, severe, heartless—by which Greek art and Greek life alike were placed so high in the realm of the ideal as to be devoid of any sympathy with common humanity. Fortunately we have emerged from that epoch. The studies of men like Alma Tadema and Frank D. Millet, not to mention the investigations of archæologists, have shown us that, in the matter of costume at least, the white-marble idea is an exploded one, that the Greeks were as thoroughly human as ourselves, and much fonder of color.

Since Kugler wrote, the discoveries bearing upon our question have multiplied amazingly, especially during the last fifteen years, and the amount of evidence brought to light is now really so large that we can hardly hope for more satisfactory data than we possess. This evidence has been examined by a number of archæologists, especially in Germany, but the one who has made it his special province is Professor Georg Treu of Dresden. Those who have visited within the last few years the fine collection of casts of which he is the director, and have seen there the very interesting results of his experiments in restoring the color of certain statues, must have felt that the subject is an important one, and likely to lead to a revolution of our conceptions of Greek sculpture. In 1884 Professor Treu published a pamphlet entitled "Sollen wir unsere Statuen bemalen?" (Ought we to paint our statues?) which made a profound impression on the artistic world; and the perusal of this led me to give the matter careful attention. Being in Europe at the time, I had excellent opportunities for investigation; and starting absolutely without bias or preconception, I made careful notes of every bit of evidence, *pro* and *con*, which I came upon during a trip through Greece and Italy, and also in the larger northern museums; as a result of which I became convinced of the following points:

(1) That from the beginning of their art of sculpture, through its whole course, it was the custom of the Greeks, and following them the Romans, to paint their marble statues and reliefs.

(2) That this application of color was not restricted to certain details, but covered the entire surface of the marble, both nude parts and draperies, with the possible exception of portions where the natural color of the marble served its purpose in the general scheme.

(3) That the colors used were not merely tints, but strong body-colors, the aim of the artist being to imitate nature in the matter of color just so far as the sculpture itself did in that of form; that is, with a conventional idealization or generalization by which the unpleasant features of realism were avoided.

The last statement perhaps requires a word of explanation. In saying that the Greeks colored the nude parts of their figures so as to imitate nature in this particular just so far as the sculpture did in the matter of form, I have in mind the fact familiar to all, that Greek sculpture in its greater epochs was never exactly real—that the sculptors always allowed themselves a certain reservation which resulted in a conventional idealization. The most obvious instance of this is the so-called Greek profile, the straight line running from the line of the hair to the tip of the nose. Precisely such a profile as this probably never existed, yet the broad, low forehead and the straight, short nose were characteristic of the Greek race then, as now, in the purer types of the people; and one of the most interesting proofs of the genius of the Greek sculptor was the skill with which he eliminated what we may call the accidental features of the face and figure, and produced

a generalized or composite type, which has been for all subsequent ages the standard of the ideal in art.

It is my belief that there was, in the same way, a conventional scheme of color applied to the nude; a color which was not precisely that of nature in any one individual, but which stood for it, avoiding minor and unessential details,—such as the difference of complexion between one man and another,—and thus escaping the charge of realism. Such a treatment did exist in their paintings, the best illustration of which is in the distinction between the male and female sex. The Egyptians made this distinction by painting the flesh of the former a deep dun-red, and the latter yellow. Whether the Greeks borrowed this scheme or originated it for themselves, we find them adopting a similar method from a very early period of their vase-painting; and in a tomb at Pæstum, the wall-paintings from which, now in the museum at Naples, belong to a period not later than the middle of the fifth century B. C., we find this shown in a most striking manner. The flesh of the women is very fair, almost white, with a pink flush on the cheeks, while that of the men is a warm brown-red—a much greater distinction than would naturally exist between the two sexes of the same race. Every scrap preserved to us of the paintings of Greece, Rome, and Etruria shows this same distinction, with more or less refinement, according to the epoch from which it dates. Perhaps the finest example is to be found on the "Amazon Sarcophagus" in the Archæological Museum at Florence, beautifully reproduced in color in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies" for 1883, plates 36, 37, 38. This monument has an especial value in the history of Greek polychromy, because it represents an art at least three centuries earlier than that of the paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

HAVING stated my creed, it now remains for me to prove it. In endeavoring to do this I desire to say at the outset that I claim no originality for the reasons I shall give. The reader will find hardly a fact brought forward that has not been noted before, and if this contribution to the discussion possesses any merit, it is because the conclusions stated were arrived at by independent and unbiased examination both of the monuments themselves and of the arguments hitherto advanced in support of both sides.

Unfortunately there is no work of Greek sculpture now extant of which we can be certain that it has lost nothing of its original appearance. Within the last few years a large number of statues and reliefs have been brought to light with traces of color upon them, some with more and some with less; but among all that we have there is not one at which we can point and say, "There, that is exactly what the Greeks did in regard to color, and it is all they did," because, with every trace that we possess at present, there are also indisputable indications that there was originally something more, and it is the absence of that something which causes the difficulty. This being the case, the natural impulse would be to follow the rule adopted in the investigation of other branches of Greek art, and to look to ancient authors to fill up the gaps in the evidence given by the monuments. Here again we meet with discouragement at the start, because, through the whole course of classical literature which is preserved to us, there is no description of a painted statue—no direct statement that statues were painted. Now, this silence may be interpreted in one of two ways: It means either that they were not painted at all, or that the practice was so universal as not to require specific mention, any more than we should find it necessary to state that the water of the Atlantic is wet, or the coal from Pennsylvania is black. Were the sculptures not painted at all, the matter would end there, but were they painted universally, we should expect to find at least a hint of the fact in an occasional chance allusion, perhaps by way of simile or comparison. Of remarks of this nature we have a number which, though by no means large, is happily sufficient to establish the fact. I shall not attempt to give the complete list of them, as it would be out of place here,[1] but will select three or four of the most striking.

Vitruvius (Book VII, chap. 9), speaking of the application of vermilion to exposed parts of buildings, says:

> And if any one should be more particular, and should wish the vermilion finish to retain its color, he must, when the wall is finished and dry, rub over it, with a stiff brush, Punic wax melted and tempered with a little oil; and afterward, with live coals in an iron vessel, heat the wall so thoroughly as to dissolve the wax and make it smooth; then rub it down with a candle and clean cloths, just as nude marble figures are treated (*uti signa marmorea nuda curantur*).

This extract, I admit, does not in itself establish the application of color to the marble, and might be held to refer simply to a method of giving it a finish. But it is a process foreign to modern sculpture; it has evidently nothing to do with form, and apparently was applied only to the nude parts. If not necessarily con-

[1] Those who care to pursue this part of the question further are referred to a pamphlet by Christian Walz, "Ueber die Polychromie der antiken Sculptur," Tübingen, 1853, where all the important allusions are discussed from a philological point of view.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

ARCHAISTIC STATUE OF ARTEMIS.
(FROM POMPEII, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

nected with color, it must, even though we had no further evidence, be accepted as an indication of at least some kind of toning process. That it referred to something more than that I think we shall see presently.

Much more satisfactory is a passage in one of Plutarch's "Essays,"[1] in which he illustrates the relation of actors to the drama they perform by saying:

> They are like the toilet-makers and chair-bearers of a luxurious woman; or rather, like the encausters and gilders and colorers of statues (ἀγαλμάτων ἐγκαυσταὶ καὶ χρυσωταὶ καὶ βαφεῖς).

Here is certainly an interesting list of trades connected with the art of sculpture, the nature of which is beyond all doubt. Certainly no one of them would have been called upon to finish a statue that was to be left in the purity of the marble.

Again, Plato himself gives us a most valuable hint. In the "Republic" (Book IV, p. 420, C), Sokrates is insisting upon the relation which the parts of an object should bear to the whole, and uses this illustration:

> If we were painting a statue [ἀνδριάντας γράφοντας], and some one were to come and blame us for not putting the most beautiful colors on the most beautiful parts of the body,—for the eyes, he would say, ought to be purple, but they are black,—in that case we might fairly answer, Sir, do not imagine that we ought to beautify the eyes to such a degree that they are no longer eyes; but see whether, by giving this and the other features their due, we may make the whole beautiful. (Jowett's translation.)

But the most significant allusion which we have in any ancient writer is the oft-quoted passage in Pliny's "Natural History" (Book xxxv), in which he describes the Athenian painter Nikias, and, after showing how highly his works were valued, says (133):

> This is the Nikias of whom Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works he esteemed most highly, said, "Those to which Nikias has put his hand," so much did he prize the *circumlitio* of that artist.

This word *circumlitio* has no satisfactory definition, nor can it have until we know more about the technical processes of the subject we are discussing. Literally it means a "smearing over," which suffices to show that it had no reference to the sculptor's side of his art. It was a painter's work of some kind; and the fact that one of the foremost artists of his time in Athens—a man whom Brunn compares to Masaccio—should have been called upon to perform it, shows that it required more than the eye or skill of an ordinary artisan to attain the

[1] "De Glor. Athen.," chap. 6.

best results. This statement of Pliny was a hard nut for Kugler to crack, but he attacked it bravely, and offered three possible solutions of the difficulty, of which the reader is free to take his choice: first, that there might have been two men of that name, whom Pliny confounded; second, that this might have been a process of wax-coating which Nikias practised while still a young man, and without fame as a painter; third, that the statement itself was a joke—*vielleicht war es nur ein Bon-mot.*

FROM PHOTOGRAPH MADE FROM CAST IN BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

SCENE FROM THE "AMAZON SARCOPHAGUS." (ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.)

To be sure, the last suggestion has never been controverted, to my knowledge, but archæologists are agreed that there is no sufficient ground for splitting Nikias in two, and the theory of the wax-coating without color is the invention of those who, for sentimental reasons, are loath to give up the white. The simplest and most direct interpretation of the passage is that the *circumlitio* was some sort of a coloring process requiring the hand of an artist, and that it was because he was a skilled painter that Nikias's results merited the praise of Praxiteles.

Nevertheless, accepting our own interpretations of the passages quoted, we have not yet advanced the matter much beyond the point where Kugler left it. He might have admitted that Nikias painted the hair and details, drawing the color-line at those; but I am trying to maintain that the entire figure was painted, and to do this we must look elsewhere than to writers for assistance. We must turn now to the monuments themselves, and, gathering a bit here and a bit there, see if we can reconstruct the whole. It is not my intention to give a catalogue of the sculptures which retain traces of color upon them,—not even the hospitable pages of THE CENTURY would admit that,—but to select from each epoch just enough for our purpose.

Before doing this, however, let us remember the great length of time that has passed since these sculptures were made. We are discussing works which were created from 2000 to 2500 years ago, and, after that interval of time, are looking for satisfactory remains of that most perishable of all artistic mediums—paint. Moreover, time has been by no means the only destroyer of evidence. Some sculptures, for example, after standing for centuries in the open air, exposed to wind, rain, and the chemical effects of the atmosphere, have been overthrown by earthquakes, and then lain buried in the mud of overflowing rivers. Others have been buried in lime, than which there is no more destructive agent; and still others, which have been really protected by the soil in which they lay, have been unearthed with color still bright upon them and have lost it all in a few hours.[1] In view of these circum-

[1] See extract from Professor Lanciani's letter on p. 880.

stances, and of many others which might be cited, the cause for surprise is not that such slight traces have been preserved, but that there are any at all. Naturally the mineral pigments have been the best to withstand the various influences, and therefore the traces of red, blue, and gold are out of proportion to those of other colors.

Among the oldest of the dated Greek sculptures we possess are the three well-known metopes from Selinus, Sicily. This town was colonized by Greeks about 628 B. C., and there is sufficient reason for believing that the temple among the ruins of which these metopes were found was built in the years immediately following. When unearthed, in 1822–23, the metopes showed numerous traces of color, some of which they still retain, as follows:

(*a*) "Perseus slaying Medusa."— On the background traces of red; the female figure at the left, brownish black on brows, lids, and pupils, red on the borders of the garment, yellow on the garment itself; Perseus, green on the garment, red on the belt and cap, blue on the belt; Medusa, yellow on the face, red on the eyes. The eyes of the Perseus and the wings of the Pegasos also showed remains of color when discovered, the shade of which was no longer determinable.

(*b*) "Herakles carrying the Kerkopes" (the thieving gnomes who robbed him while asleep).— On the background, traces of red; on the Herakles, red on the right thigh, on the right arm directly under the shoulder, on the sword, belt, and scabbard; the same color on the bands, shoulders, and upper arms of the Kerkopes.

ENGRAVED BY F. LE BLANC.

HERAKLES CARRYING THE KERKOPES. (METOPE FROM TEMPLE OF SELINUS, IN MUSEUM AT PALERMO.)

Print, from "Die Metopen von Selinunt," by Otto Benndorf, author of "Griechische und Sicilische Vasenbilder." Heft I, IV. Preis, 164 Marks.

ENGRAVED BY F. LE BLANC.

PERSEUS SLAYING MEDUSA. (METOPE FROM TEMPLE OF SELINUS, IN MUSEUM AT PALERMO.)

Print, from "Die Metopen von Selinunt," by Otto Benndorf, author of "Griechische und Sicilische Vasenbilder." Heft I, IV. Preis, 164 Marks.

(*c*) "The Four-horse Chariot."— Red was found upon the background, the pole, the axles, and the garment of the middle figure; upon the horses: indistinct traces of gray were found on the body of the second, and white on the third, and reddish brown on the harness.[1]

These traces are merely slight patches or flakes of color scattered here and there but they show that, in the part of the Hellenic world to which they belonged, at the earliest period of Greek art, the ground of relief-work was colored; the flesh of males was painted red or reddish, while that of a female monster like the Gorgon was yellow,— a fact substantiated by terra-cottas from other places,— and that the various parts of the eye, and details in the drapery and other accessories, were indicated by colors.

Let us turn now to Athens itself, and see if the same practice obtained there. Our knowledge of the polychromy of early Attic sculpture has been infinitely broadened recently by the discovery on the Akropolis of statues and reliefs antedating the period of the Persian invasion. These were described and illustrated in an article by Mr. Russell Sturgis in "Harper's Magazine" for September, 1890, to which the reader may be referred. There is, however, one among these valuable relics, not

[1] Benndorf, "Die Metopen von Selinunt."

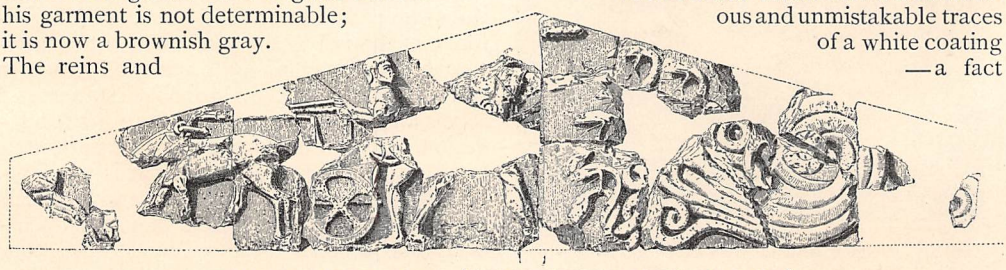
ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

HEAD OF PERITHOOS.
(FROM WEST PEDIMENT OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS, OLYMPIA.)

illustrated by Mr. Sturgis, which I must mention in detail because its bearing upon our subject is of especial importance. This is the decoration, in high relief, of the pediment of a small building, the total length of the relief being about twenty feet. The very primitive style of the sculpture shows that it belongs to the epoch of the metopes from Selinus, probably the early part of the sixth century B. C., though obviously the work of a different school. The subject is the combat of Herakles with the hydra. At the left Iolaos holds a two-horse chariot in waiting, his face turned to watch the struggle. In the center Herakles, the figure much mutilated, advances with raised club and outstretched arm against the many-headed monster, whose huge coils occupy the right half of the pediment. The material is "poros," or Peiraieus stone. In 1885 I noted colors upon this as follows: The outer of the two horses was black, the color having turned now to a dark green; the other a reddish brown. The charioteer has black hair and beard. His flesh is colored in all parts, the color being now a strong rose. The original color of his garment is not determinable; it is now a brownish gray. The reins and other parts of the harness, and the body of the chariot, are reddish brown. The color of the wheel is gone. The legs and a bit of the arm of the Herakles show the same color as the charioteer. The hydra was of various colors, black, green, and red being now distinguishable. The background shows no trace of color.

It has been argued that the colors on this pediment are so well preserved as to enable us to assert that where no traces of color are left, as on the background, it was never applied; but this is an unwise assumption, since, among these very sculptures from the excavations on the Akropolis are several examples which should warn us against accepting such a theory. For instance, there is the marble head of a boy, of a more advanced style of art, the face of which is still a strong reddish tint, the lips a deeper shade of the same, while the hair shows no sign of color. Are we to suppose this to be the artist's intention? So, of the female figures illustrated by Mr. Sturgis — through all of which it is fair to presume that the same general system of coloring prevailed, since they are of the same school and period — we find some whose lips show absolutely no trace of color, while those of others are still, or were when I saw them, bright red.

The statues found on the Akropolis give all the proof needed of the completeness and variety of shade with which garments were colored; they show not merely that the inner garment was distinguished from the outer in this way, but that borders, patterns, decorations, of which the sculpture itself gives no hint, were liberally supplied by the artists mentioned by Plutarch in the passage quoted above. Of the painting of the skin itself I noted one very surprising example — an archaic head of Athena, of life-size, the material being white marble. When I saw it, in 1885, it was in a flat case in Room V of the Akropolis museum. The remains of the helmet were of the dark bluish green that indicates gilding, on which a honeysuckle pattern was traced with a sharp tool. In the hair were slight remains of red; the brows, lashes, outline of iris, and pupil were black; the iris itself brown. On the face were numerous and unmistakable traces of a white coating — a fact



HERAKLES AND THE HYDRA. (ARCHAIC PEDIMENT RELIEF IN ATHENS.)
Print, from "Ephemeris Archaiologike," issued by the Archæological Society at Athens.

which I verified in several visits to the museum. This was extraordinary, because the marble itself was so white, though whether the coating still retained its original color, I could not determine. On the lips there were no remains of color.

Passing to the transitional epoch, we find evidences of color sufficient to show that the practice was continued, though there are no such striking examples as those we have examined. On the sculptures from the temple of Zeus at Olympia significant traces were found. There was red upon the mantle of the great Apollo of the western pediment. On the metope representing Herakles and the Cretan bull the head of Herakles still showed the brown-red when it was excavated, and the bull a similar color, the ground of the relief being blue. Many of the figures from this and other works of about the same time present the curious phenomenon of perfectly smooth hair, in which not a line is traced, it having been left thus intentionally by the sculptor, to be finished by the painter.

We come now to the most interesting monument of Greek sculpture. Was the frieze of the Parthenon painted? There is not a trace of color on it to-day. When the portions of it now in the British Museum were carried to England by Lord Elgin, they were subjected to a careful chemical investigation by a commission of which Sir Michael Faraday was the head. The commission was unable to detect the slightest trace of anything that indicated the presence of artificial color on the surface of the marble. Of positive evidence, therefore, we have none. At the same time, the frieze of the Parthenon offers some of the most convincing illustrations of the Greek practice of coloring sculpture that we possess. First of all, its situation is an argument. I think that everybody who has had the opportunity to appreciate its exact position upon the building has felt that much of the labor spent upon its execution was in vain. It was about forty feet above the floor of the colonnade. The colonnade itself measures only fifteen feet in width; and seen at this angle, the crowded groups on the long walls would be nothing but a confusion of legs and heads were we to judge from its present colorless condition. But assuming that the horses were picked out in different colors, as was done in the archaic reliefs described above; that the garments of the riders, and the other accessories, were distinguished in the same way, the modeling would then give the design an effect

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

MARBLE HEAD OF ATHENA PARTHENOS. (IN BERLIN MUSEUM.)

Print, from "Antike Denkmäler" des Deutschen Archäolog. Instituts. I, Plate 3.

PHOTOGRAPH MADE FROM CAST IN BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

YOUTH TYING HIS SANDAL.
(FROM WESTERN FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

which it never could have had if painted on a flat surface, and the color would supply to the relief the means of a ready distinction of details from whatever distance it was seen, whereas many are now indistinguishable, even at a few yards. I had the pleasure of seeing the experiment tried on a cast from a slab of the western frieze by the German sculptor Carl Cauer. He covered the slab entirely with colors, in a naturalistic scheme, and though the result was at first sight rather startling to modern taste, it was certainly very convincing on this point. The slab was exhibited at a considerable height, yet the details showed with astonishing clearness.

However, this is only begging the question. Of some kind of combination of color we have absolute proof in the metal accessories that were affixed to the marble. The bridles and reins of all the horses were of metal, probably gilded bronze, to judge from analogous cases, and the holes for attaching them are still plainly visible on the heads of the horses and on the hands of the riders. They are never indicated in the carving. Of metal also, and secured in the same way, were many of the objects carried by individuals, as well as other details. Here we have, then, a combination of at least two colors, which, if carried no further, must have had an effect not less tawdry than that of the crowned and bejeweled marble figures in Italian churches. Left to themselves upon a pure-white marble surface, these gilt details would neutralize all the refinement exhibited in the modeling. Combined with other colors, they would have occupied their proper place in relation to the whole. Moreover, while there are, as I have said, no remains of color on the frieze, there are many details in it which must have been represented by this medium, if at all. The sculpture itself gives no suggestion of them, and there are no holes to show that they were affixed. So numerous are the cases of this omission that one is embarrassed in the choice of a block which will best illustrate them. That on page 879 will answer well enough. Two of the three figures have their hands raised as if grasping some object like a staff; but where is the object itself? The marble is as smooth as when finished, and shows absolutely nothing. Again, of the sandals of these and all other figures in the frieze only the soles are indicated in the relief; the straps are omitted entirely. A striking case of this is the young soldier of the western frieze who has stopped to tie his sandal, with his foot raised upon a large stone. Although the action of the hands is unmistakable, they are quite empty. Neither in them nor about the ankle is there any sign of a strap. Among the cattle led to sacrifice are some struggling finely with their leaders. The men pull, the beasts pull, but they pull nothing. There are no indications of straps or cords either in the hands of the one or about the heads of the other. Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but space is precious.

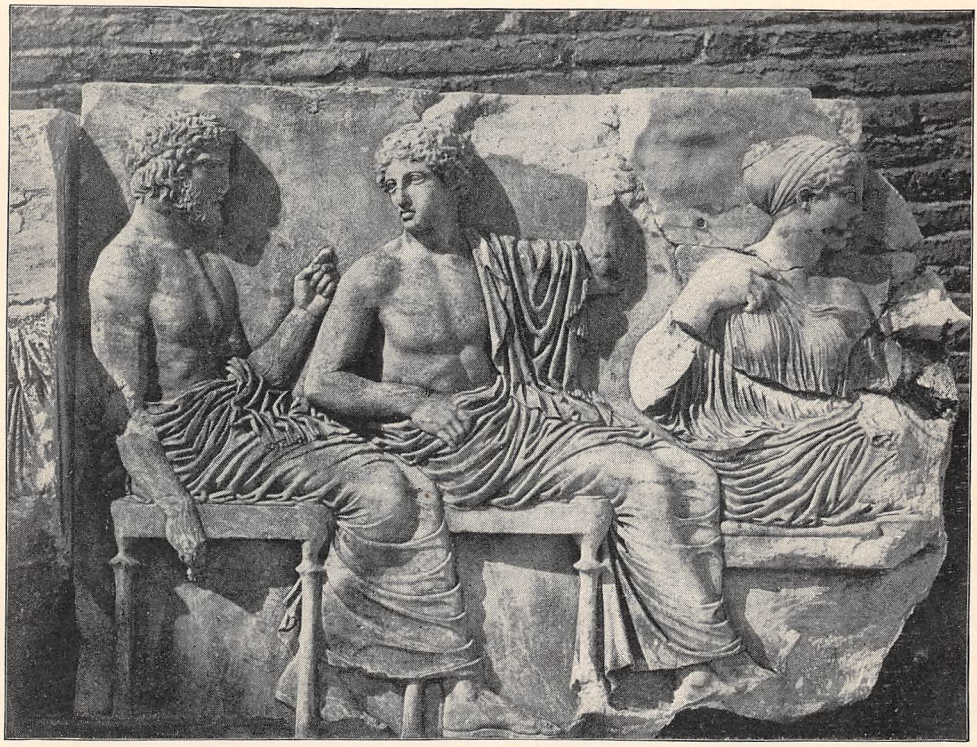
It is the painting of the nude upon the frieze of the Parthenon which we cannot prove, and this we can establish only inferentially if we can show that it was done both before and after the time to which that building belongs. We have seen that it was done before, and fortunately we have just one monument of the first quality to show that the practice still existed in the fourth century B. C. This is the mausoleum at Halikarnassos, the work of four of the greatest Athenian sculptors of their time, Skopas him-

self being one of them. During excavations on this site, in 1857, Sir Charles Newton discovered a number of blocks of the frieze on which color was still brilliant; and of this he says: [1]

It has been already noted that the whole frieze was colored. From the examination of a number of fragments on their first disinterment, I ascertained that the ground of the relief, like that of the architectural ornaments, was a blue, equal in intensity to ultramarine, *the flesh a dun-red*, and the drapery and armor picked out with vermilion and perhaps other colors. The bridles, as on the frieze of the Parthenon, were of metal, for the attachment of which the heads of several of the horses are pierced.

Vivid as these colors were when the frieze was discovered, they had so nearly disappeared by the time the marbles reached England that Newton was obliged to secure the written statements of those who had seen them in order to prove their existence. The unequivocal testimony of a monument of such importance, executed under the influence of pure Attic art, needs no commentary.

Of the last period of Greek sculpture — that known as the Hellenistic — I shall cite only two examples, one the Great Altar of Pergamon, upon the sculptures of which, now in the Berlin museum, no remains of color have been found, so far as I am aware. This is by no means strange, and proves nothing as regards the original condition, in view of the manner in which many of the blocks had been utilized for building walls in the later barbaric ages, and also of the presence of lime-kilns in the neighborhood. But upon the draperies of the figures are shallow grooves or lines, chiseled in the marble, which, in my opinion, can be nothing else than indications of the edges of stripes and borders that were represented in color. The explanation of them as representing folds or wrinkles in the garments is absurd, because they are not in the places of, nor do they follow the lines natural to, folds or wrinkles. The other work is a Bacchic relief in the museum of Naples, pictured on page 881, on which the traces of color are so numerous and satisfactory as to deserve detailed description.[2]



SLAB REPRESENTING POSEIDON, HELIOS, AND A FEMALE. (FROM EASTERN FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.)

1 "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant," Vol. II, p. 131.

2 Of course the most convincing examples of the coloring of Greek sculpture, in the Hellenistic or any other epoch, are the beautiful sarcophagi discovered a few years since at Sidon, and now in Constantinople. Not having seen these or any colored reproduction of them, I am unable to describe them except from hearsay; but they will soon be published in a manner worthy of their importance by MM. Théodore Reinach and Bey-Hamdi.

GODDESS HURLING VASE. (FROM THE RELIEF OF THE GREAT ALTAR AT PERGAMON.)

First figure: The hair shows traces of red; on the flesh are a number of specks, especially in the folds, which are undoubtedly remains of paint; the same on the drapery, but in both cases the color itself is indeterminable; on the sides of the tympanum are reddish traces, and on the top are traces of a star-like pattern, surrounded by a wreath.

Second figure: Traces of a yellowish color in hair and tail; on the flesh and the panther-skin are numerous specks similar to those on the first figure.

Third figure: There is red in the hair; remains of paint in the ear and about the eye; the panther-skin shows very decided traces of yellow, and the spots were painted on it in a color which is now a greenish gray; the left foot still shows strongly the red-brown color. On the background are remains which show that it was not painted simply a flat color, but decorated, as there are traces of green or blue near the first figure, of yellow near the third figure, and of a star pattern, three stars of which remain, to the left of the figures.

As to Roman art, I shall let him speak who is best qualified to do so, and quote the following from a letter of Professor Lanciani:

The points upon which you kindly ask my opinion are:

(1) The universality of the practice of coloring marble statues in Greece and Rome.

Speaking, of course, of Rome alone, I divide the 350 statues, or important fragments of statues, discovered under my direction into two classes. The first comprises the statues found in free ground and embedded in earth (45 per cent. of the total number); the second comprises the statues found in the thickness of Decadence walls, and consequently embedded in lime (55 per cent. of the total number). These last are out of the question, as the lime has eaten up the surface of the marble, and made investigation impossible. Of the statues found in good condition, in pure earth, and at a considerable depth, *one half* showed traces of colors at the very moment they

were brought to light. Of this half, two thirds lost their polychromy at once, one third still preserve it. Among the best specimens of polychrome sculpture dug up under my care, or within my recollection, I may mention the "Faustina" of the Monte della Giustizia (Capitol), the recumbent Venus at Ostia, the "Boys Playing 'Osselets'" of the Campo Verano (Palazzo dei Conservatori), a sarcophagus recently found outside the Porta S. Lorenzo, etc., etc. The Mythraic and Methroac sculptures are *always painted*, and so is every bit of terra-cotta. I have never seen architectural marble fragments with traces of coloring,[1] except, of course, Trajan's Column, which is said to show them. Gilding is even more frequent than painting. The "Tritons" of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, the sarcophagus of Vicovaro (see Bull. Com.), the Medea sarcophagus in the Tandolo collection, are or were gilt. The traces of coloring are, in 80 per cent. of the cases, to be seen in draperies alone; the flesh is very seldom painted. Blue, red, purple, and gold are the prominent colors.

On Christmas Eve, 1874, the Archæological Commission found seven statues in an empty room (*Horti Lamiani*). They had never had any contact with earth. Of the seven statues and busts, the colossal head of Commodus had never been painted; the head of Diana had the hair reddish; the two Tritons were gilt; the Venus Lamiana had never been painted; the two Muses —uncertain.

(2) Whether this system of coloring aimed at imitating nature.

Yes; I think it did. We have, in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, a large head of Mythras (or Atys) with the Phrygian cap painted in red, eyelashes carefully painted in black, lips in pink, and so on. In the sarcophagus found at Porta S. Lorenzo each piece of clothing of the various figures is carefully painted in imitation of the real stuff. The female *tunicæ* and *pepla* are in monochrome, save the border, or fringe, which is either gilt or polychrome.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BACCHUS PRECEDED BY A FAUN AND A BACCHANTE. (FROM HERCULANEUM, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

(3) The extent to which flesh-tints were represented.

I do not think I recollect more than two or three instances of this flesh-coloring (save the Mythraic bas-reliefs and figures).

Professor Lanciani's opinion regarding the head of Commodus and the Venus found with it, as well as some observations of my own, lead me to think it probable that at a late period, possibly during the empire, exceptions were made to the universal custom of painting sculptures. The materials for a satisfactory investigation of this point, however, we do not at present possess. One of the most satisfactory examples

[1] In Athens, however, such fragments are very common.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR. (IN MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN.)

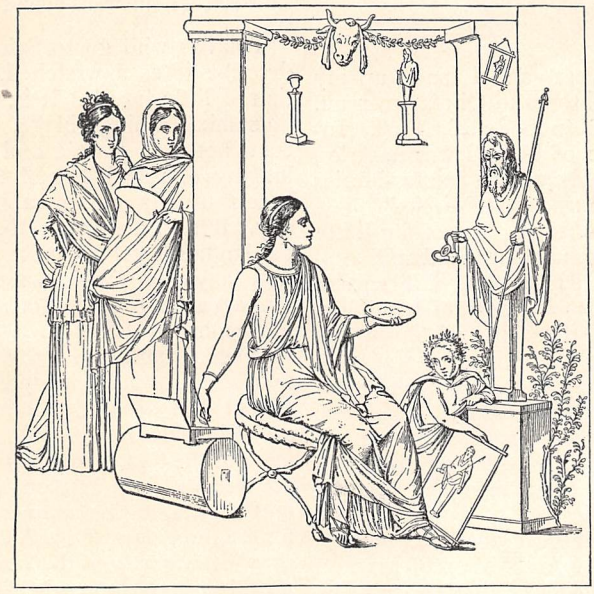
of the polychromy of Roman sculpture is the famous statue of Augustus Cæsar in the Vatican, which was discovered at Prima Porta in 1863. The following description of the colors upon it is translated from Otto Jahn's "Aus der Alterthumswissenschaft," published in 1868 (p. 260). It must be remembered, however, that the colors here described are those which always last the longest, and it is by no means to be supposed that they were the only ones originally applied:

The tunic of Augustus is *crimson*, the mantle *purple*, the fringe of the armor *yellow;* on the nude portions of the body no traces of color are noticeable, except the indication of the pupils with a *yellowish* tint; and the hair no longer shows color. But the relief decorations of the cuirass are painted with especial care, although the flat surfaces are left without color. The god of heaven, rising from *blue* waves or clouds, holds a *purplish* garment in both hands; the chariot of the sun-god is *crimson;* before him soars a female with outspread *blue* wings; the goddess of the earth wears a wreath of wheat in her *blonde* hair. Apollo in a *crimson* mantle rides upon a griffon with *blue* wings; the *light-haired* Diana, in a *crimson* garment, is borne by a *reddish brown* stag. In the middle stands a Roman

Commander in *blue and red* armor, *crimson* tunic, and *purple* mantle, with a *blue* helmet. A bearded warrior in *crimson* tunic and *blue* trousers holds up a Roman standard with insignia painted *blue*. The barbarian on the right, with *auburn* hair, in a *purple* mantle, holds a war-trumpet; the figure on the left is likewise *light-haired*, and clothed in a *blue* mantle.

So much for the testimony of sculpture itself. And now, if I have not taxed the reader's patience too far, I should like to add just one bit of evidence from another source, which strengthens the argument where the testimony of sculpture is weakest; namely, in regard to flesh-painting, especially in female figures.

While in Naples, a few years since, I made careful studies of the wall-paintings and mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii, to discover what bearing they might have upon the matter. It was my intention to continue the investigation at Pompeii itself, but illness prevented, so I was obliged to content myself with conclusions reached in the museum. Among the paintings there I found eighty-one representations of sculpture (including five about which I was doubtful). Of these, fourteen, from their yellowish or greenish tinge, apparently represented bronze. On seven I could not be certain that there was any color but white. On one the flesh was white, but the hair, eyes, and border at the neck of the garment were dark brown. The remaining fifty-nine were colored so completely and realistically that often it was only by the fact that they stood on pedestals or in niches that they could be distinguished from the living figures. Through all of them distinction between males and females in the color of the flesh was that which has been described above; the male figures being a warm, ruddy brown, the females pink and white. Beings of an effeminate nature, like the "Hermaphrodite" and "Young Dionysos," have the male color. The only exception to the rule which I noted was in the statue of an Amazon, whose flesh was of a shade between the two. In this she differs from the Amazons on the Amazon sarcophagus, who are decidedly fair. Even the "Karyatids," and those other architectural sculptures which are introduced so frequently in the bizarre type of Pompeian decoration, are colored as naturally as the living figures in the same pictures — hair, flesh, drapery, and accessories. Among the mosaics is one representing the statue of a boxer, of a good type. He stands upon a pedestal of bluish marble-color, behind which runs a red railing. The background is deep blue. Upon his hands he wears the *cæstus*. The materials used for representing the figure are white (on the high lights), pink, red-brown, light brown, dark brown, and pale blue — the last three being used in the shadows. In other words, this statue is of the same colors as the living male figures in the other mosaics collected here. This ought to be even more convincing than the paintings, since mosaic-colors are the least likely of all to be affected by the various influences to which antiquities have been exposed. Yet, if the reader is still skeptical, I will refer him to one of the pictures from Pompeii in which a woman is represented in the very act of painting a piece of sculpture! Her subject is a *herma*, a quadrilateral pillar surmounted by the upper part of a figure; and it represents an old, bearded Dionysos, who holds a drinking-cup in one hand and a *thyrsos* in the other. His hair is dark brown, beard gray, flesh a dark tone, and mantle yellow. With this evidence I am content to rest the case.



WOMAN PAINTING A HERMA. (WALL-PAINTING FROM POMPEII, IN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.)

Print, from Baumeister's "Denkmäler des Klassischen Alterthums."

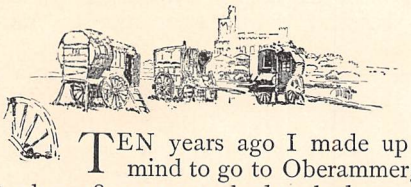
Edward Robinson.

GIPSIES IN CHURCH.

THE FEAST OF THE MARYS.

(PLAY IN PROVENCE.)

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



TEN years ago I made up my mind to go to Oberammergau. But when 1890 came nobody asked me. Instead, in the middle of May, I was in Arles, and on the 23d on my way to Saintes-Maries for the feast Mistral sings in "Mirèio."

The road to the town crosses for thirty miles the Camargue, no longer a fearful desert, but one of the richest parts of France, a land that in the autumn reeks of wine. On this May morning there passed down the broad white highway an endless succession of long carts, each filled with sad and silent peasants or bright and jolly Arlésiens, who were singing hymns as they went. Many of the people looked tired and sick and worn; in some wagons I saw blind men and cripples and helpless paralytics.

As I jogged slowly on I overtook wandering monks, gipsies, the Archbishop of Aix, and more and more cart-loads of pilgrims. Finally, as the cultivation ceased, and the wide salt-marshes began, the town, with the battlemented walls of its church, came into sight, faintly outlined low down against the sea, and I looked at it as *Mirèio* did on her weary journey:

She sees it loom at last in distance dim,
She sees it grow on the horizon's rim,
The saints' white tower, across the billowy plain,
Like vessel homeward bound upon the main.

Tourists who go to Saintes-Maries always describe it as a wretched, miserable collection of little hovels. It is, on the contrary, a flourishing fishing village, with two very decent hotels, a *mairie*, and all the other belongings of a small French country town. The hotels usually charge about four francs a day. But on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of May the landlords get a hundred francs for a room from any one who has not brought his own tent or carriage, or has not a friend, and objects to sleeping in the open.

When I wandered into the church I found that it had been completely transformed since I had last seen it. Galleries were erected around the interior, the side altars were boarded up, and the best places on the choir steps were covered with the cushions and pillows of the faithful, who in this manner reserve their seats for the three days' feast. A lay brother was busy drawing water from the holy well, salt all the year, but fresh during the *fête*, while a number of pilgrims were either drinking it or bottling it up and carrying it away. Every now and then a marvelously picturesque gipsy would mount from the lowest chapel, for at Saintes-Maries

Altars and chapels three,
Built one upon the other, you may see,

and he would scratch some powder from the rock on which the Marys landed, and descend again to where

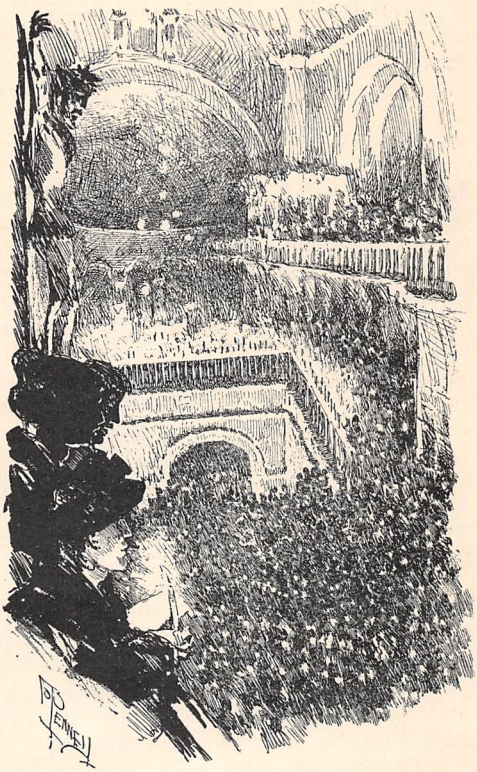
> Beneath the ground
> The dusky gipsies kneel, with awe profound,
> Before Saint Sarah.

From their subterranean shrine came the strangest singing:

> *Dans un bateau sans cordage,*
> *Au naufrage*
> *On vous exposa soudain;*
> *Mais de Dieu la providence,*
> *En Provence,*
> *Vous fit trouver un chemin.*

Then, "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" they shouted, and their shouts echoed through the long, low, barrel-vaulted church, almost a tunnel, and were repeated by the crowds kneeling about the choir. As strange as their singing were the black-shrouded figures of the Romany *chals*, gathered together from no one knew where, and now, on their knees, grouped around the tomb of their saint. Many and evil, one felt, must have been the deeds which required all this devotion to be washed away.

Throughout the afternoon people kept pouring into the town. Every foot of space around the church was filled with booths, from the stand for the sale of votive offerings managed by a priest to an equally flourishing gambling establishment presided over by a charming young lady. The gipsy women who were not engaged in praying sat by the door holding shells for alms, just as many a wandering brother in the same place may have begged his way



THE CHURCH AT NIGHT.

hundreds of years before. At the main door a small blind girl was stationed, and for the next three days the air rang with her ceaseless cry: "*Messieurs-et-Mesdames-n'oubliez-pas-la-pauvre-petite-aveugle-et-les-Saintes-Maries-ne-vous-oublieront-pas.*" To the saints themselves she never turned for the miracle for which so many were hoping, and once in a while it seemed to occur to the sacristan that hers was not the best example to encourage the belief of the faithful, and he would come and take her away. But he could never stop the endless flow of her petition, and before it had quite died away in the distance she would make her escape and find her way back again. She might have been the devil's own advocate.

The curé of the town was hustling about, looking after the Archbishop, greeting all the arriving clergy, and selling tickets for the good places in the church during the next two days. But though nearly worked to death, he was still smiling and amiable.

By evening the town was completely encompassed by a great camp of gipsies and peasants and farmers. The sun sank into the marshes, great camp-fires were lighted, and then the mosquito was abroad in the land.

I looked into the church again after dark. It was crowded; on the raised choir, where the high altar usually stands and where the

THE CHURCH DOOR.

relics were to descend on the morrow, lay the sick, votive candles casting a dim light upon their sad, thin faces, which stared out, white and ghastly, from the surrounding shadows.

And, ah, what cries they lift! what vows they pay!

Those who could were chanting hymns in quavering voices, their friends taking up the chorus. Many lay still and silent. One boy seemed too feeble to do more than to move a trembling, emaciated hand in time to the singing, and yet, every now and then, he would open wide his heavy eyes, and into his death-like face would come a look of longing, and in a shrill voice that rose high above all the others he would shriek, "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" It was as though the grave opened and the dead spoke. All night these weary watchers would lie there, waiting and hoping, and all the next day until the descent of the holy relics, the touch of which must surely heal them.

While the faith in the saints was so strong around the shrine, the faith in Boulanger seemed equally great out in the open night; at least his march was sung as loud and as long as the hymns to the Marys—louder and longer, in fact, for it kept me awake for hours. And so is all life divided between pain and pleasure.

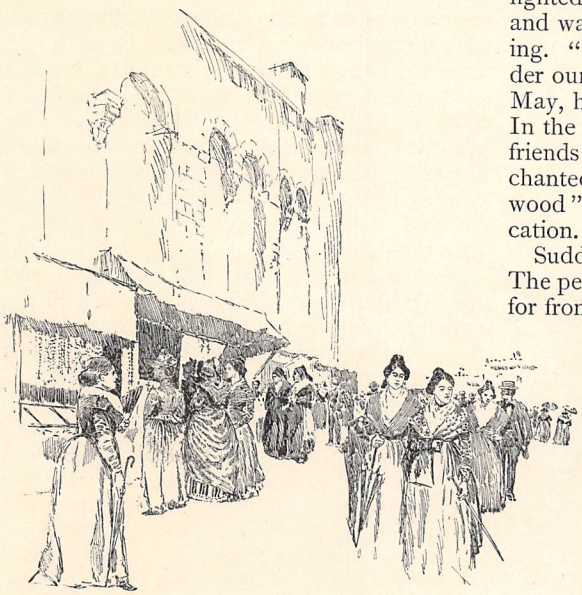
On the morning of the 24th, the great day, there were masses and sermons and practising of the choir within the church; there were bargaining and gambling and preaching without. In the blinding sunlight a steady stream of people kept winding down the single highroad into the town, while far off, at the mouth of the Little

"VIVENT LES SAINTES MARIES!"

Rhone, steamers from Marseilles and Arles and Saint-Gilles unloaded their pilgrims, who, like *Mirèio*, came wandering across the salt-marshes.

By three o'clock the church was nearly full; by four it was jammed. Around each door outside was a great crowd; inside there was not an empty seat. The long ray of light which streamed in through the broken rose-window at the western end was momentarily shut out by the people who had climbed even away up there. Every one in nave and gallery held a lighted candle, which twinkled and flickered and waved with the great volume of the singing. "We are in heaven, and the stars are under our feet," Gounod said when, one 24th of May, he looked down upon the same scene. In the raised choir the sick still waited, their friends and a few priests still prayed and chanted. "The church was like a wind-swept wood" with the mighty voice of their supplication.

Suddenly there was a cry of "They come!" The people around the altar fell on their knees; for from the airy chapel, high above the choir, a great double ark hung suspended, and now began to move downward, though almost imperceptibly. As it came slowly nearer the sick and infirm were raised toward it in the arms of the strong. Women fairly wrestled together, each seeking to be the first to lay her hand upon the holy relics. When it was a few feet from its resting-place, a solemn procession of white-robed clergy passed from the sacristy to the choir, and one priest, springing upon the altar,



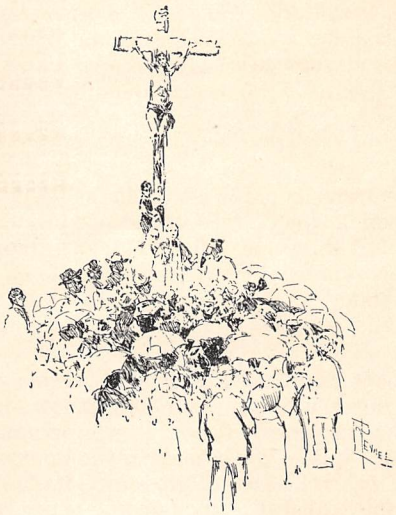
OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

seized and kissed the relics. At the same moment he was surrounded by the sick, who, as though the longed-for miracle had already been worked, pushed and struggled to touch and be healed. The priest held the relics, and the people, pressing closer and closer, fell upon them, touching them with their hands, their eyes, and even their crippled limbs, kissing them passionately, clasping them with frenzy. It seemed as though the priest's vestments must be torn to shreds, the relics broken and scattered in a thousand fragments, from the very fervor of the faithful. But finally the last kiss was given, the last petition uttered, the ark was set at rest upon the altar, the sick were placed all around it, and the chants rose louder and sweeter than ever — "Vivent les Saintes Maries!"

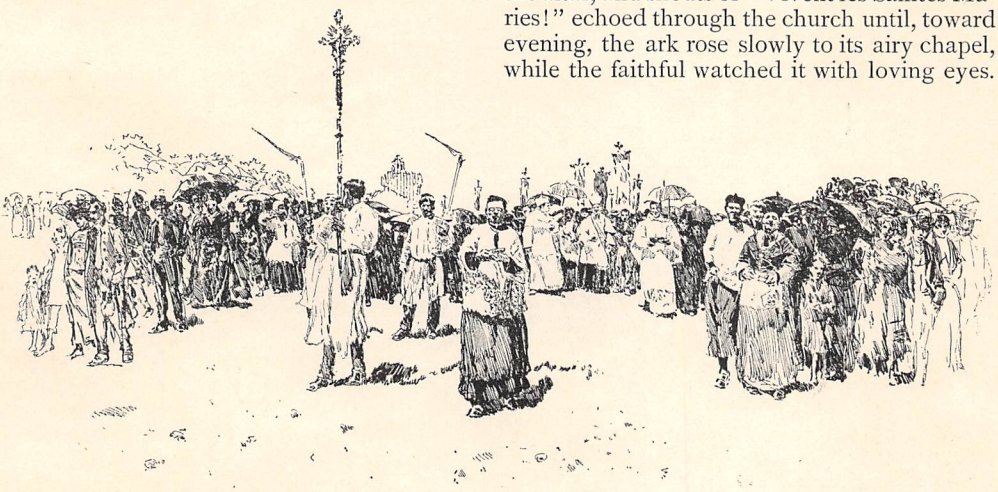
Was any one cured? No; not yet could the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame arise and go their way. But there was not a single sick man or woman whose hope was not strong for another year. There is no faith like this in Protestantism.

Again all night the sick lay there, and the church was filled with ceaseless singing. Hymn followed hymn, the pious gipsies in the lower chapel singing one verse, the people in the church above responding with the next. And again all night an army of pilgrims was camped around the town.

On the 25th, while the morning was still young, a long procession started from the church, headed by the different banners given by the towns of Provence. In solemn state the Archbishop of Aix, attended by clergy and acolytes, marched through the narrow streets, half in shadow, out into the open sunlight to the sea-shore. And next the sick and crippled came, some borne on mattresses, some hobbling on crutches, and others dragged along by their friends. Last of all a struggling crowd of gipsies carried aloft the rude figures of the two Marys in their little boat, and on every side devout pilgrims strove to kiss, or at least to touch, the holy bark. Across the sands to the sea they went, to the water's edge, and then right into the water, gipsies, people, and even priests. For a moment the boat was set afloat upon the waves, there where at the dawn of Christianity the wind had driven the saints from Jerusalem. And the gipsies again raised it aloft, and waded to land; the procession, with banners waving, candles flickering dimly in the sunshine, hymns loudly chanted, turned again across the sands, through the shadowy streets, and brought back their beloved Marys to the church. The sick were placed once more about the altar, and shouts of "Vivent les Saintes Maries!" echoed through the church until, toward evening, the ark rose slowly to its airy chapel, while the faithful watched it with loving eyes.



PREACHING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.



THE PROCESSION.

IN THE WATER.

But it had hardly reached its shrine when the church was empty. In ten minutes every one had mounted cart, or diligence, or omnibus, and was leaving for home. In two hours not a trace was to be seen of gipsy or Gentile. The pilgrims had fled as though from the plague, or had entered for a race to Arles.

So ended the feast of the Marys.

For the people of the town there was a grand ball, a grand arrival of the bulls, and a grand bull-fight. But they were much less grand and characteristic than in Arles.

This, one of the last unexploited religious festivals of the world, will have lost its character and simplicity before the article is printed. For my friend the engineer is at work on a railway.

Joseph Pennell.

THE STORY OF THE TWO MARYS.

If a lizard, wolf, or horrid snake
Ever should wound thee with its fang, betake
Thyself forthwith to the most holy saints,
Who cure all ills and hearken all complaints.

THE saints that Mistral sings of in his "Mirèio" are Mary Jacobe and Mary Salome, whose feast in May, in the little village which bears their name, is the greatest festival of Provence, and whose legend has been told again and again by Provençal poet and chronicler. They were two of the large company of holy men and women from Palestine who were thrown by the Jews into a boat without sails or oars or food, and then set adrift upon the sea. But, so tell they the tale, an angel of the Lord was sent to them as pilot, and the two Marys and Sarah, their servant, holding their long robes like sails to the wind, came swiftly and safely to the shores of the land which it was their mission to convert to Christ. They disembarked upon the remote edge of the wide and desolate Camargue, built an altar, and Maximin, one of their number, offered up the sacrifice of the mass, and

THE RETURN FROM THE SEA.

where the water had been as salt as the sea it now suddenly rose at their feet sweet and pure from a miraculous spring, a sign of the divine approval.

Then they separated, each to go his or her own holy way, all save the two Marys, who with Sarah stayed, and, building a cell near the altar, lived there the rest of their days. Sometimes fishermen passed by that lonely coast, and to them the saintly women preached the true faith, and won them to Christ. Sometimes from Arles Trophimus came and administered the sacraments to his sisters in the Church. And the fame of the holiness of the three women went abroad, and when, after they died, they were buried where they had lived, people journeyed from far and near to visit and pray at the tomb, and many miracles were worked, so that their renown grew ever greater and greater. Before many years it had become a well-known place of pilgrimage,—one of the most ancient in France,—and a mighty church was built over their lowly altar, and many and strange were the wonders wrought. A little town grew up about the church, and nuns and monks erected their convents and monasteries near, and as Rocamadour was honored in the far west of Languedoc, so was the shrine of the Saintes Maries beloved in Provence.

Then evil days followed. Saracens and Danes laid waste the land, and if even Arles and Marseilles fell before their attacks, how could the remote village in the desert withstand them? And there were also pirates, who infested Camarguan shores. And between them all, by the tenth century, nothing was left of Saintes-Maries except the little altar guarded by a hermit. But it fell out that one day William I., Count of Provence, hunting in the Camargue, chanced upon the old forgotten shrine, and the hermit told him of its glory in the past; and the Count's heart was touched, and he promised to restore it to its greatness. And the church which he built was strong, and fortified with battlements and a tower,—you can still see it on the sands to-day,—and pirates were defied, and peace once more reigned in the sacred spot. Then again pilgrims thronged to it from every part of France. Houses and monasteries again rose beneath the shadow of the church. Miracles were worked, and its prosperity returned, as William had promised. Four centuries later good King René found beneath the church the bones of the three blessed women,—by the sweet smell they gave forth they were known to be the remains of the two Marys and Sarah,—and inclosed them in a richly adorned casket, which was placed in the little airy chapel above the choir. It was then decreed that once every year, in May, they should be lowered into the church, and shown to the faithful. The relics of Saint Sarah were set in the crypt, where they received special honor from the gipsies, to whose race she had belonged. As the centuries passed the fame of the shrine increased, and there was no better-loved place of pilgrimage throughout the land.

And then again began evil days. From the Reign of Terror the village by the sea could not escape. The church was sacked, its shrine desecrated, and had not the curé concealed the sacred relics, they too must have perished when their casket was burned. After the Revolution, when quiet was restored, a new casket was made, the bones were again carried to their chapel, and the annual pilgrimage began with all the old fervor.

Saintes-Maries is so out of the way, so difficult to reach, that in this railroad age it may be said to have lost its old popularity, that is, outside of the *Midi*. A twenty-five miles' drive across the broad plain of the Camargue, and the absolute certainty of having to sleep out of doors, seem no light matters to the pilgrim who can step from a railway-carriage into a big hotel at Lourdes. As a consequence Saintes-Maries, which has no other interest save that which the shrine gives it, receives but scanty mention in the guide-book, and to the average tourist is practically unknown. But throughout the south of France the devotion to the two Marys has never weakened. The people still flock to the May feast by hundreds and thousands. And because of the sincerity of the pilgrims, and the absence of curious lookers-on, the festival has retained a character of which few religious ceremonies nowadays can boast. However, a railroad is being built across the Camargue, and in a few years Saintes-Maries will have lost its character and become as fashionable as Lourdes.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XIV.

A CITY of tents had grown up in three days without the walls of Rhatore — a city greened with far-brought lawns of turf, and stuck about with hastily transplanted orange-trees, wooden lamp-posts painted in gaudy colors, and a cast-iron fountain of hideous design. Many guests were expected at Rhatore to grace the marriage of the Maharaj Kunwar — barons, princes, thakurs, lords of waste fortresses and of hopeless crags of the North and the South, fiefs from the fat, poppy-blazoned plains of Mewar, and brother rajahs of the King. They came accompanied by their escorts, horse and foot.

In a land where genealogies, to be respectable, must run back without a break for eight hundred years, it is a delicate matter not to offend; and all were desperately jealous of the place and precedence of their neighbors in the camp. Lest the task should be too easy, the household bards of the princes came with them, and squabbled with the court officials of Gokral Seetarun. Behind the tents stretched long lines of horse-pickets, where the fat pink-and-blue-spotted stallions neighed and squealed at one another, under their heavy velvet trappings, all day long; and the ragged militia of twenty tiny native states smoked and gambled among their saddles, or quarreled at the daily distribution of food furnished by the generosity of the Maharajah. From hundreds of miles about, vagrant and mendicant priests of every denomination had flocked into the city, and their salmon-colored raiment, black blankets, or ash-smeared nudity gave Tarvin many minutes of untrammeled entertainment as he watched them roaming fearlessly from tent to tent, their red eyes rolling in their heads, alternately threatening or fawning for gifts. The rest-house, as Tarvin discovered, was crammed with fresh contingents of commercial travelers. His Highness was not likely to pay at such a season, but fresh orders would be plentiful. The city itself was brilliant with coats of pink-and-white lime-wash, and the main streets were obstructed with the bamboo scaffoldings of fireworks. Every house-front was swept and newly luted with clean mud, and the doorways were hung with marigolds and strings of jasmine-buds. Through the crowds tramped the sweating sweetmeat-dealers, venders of hawks, dealers in cheap jewelry and glass bracelets and little English mirrors, while camels, loaded with wedding gifts of far-off kings, plowed through the crowd, or the mace-bearers of the state cleared a path with their silver staves for the passage of the Maharajah's carriages. Forty barouches were in use, and, as long as horse-flesh held out, or harness could be patched with string, it did not beseem the dignity of the state to provide less than four horses to each. As these horses were untrained, and as the little native boys, out of sheer lightness of heart, touched off squibs and crackers at high noon, the streets were animated.

The hill on which the palace stood seemed to smoke like a volcano, for the little dignitaries came without cessation, each expecting the salute of cannon due to his rank. Between the roars of the ordnance, strains of uncouth music would break from the red walls, and presently some officer of the court would ride out of one of the gates, followed by all his retinue, each man gorgeous as a cock-pheasant in spring, his mustache fresh oiled, and curled fiercely over his ears; or one of the royal elephants, swathed in red velvet and bullion from shoulder to ankle, would roll out under the weight of his silver howdah, and trumpet till the streets were cleared for his passage. Seventy elephants were fed daily by the King — no mean charge, since each beast consumed as much green fodder daily as he could carry on his back, as well as thirty or forty pounds of flour. Now and again one of the monsters, maddened by the noise and confusion, and by the presence of strange rivals, would be overtaken with paroxysms of blind fury. Then he would be hastily stripped of his trappings, bound with ropes and iron chains, hustled out of the city between two of his fellows, and tied down half a mile away by the banks of the Amet, to scream and rage till the horses in the neighboring camps broke their pickets and stampeded wildly among the tents. Pertab

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

Singh, commandant of his Highness's body-guard, was in his glory. Every hour of the day gave him excuse for charging with his troop on mysterious but important errands between the palace and the tents of the princes. The formal interchange of visits alone occupied two days. Each prince with his escort would solemnly drive to the palace, and half an hour later the silver state barouche and the Maharajah himself, jeweled from head to heel, would return the visit, while the guns gave word of the event to the city of houses and to the city of tents.

When night fell on the camp there was no silence till near the dawn, for strolling players, singers of songs, and tellers of stories, dancing-girls, brawny Oudh wrestlers, and camp-followers beyond counting, wandered from tent to tent making merry. When these had departed, the temples in the city sent forth the hoarse cries of conchs, and Kate, listening, seemed to hear in every blast the wail of the little Maharaj Kunwar, who was being prepared for his marriage by interminable prayers and purifications. She saw as little of the boy as Tarvin did of the King. In those days every request for an audience was met with, "He is with his priests." Tarvin cursed all the priests of Rhatore, and condemned to every variety of perdition the hangdog fakirs that prowled about his path.

"I wish to goodness they 'd come to a point with this fool business," he said to himself. "I have n't got a century to spend in Rhatore."

After nearly a week of uninterrupted clamor, blazing sunshine, and moving crowds clad in garments the colors of which made Tarvin's eyes ache, there arrived, by the same road that had borne Kate to the city, two carriages containing five Englishmen and three Englishwomen, who, later, walked about the city with lack-luster eyes, bored by the official duty which compelled them to witness in the hot weather a crime which it was not only beyond them to hinder, but to which they were obliged to lend their official patronage.

The agent to the Governor-General—that is to say, the official representative of the Viceroy in Rajputana—had some time before represented to the Maharajah that he might range himself in the way of progress and enlightenment by ordering that his son should not be given in marriage for another ten years. The Maharajah, pleading the immemorial custom of his land and the influence of the priests, gilded his refusal by a generous donation to a women's hospital in Calcutta which was not in want of funds.

For his own part, Tarvin could not comprehend how any government could lend its countenance to this wicked farce, calling itself a marriage, which was presently to be played out with the assistance of two children. He was presently introduced to the agent of the Governor-General, who was anxious to learn more about the damming of the Amet. To be asked about the damming of the Amet, when he was making no more progress than at present with the Naulahka, seemed to Tarvin, however, the last touch of insult, and he was not communicative, asking the agent, instead, a number of urgent questions about the approaching infamy at the palace. The agent declaring the marriage to be a political necessity, the destination suggested by Tarvin for political necessities of this sort caused the official to stiffen, and to look this wild American up and down with startled curiosity. They parted on poor terms.

With the rest of the party Tarvin was more at ease. The agent's wife, a tall brunette, belonging to one of those families which from the earliest days of the East India Company have administered the fortunes of India, solemnly inspected Kate's work at the hospital; and being only a woman, and not an official, was attracted, and showed that she was attracted, by the sad-eyed little woman who did not talk about her work. Therefore Tarvin devoted himself to the amusement and entertainment of the agent's wife, and she pronounced him an extraordinary person. "But, then, all Americans are extraordinary, you know, though they 're so clever."

Not forgetting in the midst of this tumultuous pageant that he was a citizen of Topaz, Tarvin told her about that blessed city of the plain, away off there under the Sauguache Range, where half his heart lay. He called it "the magic city," implying that the dwellers of the western continent had agreed to call it so by general consent. She was not bored; she enjoyed it. Talk of land and improvement companies, boards of trade, town lots, and the Three C.'s was fresh to her, and it became easy to lead up to what Tarvin actually had in mind. What about the Naulahka? Had she ever seen it? He asked these questions boldly.

No; she knew nothing of the Naulahka. Her thoughts were bounded by the thought of going home in the spring. Home for her meant a little house near Surbiton, close to the Crystal Palace, where her three-year-old boy was waiting for her; and the interests of the other English men and women seemed equally remote from Rajputana—not to mention the Naulahka. It was only inferentially that Tarvin could gather that they had spent the greater part of their working lives within the limits of the country. They talked as gipsies might talk by the roadside a little before the horses are put into the caravan. The ways were hot, they implied, and very dusty; and they hoped one

day to be able to rest. The wedding was only one more weary incident on the line of march, and they devoutly wished it over. One of them even envied Tarvin for coming to the state with his fresh eye and his lively belief in the possibility of getting something out of the land beside a harvest of regrets.

The last day of the marriage ceremonies began and ended with more cannon, more fireworks, more clattering of hoofs, more trumpeting of elephants, and with the clamor of bands trying to play "God Save the Queen." The Maharaj Kunwar was to appear in the evening (in an Indian state wedding the bride is neither mentioned nor seen) at a banquet, where the agent of the Governor-General would propose his health and that of his father. The Maharaj was to make a speech in his best English. A court scribe had already composed a long oration to be used by his father. Tarvin was beginning seriously to doubt whether he should ever see the child alive again, and, before the banquet, rode out into the seething city to reconnoiter. It was twilight, and the torches were flaring between the houses. Wild outlanders from the desert, who had never seen a white man before, caught his horse by the bridle, examined him curiously, and with a grunt let him pass. The many-colored turbans showed under the flickering light like the jewels of a broken necklace, and all the white housetops were crowded with the veiled figures of women. In half an hour the Maharaj Kunwar would make his way from the royal temple to the banqueting-tent at the head of a procession of caparisoned elephants.

Tarvin forced his way inch by inch through the dense crowd that waited at the foot of the temple steps. He merely wished to satisfy himself that the child was well; he wanted to see him come from the temple. As he looked about him he saw that he was the only white man in the crowd, and pitied his jaded acquaintances, who could find no pleasure in the wild scene under his eyes.

The temple doors were closed, and the torchlight flashed back from the ivory and silver with which they were inlaid. Somewhere out of sight stood the elephants, for Tarvin could hear their deep breathing and an occasional squeal above the hum of the crowd. Half a troop of cavalry, very worn and dusty with the day's labors, were trying to clear an open space before the temple, but they might as well have tried to divide a rainbow. From the roofs of the houses the women were throwing flowers, sweetmeats, and colored rice into the crowd, while small bards, not yet attached to the house of any prince, chanted aloud in praise of the Maharajah, the Maharaj Kunwar, the Viceroy, the agent of the Governor-General, Colonel Nolan, and any one else who might possibly reward praise with pence. One of these men, recognizing Tarvin, struck up a chant in his honor. He had come, said the song, from a far country to dam an ungovernable river, and fill the country-side with gold; his step was like the step of a dromedary in the spring; his eye terrible as that of an elephant; and the graces of his person such that the hearts of all the women of Rhatore turned to water when he rode upon the public way. Lastly, he would reward the singer of this poor song with untold generosity, and his name and fame should endure in the land so long as the flag of Gokral Seetarun had five colors, or as long as the Naulahka adorned the throat of kings.

Then, with an ear-splitting shriek of conchs, the temple doors opened inward, and the voices of the crowd were hushed into a whisper of awe. Tarvin's hands tightened on the reins of his horse, and he leaned forward to stare. The opened doors of the temples framed a square of utter darkness, and to the screeching of the conchs was added a throbbing of innumerable drums. A breath of incense, strong enough to make him cough, drifted across the crowd, which were absolutely silent now.

The next moment the Maharaj Kunwar, alone and unattended, came out of the darkness, and stood in the torchlight with his hands on the hilt of his sword. The face beneath the turban, draped with loops of diamonds under an emerald aigret, was absolutely colorless. There were purple circles about his eyes, and his mouth was half open; but the pity Tarvin felt for the child's weariness was silenced by a sudden thrill and leap of his heart, for on the gold cloth of the Maharaj Kunwar's breast lay the Naulahka.

There was no need, this time, to ask any questions. It was not he who saw it; its great deep eyes seemed to fall on him. It blazed with the dull red of the ruby, the angry green of the emerald, the cold blue of the sapphire, and the white, hot glory of the diamond. But dulling all these glories was the superb radiance of one gem that lay above the great carved emerald on the central clasp. It was the black diamond—black as the pitch of the infernal lake, and lighted from below with the fires of hell.

The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay.

There was no time to think, to estimate, to appraise, scarcely a moment even to realize, for the conchs suddenly wailed again, the Maharaj stepped back into the darkness, and the doors of the temple were shut.

XV.

TARVIN made his way to the banquet with his face aflame and his tongue dry between his teeth. He had seen it. It existed. It was not a myth. And he would have it; he would take it back with him. Mrs. Mutrie should hang it about the sculptured neck that looked so well when she laughed; and the Three C.'s should come to Topaz. He would be the savior of his town; the boys at home would take the horses out of his carriage and drag him up Pennsylvania Avenue with their own hands; and town lots would sell next year in Topaz by the running inch.

It was worth all the waiting, worth the damming of a hundred rivers, worth a century of pachisi-playing, and a thousand miles of bullock-cart. As he drained a glass to the health of the young Maharaj Kunwar at the banquet that evening, he renewed his pledge to himself to fight it out on this line if it took all summer. His pride of success had lain low of late, and taken many hurts; but now that he had seen his prize he esteemed it already within his grasp, as he had argued at Topaz that Kate must be his because he loved her.

Next morning he woke with a confused notion that he stood on the threshold of great deeds; and then, in his bath, he wondered whence he had plucked the certainty and exultation of the night before. He had, indeed, seen the Naulahka, but the temple doors had closed on the vision. He found himself asking whether either temple or necklace had been real, and in the midst of his wonder and excitement was half-way to the city before he knew that he had left the rest-house. When he came to himself, however, he knew well whither he was going and what he was going for. If he had seen the Naulahka, he meant to keep it in sight. It had disappeared into the temple. To the temple, therefore, he would go.

Fragments of burnt-out torches lay on the temple steps among trampled flowers and spilt oil, and the marigold garlands hung limp and wilted on the fat shoulders of the black stone bulls that guarded the inner court. Tarvin took off his white pith helmet (it was very hot, though it was only two hours after dawn), pushed back the scanty hair from his high forehead, and surveyed the remnants of yesterday's feast. The city was still asleep after its holiday. The doors of the building were wide open, and he ascended the steps and walked in, with none to hinder.

The formless, four-faced god Iswara, standing in the center of the temple, was smeared and discolored with stains of melted butter, and the black smoke of exhausted incense. Tarvin looked at the figure curiously, half expecting to find the Naulahka hung about one of its four necks. Behind him, in the deeper gloom of the temple, stood other divinities, many-handed and many-headed, tossing their arms aloft, protruding their tongues, and grinning at one another. The remains of many sacrifices lay about them, and in the half light Tarvin could see that the knees of one were dark with dried blood. Overhead the dark roof ran up into a Hindu dome, and there was a soft rustle and scratching of nesting bats.

Tarvin, with his hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, gazed at the image, looking about him and whistling softly. He had been a month in India, but he had not yet penetrated to the interior of a temple. Standing there, he recognized with fresh force how entirely the life, habits, and traditions of this strange people alienated them from all that seemed good and right to him; and he was vaguely angered to know that it was the servants of these horrors who possessed a necklace which had power to change the destiny of a Christian and civilized town like Topaz.

He knew that he would be expelled without ceremony for profanation, if discovered, and made haste to finish his investigations, with a half-formed belief that the slovenliness of the race might have caused them to leave the Naulahka about somewhere, as a woman might leave her jewels on her dressing-table after a late return from a ball the night before. He peered about and under the gods, one by one, while the bats squeaked above him. Then he returned to the central image of Iswara, and in his former attitude regarded the idol.

It occurred to him that, though he was on level ground, most of his weight was resting on his toes, and he stepped back to recover his balance. The slab of sandstone he had just quitted rolled over slowly as a porpoise rolls in the still sea, revealing for an instant a black chasm below. Then it shouldered up into its place again without a sound, and Tarvin wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. If he had found the Naulahka at that instant he would have smashed it in pure rage. He went out into the sunlight once more, devoting the country where such things were possible to its own gods; he could think of nothing worse.

A priest, sprung from an unguessable retreat, came out of the temple immediately afterward, and smiled upon him.

Tarvin, willing to renew his hold on the wholesome world in which there were homes and women, betook himself to the missionary's cottage, where he invited himself to breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Estes had kept themselves strictly aloof from the marriage ceremony, but they could enjoy Tarvin's account of it, delivered from the Topaz point of view. Kate was un-

feignedly glad to see him. She was full of the discreditable desertion of Dhunpat Rai and the hospital staff from their posts. They had all gone to watch the wedding festivities, and for three days had not appeared at the hospital. The entire work of the place had devolved on herself and the wild woman of the desert who was watching her husband's cure. Kate was very tired, and her heart was troubled with misgivings for the welfare of the little Prince, which she communicated to Tarvin when he drew her out upon the veranda after breakfast.

"I 'm sure he wants absolute rest now," she said, almost tearfully. "He came to me at the end of the dinner last night — I was then in the women's wing of the palace — and cried for half an hour. Poor little baby! It 's cruel."

"Oh, well, he 'll be resting to-day. Don't worry."

"No; to-day they take his bride back to her own people again, and he has to drive out with the procession, or something — in this sun, too. It 's very wicked. Does n't it ever make your head ache, Nick? I sometimes think of you sitting out on that dam of yours, and wonder how you can bear it."

"I can bear a good deal for you, little girl," returned Tarvin, looking down into her eyes.

"Why, how is that for me, Nick?"

"You 'll see if you live long enough," he assured her; but he was not anxious to discuss his dam, and returned to the safer subject of the Maharaj Kunwar.

Next day and the day after he rode aimlessly about in the neighborhood of the temple, not caring to trust himself within its walls again, but determined to keep his eye upon the first and last spot where he had seen the Naulahka. There was no chance at present of getting speech with the only living person, save the King, whom he definitely knew had touched the treasure. It was maddening to await the reappearance of the Maharaj Kunwar in his barouche, but he summoned what patience he could. He hoped much from him; but meanwhile he often looked in at the hospital to see how Kate fared. The traitor Dhunpat Rai and his helpers had returned; but the hospital was crowded with cases from the furthest portions of the state — fractures caused by the King's reckless barouches, and one or two cases, new in Kate's experience, of men drugged, under the guise of friendship, for the sake of the money they carried with them, and left helpless in the public ways.

Tarvin, as he cast his shrewd eye about the perfectly kept men's ward, humbly owned to himself that, after all, she was doing better work in Rhatore than he. She at least did not run a hospital to cover up deeper and darker designs, and she had the inestimable advantage over him of having her goal in sight. It was not snatched from her after one maddening glimpse; it was not the charge of a mysterious priesthood, or of an impalpable state; it was not hidden in treacherous temples, nor hung round the necks of vanishing infants.

One morning, before the hour at which he usually set out for the dam, Kate sent a note over to him at the rest-house asking him to call at the hospital as soon as possible. For one rapturous moment he dreamed of impossible things. But, smiling bitterly at his readiness to hope, he lighted a cigar, and obeyed the order.

Kate met him on the steps, and led him into the dispensary.

She laid an eager hand on his arm. "Do you know anything about the symptoms of hemp-poisoning?" she asked him.

He caught her by both hands quickly, and stared wildly into her face. "Why? Why? Has any one been daring —?"

She laughed nervously. "No, no. It is n't me. It 's him."

"Who?"

"The Maharaj — the child. I 'm certain of it now." She went on to tell him how, that morning, the barouche, the escort, and a pompous native had hurried up to the missionary's door bearing the almost lifeless form of the Maharaj Kunwar; how she had at first attributed the attack, whatever it might be, to exhaustion consequent upon the wedding festivities; how the little one had roused from his stupor, blue-lipped and hollow-eyed, and had fallen from one convulsion into another, until she had begun to despair; and how, at the last, he had dropped into a deep sleep of exhaustion, when she had left him in the care of Mrs. Estes. She added that Mrs. Estes had believed that the young prince was suffering from a return of his usual malady; she had seen him in paroxysms of this kind twice before Kate came.

"Now look at this," said Kate, taking down the chart of her hospital cases, on which were recorded the symptoms and progress of two cases of hemp-poisoning that had come to her within the past week:

"These men," she said, "had been given sweetmeats by a gang of traveling gipsies, and all their money was taken from them before they woke up. Read for yourself."

Tarvin read, biting his lips. At the end he looked up at her sharply.

"Yes," he said, with an emphatic nod of his head — "yes. Sitabhai?"

"Who else would dare?" answered Kate, passionately.

"I know. I know. But how to stop her going on! how to bring it home to her!"

"Tell the Maharajah," responded Kate, decidedly.

Tarvin took her hand. "Good! I 'll try it. But there 's no shadow of proof, you know."

"No matter. Remember the boy. Try. I must go back to him now."

The two returned to the house of the missionary together, saying very little on the way. Tarvin's indignation that Kate should be mixed up in this miserable business almost turned to anger at Kate herself, as he rode beside her; but his wrath was extinguished at sight of the Maharaj Kunwar. The child lay on a bed in an inner room at the missionary's, almost too weak to turn his head. As Kate and Tarvin entered, Mrs. Estes rose from giving him his medicine, said a word to Kate by way of report, and returned to her own work. The child was clothed only in a soft muslin coat; but his sword and jeweled belt lay across his feet.

"Salaam, Tarvin Sahib," he murmured. "I am very sorry that I was ill."

Tarvin bent over him tenderly. "Don't try to talk, little one."

"Nay; I am well now," was the answer. "Soon we will go riding together."

"Were you very sick, little man?"

"I cannot tell. It is all dark to me. I was in the palace laughing with some of the dance-girls. Then I fell. And after that I remember no more till I came here."

He gulped down the cooling draught that Kate gave him, and resettled himself on the pillows, while one wax-yellow hand played with the hilt of his sword. Kate was kneeling by his side, one arm under the pillow supporting his head; and it seemed to Tarvin that he had never before done justice to the beauty latent in her good, plain, strong features. The trim little figure took softer outlines, the firm mouth quivered, the eyes were filled with a light that Tarvin had never seen before.

"Come to the other side—so," said the child, beckoning Tarvin in the native fashion, by folding all his tiny fingers into his palms rapidly and repeatedly. Tarvin knelt obediently on the other side of the couch. "Now I am a king, and this is my court."

Kate laughed musically in her delight at seeing the boy recovering strength. Tarvin slid his arm under the pillow, found Kate's hand there, and held it.

The portière at the door of the room dropped softly. Mrs. Estes had stolen in for a moment, and imagined that she saw enough to cause her to steal out again. She had been thinking a great deal since the days when Tarvin first introduced himself.

The child's eyes began to grow dull and heavy, and Kate would have withdrawn her arm to give him another draught.

"Nay; stay so," he said imperiously; and relapsing into the vernacular, muttered thickly: "Those who serve the king shall not lack their reward. They shall have villages free of tax—three, five villages; Sujjain, Amet, and Gungra. Let it be entered as a free gift when they marry. They shall marry, and be about me always—Miss Kate and Tarvin Sahib."

Tarvin did not understand why Kate's hand was withdrawn swiftly. He did not know the vernacular as she did.

"He is getting delirious again," said Kate, under her breath. "Poor, poor little one!"

Tarvin ground his teeth, and cursed Sitabhai between them. Kate was wiping the damp forehead, and trying to still the head as it was thrown restlessly from side to side. Tarvin held the child's hands, which closed fiercely on his own, as the boy was racked and convulsed by the last effects of the hemp.

For some minutes he fought and writhed, calling upon the names of many gods, striving to reach his sword, and ordering imaginary regiments to hang those white dogs to the beams of the palace gate, and to smoke them to death.

Then the crisis passed, and he began to talk to himself and to call for his mother.

The vision of a little grave dug in the open plain sloping to the river, where they had laid out the Topaz cemetery, rose before Tarvin's memory. They were lowering Heckler's first baby into it, in its pine coffin; and Kate, standing by the grave-side, was writing the child's name on the finger's length of smoothed pine which was to be its only headstone.

"Nay, nay, nay!" wailed the Maharaj Kunwar. "I am speaking the truth; and oh, I was so tired at that pagal dance in the temple, and I only crossed the courtyard. . . . It was a new girl from Lucknow; she sang the song of 'The Green Pulse of Mundore.' . . . Yes; but only some almond curd. I was hungry, too. A little white almond curd, mother. Why should I not eat when I feel inclined? Am I a sweeper's son, or a prince? Pick me up! pick me up! It is very hot inside my head. . . . Louder. I do not understand. Will they take me over to Kate? She will make all well. What was the message?" The child began to wring his hands despairingly. "The message! the message! I have forgotten the message. No one in the state speaks English as I speak English. But I have forgotten the message.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

Yes, mother; till she cries. I am to say the whole of it till she cries. I will not forget. I did not forget the first message. By the great god Har! I have forgotten this message." And he began to cry.

Kate, who had watched so long by bedsides of pain, was calm and strong; she soothed the child, speaking to him in a low, quieting voice, administering a sedative draught, doing the right thing, as Tarvin saw, surely and steadily, undisturbed. It was he who was shaken by the agony that he could not alleviate.

The Maharaj Kunwar drew a long, sobbing breath, and contracted his eyebrows.

"*Mahadeo ki jai!*" he shouted. "It has come back. 'A gipsy has done this. A gipsy has done this.' And I was to say it until she cried."

Kate half rose, with an awful look at Tarvin. He returned it, and, nodding, strode from the room, dashing the tears from his eyes.

XVI.

"WANT to see the Maharajah."

"He cannot be seen."

"I shall wait until he comes."

"He will not be seen all day."

"Then I shall wait all day."

Tarvin settled himself comfortably in his saddle, and drew up in the center of the courtyard, where he was wont to confer with the Maharajah.

The pigeons were asleep in the sunlight, and the little fountain was talking to itself, as a pigeon cooes before settling to its nest. The white marble flagging glared like hot iron, and waves of heat flooded him from the green-shaded walls. The guardian of the gate tucked himself up in his sheet again and slept. And with him slept, as it seemed, the whole world in a welter of silence as intense as the heat. Tarvin's horse champed his bit, and the echoes of the ringing iron tinkled from side to side of the courtyard. The man himself whipped a silk handkerchief round his neck as some slight protection against the peeling sunbeams, and, scorning the shade of the archway, waited in the open that the Maharajah might see there was an urgency in his visit.

In a few minutes there crept out of the stillness a sound like the far-off rustle of wind across a wheat-field on a still autumn day. It came from behind the green shutters, and with its coming Tarvin mechanically straightened himself in the saddle. It grew, died down again, and at last remained fixed in a continuous murmur for which the ear strained uneasily—such a murmur as heralds the advance of a loud racing tide in a nightmare, when the dreamer cannot flee nor declare his terror in any voice but a whisper. After the rustle came the smell of jasmine and musk that Tarvin knew well.

The palace wing had wakened from its afternoon siesta, and was looking at him with a hundred eyes. He felt the glances that he could not see, and they filled him with wrath as he sat immovable, while the horse swished at the flies. Somebody behind the shutters yawned a polite little yawn. Tarvin chose to regard it as an insult, and resolved to stay where he was till he or the horse dropped. The shadow of the afternoon sun crept across the courtyard inch by inch, and wrapped him at last in stifling shade.

There was a muffled hum—quite distinct from the rustle—of voices within the palace. A little ivory-inlaid door opened, and the Maharajah rolled into the courtyard. He was in the ugliest muslin undress, and his little saffron-colored Rajput turban was set awry on his head, so that the emerald plume tilted drunkenly. His eyes were red with opium, and he walked as a bear walks when he is overtaken by the dawn in the poppy-field, where he has gorged his fill through the night-watches.

Tarvin's face darkened at the sight, and the Maharajah, catching the look, bade his attendants stand back out of earshot.

"Have you been waiting long, Tarvin Sahib?" he asked huskily, with an air of great good will. "You know I see no man at this afternoon hour, and—and they did not bring me the news."

"I can wait," said Tarvin, composedly.

The King seated himself in the broken Windsor chair, which was splitting in the heat, and eyed Tarvin suspiciously.

"Have they given you enough convicts from the jails? Why are you not on the dam, then, instead of breaking my rest? By God! is a king to have no peace because of you and such as you?"

Tarvin let this outburst go by without comment.

"I have come to you about the Maharaj Kunwar," he said quietly.

"What of him?" said the Maharajah, quickly. "I—I—have not seen him for some days."

"Why?" asked Tarvin, bluntly.

"Affairs of state and urgent political necessity," murmured the King, evading Tarvin's wrathful eyes. "Why should I be troubled by these things, when I know that no harm has come to the boy?"

"No harm!"

"How could harm arrive?" The voice dropped into an almost conciliatory whine. "You yourself, Tarvin Sahib, promised to be his true friend. That was on the day you rode so well, and stood so well against my body-

guard. Never have I seen such riding, and *therefore* why should I be troubled? Let us drink."

He beckoned to his attendants. One of them came forward with a long silver tumbler concealed beneath his flowing garments, and poured into it an allowance of liqueur brandy that made Tarvin, used to potent drinks, open his eyes. The second man produced a bottle of champagne, opened it with a skill born of long practice, and filled up the tumbler with the creaming wine.

The Maharajah drank deep, and wiped the foam from his beard, saying apologetically: "Such things are not for political agents to see; but you, Sahib, are true friend of the state. Therefore I let you see. Shall they mix you one like this?"

"Thanks. I did n't come here to drink. I came to tell you that the Maharaj has been very ill."

"I was told there was a little fever," said the King, leaning back in his chair. "But he is with Miss Sheriff, and she will make all well. Just a little fever, Tarvin Sahib. Drink with me."

"A little hell! Can you understand what I am saying? The little chap has been half poisoned."

"Then it was the English medicines," said the Maharajah, with a bland smile. "Once they made me very sick, and I went back to the native hakims. You are always making funny talks, Tarvin Sahib."

With a mighty effort Tarvin choked down his rage, and tapped his foot with his riding-whip, speaking very clearly and distinctly: "I have n't come here to make funny talk to-day. The little chap is with Miss Sheriff now. He was driven over there; and somebody in the palace has been trying to poison him with hemp."

"Bhang!" said the Maharajah, stupidly.

"I don't know what you call the mess, but he has been poisoned. But for Miss Sheriff he would have died—your first son would have died. He has been poisoned,—do you hear, Maharajah Sahib?—and by some one in the palace."

"He has eaten something bad, and it has made him sick," said the King, surlily. "Little boys eat anything. By God! no man would dare to lay a finger on my son."

"What would you do to prevent it?"

The Maharajah half rose to his feet, and his red eyes filled with fury. "I would tie him to the fore foot of my biggest elephant, and kill him through an afternoon!" Then he relapsed, foaming, into the vernacular, and poured out a list of the hideous tortures that were within his will but not in his power to inflict. "I would do all these things to any man who touched him," he concluded.

Tarvin smiled incredulously.

"I know what you think," stormed the King, maddened by the liquor and the opium. "You think that because there is an English government I can make trials only by law, and all that nonsense. Stuff! What do I care for the law that is in books? Will the walls of my palace tell anything that I do?"

"They won't. If they did, they might let you know that it is a woman inside the palace who is at the bottom of this."

The Maharajah's face turned gray under its brown. Then he burst forth anew, almost huskily: "Am I a king or a potter that I must have the affairs of my zenana dragged into the sunlight by any white dog that chooses to howl at me? Go out, or the guard will drive you out like a jackal."

"That 's all right," said Tarvin, calmly. "But what has it to do with the Prince, Maharajah Sahib? Come over to Mr. Estes's, and I 'll show you. You 've had some experience of drugs, I suppose. You can decide for yourself. The boy has been poisoned."

"It was an accursed day for my state when I first allowed the missionaries to come, and a worse day when I did not drive you out."

"Not in the least. I 'm here to look after the Maharaj Kunwar, and I 'm going to do it. You prefer leaving him to be killed by your women."

"Tarvin Sahib, do you know what you say?"

"Should n't be saying it if I did n't. I have all the proof in my hands."

"But when there is a poisoning there are no proofs of any kind, least of all when a woman poisons! One does justice on suspicion, and by the English law it is a most illiberal policy to kill on suspicion. Tarvin Sahib, the English have taken away from me everything that a Rajput desires, and I and the others are rolling in idleness like horses that never go to exercise. But at least I am master *there!*"

He waved a hand toward the green shutters, and spoke in a lower key, dropping back into his chair, and closing his eyes.

Tarvin looked at him despairingly.

"No one man would dare—no man would dare," murmured the Maharajah, more faintly. "And as for the other thing that you spoke of, it is not in your power. By God! I am a Rajput and a king. I do not talk of the life behind the curtain."

Then Tarvin took his courage in both hands and spoke.

"I don't want you to talk," he said; "I merely want to warn you against Sitabhai. She 's poisoning the Prince."

The Maharajah shuddered. That a Euro-

pean should mention the name of his queen was in itself sufficient insult, and one beyond all his experience. But that a European should cry aloud in the open courtyard a charge such as Tarvin had just made surpassed imagination. The Maharajah had just come from Sitabhai, who had lulled him to rest with songs and endearments sacred to him alone; and here was this lean outlander assailing her with vile charges. But for the drugs he would, in the extremity of his rage, have fallen upon Tarvin, who was saying, "I can prove it quite enough to satisfy Colonel Nolan."

The Maharajah stared at Tarvin with shiny eyes, and Tarvin thought for a moment that he was going to fall in a fit; but it was the drink and the opium reasserting their power upon him. He mumbled angrily. The head fell forward, the words ceased, and he sat in his chair breathing heavily, as senseless as a log.

Tarvin gathered up his reins, and watched the sodden monarch for a long time in silence, as the rustle behind the shutters rose and fell. Then he turned to go, and rode out through the arch, thinking.

Something sprang out of the darkness where the guard slept, and where the King's fighting apes were tethered; and the horse reared as a gray ape, its chain broken at the waistband, flung itself on the pommel of the saddle, chattering. Tarvin felt and smelt the beast. It thrust one paw into the horse's mane, and with the other encircled his own throat. Instinctively he reached back, and before the teeth under the grimy blue gums had time to close he had fired twice, pressing the muzzle of the pistol into the hide. The creature rolled off to the ground, moaning like a human being, and the smoke of the two shots drifted back through the hollow of the arch and dissolved in the open courtyard.

XVII.

In summer the nights of the desert are hotter than the days, for when the sun goes down earth, masonry, and marble give forth their stored heat, and the low clouds, promising rain and never bringing it, allow nothing to escape.

Tarvin was lying at rest in the veranda of the rest-house, smoking a cheroot and wondering how far he had bettered the case of the Maharaj Kunwar by appealing to the Maharajah. His reflections were not disturbed; the last of the commercial travelers had gone back to Calcutta and Bombay, grumbling up to the final moment of their stay, and the rest-house was all his own. Surveying his kingdom, he meditated, between the puffs of his cheroot, on the desperate and apparently hopeless condition of things. They had got to the precise point where he liked them. When a situation looked as this one did, only Nicholas Tarvin could put it through and come out on top. Kate was obdurate; the Naulahka was damnably coy; the Maharajah was ready to turn him out of the state. Sitabhai had heard him denounce her. His life was likely to come to a sudden and mysterious end, without so much as the satisfaction of knowing that Heckler and the boys would avenge him; and if it went on, it looked as though it would have to go on without Kate, and without the gift of new life to Topaz — in other words, without being worth the trouble of living.

The moonlight, shining on the city beyond the sands, threw fantastic shadows on temple spires and the watch-towers along the walls. A dog in search of food snuffed dolefully about Tarvin's chair, and withdrew to howl at him at a distance. It was a singularly melancholy howl. Tarvin smoked till the moon went down in the thick darkness of an Indian night. She had scarcely set when he was aware of something blacker than the night between him and the horizon.

"Is it you, Tarvin Sahib?" the voice inquired in broken English.

Tarvin sprang to his feet before replying. He was beginning to be a little suspicious of fresh apparitions. His hand went to his hip-pocket. Any horror, he argued, might jump out at him from the darkness in a country managed on the plan of a Kiralfy trick spectacle.

"Nay; do not be afraid," said the voice. "It is I — Juggut Singh."

Tarvin pulled thoughtfully at his cigar. "The state is full of Singhs," he said. "Which?"

"I, Juggut Singh, of the household of the Maharajah."

"H'm. Does the King want to see me?"

The figure advanced a pace nearer.

"No, Sahib; the Queen."

"Which?" repeated Tarvin.

The figure was in the veranda at his side, almost whispering in his ear. "There is only one who would dare to leave the palace. It is the Gipsy."

Tarvin snapped his fingers blissfully and soundlessly in the dark, and made a little click of triumph with his tongue. "Pleasant calling-hours the lady keeps," he said.

"This is no place for speaking, Sahib. I was to say, 'Come, unless you are afraid of the dark.'"

"Oh, were you? Well, now, look here, Juggut; let 's talk this thing out. I 'd like to see your friend Sitabhai. Where are you keeping her? Where do you want me to go?"

"I was to say, 'Come with me.' Are you afraid?" The man spoke this time at his own prompting.

"Oh, I 'm *afraid* fast enough," said Tarvin, blowing a cloud of smoke from him. "It is n't that."

"There are horses — very swift horses. It is the Queen's order. Come with me."

Tarvin smoked on, unhurrying; and when he finally picked himself out of the chair it was muscle by muscle. He drew his revolver from his pocket, turned the chambers slowly one after another to the vague light, under Juggut Singh's watchful eye, and returned it to his pocket again, giving his companion a wink as he did so.

"Well, come on, Juggut," he said, and they passed behind the rest-house to a spot where two horses, their heads enveloped in cloaks to prevent them from neighing, were waiting at their pickets. The man mounted one, and Tarvin took the other silently, satisfying himself before getting into the saddle that the girths were not loose this time. They left the city road at a walking pace by a cart-track leading to the hills.

"Now," said Juggut Singh, after they had gone a quarter of a mile in this fashion, and were alone under the stars, "we can ride."

He bowed forward, struck his stirrups home, and began lashing his animal furiously. Nothing short of the fear of death would have made the pampered eunuch of the palace ride at this pace. Tarvin watched him roll in the saddle, chuckled a little, and followed.

"You would n't make much of a cow-puncher, Juggut, would you?"

"Ride," gasped Juggut Singh, "for the cleft between the two hills — ride!"

The dry sand flew behind their horses' hoofs, and the hot winds whistled about their ears as they headed up the easy slope toward the hills, three miles from the palace. In the old days, before the introduction of telegraphs, the opium speculators of the desert were wont to telegraph the rise and fall in the price of the drug from little beacon-towers on the hills. It was toward one of these disused stations that Juggut Singh was straining. The horses fell into a walk as the slope grew steeper, and the outline of the squat-domed tower began to show clear against the sky. A few moments later Tarvin heard the hoofs of their horses ring on solid marble, and saw that he was riding near the edge of a great reservoir, full of water to the lip.

Eastward, a few twinkling lights in the open plain showed the position of Rhatore, and took him back to the night when he had said good-by to Topaz from the rear platform of a Pullman. Night-fowl called to one another from the weeds at the far end of the tank, and a great fish leaped at the reflection of a star.

"The watch-tower is at the further end of the dam," said Juggut Singh. "The Gipsy is there."

"Will they never have done with that name?" uttered an incomparably sweet voice out of the darkness. "It is well that I am of a gentle temper, or the fish would know more of thee, Juggut Singh."

Tarvin checked his horse with a jerk, for almost under his bridle stood a figure enveloped from head to foot in a mist of pale-yellow gauze. It had started up from behind the red tomb of a once famous Rajput cavalier who was supposed by the country-side to gallop nightly round the dam he had built. This was one of the reasons why the Dungar Talao was not visited after nightfall.

"Come down, Tarvin Sahib," said the voice mockingly in English. "I, at least, am not a gray ape. Juggut Singh, go wait with the horses below the watch-tower."

"Yes, Juggut; and don't go to sleep," enjoined Tarvin — "we might want you." He alighted, and stood before the veiled form of Sitabhai.

"Shekand," she said, after a little pause, putting out a hand that was smaller even than Kate's. "Ah, Sahib, I knew that you would come. I knew that you were not afraid."

She held his hand as she spoke, and pressed it tenderly. Tarvin buried the tiny hand deep in his engulfing paw, and, pressing it in a grip that made her give an involuntary cry, shook it with a hearty motion.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," he said, as she murmured under her breath, "By Indur, he has a hold!"

"And I am pleased to see you, too," she answered aloud. Tarvin noted the music of the voice. He wondered what the face behind the veil might look like.

She sat down composedly on the slab of the tomb, motioning him to a seat beside her.

"All white men like straight talk," she said, speaking slowly, and with uncertain mastery of English pronunciation. "Tell me, Tarvin Sahib, how much you know."

She withdrew her veil as she spoke, and turned her face toward him. Tarvin saw that she was beautiful. The perception thrust itself insensibly between him and his other perceptions about her.

"You don't want me to give myself away, do you, Queen?"

"I do not understand. But I know you do not talk like the other white men," she said sweetly.

"Well, then, you don't expect me to tell you the truth?"

"No," she replied. "Else you would tell me why you are here. Why do you give me so much trouble?"

"*Do* I trouble you?"

Sitabhai laughed, throwing back her head, and clasping her hands behind her neck. Tarvin watched her curiously in the starlight. All his senses were alert; he was keenly on his guard, and he cast a wary eye about and behind him from time to time. But he could see nothing but the dull glimmer of the water that lapped at the foot of the marble steps, and hear nothing save the cry of the night-owls.

"O Tarvin Sahib," she said. "You know! After the first time I was sorry."

"Which time was that?" inquired Tarvin, vaguely.

"Of course it was when the saddle turned. And then when the timber fell from the archway I thought at least that I had maimed your horse. Was he hurt?"

"No," said Tarvin, stupefied by her engaging frankness.

"Surely you knew," she said almost reproachfully.

He shook his head. "No, Sitabhai, my dear," he said slowly and impressively; "I was n't on to you, and it 's my eternal shame. But I 'm beginning to sabe. You worked the little business at the dam, too, I suppose, and the bridge and the bullock-carts. And I thought it was their infernal clumsiness! Well, I 'll be—" He whistled melodiously, and the sound was answered by the hoarse croak of a crane across the reeds.

The Queen leaped to her feet, thrusting her hand into her bosom. "A signal!" Then, sinking back upon the slab of the tomb, "But you have brought no one with you. I know you are not afraid to go alone."

"Oh, I 'm not trying to do *you* up, young lady," he answered. "I 'm too busy admiring your picturesque and systematic deviltry. So you 're at the bottom of all my troubles? That quicksand trick was a pretty one. Do you often work it?"

"Oh, on the dam!" exclaimed the Queen, waving her hands lightly. "I only gave them orders to do what they could. But they are very clumsy people—only coolie people. They told me what they had done, and I was angry."

"Kill any one?"

"No; why should I?"

"Well, if it comes to that, why should you be so hot on killing me?" inquired Tarvin, dryly.

"I do not like any white men to stay here, and I knew that you had come to stay." Tarvin smiled at the unconscious Americanism. "Besides," she went on, "the Maharajah was fond of you, and I had never killed a white man. Then, too, I like you."

"Oh!" responded Tarvin, expressively.

"By Malang Shah, and you never knew!" She was swearing by the god of her own clan—the god of the gipsies.

"Well, don't rub it in," said Tarvin.

"And you killed my big pet ape," she went on. "He used to salaam to me in the mornings like Luchman Rao, the prime minister. Tarvin Sahib, I have known many Englishmen. I have danced on the slack-rope before the mess-tents of the officers on the line of march, and taken my little begging-gourd up to the big bearded colonel when I was no higher than his knee." She lowered her hand to within a foot of the ground. "And when I grew older," she continued, "I thought that I knew the hearts of all men. But, by Malang Shah, Tarvin Sahib, I never saw a man like unto you! Nay," she went on almost beseechingly, "do not say that you did not know. There is a love-song in my tongue, 'I have not slept between moon and moon because of you'; and indeed for me that song is quite true. Sometimes I think that I did not quite wish to see you die. But it would be better that you were dead. I, and I alone, command this state. And now, after that which you have told the King—"

"Yes? You heard, then?"

She nodded. "After that I cannot see that there is any other way—unless you go away."

"I 'm not going," said Tarvin.

"That is good," said the Queen, with a little laugh. "And so I shall not miss seeing you in the courtyard day by day. I thought the sun would have killed you when you waited for the Maharajah. Be grateful to me, Tarvin Sahib, for I made the Maharajah come out. And you did me an ill turn."

"My dear young lady," said Tarvin, earnestly, "if you 'd pull in your wicked little fangs, no one wants to hurt you. But I can't let you beat me about the Maharaj Kunwar. I 'm here to see that the young man stays with us. Keep off the grass, and I 'll drop it."

"Again I do not understand," said the Queen, bewildered. "But what is the life of a little child to you who are a stranger here?"

"What is it to me? Why, it 's fair play; it 's the life of a little child. What more do you want? Is nothing sacred to you?"

"I also have a son," returned the Queen, "and he is not weak. Nay, Tarvin Sahib, the child always was sickly from his birth. How can he govern men? *My* son will be a Rajput; and in the time to come— But that is no concern of the white men. Let this little one go back to the gods."

"Not if I know it," responded Tarvin, decisively.

"Otherwise," swept on the Queen, "he will live infirm and miserable for ninety years. I know the bastard Kulu stock that he comes from. Yes; I have sung at the gate of his moth-

er's palace when she and I were children—I in the dust, and she in her marriage-litter. To-day she is in the dust. Tarvin Sahib,"—her voice melted appealingly,—"I shall never bear another son; but I may at least mold the state from behind the curtain, as many queens have done. I am not a palace-bred woman. Those"—she pointed scornfully toward the lights of Rhatore—"have never seen the wheat wave, or heard the wind blow, or sat in a saddle, or talked face to face with men in the streets. They call me the gipsy, and they cower under their robes like fat slugs when I choose to lift my hand to the Maharajah's beard. Their bards sing of their ancestry for twelve hundred years. They are noble, forsooth! By Indur and Allah,—yea, and the God of your missionaries too,—their children and the British government shall remember me for twice twelve hundred years. *Ahi*, Tarvin Sahib, you do not know how wise my little son is. I do not let him go to the missionary's. All that he shall need afterward—and indeed it is no little thing to govern this state—he shall learn from me; for I have seen the world, and I know. And until you came all was going so softly, so softly, to its end! The little one would have died—yes; and there would have been no more trouble. And never man nor woman in the palace would have breathed to the King one word of what you cried aloud before the sun in the courtyard. Now, suspicion will never cease in the King's mind, and I do not know—I do not know—" She bent forward earnestly. "Tarvin Sahib, if I have spoken one word of truth this night, tell me how much is known to you."

Tarvin preserved absolute silence. She stole one hand pleadingly on his knee. "And none would have suspected. When the ladies of the Viceroy came last year, I gave out of my own treasures twenty-five thousand rupees to the nursing-hospital, and the lady sahib kissed me on both cheeks, and I talked English, and showed them how I spent my time knitting—I who knit and unknit the hearts of men."

This time Tarvin did not whistle; he merely smiled and murmured sympathetically. The large and masterly range of her wickedness, and the coolness with which she addressed herself to it, gave her a sort of distinction. More than this, he respected her for the personal achievement which of all feats most nearly appeals to the breast of the men of the West—she had done him up. It was true her plans had failed; but she had played them all on him without his knowledge. He almost revered her for it.

"Now you begin to understand," said Sitabhai; "there is something more to think of. Do you mean to go to Colonel Nolan, Sahib, with all your story about me?"

"Unless you keep your hands off the Maharaj Kunwar—yes," said Tarvin, not allowing his feelings to interfere with business.

"That is very foolish," said the Queen; "because Colonel Nolan will give much trouble to the King, and the King will turn the palace into confusion, and every one of my handmaids, except a few, will give witness against me; and I perhaps shall come to be much suspected. Then you would think, Tarvin Sahib, that you had prevented me. But you cannot stay here forever. You cannot stay here until I die. And so soon as you are gone—" She snapped her fingers.

"You won't get the chance," said Tarvin, unshakenly. "I 'll fix that. What do you take me for?"

The Queen bit the back of her forefinger irresolutely. There was no saying what this man, who strode unharmed through her machinations, might or might not be able to do. Had she been dealing with one of her own race, she would have played threat against threat. But the perfectly composed and loose-knit figure by her side, watching every movement, chin in hand, ready, alert, confident, was an unknown quantity that baffled and distressed her.

There was a sound of a discreet cough, and Juggut Singh waddled toward them, bowing abjectly, to whisper something to the Queen. She laughed scornfully, and motioned him back to his post.

"He says the night is passing," she explained, "and it is death for him and for me to be without the palace."

"Don't let me keep you," said Tarvin, rising. "I think we understand each other." He looked into her eyes. "Hands off!"

"Then I may not do what I please?" she said, "and you will go to Colonel Nolan tomorrow?"

"That depends," said Tarvin, shutting his lips. He thrust his hand into his pockets as he stood looking down at her.

"Seat yourself again a moment, Tarvin Sahib," said Sitabhai, patting the slab of the tomb invitingly with her little palm. Tarvin obeyed. "Now, if I let no more timber fall, and keep the gray apes tied fast—"

"And dry up the quicksands in the Amet River," pursued Tarvin, grimly. "I see. My dear little spitfire, you are at liberty to do what you like. Don't let me interfere with your amusements."

"I was wrong. I should have known that nothing would make you afraid," said she, eying him thoughtfully out of the corner of her eye; "and, excepting you, Tarvin Sahib, there is no man that I fear. If you were a king as

I a queen, we would hold Hindustan between our two hands."

She clasped his locked fist as she spoke, and Tarvin, remembering that sudden motion to her bosom when he had whistled, laid his own hand quickly above hers, and held them fast.

"Is there nothing, Tarvin Sahib, that would make you leave me in peace? What is it you care for? You did not come here to keep the Maharaj Kunwar alive."

"How do you know I did n't?"

"You are very wise," she said, with a little laugh, "but it is not good to pretend to be too wise. Shall I tell you why you came?"

"Well, why did I? Speak up."

"You came here, as you came to the temple of Iswara, to find that which you will never find, unless"—she leaned toward him—"I help you. Was it very cold in the Cow's Mouth, Tarvin Sahib?"

Tarvin drew back, frowning, but not betraying himself further.

"I was afraid that the snakes would have killed you there."

"*Were* you?"

"Yes," she said softly. "And I was afraid, too, that you might not have stepped swiftly enough for the turning stone in the temple."

Tarvin glanced at her. "No?"

"Yes. Ah! I knew what was in your mind, even before you spoke to the King—when the body-guard charged."

"See here, young woman, do you run a private inquiry agency?"

She laughed. "There is a song in the palace now about your bravery. But the boldest thing was to speak to the King about the Naulahka. He told me all you said. But he—even he did not dream that any *feringhi* could dare to covet it. And I was so good—I did not tell him. But I knew men like you are not made for little things. Tarvin Sahib," she said, leaning close, releasing her hand and laying it softly on his shoulder, "you and I are kin indeed! For it is more easy to govern this state—aye, and from this state to recapture all Hindustan from these white dogs, the English—than to do what you have dreamed of. And yet a stout heart makes all things easy. Was it for yourself, Tarvin Sahib, that you wanted the Naulahka, or for another—even as I desire Gokral Seetarun for my son? We are not little people. It is for another, is it not?"

"Look here," said Tarvin, reverently, as he took her hand from his shoulder and held it firmly in his clutch again, "are there many of you in India?"

"But one. I am like yourself—alone." Her chin drooped against his shoulder, and she looked up at him out of her eyes as dark as the lake. The scarlet mouth and the quivering nostrils were so close to his own that the fragrant breath swept his cheek.

"Are you making states, Tarvin Sahib, like me? No; surely it is a woman. Your government is decreed for you, and you do what it orders. I turned the canal which the Government said should run through my orange-garden, even as I will bend the King to my will, even as I will kill the boy, even as I will myself rule in Gokral Seetarun through my child. But you, Tarvin Sahib—you wish only a woman! Is it not so? And she is too little to bear the weight of the Luck of the State. She grows paler day by day." She felt the man quiver, but he said nothing.

From the tangle of scrub and brushwood at the far end of the lake broke forth a hoarse barking cough that filled the hills with desolation as water brims a cup. Tarvin leaped to his feet. For the first time he heard the angry complaint of the tiger going home to his lair after a fruitless night of ranging.

"It is nothing," said the Queen, without stirring. "It is only the tiger of the Dungar Talao. I have heard them howling many times when I was a gipsy, and even if he came you would shoot him, would you not, as you shot the ape?"

She nestled close to him, and, as he sank beside her on the stone again, his arm slipped unconsciously about her waist.

The shadow of the beast drifted across an open space by the lake-shore as noiselessly as thistle-down draws through the air of summer, and Tarvin's arm tightened in its resting-place—tightened on a bossed girdle that struck cold on his palm through many folds of muslin.

"So little and so frail—how could she wear it?" resumed the Queen.

She turned a little in his embrace, and Tarvin's arm brushed against one, and another, and then another, strand of the girdle, studded like the first with irregular bosses, till under his elbow he felt a great square stone.

He started, and tightened his hold about her waist, with paling lips.

"But we two," the Queen went on, in a low voice, regarding him dreamily, "could make the kingdom fight like the water-buffaloes in spring. Would you be my prime minister, Tarvin Sahib, and advise me through the curtain?"

"I don't know whether I could trust you," said Tarvin, briefly.

"I do not know whether I could trust myself," responded the Queen; "for after a time it might be that I should be servant who have always been queen. I have come near to casting my heart under the hoofs of your horse—not once, but many times." She put her arms around his neck and joined them there, gazing into his eyes, and drawing his head down to

hers. "Is it a little thing," she cooed, "if I ask you to be my king? In the old days, before the English came, Englishmen of no birth stole the hearts of begums, and led their armies. They were kings in all but the name. We do not know when the old days may return, and we might lead our armies together."

"All right. Keep the place open for me. I might come back and apply for it one of these days when I 've worked a scheme or two at home."

"Then you are going away — you will leave us soon?"

"I 'll leave you when I 've got what I want, my dear," he answered, pressing her closer.

She bit her lip. "I might have known," she said softly. "I, too, have never turned aside from anything I desired. Well, and what is it?"

The mouth drooped a little at the corners, as the head fell on his shoulder. Glancing down, he saw the ruby-jeweled jade handle of a little knife at her breast.

He disengaged himself from her arms with a quick movement, and rose to his feet. She was very lovely as she stretched her arms appealingly out to him in the half light; but he was there for other things.

Tarvin looked at her between the eyes, and her glance fell.

"I 'll take what you have around your waist, please."

"I might have known that the white man thinks only of money!" she cried scornfully.

She unclasped a silver belt from her waist and threw it from her, clinking, upon the marble.

Tarvin did not give it a glance.

"You know me better than that," he said quietly. "Come, hold up your hands. Your game is played."

"I do not understand," she said. "Shall I give you some rupees?" she asked scornfully. "Be quick, Juggut Singh is bringing the horses."

"Oh, I 'll be quick enough. Give me the Naulahka."

"The Naulahka?"

"The same. I 'm tired of tipsy bridges, and ungirt horses, and uneasy arches, and dizzy quicksands. I want the necklace."

"And I may have the boy?"

"No; neither boy nor necklace."

"And will you go to Colonel Nolan in the morning?"

"The morning is here now. You 'd better be quick."

"Will you go to Colonel Nolan?" she repeated, rising, and facing him.

"Yes; if you don't give me the necklace."

"And if I do?"

"No. Is it a trade?" It was his question to Mrs. Mutrie.

The Queen looked desperately at the daystar that was beginning to pale in the East. Even her power over the King could not save her from death if the day discovered her beyond the palace walls.

The man spoke as one who held her life in the hollow of his hand; and she knew he was right. If he had proof he would not scruple to bring it before the Maharajah; and if the Maharajah believed— Sitabhai could feel the sword at her throat. She would be no founder of a dynasty, but a nameless disappearance in the palace. Mercifully, the King had not been in a state to understand the charges Tarvin had brought against her in the courtyard. But she lay open now to anything this reckless and determined stranger might choose to do against her. At the least he could bring upon her the formless suspicion of an Indian court, worse than death to her plans, and the removal of Maharaj Kunwar beyond her power, through the interposition of Colonel Nolan; and at the worst— But she did not pursue this train of thought.

She cursed the miserable weakness of liking for him which had prevented her from killing him just now as he lay in her arms. She had meant to kill him from the first moment of their interview; she had let herself toy too long with the fascination of being dominated by a will stronger than her own, but there was still time.

"And if I do not give you the Naulahka?" she asked.

"I guess you know best about that."

As her eye wandered out on the plain she saw that the stars no longer had fire in them; the black water of the reservoir paled and grew gray, and the wild fowl were waking in the reeds. The dawn was upon her, as merciless as the man. Juggut Singh was leading up the horses, motioning to her in an agony of impatience and terror. The sky was against her; and there was no help on earth.

She put her hands behind her. Tarvin heard the snap of a clasp, and the Naulahka lay about her feet in ripples of flame.

Without looking at him or the necklace, she moved toward the horses. Tarvin stooped swiftly and possessed himself of the treasure. Juggut Singh had released his horse. Tarvin strode forward and caught at the bridle, cramming the necklace into his breast-pocket.

He bent to make sure of his girth. The Queen, standing behind her horse, waited an instant to mount.

"Good-by, Tarvin Sahib; and remember the gipsy," she said, flinging her arm out over the horse's withers. "*Heh!*"

A flicker of light passed his eye. The jade handle of the Queen's knife quivered in the saddle-flap half an inch above his right shoulder. His horse plunged forward at the Queen's stallion, with a snort of pain.

"Kill him, Juggut Singh!" gasped the Queen, pointing to Tarvin, as the eunuch scrambled into his saddle. "Kill him!"

Tarvin caught her tender wrist in his fast grip. "Easy there, girl! Easy!" She returned his gaze, baffled. "Let me put you up," he said.

He put his arms about her and swung her into the saddle.

"Now give us a kiss," he said, as she looked down at him.

She stooped. "No, you don't! Give me your hands." He prisoned both wrists, and kissed her full upon the mouth. Then he smote the horse resoundingly upon the flank, and the animal blundered down the path and leaped out into the plain.

He watched the Queen and Juggut Singh disappear in a cloud of dust and flying stones, and turned with a deep sigh of relief to the lake. Drawing the Naulahka from its resting-place, and laying it fondly out upon his hands, he fed his eyes upon it.

The stones kindled with the glow of the dawn, and mocked the shifting colors of the hill. The shining ropes of gems put to shame the red glare that shot up from behind the reeds, as they had dulled the glare of the torches on the night of the little Prince's wedding. The tender green of the reeds themselves, the intense blue of the lake, the beryl of the flashing kingfishers, and the blinding ripples spreading under the first rays of the sun, as a bevy of coots flapped the water from their wings—the necklace abashed them all. Only the black diamond took no joy from the joy of the morning, but lay among its glorious fellows as somber and red-hearted as the troublous night out of which Tarvin had snatched it.

Tarvin ran the stones through his hands one by one, and there were forty-five of them—each stone perfect and flawless of its kind; nipped, lest any of its beauty should be hidden, by a tiny gold clasp, each stone swinging all but free from the strand of soft gold on which it was strung, and each stone worth a king's ransom or a queen's good name.

It was a good moment for Tarvin. His life gathered into it. Topaz was safe!

The wild duck were stringing to and fro across the lake, and the cranes called to one another, stalking through reeds almost as tall as their scarlet heads. From some temple hidden among the hills a lone priest chanted sonorously as he made the morning sacrifice to his god, and from the city in the plain came the boom of the first ward-drums, telling that the gates were open and the day was born.

Tarvin lifted his head from the necklace. The jade-handled knife was lying at his feet. He picked up the delicate weapon and threw it into the lake.

"And now for Kate," he said.

(To be continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY.

I THOUGHT that past the gates of doom,
Where Orpheus played a strain divine
Of love importunate as mine,
Unto the dwellings of the dead I came through paths of gloom.

Around me, looming dark through cloud,
Vast walls arose whence mournful fell
The shadow and the hush of hell;
And silence, brooding, palpable, inwrapped me like a shroud.

Naught blossomed there; in that chill place
Where longing dwells divorced from hope,
Naught to a joyless horoscope
Lent prophecies of future grace, but—I beheld thy face!

And I awoke,—songs trembling near,—
Awoke and saw day's chariot pass
Bright gleaming o'er the meadow-grass,
And knew this glad earth, without thee, than realms of death more drear!

Florence Earle Coates.

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

SHELLS OF THE PEARL-OYSTER.

FISHING FOR PEARLS IN AUSTRALIA:

EXPERIENCES OF A DIVER.

THAT the pearl was well known and valued as an article of personal adornment in ancient times is amply proved by the frequent references to it in the Bible. Indeed, a Chinese dictionary dating back one thousand years before Christ gives the word and its meaning.

In the days of pagan Rome Pliny writes of pearls as "the most excellent of precious stones." Caligula wore sandals wrought with them, and adorned his wife with strings of the same; and who has not heard of Cleopatra's wondrous pearls, one of which, at a banquet given in Antony's honor, she dissolved in vinegar and drank to her lover's health? Pearls were evidently fashionable in those days, and that the unassuming, modest little gem is still in demand is shown by the thousands engaged in the pearl-fishing industry in tropical waters.

Although pearls are formed in many mollusks, the true pearls of fashion are yielded only by the so-called pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell, and are found either in the mollusk itself or attached to, or embedded within, the shell. It is believed that most pearls are formed by the intrusion of some foreign substance between the mantle of the mollusk and its shell, which, becoming an irritation, causes the deposit of nacreous[1] matter in concentric layers until the substance is completely encysted. In all probability it is a minute parasite, as pearl-fishers well know that the shells honeycombed by boring parasites are more likely to yield pearls.

[1] Nacre is a beautiful iridescent substance found lining the interior of the mother-of-pearl shells.

The principal market for pearls is Paris. It is supplied by the East and the West Indies, the gulfs of California and Mexico, and Australia, of late years a great number having come from the latter country.

Around the northern and western coasts of Australia the mother-of-pearl shell has been found in great quantities, and it was on these coasts, which are still unexplored, and inhabited only by natives, that the writer gained what knowledge he possesses of pearl-diving as it is followed to-day.

Formerly it was carried on in two ways, by native divers and by dress-divers. A few years ago the aborigines were easily induced to sign a contract binding them to their employer for the diving season, and in remuneration for their labor received the usual pay—food, tobacco, clothing from the neck to the knees, and a blanket. They lived aboard a schooner on the fishing-grounds during the five summer months, diving from small boats without the aid of sinker or other appendage, and in water from twenty to sixty feet deep. Each boat was in charge of a white man, who sculled the boat along and kept his "boys" up to the mark. Excepting an hour for dinner, they remained away from the schooner from sunrise to sunset. A good native diver, if shells were moderately plentiful, would get from sixty to one hundred pairs per day.

A curious feature among the native divers is that toward the end of the season their long, curly, jet-black hair becomes a straw color,

presumably through the action of the salt water and the sun, and forms a ludicrous contrast to their intensely black faces and bodies. Since bleaching the hair has become a "fad" among civilized nations, perhaps the above recipe may prove useful to some of my readers.

Native divers are not in much request at this time, owing to the shell being pretty well worked out in shallow waters, and it has been found by long practical experience that naked native divers can not work with any degree of success beyond a depth of ten fathoms. For this reason it will be readily understood that, as the greater part of the shells now found have to be searched for at a depth of water exceeding ten fathoms, they can be obtained only by means of the well-known diving-dress.

DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

NATIVE DIVERS.

During three years spent on the coast of Western Australia I never knew an instance where an aborigine had been broken in to work in a diving-dress, their objection to it arising from some superstition. The greatest depth at which pearl-shells were found in payable quantities when I left, in 1888, was eighteen fathoms, and the main portion of the diving is now done by white men and a few Mongolians.

Dress-diving is by far the most approved method, as the diver can remain under water an hour or two if he chooses, can dive much deeper than the natives, and is able to work all the year round. The style of boat universally used for this work is the lugger, which is a good sea-boat and easy to handle. It ranges in size from ten to twenty tons, is filled with air-pumps, and carries a crew of six men and a diver.

The crews are almost entirely Malays, who are brought down from Singapore by the regular steamer *Australind*, owned by C. Bethel of London, which runs up and down the coast and supplies the pearlers with provisions, etc., and by which the shells are shipped for the London market. I should mention here that pearl-fishing means not only fishing for pearls, but also for the shells in which they are found, the latter being really the "bread and butter" of the diver, and worth from £100 to £150 per ton. In a ton of shells there is always a quantity of seed-pearls, probably a hundred or more; but good pearls are not to be reckoned on as certainties, as one man may open ten tons and not find a stone worth $10, while another man may take a small fortune out of a day's gathering. The average weight of a pair of shells is two pounds.

One of the most essential adjuncts to a dress-diver's outfit is a good "tender." It is he who manages the boat, holds the life-line, and looks

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

EXAMINING THE CATCH.

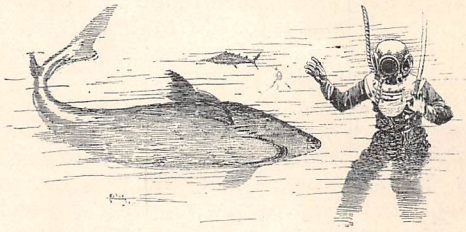
after the general safety of the diver when below. A tender must keep his weather-eye open for squalls and collisions, must attend to signals, and must not get his man mixed up with a diver from another boat. He should so hold the line that he just feels the movements of the worker below, never so tight as to retard free action, and never so slack as to drag on the bottom and probably get foul round a coral-cup's base, and so condemn the diver to a watery grave. Indeed, he should be a wide-awake fellow, quick to act in an emergency and constantly alert.

The mode of working is as follows: A "patch" of shell having been discovered, the boats beat up to the windward edge, and then drift down over it with a fouled anchor; that is, with the anchor upside down, so that it does not catch, but allows the boat to drag slowly over the ground, the speed of drifting being regulated by paying out more or less chain. When the diver finds that he is off the patch he comes up, the boat tacks to windward again, and drifts over it as before. A patch being often one or two square miles in area, it is next to impossible to go over the same ground twice, though the entire fleet of 150 boats often work on the same patch.

In the year 1885, fortune and a little bark named the *Day Dawn* stranded me in the almost unknown port of Cossack, Northwest Australia, at that time the headquarters of the pearling-fleet. Cossack was by no means an imposing place. A barren sand-hill, which was an island at high water, with three hotels, a post-office, one general store, and a few shanties along the beach, comprised the city.

It was here that I first became interested in pearling, and a visit to the grounds so infatuated me that I determined to go into the business. After a good deal of haggling I bought a smart little boat named the *Norma* from a diver who had made a pile and was in a great hurry to spend it. After putting the diving-apparatus, provisions, and crew aboard, I cast around for a good diver, and was esteemed fortunate in securing the services of one Joe, a genuine cockney, noted for his luck in getting shell and for the atmosphere of oaths with which he surrounded himself. The adjectives used by Joe were certainly the most emphatic and original that I ever heard. I engaged him on his own terms, which were, $100 per month, and $100 per ton of shell collected.

With everything aboard, and a fair wind, it

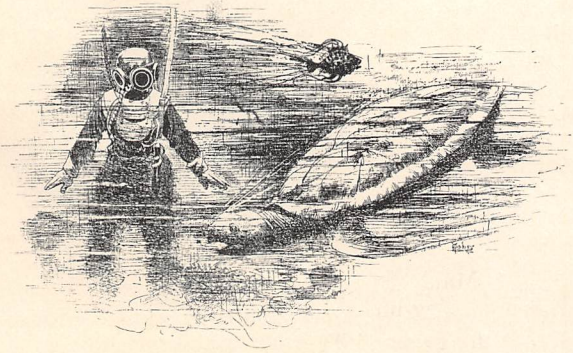


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

DIVER AND SHARK.

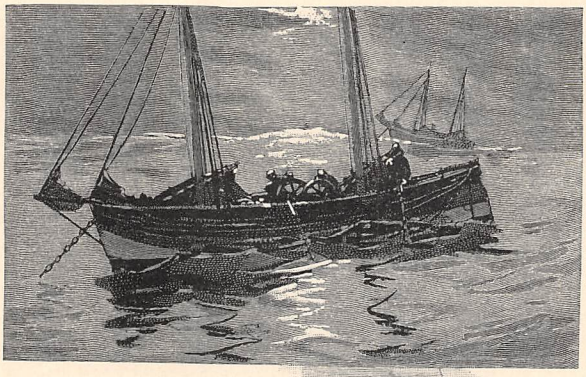
was with a light heart and visions of pearls that I hoisted the sails of my little craft, and steered for the "grounds," some two hundred miles up the coast, where, three days later, we dropped our anchor and became one among many white sails which, in the stillness of the evening air, were reflected in old Father Neptune's mirror.

Next morning we began work, and for a few days all went as well as could be expected. We were on a good patch, and Joe was sending up the shells in a pretty lively fashion; I was tending his life-line, and to supply him with the requisite air the pump was worked by the Malay boys in turns. But suddenly we had to suspend operations, as the boat started to leak so badly that there was nothing for it but to run for the nearest creek and to make repairs. I found that the *Norma* required calking fore and aft, and a couple of bolts put through her keelson; and to get this done I had to borrow a carpenter from one of the schooners, taking a week to finish the



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

DIVER AND TURTLE.

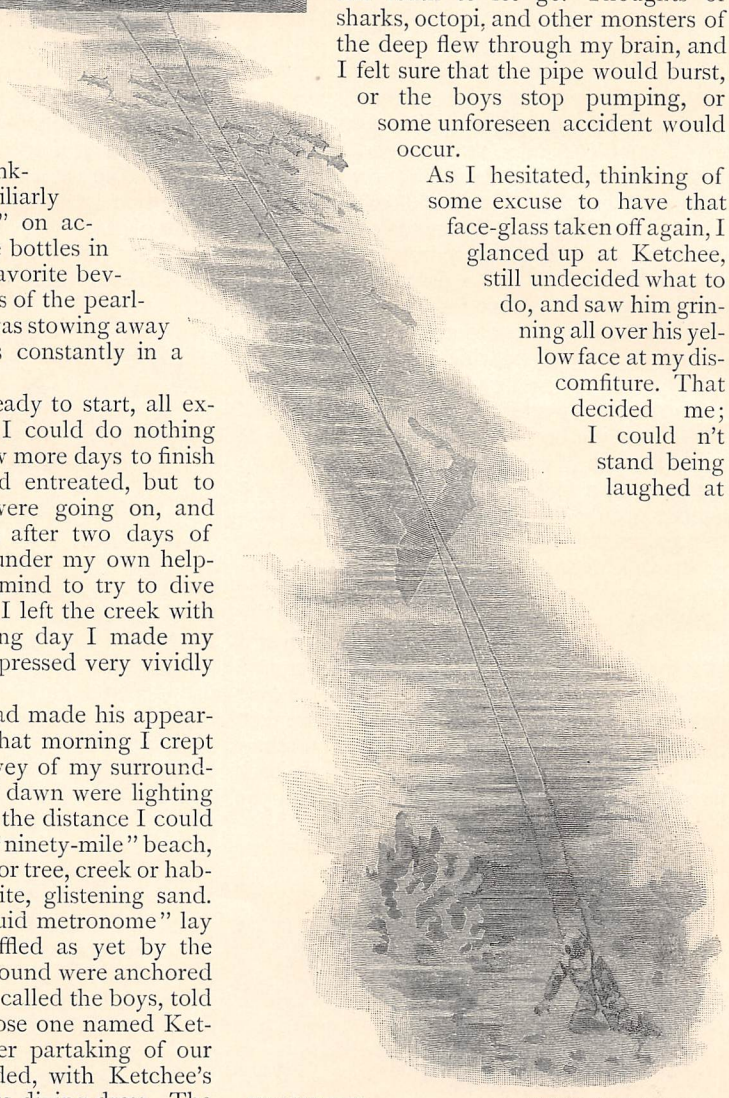


work. In the mean time Joe, his occupation gone for the nonce, had found one that evidently suited him better—that of drinking. Hollands gin (familiarly known as "square face," on account of the large square bottles in which it is put up) is the favorite beverage among the members of the pearling fraternity, and as Joe was stowing away a bottle a day he was constantly in a "pickled" condition.

Once again we were ready to start, all except Joe, who, knowing I could do nothing without him, wanted a few more days to finish his spree. I coaxed and entreated, but to no purpose; expenses were going on, and nothing coming in, and, after two days of impatience and chafing under my own helplessness, I made up my mind to try to dive myself, and the next tide I left the creek with that intent. The following day I made my first descent, and it is impressed very vividly on my memory.

Long before old Sol had made his appearance above the horizon that morning I crept up on deck to take a survey of my surroundings. The first streaks of dawn were lighting up the eastern sky, and in the distance I could see the dim outline of the "ninety-mile" beach, ninety miles without a hill or tree, creek or habitation—nothing but white, glistening sand. Beneath, the "mighty liquid metronome" lay calm and peaceful, unruffled as yet by the morning breeze, and all around were anchored the pearlers. At sunrise I called the boys, told them of my plans, and chose one named Ketchee for my tender. After partaking of our morning coffee I proceeded, with Ketchee's help, to don the ponderous diving-dress. The rubber suit, all in one piece, and which one gets into through the neck, was the first article to put on; then the leaden-soled boots and the corselet, to which the helmet is screwed, and the chest- and back-weights—in all weighing some fifty or sixty pounds. I stepped on the ladder hanging over the boat's side, and had the life-line, air-pipe, and helmet attached; then the order to pump was given, and, last of all, the face-glass was screwed up. Oh, that there had been a wrench with which to screw up my courage as well! It had sunk to the bottom of those leaden-soled boots, and though Ketchee tapped the helmet, intimating that all was ready, I felt loath to let go. Thoughts of sharks, octopi, and other monsters of the deep flew through my brain, and I felt sure that the pipe would burst, or the boys stop pumping, or some unforeseen accident would occur.

As I hesitated, thinking of some excuse to have that face-glass taken off again, I glanced up at Ketchee, still undecided what to do, and saw him grinning all over his yellow face at my discomfiture. That decided me; I could n't stand being laughed at



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY GEO. P. BARTLE.

A DIVER AT A DEPTH OF 100 FEET.

by a Malay; so without more ado I grasped the guiding-line firmly, and dropped.

Splash! The water closed over me with a

buzzing sound, and the air whistled in at the top of the helmet with a weird noise, and I saw the bottom of the boat just above me. My ears began to ache, and the pain increased as I slid down and down, until I fairly yelled with the agony caused by the unusual pressure of air on the ear-drums. Still swiftly down I went — would the bottom never touch my kicking feet? At last I reached it with a thud, and instantly all pain ceased, and I scrambled to my feet, full of curiosity.

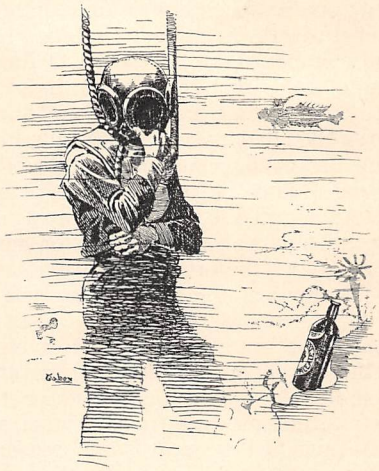
My first thought was, how foolish I had been to dread leaving the monotonous sea and sky above, when, only ten fathoms below, lay an everchanging scene of beauty — a paradise, although a watery one. The ground I stood upon was rock of coral structure, grown over with coral-cups from minute size to four and five feet in diameter. Sponges as high as one's head, sponge-cups, graceful coral-lines, and sea-flowers of new and beautiful forms, and tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, waved gently to and fro; while, like butterflies, flitting and chasing one another in and out among them all, were hundreds of tiny fishes, so gay with colors that the historical coat of Joseph would have paled beside them.

Truly it was an enchanting scene, so bright, so beautiful, and so novel withal, that I walked about with curious delight, forgetful of all the means which enabled me to intrude upon the fishes' dominion until I was brought to my senses by a sharp jerk on the life-line. This being an interrogation from Ketchee as to whether I was all right, I answered it in a similar way, and, as I did so, a familiar object caught my eye in the shape of an empty beer-bottle. It stood upright on a little ledge of rock, and I could read its flaming yellow label of world-wide reputation. "Ye Gods!" I cried, "what vulgarity! An advertisement even here! Is there no place on the earth or under the waters where one can escape the odious advertiser?" And then for the first time I began to realize my position: my head was aching, and I was breathing in quick, short gasps; I was oppressed, and an uncanny, eery feeling crept over me as I tried to pierce the dim azure of the distance beyond, where the shadowy sea-fans moved so languidly, and my imagination conjured up huge forms in the distance.

I was getting nervous, and had therefore been down long enough; so I gave the signal to pull up, and in a few moments was greedily drinking in the pure, fresh air of heaven through the open face-glass. My nose and ears were bleeding profusely, and I spat a good deal of blood also, but as I had been told that this would happen the first time, I was not alarmed. The pressure had opened a communication between the mouth and the ears, and I could now perform the extraordinary feat of blowing a mouthful of smoke through my ears, which all divers can do. After this I experienced no pain whatever when descending, and soon became a fairly good diver.

It was on my third descent that I found the first shell. It contained three pearls, which I had set in a ring as a memento, and wore until quite lately, when I discovered that it showed to better advantage on a whiter and more delicate hand than mine, and in the cause of art transferred it thither.

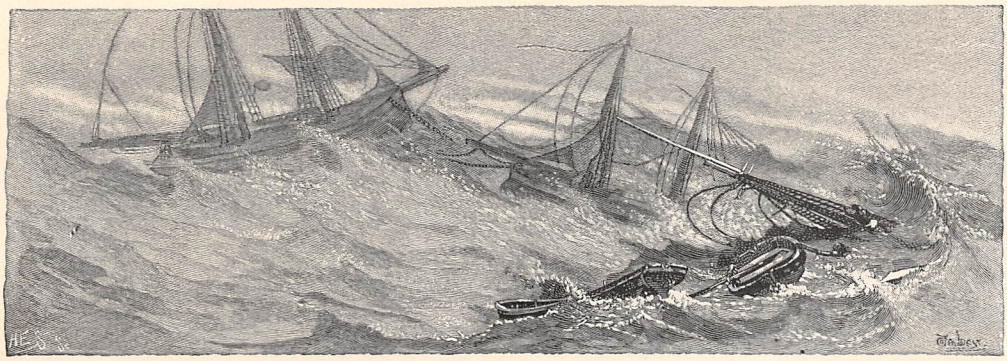
My largest day's work was three hundred and ten pairs of shells; this is rather over a quarter of a ton. The greatest number on record collected in one day is one thousand and five. These were picked up by "Japanese Charley," a little Jap about five feet high, who was always tended by his wife, and whose boat was the prettiest model and the smartest sailer in the fleet. The most valuable pearl discovered on this coast is that known as the "Southern Cross" — a cluster of six pearls in the shape of a crucifix which was exhibited at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, London, in 1886, and was valued at $50,000. This pearl was found at low water by an old beach-comber, and was sold by him for £10.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

FINDING THE BOTTLE.

The diver, as the reader may imagine, gets many scares when below. A fifteen-foot shark, magnified by the water, and making a bee-line for one, is sufficient to make the stoutest heart quake, in spite of the assertion that sharks have never been known to attack a man in dress. Neither is the sight of a large turtle comforting when one does not know exactly what it is, and the coiling of a sea-snake around one's legs, although it has only one's hands to bite at, is, to



DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

AFTER A SQUALL.

say the least, unpleasant. A little fish called the stone-fish is one of the enemies of the diver. It seems to make its habitation right under the pearl-shell, as it is only when picking them up that any one has been known to be bitten. I remember well the first time I was bitten by this spiteful member of the finny tribe. I dropped my bag of shells, and hastened to the surface; but in this short space of time my hand and arm had so swollen that it was with difficulty I could get the dress off, being unable to work for three days, and suffering intense pain the while. Afterward I learned that staying down a couple of hours after a bite will stop any further discomfort, the pressure of water causing much bleeding at the bitten part, and thus expelling the poison.

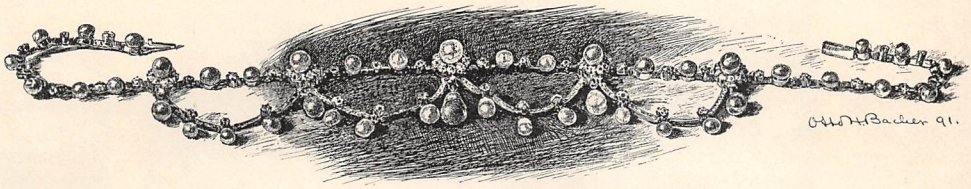
One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practise it is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; and as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of air inside the dress, affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain. My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifle; for instance, the life-line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise. I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the express intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew; but as the surface was neared, and the weight of air decreased, my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I reached the ladder, and had the face-glass unscrewed, I had forgotten for what I came up. It is evident from the number whom I have known to make a first descent, and who afterward positively refused to try again, that all men are not born to be divers. At one time I had for my tender a brawny young Scotchman named Rob, a six-footer, about twenty-three years of age, and as fine a specimen of the genus *Homo* as I ever came across. As was to be expected, Rob had a sweetheart in the "auld countree," and the one aim and end of his life was to make a fortune wherewith to return and marry the girl of his choice. He had tried the Kimberley gold-fields, and the Silverton silver-fields, without success, and was now anxious to try his luck at diving. I told Rob that I would put him down the first slack day we had to see how he liked it, and when that day arrived, with a few parting injunctions from me as the face-glass was put on, down he went, I acting as his tender. I felt him land on the bottom and begin walking from the boat; he answered the signals all right, and I anticipated no trouble, but before he had been down three minutes he was foul of the anchor-chain, and I had to pull the anchor and Rob up together. By this time he had become thoroughly frightened, and was screaming inside the dress to be pulled up; he had also lost his presence of mind, and had screwed the used-air escape-valve at the side of the helmet the wrong way, thus keeping in the constant supply of air from the pump above, and the dress was in danger of bursting. As soon as we got him alongside I unscrewed the valve, and he was soon on deck, laughing over his mistakes.

About a week after this he made a second attempt, and this time nearly lost his life. As before, he became alarmed, thought that there was too much air in the dress, and tried to let it out by the escape-valve, but screwed it up the wrong way again, shutting in the air; and then, finding the air still increasing in pressure, his presence of mind again deserted him, and he began to take off the face-glass. Fortunately for Rob, his girl, and my apparatus, he lost consciousness before he quite got it off, and we hauled him to the ladder, kicking and yelling like a madman. He remained delirious for several hours, and when at length he came to his senses, and recovered from his

fright, we concluded that diving was not his forte, and that his fortune would have to be made in some other way.

Though pearl-diving, if the fates are propitious, is a lucrative occupation, its dangers are manifold. In the community in which one has to live may be found some of the "toughest" men on earth. A mixture of all nationalities far worse than one meets on a gold-field, and an exciting calling, without restraint or law, are not likely to form a peaceful community. A diver is always at the tender mercies of his Malay crew, and the slightest accident to his apparatus, such as the breaking of the pump or the air-pipe, ripping the dress, getting entangled on the bottom, or even losing his presence of mind, may end fatally. Then, again, it is most injurious to the health, some dying from the effects after a few months, while deafness and incipient paralysis are common features. But worse than all these are the terrible cyclones that visit the coast, carrying everything before them, and leaving only a track of death and the flotsam and jetsam of wrecked hopes to mark their passage.

Hubert Phelps Whitmarsh.



NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS AND AMERICAN PEARLS.

KHAMSIN.

OH, the wind from the desert blew in!—
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery South,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And it shriveled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light,
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept;
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledglings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast;
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,—
The plague! The plague! The plague!
Oh, the wind Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert blew in!

Clinton Scollard.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.

DRAWN BY GEORGE W. COHEN. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

"WELL, AIN'T IT PURTY SHORT, PAP?"

II.

ONE morning, eight years later, Flaxen left the home of Gearheart and Wood with old Doll and the buggy, bound for Belleplain after groceries for harvest. She drove with a dash, her hat on the back of her head. She was seemingly intent on getting all there was possible out of a chew of kerosene gum, which she had resolved to throw away upon entering town, intending to get a new supply.

She had thriven on western air and gum, and though hardly more than fourteen years of age, her bust and limbs revealed the grace of approaching womanhood, however childish her short dress and braided hair might still show her to be. Her face was broad and decidedly of Scandinavian type, fair in spite of wind and sun, and broad at the cheek-bones. Her eyes were as blue and clear as winter ice.

As she rode along she sang as well as she could without neglecting the gum, sitting at one end of the seat like a man, the reins held carelessly in her left hand, notwithstanding the swift gait of the horse, who always knew when Flaxen was driving. She met a friend on the road, and said, "Hello!" pulling up her horse with one strong hand.

"Can't stop," she explained; "got to go over to the city to get some groceries for harvest. Goin' to the sociable to-morrow?"

"You bet," replied the friend. "You?"

"I d'know; mebbe, if the boys'll go. Ta-ta; see ye later." And away she spun.

Belleplain had not thriven, or, to be more exact, it had had a rise and fall; and as the rise had been considerable, so the fall was something worth chronicling. It was now a collection of wooden buildings, mostly empty, graying under the storms and suns of the pitiless winters and summers, and now, just in mid-summer, surrounded by splendid troops and phalanxes of gorgeous sunflowers, whose brown crowns, gold-dusted, looked ever toward the sun as it swung through the wide arch of cloudless sky. The signs of the empty buildings still remained, and one might still read the melancholy decline from splendors of the past in "emporiums," "palace drug-stores," and "mansion-houses."

As Flaxen would have said, "Belleplain's boom had bu'sted." Her glory had gone with the C. B. and Q., which formed the junction at Boomtown and left the luckless citizens of Belleplain "high and dry" on the prairie, with nothing but a "spur" to travel on. However, a few stores yet remained in the midst of desolation.

After making her other purchases, Flaxen entered the "red-front drug-store" to secure the special brand of gum which seemed most delectable and to buy a couple of cigars for the "boys."

The clerk, who was lately from the East, and wore his mustache curled upward like the whiskers of a cat, was "gassing" with another young man, who sat in a chair with his heels on the counter.

"Well, my dear, what can I do for you to-day?" he said, winking at the loafer, as if to say, "Now watch me."

"I want some gum."

"What kind, darling?" he asked, encouraged by the fellow in the chair.

"I ain't your darling. Kerosene, shoo-fly, an' ten cents' worth."

"Say, Jack," drawled the other fellow, "git on to the ankles! Say, sissy, you picked your dress too soon. She 's goin' to be a daisy, first you know. Ain't ye, honey?" he said, leaning over and pinching her arm.

"Let me alone, you great mean thing! I 'll tell ol' pap on you, see if I don't," cried Flaxen, her eyes filling with angry tears. And as they proceeded to other and bolder remarks she rushed out, feeling vaguely the degradation of being so spoken to and so touched. It seemed all the more atrocious the more she thought upon it.

When she reached home there were still signs of tears on her face, and when Anson came out to help her alight and, noticing it, asked, "What 's the matter?" she burst out afresh, crying, and talking incoherently.

"Why, what 's the matter, Flaxie? Can't you tell ol' pap? Are ye sick?"

She shook her head, and rushed past him into the house and into her bedroom, like a little cyclone of wrath. Ans' slowly followed her, much perplexed. She was lying face downward on the bed, sobbing.

"What 's the matter, little one? Can't you tell ol' pap? Have the girls be'n makin' fun o' ye again?"

She shook her head.

"Have the boys be'n botherin' ye?" No reply. "Who was it?" Still silence. He was getting stern now. "Tell me right now."

"Jack Reeves—an'—an' another feller."

"Wha' d' they do?" Silence. "Tell me."

"They—pinched me, an'—an'—talked mean to me," she replied, breaking down again at the memory of the insult. Anson divined not a little of how she had been treated.

"Wal, there! You dry yer eyes, Flaxie, an' go an' git supper; they won't do it again—not this harvest," he added grimly, as he marched to the door to enter the buggy.

Bert, coming along from the barn and seeing Anson about to drive away, asked where he was going.

"Oh, I 've got a little business to transact with Reeves and some other smart Aleck down town."

"What 's up? What have they be'n doin'?" asked Gearheart, reading trouble in the eye of his friend.

"Well, they have be'n a little too fresh with Flaxen to-day, an' need a lesson."

"They 're equal to it. Say, Anson, let me go," laying his hand on the dasher, ready to leap in.

"No; you're too brash. You would n't know when to quit. No; you stay right here. Don't say anythin' to Flaxen about it; if she wants to know where I 'm gone, tell her I found I was out o' nails."

As Anson drove along swiftly he was in a savage mood and thinking deeply. Two or three times of late some of his friends had touched rather freely upon the fact that Flaxen was becoming a woman. "Girls ripen early out in this climate," one old chap had said, "and your little Norsk there is likely to leave you one of these days." He felt now that something deliberately and inexpressibly offensive had been said and done to his little girl. He did n't want to know just what it was, but just who did it; that was all. It was time to make a protest. Hitching his horse to a ring in the sidewalk upon arrival, he walked into the drug-

store, which was also the post-office. Young Reeves was inside the post-office corner giving out the mail, and Anson sauntered about the store waiting his chance.

He was a dangerous-looking man just now. Ordinarily his vast frame, huge, grizzled beard, and stern, steady eyes would quell a panther; but now as he leaned against the counter a shrewd observer would have said, "Look out for him; he 's dangerous." His gray shirt, loose at the throat, showed a neck that resembled the spreading base of an oak-tree, and his crossed limbs and half-recumbent pose formed a curious opposition to the look in his eyes.

Nobody noticed him specially. Most comers and goers, being occupied with their mail, merely nodded and passed on.

Finally some one called for a cigar, and Reeves, having finished in the post-office department, came jauntily along behind the counter directly to where Anson stood. As he looked casually into the giant's eyes he started back, but too late; one vast hand had clutched him by the collar, and he was jerked over the counter as though he were a rag-baby, and cuffed from hand to hand, like a mouse in the paws of a cat. Though Ans' used his open palm, the punishment was fearful. Blood burst from his victim's nose and mouth; he yelled with fright and pain.

The rest rushed to help.

"Stand back! This is a private affair," said Ans' in unmistakable tones, throwing up a warning hand. They paused; all knew his strength.

"It was n't me," screamed Reeves, as the punishment increased; "it was Doc Coe."

Coe, his hands full of papers and letters, horrified at what had overtaken Reeves, stood looking on. But now he tried to escape. Flinging the battered, half-senseless Reeves back over the counter, where he lay in a heap, Anson caught Coe by the coat, just as he was rushing past him, and duplicated the punishment, ending by kicking him into the street, where he lay stunned and helpless. Ans' said then, in a voice that the rest heard, "The next time you insult a girl, you 'd better inquire into the qual'ties o' her guardeen."

This little matter attended to, he unhitched his horse from the sidewalk, and, refusing to answer all questions, rode off home, outwardly as calm as though he had just been shaking hands.

Supper was about ready when he drove up, and through the open door he could see the white-covered table and could hear the cheerful clatter of dishes. Flaxen was whistling. Eight years of hard work had not done much for these sturdy souls; but they had managed to secure with incredible toil a comfortable little house surrounded with outbuildings. Calves and chickens gave life to the barnyard, and fields of wheat rippled and ran with swash of heavy-bearded heads and dapple of shadow and sheen.

Flaxen was now the housewife and daughter of these hard-working pioneers, and a cheery and capable one she had become. No one had ever turned up with a better claim to her, and so she had grown up with Ans' and Bert, going to school when she could spare the time, but mainly being adviser and associate at the farm.

Ans' and Bert had worked hard winter and summer trying to get ahead, but had not succeeded as they had hoped. Crops had failed for three or four years, and money was scarce with them; but they had managed to build this small frame-house and to get a little stock about them, and this year, with a good crop, would "swing clear," and be able to do something for Flaxen — perhaps send her to Belleplain to school, togged out like a little queen.

When Anson returned to the house after putting out the horse, he found Bert reading the paper in the little sitting-room and Flaxen putting the tea on the stove.

"Wha' d' ye do to him, pap?" laughed she, all her anger gone. Bert came out to listen.

"Oh, nothin' p'tic'lar," answered Ans', flinging his hat at a chicken that made as though to come in, and rolling up his sleeves preparatory to sozzling his face at the sink. "I jest cuffed 'em a little, an' let 'em go."

"Is that all?" said Flaxen, disappointedly, a comical look on her round face.

"Now, don't you worry," put in Bert. "Anson's cuffin' a man is rather a severe experience. I saw him cuff a man once; it ain't anythin' to be desired a second time."

They all drew about the table. Flaxen looked very womanly as she sat cutting the bread and pouring the tea. She had always been old in her ways about the house, for she had very early assumed the housewife's duties and cares. Her fresh-colored face beamed with delight as she watched the hungry men devouring the fried pork, potatoes, and cheese.

"When ye goin' to begin cuttin', boys?" Collectively they were boys to her, but when addressing them separately they were "Bert" and "pap."

"To-morrow er nex' day, I guess," answered Anson, looking out of the open door. "Don't it look fine? — all yeller an' green. I tell ye they ain't anythin' lays over a ripe field o' wheat in my eyes. You jest take it when the sun strikes it right, an' the wind is playin' on it, — when it kind o' swashes about like a lake, — an' the clouds go over it, droppin' shadders down on it, an' a hawk kind o' goes skimmin' over it, divin' into it once in a while —"

He did not finish; it was not necessary.

"Yes, sir!" adjudged Gearheart, after a pause, leaning his elbows on the table and looking out of the door on the far-stretching, sun-glorified plain.

"The harvest kind o' justifies the winter we have out here. That is, when we have a harvest such as this. Fact is, we fellers live six months o' the year lookin' ahead to harvest, and t' other six months lookin' back to it. Well, this won't buy the woman a dress, Ans'. We must get that header set up to-night if we can."

They pushed their chairs back noisily, and rose to go out. Flaxen said:

"Say, which o' you boys is goin' to help me churn to-night?"

Anson groaned, while she laughed.

"I don't know, Flax; ask us an easier one."

"We 'll attend to that after it gets too dark to work on the machine," added Bert.

"Well, see 't ye do. I can't do it; I 've got bread to mix an' a chicken to dress. Say, if you don't begin cuttin' till day after to-morrow, we can go down to the sociable to-morrow night. Last one o' the season."

"I wish it was the last one before the kingdom come," growled Bert as he "stomped" out the door. "They 're a bad lot. The idea o' takin' down four dollars' worth o' grub an' then payin' four dollars fer the privilege of eatin' half of it! I 'll take my chicken here, when I 'm hungry."

"Bert ain't partial to sociables, is he, pap?" laughed Flaxen.

"I should hate to have the minister dependin' on Bert fer a livin'."

"Sa-ay, pap!"

"Wal, babe?"

"I expect I 'll haf to have a new dress one o' these days."

"Think so?"

"You bet."

"Why, what 's the matter with the one ye got on? Ain't no holes in it that I can see," looking at it carefully and turning her around as if she were on a pivot.

"Well, ain't it purty short, pap?" she said suggestively.

"I swear, I don't know but it is," conceded Anson, scratching his head; "I had n't paid much 'tention to it before. It certainly is a—lee-tle too short. Lemme see, ain't no way o' lettin' it down, is they?"

"Nary. She 's clean down to the last notch now," replied Flaxen, convincingly.

"Could n't pull through till we thrash?" he continued, still in a tentative manner.

"Could, but don't like to," she answered, laughing again, and showing her white teeth pleasantly.

"I s'pose it 'll cost suthin'," he insinuated in a dubious tone.

"Mattie Stuart paid seven dollars fer hern, pap, an' I—"

"Seven how manys?"

"Dollars, pap, makin' an' everythin'. An' then I ought to have a new hat to go with the dress, an' a new pair o' shoes. All the girls are wearin' white, but I reckon I can git along with a good colored one that 'll do fer winter."

"Wal, all right. I 'll fix it—some way," Ans' said, turning away only to look back and smile to see her dancing up and down and crying:

"Oh, goody, goody!"

"I 'll do it if I haf to borrow money at two per cent. a month," said he to Bert, as he explained the case. "Hear her sing! Why, dern it! I 'd spend all I 've got to keep that child twitterin' like that. Would n't you, eh?"

Bert was silent, thinking deeply on a variety of matters roused by Anson's words. The crickets were singing from out the weeds near by; a lost little wild chicken was whistling in plaintive sweetness down the barley-field; the flaming light from the half-sunk sun swept along the green and yellow grain, glorifying as with a bath of gold everything it touched.

"I wish that grain had n't ripened so fast, Ans'. It 's blightin'."

"Think so?"

"No; I know it. I went out to look at it before supper, an' every one of those spots that look so pretty are just simply burnin' up! But, say, ain't it a little singular that Flaxen should blossom out in a desire fer a new dress all at once? Ain't it rather sudden?"

"Wal, no; I don't think it is. Come to look it all over, up one side an' down the other, she 's been growin' about an inch a month this summer, an' her best dress is gittin' turrible short the best way you can fix it. She 's gittin' to be 'most a woman, Bert."

"Yes; I know she is," said Bert, significantly. "An' something 's got to be done right off."

"Wha' d' ye mean by that, ol' man?"

"I mean jest this. It 's time we did something religious fer that girl. She ain't had much chance since she 's been here with us. She ain't had no chance at all. Now I move that we send her away to school this winter. Give her a good outfit an' send her away. This ain't no sort o' way fer a girl to grow up in."

"Wal, I 've be'n thinkin' o' that myself; but where 'll we send her?"

"Oh, back to the States somewhere; Wisconsin or Minnesota—somewhere."

"Why not to Boomtown?"

"Well, I 'll tell ye, Ans'. I 've been hearin' a good 'eal off an' on about the way we was bringin' her up here 'alone with two rough

old codgers,' and I jest want to give her a better chance than the Territory affords. I want her to git free of us and all like us fer a while; let her see somethin' o' the world. Besides, that business over in Belleplain to-day kind o' settled me. The plain facts are, Ans', the people are a little too free with her because she is growin' up here—"

"I know some fellers that won't be again."

"Well, they are beginnin' to wink an' nudge each other an' to say—"

"Go on! What do they say?"

"They say she 's goin' to be a woman soon; that this fatherly business is bound to play out."

"I 'd like to see anybody wink when I 'm around. I 'd smash 'em!" said Anson through his set teeth. "Why, she 's our little babe—my little un; I 'm her ol' pap. Why—" he ended in despair.

"There ain't no use o' howlin', Ans'. You can't smash a whole neighborhood."

"But what are we goin' to do?"

"Well, I 'll tell ye what we must n't do. We must n't tog her out jest yet."

"Why not?" asked Anson, not seeing these subtle distinctions of time and place.

"Because, you tog her out this week or next, without any apparent reason, in a new hat an' dress an' gloves, an' go down to one o' these sociables with her, an' you 'd have to clean out the whole crowd. They 'd all be winkin' an' nudgin' an' grinnin', see?"

"Wal, go on," said the crushed giant. "What 'll we do?"

"Jest let things go on as they are fer the present till we git ready to send her to school."

"But I promised the togs."

"All right. I 've stated the case," Gearheart returned, with the air of a man who washed his hands of the whole affair.

"Jest hear her! whistlin' away like a lark. I don't see how I 'm goin' to go in there an' spoil all her fun; I can't do it, that 's all."

"Well, now, you leave it all to me. I 'll state the case to her in a way that 'll catch her, see if it don't. She ain't no common girl."

It was growing dark as they went in, and the girl's face could not be seen.

"Well, Bert, are ye ready to help churn?"

"Yes, I guess so, if Ans' 'll milk."

"Oh, he 'll milk; he jest loves to milk ol' Brindle when the flies are thick."

"Oh, you bet," said Ans', to make her laugh.

"Ahem, Flaxen," coughed Gearheart in beginning, "we 've been discussin' your case, an' we 've come to the conclusion that you ought to have the togs specified in the indictment" (this to take away the gravity of what was to follow); "but we 're kind o' up a tree about jest what we 'd better do. The case is this. We 've got to buy a horse to fill out our team, an' that 's a-goin' to take about all we can rake an' scrape. We may have to git our groceries on tick. Now, if you could only pull through till after—"

"It 's purty tough, Flaxie, an' pap 's awful sorry; but if you could jest pull through—"

It was a great blow to poor little Flaxen, and she broke down and cried unrestrainedly.

"I—I—don't see why I can't have things like the rest o' the girls." It was her first reproach, and it cut to the heart. Anson swore under his breath, and was stepping forward to say something when Gearheart restrained him.

"But, ye see, Flaxie, we ain't askin' ye to give up the dress, only to wait on us fer a month or so, till we thrash."

"That 's it, babe," said Anson, going over to where she sat, with her arms lying on the table and her face hidden upon them. "We could spend dollars then where we could n't cents now."

"And they won't be any more thingumyjigs at the church, anyhow, and the wheat 's blightin' on the knolls, besides."

But the first keen disappointment over, she was her brave self once more.

"Well, all right, boys," she said, her trembling voice curiously at variance with her words; "I 'll get along somehow, but I tell you I 'll have something scrumptious to pay for this—see if I don't." She was smiling again faintly. "It 'll cost more 'n *one* ten dollars fer my togs, as you call 'em. Now, pap, you go an' milk that cow! An', Bert, you glue yerself to that churn-dasher, an' don't you stop to breathe er swear till it 's done."

"That 's the girl to have! that 's our own Flaxen! She knows how hard things come on a farm."

"I bet I do," she said, wiping away the last trace of her tears, and smiling at her palpable hit. And then began the thump of the dasher, and out in the dusk Anson was whistling as he milked.

She went down to the sociable the next night in her old dress, and bravely looked happy for pap's sake. Bert did not go. Anson was a rather handsome old fellow. Huge, bearded like a Russian, though the color of his beard was a wolf brindle, resembling a bunch of dry buffalo-grass, Bert was accustomed to say that he looked the father of the girl, for she had the same robust development, carried herself as erect, and looked everybody in the eye with the same laughing directness.

There were some sly remarks among a ribald few, but on the whole everything passed off as usual. They were both general favorites, and as a matter of fact few people remarked that Flaxen's dress was not good enough. She

certainly forgot all about it, so complete was her absorption in the gaiety of the evening.

"Wal, now fer four weeks' hard times, Flaxen," said Anson, as they were jogging homeward about eleven o'clock.

"I can stand my share of it, pap," she stoutly replied. "I 'm no chicken."

ALL through those four or five weeks, at every opportunity, the partners planned the future of their waif. In the harvest-field, when they had a moment together, one would say to the other:

"We 'll let her stay two years, if she likes it, eh?"

"Certainly; she need n't come back till she wants to. We may be rich enough to sell out then, and move back ourselves. I 'm gittin' tired o' this prairie myself. If we could sell, we 'd put her through a whole course o' sprouts, eh?"

"You bet. Sell when you can find a buyer. I 'll sign the deed."

"All right."

And then they would go to work again toiling and planning for the future. Every day during August these men worked with the energy of demons, up early in the morning and out late at night, harvesting their crop. All day the header clattered to and fro with Bert or Ans' astride the rudder, a cloud of dust rolling up from the ground, out of which nimbus the painted flanges of the reel flashed like sword-strokes. All day, and day after day, while the gulls sailed and soared in the hazy air and the lark piped from the dun grass, these human beings, covered with grime and sweat, worked in heat and parching wind. And never for an hour did they forget their little waif and her needs.

One night toward the last of the harvest they were returning along the road from a neighboring farm, where they had been to head some late wheat. The tired horses with down-hung heads and swinging traces were walking sullenly but swiftly along the homeward road, the wagon rumbling sleepily; the stars were coming out in the east while yet the rose and amethyst of the fallen sun lighted the western sky. Through the air, growing moist, came the sound of reapers still going. Men were shouting blithely, while voices of women and children came from the cabins, where yellow lights began to twinkle.

Anson and Bert, blackened with dust and perspiration, and weary to the point of listlessness, sat with elbows on knees, talking in low, slow tones on the never-failing topic, crops and profits.

"There 's the light," broke out Ans' with considerable animation; "Flaxen 's got supper all ready for us. She 's a regular little Trojan, that girl is. They ain't many girls o' fourteen that 'u'd stay there contented all day alone an' keep all the whole business in apple-pie order. She 'll get her pay some day."

"We 'll try to pay her; but say, ol' man, ain't it about time to open up our plans to her?"

"Wal, yes; it is. You kind o' start the thing to-night, an' we 'll have it over with."

As they drove up, Flaxen came to the door. "Hello, boys! What makes ye so late?"

"Finishin' up a field, babe. All done."

"Goody! all done at last. Well, yank them horses out o' their harnesses an' come to biscuits. They 're jest sizzlin' hot."

"All right. We 'll be there in about two jerks of a lamb's tail in fly-time. Bert, grab a tug; I 'm hungry as a wolf."

It was about the first of September, and the nights were getting cool, and the steaming supper seemed like a feast to the chilled and stiffened men coming in a little later and sitting down with the sound of the girl's cheery voice in their ears. The tea was hot; so were the biscuits. The pyramid of hot mashed potato had a lump of half-melted butter in the hollow top, and there were canned peaches and canned salmon.

"Yes; we 're about finished up harvestin'," said Bert, as they settled themselves at the table, "an' it 's about time to talk about gittin' you off to school."

"Don't worry about that. It ain't no great job, I reckon. I can git ready in about seventeen jiffies, stop-watch time."

"Not if you are goin' away off to some city in the East—"

"Yes; but I ain't, ye see."

"Oh, yes, you are. Bert an' I 've be'n talkin' it all over fer the last three weeks. We 're goin' to send you back to St. Peter to the seminary."

"I guess not, pap. I 'd like to know what you think you 're a-doin' sendin' me 'way back there. Boomtown 's good enough fer me."

"There, there, Flaxie; don't git mad. Ye see, we think they ain't anythin' good enough fer you. Nothin' too good fer a girl that stays to home an' cooks fer two old cusses—"

"You ain't cusses! You 're jest as good as you can be; but I ain't a-goin'— there!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause I ain't; that 's why."

"Why, don't ye wan' to go back there where the people have nice houses, an' where they 's a good—"

"Well, I don't know enough; that 's why. I ain't goin' back to no seminary to be laughed at 'cause I don't know beans."

"But you do," laughed Bert, with an attempt to lighten the gloom—"at least canned."

"They 'd laff at me, I know, an' call me a Norwegian."

"I 'll bet they won't, not when they see our new dress an' our new gold watch — dress jest the color o' crow's-foot grass, watch thirty carats fine. I 'd laugh to see 'em callin' my babe names then!"

And so by bribing, coaxing, and lying they finally obtained her tearful consent. They might not have succeeded even then had it not been for a young lady in Boomtown who was going back to the same school, and who offered to take her in charge. But there was hardly a day that she did not fling herself down into a chair and cry out:

"I jest ain't goin'. I 'm all right here, an' I don't see why you can't let me stay here. I ain't made no fuss. Seems as if you thought it was fun fer me to go 'way off there where I don't know anythin', an' where I don't know anybody."

But, having come to a conclusion, the men were relentless. They hired sewing-girls, and skirmished back and forth between Boomtown and the farm like mad. Their steady zeal made up for her moody and fitful enthusiasm. However, she grew more resigned to the idea as the days wore on toward the departure, though her fits of dark and unusual musing were alarming to Anson, who feared a desperate retreat at the last moment.

He took her over to see Miss Holt one day, but not before he had prepared the way.

"I s'pose things are in purty good shape around this seminary?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. There are three large buildings; libraries, picture-galleries, and music-rooms. The boarding-halls are carpeted, and the parlors are really elegant."

"Uh-hum!" commented Anson. "Well, now, I 'm goin' to bring my girl over to see you, an' I guess it 'u'd be jest as well if ye did n't mention these fineries an' things. Ye see, she 's afraid of all such things. It 'u'd be better to tell her that things were n't very gorgeous there, about like the graded school in Boomtown, say. She ain't used to these music-halls an' things. Kind o' make her think St. Peter ain't no great shakes, anyhow."

"I see," laughed the quick-witted girl. And she succeeded in allaying a good deal of Flaxen's dread of the seminary.

"Wal, babe, to-morrow," said Anson, as they were eating supper, and he was astonished to see her break out in weeping.

"Why don't you keep harpin' away on that the whole while?" she exclaimed. "Can't you leave me alone a minute? Seems to me you 're jest crazy to git rid o' me."

"Oh, we are," put in Bert. "We 're jest lickin' our chops to git back to sour flapjacks an' soggy bread. Jest seems as though we could n't wait till to-morrow noon."

This cleared the air a little, and they spent the rest of the evening without saying much directly upon the departure.

"Come, come, brace up, babe! Anybody 'u'd think we 'd lost all the rest of our family, when we 're only doin' the square thing by our daughter. That 's all. Why, you 'll be as happy as a canary in less 'n two weeks. Young folks is about the same everywhere, an' you 'll git acquainted in less 'n two jiffies."

They were on the road to Boomtown to put Flaxen on the train. It was about the tenth of September, early in the cold, crisp air of a perfect morning. In the south there was a vast phantom lake, with duplicate cities here and there along the winding shores which stretched from east to west. The grain-stacks stood around so thickly that they seemed like walls of a great, low-built town, the mirage bringing into vision countless hundreds of them commonly below the horizon.

The smoke of steam threshing-machines mounted into the still air here and there, and hung long in a slowly drifting cloud above the land. The prairie-lark, the last of the singing birds, whistled softly and infrequently from the dry grass.

They were driving her to Boomtown to avoid the inquisitive eyes of the good people of Belleplain. "I may break down an' blubber," said Anson to himself; "an' if I do, I don't want them cussed idiots standin' around laughin'— it 's better to go on the C. B. and Q., anyhow."

Notwithstanding his struggle to keep talk going, Anson was unsuccessful from the very moment that Belleplain faded to an unsubstantial group of shadows, and disappeared from the level plain into the air, just as Boomtown correspondingly wavered into sight ahead. Silence so profound was a restraint on them all, and poor Flaxen with wide eyes looked wistfully on the plain that stretched away into unknown regions. She was thinking of her poor mother, whom she dimly remembered in the horror of that first winter. Naturally of a gay, buoyant disposition, she had not dwelt much upon her future or her past; but now that the familiar plain seemed slipping from her sight entirely, she was conscious of its beauty, and, rapt with the associated emotions which came crowding upon her, she felt as though she were leaving the tried and true for the unknown and uncertain.

"Boys," she said finally, "d' ye s'pose I 've got any folks?"

"I should n't wonder if ye had, babe, somewhere back in the ol' country."

"They could n't talk with me if I could find 'em, could they?"

"I reckon not, 'less you study so hard that you can learn their lingo," said Ans', seeing another opportunity to add a reason for going.

"Well, boys, that 's what I 'm goin' to do, an' by an' by we 'll go over there an' see if we can't find 'em, won't we?"

"That 's the talk; now you 're gittin' down to business," rejoined Ans'.

"I s'pose St. Peter is a good 'eal bigger 'n Boomtown," she said sighfully, as they neared the "emporium of the sleepy James."

"A little," said the astute Gearheart.

The clanging of the engines and the noise of shouting gave her a sinking sensation in the chest, and she clung to Anson's arm as they drove past the engine. She was deafened by the hiss of the escaping steam of the monster standing motionless, headed toward the east, ready to leap on its sounding way.

On the platform they found Miss Holt and a number of other friends waiting. There was a great deal of clanging, and whanging, and scuffling, it seemed to the poor overwrought girl. Miss Holt took her in charge at once and tried to keep her cheerful. When they had checked her trunk and the train was about ready to start, Ans' looked uneasy and fidgeted about. Bert looked on, silent and dark. Flaxen, with her new long dress and new bonnet, looked quite the woman, and Miss Holt greeted her as such; indeed, she kept so close to her that Anson looked in vain for a chance to say something more which was on his mind. Finally, as the train was about going, he said hesitatingly:

"Elga, jest a minute." She stared for a moment, then came up to him.

"I did n't want to call ye Flaxen afore her," he explained; "but ye—ain't—kissed us good-by."

The tears were streaming down her white cheeks, and this was too much. She flung her arms about his neck, and sobbed on his bosom with the abandon of girlish grief.

"I don't wan' to go at all, pap."

"Oh, yes, ye do, Elga; yes, ye do! Don't mind us; we 'll be all right. I 'll have Bert writin' a full half the time. There, kiss me good-by, an' git on—an' Bert here, too."

She kissed him twice through his bristling mustache, and, going to Bert, offered her lips, and then came back to Anson and threw herself again into his arms. She had no one to love but these two. Anson took her on his firm arm, and helped her on the car, and followed her till she was seated beside Miss Holt.

"Don't cry, babe; you 'll make ol' pap feel turrible. He 'll break right down here afore all these people, an' blubber, if ye don't cheer up. Why, you 'll soon be as happy as a fly in soup. Good-by, good-by!"

The train started, and Anson, brushing his eyes with his great brown hand, swung himself off and stood looking at her. As the train passed him she rushed to the rear end of the car, and remained there looking back at the little station till the sympathetic Miss Holt gently led her back to her seat. Then she flattened her round cheek against the pane and tried to see Anson. When the last house of the town passed by her window she sank back in her seat and sobbed silently.

"I feel as if I 'd be'n attendin' my own funeral," said Anson, after they had got into their wagon and the train had gone out of sight in the haze of the prairie.

"Well, it 's pretty tough on that child to go off that way. To her the world is all a great mystery. When you an' I go to heaven it won't be any greater change fer us than this change fer Flaxen—every face strange, every spot new."

"Wal, she ain't so far away but we can look out fer her. She ain't poor ner fatherless as long as we live, hey?"

And then silence fell on them. As they were jogging homeward they saw the gray gulls rise from the sod and go home to the lake for the night. They heard the crickets' evening chorus broaden and deepen to an endless and monotonous symphony, as behind fantastic, thin, and rainless clouds the sun sank in unspeakable glory of color. The air, perfectly still, was cool almost to frostiness, and, far above, the fair stars broke from the lilac and gold of the sun-flushed sky. Lights in the farm-houses began to appear.

Once or twice Anson said: "She 's about at Summit now. Now she 's goin' down the Minnesota slope. I hope she 's chirked up."

They met threshing-crews going noisily home to supper. Once they met an "outfit," engine, tank, separator, all moving along like a train of cars, while every few minutes the red light from the furnace gleamed on the man who was stuffing the straw into the furnace door, bringing out his face so plainly that they knew it. As the night grew deeper an occasional owl flapped across the fields in search of mice.

"We 're bound to miss her like thunder, Bert; no two ways about that. Can't help but miss her on the cookin', hey?"

Bert nodded without looking up. As they came in sight of home at last, and saw the house silhouetted against the faintly yellow sky, Ans' said with a sigh:

"No light er singin' there to-night."

"The fact is, Flaxen has sp'iled us," laughed Anson, a couple of days later, when Bert was "cussin'" the soggy biscuit. "We 've got so high-toned that we can't stand common cookin'. Time was we 'd 'a' thought ourselves lucky to git as good as that. Rec'lect them flapjacks

we ust to make? By mighty! ye could shoe a horse with 'em. Say, I wish I could jest slip in an' see what she 's a-doin' about now, hey?"

"She 's probably writin' a letter. She won't do much of anythin' else fer a week."

"I hope you 're right," said Anson.

They got a queer little letter every Wednesday, each one for several weeks pitifully like the others.

Dear boys I thought i would take my pen in hand to tell you i dont like it one bit the school is just as mene as it can be the girls do laugh at me they call me toe-head. if i catch em right i will fix their heads They is one girl who i like she is from pipestone she dont know no moren i do she says my dress is pritty is ol nig an the drake all rite i wish i was home. ELGA.

The wish to be home was in all these letters like a sob. The men read them over carefully and gravely, and finally Anson would put them away in the Bible, bought on Flaxen's account, for safe-keeping.

As the letters improved in form their exultation increased.

"Say, Bert, don't you notice she writes better now? She makes big I's now in place o' little ones. Seems 's if she runs the sentence all together, though."

"She 'll come out all right. You see, she goes into the preparatory department, where they teach writin' an' spellin'. You 'll see her hand improve right along now."

And it did, and she ceased to wail for home and ceased to say that she hated her studies.

"I am getting along splendid," she wrote some weeks after this. "I like my teacher; her name is Holt. She is just as nice as she can be. She is cousin to the one who came with me; I live with her uncle, and I can go to soshibles whenever I want to; but the other girls cant. I am feeling pretty good, but I wish you boys was here."

She did not wish to be at home this time!

Winter shut down on the broad plain again with that implacable, remorseless brilliancy of fierce cold which characterizes the northern plain, stopping work on the farm and bolting all doors. Hardly a day that the sun did not shine; but the light was hard, white, glittering, and cold, the winds treacherous, the snow wild and restless. There was now comparatively little danger of being lost even in the fiercest storms, but still life in one of these little cabins had an isolation almost as terrible as that of a ship wedged amid the ice-floes of the polar regions.

Day after day rising to feed the cattle, night after night bending over the sooty stove listening to the ceaseless voice of the wind as it beat and brushed, whispered, moaned, and piped or screamed around the windows and eaves — this was their life, varied with an occasional visit to the store or the post-office, or by the call of a neighbor. It is easy to conceive that Flaxen's bright letters were like bursts of bird-song in their loneliness. Many of the young men, their neighbors, went back East to spend the winter — back to Michigan, Iowa, New York, or elsewhere.

"Ans', why don't you go back an' visit yer folks?" asked Bert, one day. "I 'll take care o' things."

"Wal, the fact is, I 've be'n away so long they don't care whether I 'm alive er dead. I ain't got no near relatives except a sister, an' she 's got all the fam'ly she can 'tend to."

"Same here. We ain't very affectionate, anyway; our fam'ly and I don't write. Still I 'd like to go back, jest to see how they all are."

"Why not go?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess I must one o' these days. I 've kind o' be'n waitin' till we got into a little better shape. I hate to go back poor."

"So do I. It 's hard work fer me to give up beat; I ain't goin' to do it yet awhile."

Sometimes a neighbor dropped in during the middle of the day, and on pleasant days they would harness up the team and take a drive down to the store and the post-office; but usually they just vegetated like a couple of huge potatoes in a cellar, as did most of the settlers.

It was the worst winter since the first that they had spent in the country. The snow seemed never still. It slid, streamed, rose in the air ceaselessly; it covered the hay, drifted up the barn door, swept the fields bare, and, carrying the dirt of the plowed fields with it, built huge black drifts wherever there was a wind-break, corn-field, or other obstruction.

There were moments when Bert was well-nigh desperate. Only contact with hard work and cold winds saved him. He was naturally a more ambitious, more austere man than Anson. He was not content to vegetate, but longed to escape.

It was in December that the letter first came from Flaxen which mentioned Will Kendall.

O boys! I had the best time. We had a party at our house and lots of boys came and girls too, and they were nice, the boys, I mean. Will Kendall he is the nicest feller you ever seen. He has got black eyes and brown hair and a gold watch-chain with a locket with some girl's hair in it, and he said it was his sister's hair, but I told him I did n't believe it, do you? We had cake and pop-corn and 'lasses candy; and Will he took me out to supper.

Bert was reading the letter, and at this point he stopped and raised his eyes, and the two men

gazed at each other without a word for a long time. Then Anson laughed.

"She 's gittin' over her homesickness. She 's all right now she 's got out to a sociable."

After that there was hardly a letter that did not mention Kendall in some innocent fashion among the other boys and girls who took part in the sleigh-rides, parties, and sociables. But the morbidly acute Bert, if he saw, said nothing, and Anson did not see.

"Who d' ye s'pose this Kendall is?" asked Anson, one night late in the winter, of Gearheart, who was reading the paper while his companion reread a letter from Flaxen. "Seems to me she 's writin' a good 'eal about him lately."

"Oh, some slick little dry-goods clerk or druggist," said Bert, with unwarrantable irritation.

"She seems to have a good 'eal to say about him, anyway," repeated Anson, in a meditative way.

"Oh, that 's natural enough. They are two young folks together," replied Bert, with a careless accent, to remove any suspicion which his hasty utterance might have raised in Anson's mind.

"Wal, I guess you 're right," argued Anson, after a pause, relieved. This relief was made complete when in other letters which came she said less and less about Kendall. If they had been more experienced, they would have been disturbed by this suspicious fact.

Then again, when Anson wrote asking "What has become of that Kendall you wrote so much about?" she replied that he was there, and began writing of him again in a careless sort of way, with the craft of woman already manifest in the change of front.

Spring came again, and that ever-recurring miracle, the good green grass, sprang forth from its covering of ice and snow, up from its hiding-place in the dark, cold sod.

Again the two set to work ferociously at the seeding. Up early in the wide, sweet dawn, toiling through the day behind harrow and seeder, coming in at noon to a poor and badly cooked meal, hurrying back to the field and working till night, coming in at sundown so tired that one leg could hardly be dragged by the other — this was their daily life.

One day, as they were eating their supper of sour bread and canned beans, Gearheart irritatedly broke out: "Ans', why don't you git married? It 'u'd simplify matters a good 'eal if you should. 'Old Russ' is no good."

"What 's the matter with *your* gittin' married?" replied Anson, imperturbably pinching off the cooked part of the loaf, skilfully leaving the doughy part.

"I ain't on the marry; that 's all."

"Neither 'm I."

"Well, you ought to be."

"Don't see it."

"Well, now, let me show it. We can't go on this way. I 'm gittin' so poor you can count my ribs through my shirt. Jest think how comfortable it would make things. No more awful coffee; no more canned baked beans; no more cussed, infernal, everlastin', leathery flapjacks; no more soggy bread — confound it!" Here he seized the round inner part of the loaf, from which the crust had been flaked, and flung it through the open door far down toward the garden.

"Bert! that 's the last bit of bread we 've got in the house."

"What 's the odds? We could n't eat it."

"We could 'a' baked it over."

"We *could* eat dog, but we don't," replied Bert, gloomily. His temper was getting frightful of late.

"We 'll be all right when Flaxen comes back," said Ans', laughing.

"Say, now, you 've said that a thousand times this winter. You know well enough Flaxen 's out o' this. We ain't countin' on her," blurted Gearheart, just in the mood to say disagreeable things.

"Wha' d' ye mean? Ain't she comin' back in June?"

"Probably; but she won't stay."

"No; that 's so. She 'll have to go back in September; but that 's three months, an' we may sell out by that time if we have a good crop. Anyway, we 'll live high fer a spell. We ought to have a letter from her to-night, had n't we?"

"I 'm goin' down to see, if you 'll wash the dishes."

"All right. Take a horse."

"No; the horses are tired. I 'll foot it."

"Wal, ain't you too?"

"Want anythin' from the store?"

"Yes; git a hunk o' bacon, an' some canned corn, tomatoes, an' some canned salmon; if ye think we can stand the pressure, bring home a can o' peaches."

And so Gearheart started off for town in the dusk, afoot, in order to spare the horse, as though he had not himself walked all day long in the soft, muddy ground. The wind was soft and moist, and the light of the stars coming out in the east fell upon his upturned eyes with unspeakable majesty. Yet he saw them but dimly. He was dreaming of a face which was often in his mind now — a face not unlike Flaxen's, only older, more glorified, more womanly. He was asking himself some searching questions to-night as his tired limbs dragged themselves over the grassy road.

What was he toiling for, anyway? What mattered all this terrible tramping to and fro — was it an end or only a means? Would there

ever come anything like satisfaction of desire? Life for him had been a silent, gloomy, and almost purposeless struggle. He had not looked forward to anything very definite, though vaguely he had hoped for something better.

As his eyes fell upon the twinkling yellow lights of the village his thought came back to Flaxen and to the letter which he expected to receive from her. He quickened his steps, though his feet were sore and his limbs stiff and lame.

The one little street presented its usual Saturday-night appearance. Teams were hitched to the narrow plank walk before the battlemented wooden stores. Men stood here and there in listless knots, smoking, talking of the weather and of seeding, while their wives, surrounded by shy children, traded within. Being Saturday night, the saloons were full of men, and shouts and the clink of beer-mugs could be heard at intervals. But the larger crowd was gathered at the post-office: uncouth farmers of all nationalities, clerks, land-sharks, lawyers, and giggling girls in couples, who took delight in mingling with the crowd.

Judge Sid Balser was over from Boomtown, and was talking expansively to a crowd of "leading citizens" about a scheme to establish a horse-car line between Boomtown and Belleplain. Colonel Arran of the Belleplain "Argus," in another corner, not ten feet away, was saying that the Judge was "a scoundrel, a blow-hard, and would down his best lover for a pewter cent," to all of which the placid Judge was accustomed and gave no heed.

Bert paid no attention to the colonel or to the judge, or to any of this buzzing. They were just talking to hear themselves make a noise, anyway. "They talk about building up the country—they who are a rope and a grindstone around the necks of the rest of us who do the work."

When Gearheart reached his box he found a large square letter in it, and, looking at it, saw that it was from Flaxen directed to Anson. "Her picture, probably," he said as he held it up. As he was pushing rapidly out he heard a half-drunken fellow say, in what he thought was an inaudible tone:

"There 's Gearheart; wonder what 's become of his little Norsk."

Gearheart turned and, pushing through the crowd, thrust his eyes into the face of the speaker with a glare that paralyzed the poor fool.

"What 's become o' your sense?" he snarled in a frightfully wolfish tone, which had in it a carnivorous note.

With this warning he turned contemptuously, and passed out, leaving the discomfited rowdy to settle accounts with his friends. But there was a low note in the ruffian's voice, an insinuating inflection, which stayed with him all along the way home, like a bad taste in the mouth. He saw by the aid of a number of these sidelights of late that Flaxen never could come back to them in the old relation; but how could she come back?

Gearheart stopped and gazed thoughtfully upward. She must come back as the wife of Ans' or himself. "Pooh! she is only a child," he said, snapping his finger, and walking on. But the insistence remained. "She is not a child, she is a maiden soon to be a woman; she has no relatives, no home to go to but ours after her two or three years of schooling are over; it must still be her home, and no breath of scandal shall touch her if I can prevent it; and after her two years are up"—after a long motionless reverie he strode forward—"she shall choose between us."

There had grown up between the two friends of late a constraint, or, to be more exact, Gearheart had held himself in before his friend, had not discussed these problems with him at all. "Ans' is just like a boy," he had said to himself; "he don't seem to understand the case, and I don't know as it 's my duty to enlighten him; he either feels very sure about her, or he has not understood the situation."

He was thinking this now as he strode across the spongy sod toward the lighted windows of the shanty. The air was damp and chill, for the ice was not yet out of the ponds or swamps of tall grasses. An occasional prairie-cock sent forth a muffled, drowsy "boom"; low-hung flights of geese, gabbling anxiously, or the less orderly ducks, with hissing wings, swept by overhead, darkly limned against the stars. There was a strange charm in the raw air, so laden with the fresh, subtle, all-pervasive scent of springtime earth. The weary man almost forgot his pain as he drew deep breathings of the night.

It was significant of the restraint that had grown up between him and Anson that he held the letter from Flaxen unopened in his hand simply because it was directed to his friend. He knew that it was as much to him as to Anson, and yet, feeling as he had of late, he would not open it, for he would have been angry if Anson had opened one directed to him. He simply judged Anson by himself.

The giant was asleep when he entered. His great shaggy head lay beside the lamp on his crossed arms. Bert laid the letter down beside him, and shook him.

"Hello! got back, hey?" the sleeper said, rousing up sluggishly. "Anythin'?" Then he caught sight of the letter. "Oh, bless her little heart! wonder what it is? Pecture, bet my hat!" Here he opened it.

"Gee-whittiker, thunder and turf, gosh all —Friday—Look-a there! Ain't she growed!" he yelled, holding the picture by the corner and moving it into all sorts of positions. "That 's my little girl, our Flaxen; she can't grow so purty but what I 'd know her. See that hair done up on the top of her head! Look at that dress, an' the thingumajigs around her neck! Oh, she 's gittin' there, Smith, hey?"

"She 's changin' pretty fast," said Bert, listlessly.

"Changin' fast! Say, ol' man, what 's the matter with ye? Are ye sick?"

"I 'm played out, that 's all."

"Darn my skin! I should think ye would be, draggin' all day, an' then walkin' all o' four mile to the post-office. Jest lay down on the bed there, ol' boy, while I read the letter to ye. Say, ol' man, don't you git up in the mornin' till you please. I 'll look after the breakfast," insisted Anson, struck with remorse by the expression on Bert's face.

"But here 's the letter. Short an' sweet."

DEAR BOYS [Bless the little fist that wrote that!]: I send my picture. I think it is a nice one. The girls say it flatters me, but Will says it don't [What the devil do we care what Will says?]—I guess it does, don't you? I wish I had a picture of you both; I want to show the girls how handsome you are [She means me, of course, said Ans'. No, confound it; how handsome you are] both of you. I wish you would send me your pictures both of you. I ain't got much to say. I will write again soon. ELGA.

Bert looked at the picture over Anson's shoulder, but did not seem to pay much attention to it.

"Wal, I 'll go out an' shut the barn door. Nights git cold after the sun goes down. You need n't peel the 'taters to-night. We 'll bake 'em, brussels an' all, to-morrow mornin'."

When Anson had gone, Bert snatched up the picture with great eagerness, and gazed upon it with a steady, devouring glance. How womanly she looked with her hair done up so, and the broad fair face and full bosom.

He heard Anson returning from the barn, and hastily laid the picture down, and when Anson entered was apparently dropping off to sleep.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Hamlin Garland.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

IT was about three years ago—it was early in 1889—that, on an evening which must always remain memorable to some of us, two or three English writers met, at the house of Mrs. Humphry Ward, a young American man of business who had just made her acquaintance. Among those who then saw Mr. Wolcott Balestier for the first time were Mr. Henry James (soon to become his closest and most valued friend in England) and the writer of these lines. As I look back upon that evening, and ask myself what it was in the eager face I watched across the table-cloth which could create so instant a thrill of attraction, so unresisted a prescience of an intimate friendship ready to invade me, I can hardly find an answer. The type was not of that warm and sympathetic class so familiar in our race; neither in color, form, nor character was it English. In later moments one analyzed that type—a mixture of the suave colonial French and the strained, nervous New England blood. But, at first sight, a newly presented acquaintance gained an impression of Mr. Balestier as a carefully dressed young-old man or elderly youth, clean-shaven, with smooth dark hair, thin nose, large, sensitive ears, and whimsically mobile mouth. The singular points in this general appearance, however, were given by the extreme pallor of the complexion, and by the fire in the deeply set dark-blue eyes. For the rest, a spare and stooping figure, atonic, ungraceful, a general physique absurdly and even exasperatingly ill-matched with the vigor of will, the extreme rapidity of graceful mental motion, the Protean variety and charm of intellectual vitality, that inhabited this frail bodily dwelling. To the very last, after seeing him almost daily for nearly three years, I never could entirely lose the sense of the capricious contrast between this wonderful intelligence and the unhelpful frame that did it so much wrong.

Charles Wolcott Balestier had just entered his twenty-eighth year when first I knew him. He was born at Rochester, New York, on the 13th of December, 1861. His paternal great-grandfather had been a French planter in the island of Martinique; his maternal grandfather, whom he is said to have physically resembled, was a jurist who completed commercial negotiations between the United States and Japan.

Of his early life I know but little; Mr. Henry James, when he undertakes the task of biography, will doubtless tell us so much as it is interesting to preserve of all this. Wolcott Balestier was at school in his native city, and at college for a short time at Cornell University, but his education was, I suppose, mainly that of life itself. After his boyhood he spent a few years on the outskirts of literature. I learn from Mr. W. D. Howells that at the age of seventeen he began to send little tales and essays to the office of the "Atlantic Monthly." He edited a newspaper, later on, in Rochester; he published in succession three short novels; and he was employed in the Astor Library in New York.

All these incidents, however, have little significance. But in the winter of 1882 he made an excursion to Leadville, which profoundly impressed his imagination. The Colorado air was more than his weak chest could endure, and he soon came back; but two years later he made a second trip to the West, in company with his elder sister, and this lasted for many months. He returned, at length, through Mexico and the Southern States. The glimpses that he gained in 1885 of the strange life of the West remained to the end of his career the most vivid and exciting which his memory retained. The desire to write earnestly seized him, and it was in Colorado that the first crude sketch of the book afterward rewritten as "Benefits Forgot" was composed. Soon after his return to New York he became known to and highly appreciated by Mr. John W. Lovell, and in the winter of 1888 he came over to England to represent that publisher, and to open an office in London.

Of his three full years in this latter city I can speak with some authority, for I was in close relation with him during the greater part of that time. He arrived in England without possessing the acquaintance of a single Englishman, and he died leaving behind him a wider circle of literary friends than, probably, any living American possesses. He had an ardent desire to form personal connections with those whose writings in any way interested him,—to have his finger, as he said, on the pulse of literature,—and the peculiarity of his position in London, as the representative of an American publishing-house, not merely facilitated the carrying out of this ambition, but turned that pleasure into a duty. He possessed a singularly winning mode of address with strangers whose attention he wished to gain. It might be described as combining the extreme of sympathetic resignation with the self-respect needful to make that resignation valuable. It was in the nature of the business in which Mr. Balestier was occupied during his stay in England that novels (prose fiction in all its forms) should take up most of his thoughts. I suppose that there was not one English novelist, from Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy down to the most obscure and "subterranean" writer of popular tales, with whom he did not come into relations of one sort or another, but sympathetic and courteous in every case. He was able to preserve in a very remarkable degree his fine native taste in literature, while conscientiously and eagerly "trading" for his friends in New York in literary goods which were not literature at all. This balance of his mind constantly amazed me. His lofty standard of literary merit was never lowered; it grew, if anything, more exacting; yet no touch of priggishness, of disdain, colored his intercourse with those who produce what the public buys in defiance of taste, the honest purveyors of deciduous fiction.

Mr. Balestier's ambition on landing, an obscure youth, in an England which had never heard of him was no less than to conquer a place of influence in the center of English literary society. Within three years he had positively succeeded in gaining such a position, and was daily strengthening it. There has been no such recent invasion of London; he was not merely, as we used to tell him, "one of our conquerors," but the most successful of them all.

What was so novel and so delightful in his relations with authors was the exquisite adroitness with which he made his approaches. He never lost a shy conquest through awkwardness or roughness. If an anthology of appreciations of Wolcott Balestier could be formed, it would show that to each literary man and woman whom he visited he displayed a tincture of his or her own native color. As I write these words a letter comes from the author of "John Inglesant," to whom in the winter of 1890 I gave Balestier a letter of introduction. "The impression he left upon me," says Mr. Shorthouse, "was so refined and delicate in its charm that I looked back to it all through that terrible winter with a bright recollection of what is to me the most delightful of experiences, a quiet dinner with a sympathetic and intelligent man."

Our notices of the dead tend to grow stereotyped and featureless. We attribute to them all the virtues, all the talents, but shrink from the task of discrimination. But the sketch which should dwell on Wolcott Balestier mainly as on an amiable young novelist cut off in the flower of his literary youth would fail more notably than usual in giving an impression of the man. Of his literary work I shall presently speak: to praise it with exaggeration would, as I shall try to show, be unwise. But all men are not mere machines for writing books, and Balestier,

preëminently, was not. The character was far more unique, more curious, than the mere talent for composition, and what the character was I must now try to describe. He had, in the first place, a business capacity which in its degree may not be very rare, if we regard the whole industrial field, but which as directed to the profession of publication was, I am not afraid to say, unique. He glanced over the field of the publishing-houses, and saw them all divided in interests, pulling various ways, impeding one another, sacrificing the author to their traditions and their lack of enterprise. He dreamed great dreams of consolidation, at which those who are incapable of the effort of dreaming may now smile, if they will. But no one who is acquainted with details to which I must not do more than allude here will deny that he possessed many of the characteristics needed to turn his dreams into facts. He held in his grasp the details of the trade, yet combined with them an astonishing power of generalization. I have never known any one connected with the art or trade of literature who had anything like his power of marshaling before his memory, in due order, all the militant English writers of the moment, small as well as great. There they stood in seemly rows, the names that every Englishman honors and never buys, the names that every Englishman buys and never honors. Balestier knew them all, knew their current value, appraised them for future quotation, keeping his own critical judgment, all the while, unbent, but steadily suspended.

To reach this condition of experience time, of course, had been required, but really very little. Within twelve months he knew the English book-market as, probably, no Englishman knew it. Into this business of his he threw an indomitable will, infinite patience, a curious hunting or sporting zest, and what may be called the industrial imagination. His mind moved with extreme rapidity; he never seemed to require to be told a fact or given a hint twice. When you saw him a few days later, the fact had gathered to itself a cluster of associate supports, the hint had already ripened to action. I may quote an instance which has a pathetic interest now. In the autumn of 1889, fresh from reading "Soldiers Three," I told him that he ought to keep his eye on a new Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard Kipling?" he answered impatiently; "is it a man or a woman? What 's its real name?" A little nettled, I said: "You will find that you won't be allowed to go on asking questions like those. He is going to be one of the greatest writers of the day." "Pooh, pooh!" Balestier replied; "now you are shouting!" And no further reference was made to the subject. But three days later I found a pile of the blue Indian pamphlets on his desk, and within a week he had added the future collaborator in "The Naulahka" to the troop of what he used to call his "personal conquests."

No striking qualities, as we know, are without their defects. The most trying peculiarity of Wolcott Balestier was the result of his rapidity in decisive manœuvering. He had cultivated such a perfect gift for being all things to all men, discretion and tact were so requisite in his calling, that he fell, and that increasingly, into the error of excessive reticence. This mysterious secrecy, which grew on him toward the last, his profound caution and subtlety, would doubtless have become modified; this feature of his character needed but to become a little exaggerated, and he would himself have perceived and corrected it. There was perhaps a little temptation to vanity in the case of a young man possessed of so many secrets, and convinced of his worth as a confidential adviser. He "had the unfortunate habit of staring very hard at his own actions, and when he found his relations to others refining themselves under a calcium light, he endeavored to put up the screen." These words from a story of his own may be twisted into an application that he never intended. In the light of his absolute and unshaken discretion, of his ardent loyalty to his particular friends, of his zeal for the welfare of others, this little tortuous foible for mystery dwindles into something almost too small to be recorded.

For the ordinary relaxations of mankind, especially for the barbarous entertainments of us red-blooded islanders, he had an amused and tolerant disdain. He rode a little, but he had no care for any other sort of exercise. He played no games, he followed no species of sport. His whole soul burned in his enterprises, in his vast industrial dreams. If he tried golf, it was because he was fond of Mr. Norris; if he discussed agriculture and Wessex, it was because that was the way to the heart of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Nothing came amiss to him in conversation, and he was so apt a learner that he would talk charmingly of politics, of wine, of history, even of the fine arts. But only three things really occupied his mind — the picturesque procession of the democratic life of to-day, the features and fortunes of his friends, and those commercial adventures for the conduct of which he had so extraordinary a genius.

It is by design that I have not spoken hitherto of his own literary productions. It would be easier, I think, to exaggerate their positive value than to overrate the value of the man who wrote them. Moreover, there is a certain impropriety in publicly analyzing what has not yet been given to the public. The three novels which he published in America ("A Patent

Philtre," 1884; "A Fair Device," 1884; "A Victorious Defeat," 1886) were the outcome of an admiration for the later novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, but they had not the merit even of being good imitations. He was conscious of their weakness, and he deliberately set himself to forget them. Meanwhile the large issues of life in the West and its social peculiarities fascinated him. The result of his study of the Leadville of 1885 will be found in a novel called "Benefits Forgot," which was finished in 1890, and which will appear in these pages. During the last year of his life Wolcott Balestier took to composition again with much fervor and assiduity. There is no question that his intimate friendship with so eager and brilliant an artist as Mr. Rudyard Kipling was of vast service to him. The short stories of this last year are exceedingly remarkable. There remains the part of "The Naulahka" which he contributed, but on this it is impossible here to dwell. His posthumous writings will be presented in succession to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and when they have passed through this periodical form, they will fill two or three volumes. What he might have done, if he had lived ten years longer, none of us can conjecture.

The melancholy task remains to me of telling how so much light and fire was extinguished. He habitually overworked himself to such a degree, the visible mental strain was so obvious, that his health had long given us the deepest anxiety. I, for one, for a year had almost ceased to hope that he could survive. Yet it now appears, both from the record of his family and from the opinion of the German doctors, that there was no organic mischief, and that he might, in spite of his weakness, have lived to old age. He was overworked, but he never worried; he was exhausted, but he did not experience the curse of sleeplessness. Last November, however, after some days of indisposition, looking all the while extremely ill, he left us for business reasons, and went to Berlin. We heard of him a few days later as laid up in Dresden. His mother and sisters immediately went to him from Paris. The disease proved to be typhoid fever in a most malignant form, and on the twenty-first day, Sunday, the 6th of December, 1891, he died, having not quite completed his thirtieth year. He lies buried in the American cemetery at Dresden, and our anticipations lie with him;

For what was he? Some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much
In watching him from hour to hour.

Edmund Gosse.

IN MEMORIAM WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

TEARS do but blind; our grief hath vision clear;
The shadows that now lower a little space,
And hide from us familiar form and face,
Will lift and lighten with each fleeting year,
And thou wilt seem not far, but very near,
Infolded ever in our love's embrace.
Still dost thou live, and in thy wonted place.
Thy realm is thought, and Death is powerless here;
Oft wilt thou greet us in the days to come,
The laurel's beauty gleaming on thy brow,
And soul to soul we shall commune with thee,
And thoughts for which even poesy is dumb
Shall find a voice, and we shall listen now
To genius touched by immortality.

James R. Campbell.

"STARVING AT TASKOMA!"

PICTURES BY HARPER PENNINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

THE winter that followed the cessation of work on the Taskoma branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will long be remembered on the Madawaskan Bay. The contractors were bankrupt, and the last batches of unpaid workmen had to be released from their snow prison by relief-parties. At that time the inhabitants of Taskoma Mills were warned of the danger they were running, and were advised to leave, but they had become attached to their new home, rough and isolated as it was. They believed in the development and eventual prosperity of this jumping-off place, and attributed such depreciatory epithets as God-forsaken, blankety-blanked, etc.—without one of which the name of their settlement was rarely mentioned—to ill feeling caused by the collapse of the railroad enterprise. Like all fond parents they had a weakness for their offspring, and were equally sanguine in their expectations of future greatness.

When the winter closed around them with an unusual extravagance of cold and snow, they calked the seams of their log huts, worked at the woodpile, and patiently awaited the steamer that was to bring their supplies. The news of her wreck and total loss off Anatoulin Island was, to say the least, inopportune, and at the daily meeting in McSwine's quondam grocery and post-office the situation was briefly outlined by the president in the following terms:

MEN OF TASKOMA: As presiding officer of this and numerous other assemblies it becomes my painful duty to inform you that the *Albert Nyanza* has foundered with the captain and crew, our hopes and supplies. She 's a total, absolute, *com*-plete wreck. And now, gentlemen, let us look at the situation like men, as we are. Our navy 's no good, because we have n't any. Our telegraph system 's no good, because the only wire is down. And our army 's no good, because the Indians say we cannot travel at present. Offensively speaking, then, we 're paralyzed. And right here I move that our resolution to stay and face it out was unwise, unjustifiable, and un-sane. On that subject I will say more. I will say that it is our duty as a community to put it on record that every man present behaved at that time like an ass, a —— ass, and nothing but an ass. And I also move, and second the motion, that a committee be appointed to break its way through to Yatchedash Junction, and petition for help. Contrary minded? The ayes have it; it is a vote. I therefore name and appoint Messrs. Collins, Fairbanks, and Fournier as voluntary members of that committee, and order them to start not later than four o'clock to-morrow morning.

The proceedings whereby this forlorn hope was authorized were therefore perfectly regular and correct. The "volunteers" left at the hour specified, and in the mean time the camp was organized on a starvation basis. All supplies were turned into headquarters at McSwine's, and every morning the daily ration was served out to the members of the community according to the president's handicap scale of appetites. However, when a few days later the relief-committee returned to camp in a starving condition, the inhabitants began to realize that the impending famine was more than a mere picturesque episode in the history of their development. Another expedition, better fitted out than the first, was at once sent out to break through the "Chinese Wall" of snow that surrounded Taskoma, and in the mean time the most strenuous efforts were made to increase the small stock of food on hand. Although fishing through the ice was warmly advocated at McSwine's, it was effectively discouraged at the other end of the line by the prospective victims. And day after day the men of the camp met around the stove at the grocery, to smoke, and to chew the bitter cud of reflection. The empty shelves around them expounded the philosophy of the situation in pathetic but convincing silence; and silence became the chief characteristic of the community.

The only man who stayed away from these meetings was the mission priest. In the rude, unpainted little chapel-house, on the lower floor of which he occupied a closet, Father Taché fasted and prayed, consoling the distressed women who came to him, and thus indirectly strengthening the men. When the ninth cheerless, leaden day dawned, and the snow continued falling, and yet no news came from the outside world, he arose from his morn-

ing prayers with the conviction that the temporal, as well as the spiritual, salvation of his flock rested entirely with him. For an hour or two he paced the parlor of the mission-house, considering the problem before him, and then ascended to the chapel to pray. While he was kneeling at the altar it seemed to him that the Madonna leaned forward out of her golden frame and whispered to him, "Go thou upon the path, for the Lord hath chosen thee!"

Father Taché was a man of simple character; faithful, honest, and passionately sincere in his vocation, a priest of medieval convictions and latter-day forbearance. That there existed good, strong men among the heretics he admitted, while he deplored the error of their belief. It was his duty to preach that there was no salvation outside of the Church, but he did so with a mental reservation; for the Church, as he conceived it, was bounded only by faith, hope, and charity, and all men who practised these virtues were, consciously or not, members of the great congregation. Still, with these broad-minded views he united certain curious, obsolete beliefs, as picturesque adornments of an otherwise simple and matter-of-fact character. When the first bad news had reached Taskoma, Father Taché concluded that the settlement was expiating the inevitable sins of its temporary prosperity; and now it was equally evident to him that God required a propitiatory sacrifice. He had been chosen, and from that moment forward he did not hesitate in the performance of his obvious duty. Toward evening he went down to McSwine's grocery and asked for the latest news.

"There ain't any, Father Taché," one of the men answered; "and savin' your pardon, short o' comin' from heaven, I don't see as any is likely to reach us for the present. If that party we sent out had got to Yatchedash, we 'd 'a' heard from 'em yesterday or the day before. So I guess they never got there, and that's the end of it. We 're goin' to try once more, and Runnin' Joe here is goin' to make a break in the mornin'."

"The news *has* come from heaven!" the priest answered solemnly, stepping forward to the center of the room. "This day the Lord appeared to me in a vision, and said, 'Go thou forth upon the path!' And to-morrow morning I shall start alone."

There was something in Father Taché's voice and manner that impressed even the least superstitious, and for half a minute no one spoke. Then all together they protested against his going. The Irish and the French Canadians would not hear of his leaving them and their families when they most needed his spiritual help and consolation. The others objected for equally convincing reasons. Physically he was not strong enough; he was not in proper training; he was no woodsman; he did not know the caches and water-holes, etc. But Father Taché stood his ground. To some he said: "It is the will of God. You cannot know it as I do." The others he reminded of his long service in tent and cabin on "construction" work. As for the road, he knew every inch of it; was he not the priest of this very district? But these reasons failed to satisfy them, and the discussion waxed hotter and more personal. "You are not strong enough, you are not strong enough," they kept repeating; until, brushing them all aside, he stood forth in the middle of the room.

"With the help of God, who is stronger than I!" he cried, stroking his short, black beard nervously. "Let him stand forth, and I will wrestle with him; and if I prevail, then I shall go to Yatchedash instead of Joe."

For the next few moments all was noise and confusion, and from all corners of the room came cries of "No! No! Yes! Yes! Never! We won't allow it. It is the only way! Let him do as he 's a mind to! It 's none of our business, anyway! Silence! Come, that 's fair! Stand back!" until McSwine loudly rapped for order. "Let Father Taché have his own way, boys, and stand back against the walls. It 's a perfectly square deal. If Joe can throw him, then Joe goes. If he can't, then he 'll have to stay along of us and see it out here."

While McSwine was speaking, Father Taché had bared his brawny arms; and as he stood there in relief, like an old-time champion of the Church, with the ends of his cassock tucked into his waistband, his massive shoulders thrown back, and the light of enthusiasm in his honest blue eyes, many a man present suddenly felt moved to bet his ration of canned beef against the Indian, in spite of the latter's well-known strength and skill.

When Joe, stolidly confident in his huge proportions, signified that he was ready, the silence was so great that the splutter of the lamps was distinctly audible; the excitement so intense that for the first time in many days the presence of the grim sentinel outside was forgotten. Father Taché's inexperience was evident from the first. The Indian obtained such a hold that the contest seemed ended before it had fairly begun. But to the surprise of all the Father broke it slowly, steadily, and apparently without great effort. Regardless of rules, he closed his massive arms around his adversary, and held him as a bear hugs a man, swaying slowly from side to side. And to and fro, panting, they lurched, sank, fell, and rallied; resting for a moment, with short cries wrung from them by their exertions; and then again reeling and straining, breast to breast, backward and forward, now up to-

"AVE, DOMINE!"

gether, now on the ground, for the privilege of self-sacrifice on the morrow. More than once the cunning of the Indian nearly won the battle, and he grunted contentedly — but always too soon. For as it became evident that he was weakening, it became equally evident that Father Taché was gaining in strength and skill. His eyes shone with a fanatical fire; the spirit that animated the crusaders glowed, and burned, and seethed within him; the conviction that he was the champion of the Church grew stronger and more evident; in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm he suddenly raised the Indian high in the air, and, as he flung him to the floor, stunned and helpless, the building rang with his triumphant chant: "*Ave, Domine! fortissimi ecclesiæ filii!*"

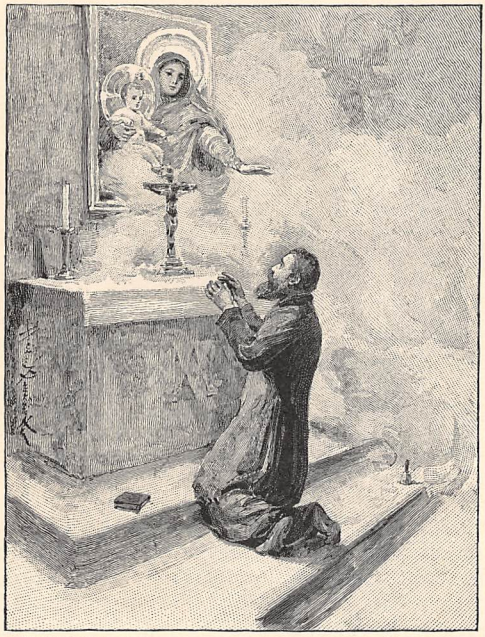
At six the next morning the whole camp, men, women, and children, Catholics and heretics, attended early mass, and after the communion waited outside while Father Taché prayed alone at the altar for strength and endurance. Then they helped him to make his pack, and in a body accompanied him to the border of the forest. There many fell on their knees in the snow to receive his last blessing, and, one after another, those who had remained standing now uncovered, bent their heads, and finally kneeled also. And as he stood with outstretched hands and face upturned toward the sky, the pale winter sun broke through the mist on the horizon and illumined his figure brightly. For a minute he stood silent, deeply moved, with suffused eyes that looked into the brightness beyond; and raising his voice, he unconsciously quoted the Scripture, saying: "Whither I go, ye know; and the way ye know. Let not your hearts be troubled. I will come again. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." Then pulling on his tuque he turned to go.

It was an impressive moment in the history of the camp, and the most hardened felt moved. So, when old Tim Sawyer stretched out his stick toward the priest, and said in an uncertain voice, "God bless you, Father Taché!" every man in that crowd repeated after him, "God bless you, Father!"

For a while they stood watching the retreating figure as it grew smaller and smaller between the high, snow-plastered walls of the trees, until finally the black speck, with all their hopes and fears, disappeared behind a turn in the road. And one after another in silence returned to his dreary cabin.

For some hours after his departure Father Taché walked along unconscious of his surroundings. Had the magnitude, or the difficulty, or the probable failure of his undertaking suggested itself to his mind, he would have

swept it aside with a quotation or a prayer. That Yatchedash Junction was ninety miles away; that no human habitation was to be found along the road; that many of the trestles had been burned, and must therefore be crossed on a single line of rails hanging together only by the bolts of the fish-plates; that all the dangers of a long march alone through exceptionally heavy snow lay before him, weighed as nothing in the balance against the single fact



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

AT THE ALTAR.

that fifty families were starving at Taskoma. With the skirts of his cassock tucked into his belt, a blanket over his knapsack, with his ax and his missal, the sturdy Father sped along on his snow-shoes at a rapid gait. No snow had fallen since daylight. The broad swath cut for the railroad-track through the pine-forest, and evenly filled up with snow to half the height of the telegraph-poles, reached out before him, until afar off it climbed the horizon, narrow, evident, and steep, as he fancied the straight path to heaven must be. Beyond the grayish veil of cloud that covered the sky, the blue background above, though unseen, was distinctly sensible. The sun did not shine, but a dazzling white light, reflected with intense yet lusterless brightness by the snow-surface, shed a broad halo over the visible world. The air was crisp and sharp, and with the healthy glow of the vigorous exercise Father Taché's spirits rose within him, and he tingled all over with a delicious feeling of vitality.

His religion and vocation apart, this priest was a fine specimen of man; the kind of flesh and blood of which enthusiasm makes heroes and martyrs. While still a mere boy he had loved with all the earnest ardor of an honest heart; but death had vetoed the confirmation of his happiness, and grief had made of him a priest. The rigid scholastic training of the seminary, to which he had submitted absolutely,—for he was not a man to do anything in a half-hearted way,—had been unable to quench his healthy love for the beauties of nature, or to impair his quick sympathy with the prosperity or misery of his fellow-creatures. And so on this first day of his homeric struggle with the snow-king, Father Taché warmed with enthusiasm over the magnificence of the wild northern landscape, and glorified God for the marvels of his creation. As he marched along he sang in his powerful bass voice the old Canadian songs which he had learned as a boy, and whose every line or variation of tune he both knew and loved; and few would have supposed that this stalwart friar, singing and swinging his massive limbs to the cadence of the refrain,

> En roulant ma boule, roulant!
> En roulant ma boule!

was the emissary of a starving community cut off from all human aid, and whose existence depended upon his energy and endurance.

All that day lustily singing, he pushed onward, halting only for a short meal about noontime. He hoped to reach the bridge over the Spanish River some time before dark, as the log huts built there a few months ago would afford him shelter overnight. It was a great journey to accomplish in one day, being somewhat over fifty miles of the ninety; but the weather was fair, and Father Taché believed that if he succeeded in reaching that point on the first day the happy issue of his expedition was assured. When the sun went down, or rather when the bright day waned to an arctic twilight, Father Taché's songs became more sentimental; his singing was less spontaneous, and lapsed gradually into a subdued humming that soon died out altogether. The silence, the semi-darkness, the appalling isolation, and the natural weariness resulting from such a colossal effort, began to tell upon his spirits, and little by little the dangerous snow-drowsiness, so fatal to many a traveler, insidiously worked its way into his brain. But as he felt it gaining upon him he struggled more determinedly with fatigue and sleep, cooled his forehead in the snow, and prayed, and stumbled on.

It was late indeed when he broke his way through into the old telegraph-office at the Spanish River; but the satisfaction of having accomplished so much made him forget his weariness, his suffering, and the uncertainty of

his success. The place was dismal enough, to be sure, but Father Taché had seen too much of the miseries of camp life to be affected by cheerless quarters. After removing his snow-shoes, he started a fire, and kneeled to thank God for his help, without which he could never have reached the bridge. Then, having eaten a few mouthfuls of beef and biscuit, he wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down by the fire, and was soon asleep.

The next morning he arose with difficulty. Besides the lame stiffness to be expected after such a day's journey, his ankles were swollen, and the excruciating pain locally known as the *mal de raquettes* made him wince at every step. After much trouble he succeeded in splitting enough wood to make a fire, over which he heated some brandy, and rubbed his lame feet. Then he crawled to the door and looked out. The sky was clear at last, and in spite of his pain Father Taché sprang up joyfully and folded his hands. He had forgotten all but that God had answered his prayer, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy he sang. And the tall, swaying pines bent their heads and listened, the gleaming birches fluttered their nervous twigs, and the silly poplars shuddered and shivered; while Echo, that most docile of Nature's children, repeated and lingered over the unfamiliar words of the "Te Deum laudamus."

But alas for the frailty of human thews and sinews! By noon Father Taché was only six miles from the bridge, and that night, after superhuman efforts and nearly crazed with pain, he barely reached the once famous Camp 42, twenty-eight miles from Yatchedash, twenty-eight miles from hope, twenty-eight miles from salvation. During the day his sufferings had been so keen that he had pushed on more as one walking in a dream than as a conscious human being. What he did on his arrival, or how he effected an entrance into the former storehouse, he could never remember. It is probable that with a vague recognition of the premises he burrowed through the snow until he reached a window, broke down the sash, and tumbled in, to fall asleep immediately after drawing his blanket over his head.

When he awoke the next day he was in utter darkness. For some time he lay quiet, shivering and wondering where he might be, for of the happenings of the last few days he remembered nothing. His mind was as numb as his body, and the only thing he could recollect was a camp scene on "construction," long ago, when, early one morning, he had lain quiet under his blanket as now, hoping that some one would light the fire. Then suddenly the word "Taskoma" appeared to him as though written in letters of fire on the wall of the log house, and it all came back to him. With an intuitive remembrance of his lameness, he attempted to move slowly, cautiously, as one who fears a sudden pain; yet to his surprise he could feel neither pain, nor lameness, nor even fatigue. He was merely numb with cold, and his hands tingled as though they had been asleep. He awoke abruptly, in complete possession of his senses, and, jumping up, made a fire and breakfasted. Then, feeling warm and strong, he rose to go; but the door was wedged fast by the snow outside, and, after vainly endeavoring to push it outward, he turned back to look for a pick or a bar, and made a startling discovery. At the rear end of the long building, and huddled together on a bench-bed, lay three dead bodies, frozen stiff; and in the stern, dark features he recognized three of the four men who had started from Taskoma on the same mission as his own — Jim Nolan and the two Indians, Yellow Joe and Big Hams.

These were the men who had gone before; these were the men in whose snow-covered footsteps he had followed for two days on this fearful journey, and whom on that same day, perhaps, he would follow into the infinite world beyond. It is no wonder, then, that Father Taché was moved as he reverently covered their rigid bodies with his own blanket (he would not need it again, for if he did not reach the Junction by night he would never reach it at all). He stuck his last candle into an empty whisky-bottle, lighted it, and placed it at their feet. Then he blessed them, and turned to go.

Outside the snow was falling again in large, heavy flakes, and in the storm it was impossible to see ahead. As he plodded on, Father Taché for the first time began to question the certainty of his success. Twenty-eight miles in this weather was no small undertaking, and the dismal discovery which he had made at Camp 42 had affected him more deeply than he dared to acknowledge. Once or twice he attempted to sing, but in the solemn silence that surrounded him the songs sounded like a hollow mockery, and after the first verse he merely repeated the words mechanically in a monotonous undertone. Now that he had left the forest and was traveling over comparatively level ground, the telegraph-poles were his only guides, but in the maskeeg, or bog, many had fallen, and were covered with snow; he could not see more than twenty yards ahead, and must grope his way, as it were, from one fallen pole to the next. About noon he began to feel vaguely conscious of having lost the track, and started to walk back; but before he had gone a furlong the shallow marks of his snow-shoes had disappeared under the falling snow. For a few moments he wandered on over the trackless waste, then became alarmed, and turned to go

back; but only a few steps further the trail had once more disappeared, and, after staggering aimlessly, first to the right, then to the left, he knew that he was lost.

Lost! No, no! it could not be! He looked eagerly around for some landmark, some hill, or rock, or tree; but on all sides the silent white curtain, heavy, thick, impenetrable, inclosed him. In his despair he called out, "Lord, Lord, thou hast forsaken them!" and, falling on his knees, Father Taché buried his head in the snow. But, after the first moment of bewilderment and despair, he rallied and prayed fervently for help, not for his own sake, but that his miserable flock at Taskoma might be saved. Day after day, and night after night, as the hunger-fiend drew his net closer about them, they would wander out to the edge of the forest, and stand there gazing wistfully up the road by which he had disappeared. And day after day each would go back sadder and more despondent to watch his wife and children sinking gradually, hopelessly, inevitably into the grave. In his prayers he offered his own life as a sacrifice, and naïvely believing, like some of the old martyrs, that the greater his suffering the more acceptable it would be, he prayed for unheard-of tortures and miseries.

When he raised his head it seemed to him that his prayer had been heard; the snow was falling more lightly than before, the wind was increasing, and the sky was brighter. He ate what was left of the biscuit, drank the remainder of the communion wine, and rose for his last effort, no longer as Father Taché the mission priest, but as Father Taché the chosen martyr. Not far from where he stood there was a ridge in the smooth snow-surface; he ran toward it, and eagerly brushed the white covering aside. It was what he had hoped it might be—a fallen telegraph-pole; and now he could distinguish another and yet another farther on, and with a shout of triumph he cried: "Taskoma is saved! A strong and mighty bulwark is the Lord our God!"

An hour later he had passed the bridge over the Vermilion, and was soon floundering in the deep drifts at the famous Clay-cut by Whitefish Lake. Then came the long trestle, a dangerous crossing in the wind that had set in; but, lying flat on his stomach, he succeeded in crawling safely over to the other side; and it was night again. On and on, step by step, effort by effort, hour after hour, through the silent desolation of snow that surrounded him, Father Taché plodded, with never a friend to encourage, never a soul to admire. Excepting the melancholy moaning of the wind, not a sound broke the awful silence, and in the increasing gloom neither light nor landmark guided him onward. But under the torn cassock, stiff with ice, his faithful heart beat on, troubled only by the misery of those he loved, not by the misery he was suffering. And, trusting in God, the brave spirit struggled on alone against weakness, and hunger, and the terrible snow-sleep.

Fight on, brave soldier; the end is nearing! Fight on alone, the end is at hand! None will record your sacrifice, none write your history. No glory awaits you here. Only God will know the agony of that bitter night when you reeled, and staggered, and floundered, and fell, calling to him in your delirium for help and endurance, singing his psalms as you tottered on, groaning in your anguish, and unconsciously sobbing that wild refrain, "Starving—starving at Taskoma!" Fight on, Father Taché, the end is at hand!

About four o'clock the next morning the stalwart Hudson's Bay factor stepped out from the cabin near Yatchedash where he had made a night's halt with his Indians. The storm had entirely ceased, and the stars were twinkling brightly from their solemn distance in the black sky. Ross looked up and down the road with a satisfied air, and was turning to call his men when he noticed a curious object tottering toward him, and, reaching for his rifle, cautiously walked toward it, wondering the while at its strange gait and continuous hoarse cries. When he drew near he recognized Father Taché, and caught him in his arms as he fell forward, gasping: "Starving at Taskoma! Help!—for the love of God!"

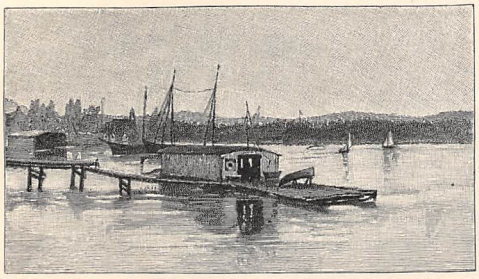
THEY were white men at Yatchedash Junction, and a preliminary relief-party was organized at once, composed of Mat Murphy the road-master, Father Caron, the sturdy little Doctor Lovey, and Ross with his Indians. A larger party with more supplies was to start later in the day. Their generous haste was rewarded, for they arrived in time to save every man, woman, and child at the Mills. But Father Taché never recovered altogether; and when the snow had disappeared, and the robins whistled again in the tamarack tops, and the Madawaskan Bay was once more a sea of blue and gold, he passed away. They laid him to rest in the sad little graveyard behind the mission, where to-day, when the snow is not too deep, you will find the plain wooden cross that marks his resting-place, and traced upon it by some unskilful hand the words that live in the hearts of those he saved from death:

God bless you, Father Taché!

John Heard, Jr.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF LETITIA ROY.

PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



ENGRAVED BY T. L. CALHANE.

THE LANDLOCKED HARBOR.

MISS LETITIA ROY was one of the prettiest girls in Alberta, and much homage was tendered her, from the very day of her arrival, in the little English settlement that surrounded the Hudson's Bay Company's fort; but it was not until six years afterward — not until she reached the mature age of twenty-two, when girls in western towns are almost looked upon as old maids — that she descended to the common level and fell in love like all the rest of her world.

Letitia's prettiness was not a common type. She was rather under the middle height, and her figure was plump and well developed. Her hair was a bright shade of brown, short and curly, and the soft rings fell caressingly on her broad, well-shaped forehead, softening its intellectual outlines. Her eyes were hazel, and shone with unclouded happiness, while, when she smiled, innumerable dimples developed themselves around her somewhat full lips. Fortunately her teeth were small and white, and regularly set, for she showed nearly all of them when she laughed; and it was characteristic of her that she rarely spoke without a laugh. It came as spontaneously as the echo of her words.

In spite of the homage rendered her by the boys, Letitia was what may best be described as a girls' girl, for she cultivated ardent friendships among her own sex, with whom her independence of character and gaiety of heart made her a universal favorite. There were plenty of young men in Alberta in those days, so that Letitia's preëminence did not threaten to bring disastrous consequences upon any of her friends and faithful satellites. Then, although all the young men liked Letitia, it was satisfactorily decreed by fate that all of them should not fall in love with her. Somehow, in spite of her bright glances, they found it easier to slip into that relation which combines the brother with the friend, and which may, perhaps, be more accurately termed cousinly. Her independent self-reliance was not aggressive, but still it was perceptible, and did not serve to encourage timidly tender advances. She had another defense in the multiplicity of the interests and enthusiasms with which the maiden aunt after whom she was named had early inspired her. This maiden aunt was left behind in England when Mrs. Roy rejoined her husband, and the long six months' voyage around Cape Horn, together with the novelties of her new surroundings, sent Letitia's thoughts for a time into new channels. One by one, however, the old pursuits were renewed with ardor.

The Roys lived in a roomy one-storied cottage on the road that skirted the almost landlocked harbor. It was outside the limits of the old fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, but still was within ten minutes' walk of the center of the town, where, it was scoffingly said by American tourists from San Francisco, a cannon-ball might be fired at noon without hurting any living person. There were only one or two cottages beyond the Roys'. Further on the land was still uncleared, and the bush, with its somber fir-trees and tangled undergrowth, stretched away to the end of the rocky peninsula. In those days everybody in the settlement knew everybody else, from the governor in his recently built stuccoed castle on the heights to the equally solitary telegraph-boy, who had his headquarters in Wharf street.

Mr. Roy had come to the province at the time of the gold-fever; and when that subsided without giving him the fortune which was to have taken him home in triumph to his wife and children, he drifted from one place to another, settling down finally in the thriving little town of Alberta, where he laid the foundations of the famous ready-made clothing establishment which was soon able to supply bankers and miners alike with suitable wearing-apparel. As soon as it was prudent to do so he sent for his wife and children — for Letitia, and Edgar, and for the baby boy he had not yet seen. Mrs. Roy had no ambition whatever to enter into the gay social life of the colony. Her home duties appeared to occupy her incessantly. But for Letitia, she admitted,

LETITIA.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

it was quite different. Letitia was an interesting compound of father and mother. Her father's adventurous nature supplied the romantic element in her. Perhaps it was this spirit of romance that prevented Letitia from being satisfied with bread and butter in the shape of the honest youths of her intimate acquaintance, and sent her fancy roving, just as the spirit of adventure, years before, had urged her father abroad to seek his fortune. Homely instincts of duty, however, inherited from her mother, weighted Letitia's wings, and kept her from many a daring act. Their strength was evident in the happy way in which she adapted herself to the old-fashioned groove marked out for the only daughter in a family of boys. In spite of her dimples and her laughter, and the partly unconscious coquetry of her bright glances, the strongest influences long remained those which associated her with her brothers. Fancy-free herself, she officiated as bridesmaid with all the more grace to one friend after another; and she had even assumed the responsibilities of a godmother before she met Charles Neville.

II.

It was at a garden-party at Judge Whyte's that Letitia was introduced to Lieutenant Charles Neville of her Majesty's ship *Stronghold*. Mrs. Whyte was the recognized leader of Alberta society, and her weekly summer garden-parties were attended by all within its magic pale. The Roys were just on the borderland; for the retail department of Mr. Roy's store could not, with the best will in the world, be entirely overlooked by the little colony of select English people. But then it was whispered that he occasionally advanced money, at a high rate of interest, to traveling fellow-countrymen of distinction, chiefly officers of the royal navy, who found themselves inconveniently distant from the base of their supplies; and hence he might be looked upon as a private banker by those who were inclined to take a charitable view. These transactions were frequently arranged in informal conferences on the door-step of the store, or in a stroll along the sidewalk of the principal street, and were often followed by a convivial lunch or dinner on board one of the ships at the neighboring naval station. Such outward and visible signs of intimacy in high quarters could not be ignored. Besides, Mrs. Roy, if somewhat homely, was considered a lady by the other ladies of the town; and as for Letitia, she was not a girl to be passed over anywhere, and in a colonial town on the Pacific coast was actually a mine of wealth to an ambitious hostess who wished to make her house an attractive one. So Mr. and Mrs. Roy were invited to dinner by the judge's lady at least once a year, and Letitia, or Letty, as Mrs. Whyte preferred to call her, was welcome on all occasions when young people were present.

It was the naval element that gave both tone and variety to Alberta society. It had the advantage of constantly changing, and therefore could never grow monotonous. In the easy intercourse of colonial life Letitia had danced with several admirals and with many gallant captains, while the young middies fraternized with her brothers at foot-ball and cricket, and were always made welcome at the cottage on the Harbor Road. Lieutenant Neville did not therefore flash like an unexpected meteor upon Letitia's horizon. He arrived in the spring with the *Stronghold*, and it was quite in the ordinary course of events that he appeared at Judge Whyte's first garden-party in May. Letitia was there, equally as a matter of course, and the magic words, "Mr. Neville, Miss Roy," were pronounced in Mrs. Whyte's ordinary even tones. Neville and Letitia found themselves opponents at croquet, a much more piquant relation than that of partners. They were well-matched players, but Letitia finally pegged her opponent. Then, surrendering their mallets to later arrivals, they went laughing and chatting across the lawn and up the steps of the veranda, where Mrs. Whyte was dispensing tea and claret-cup. Neville's sunburnt face had the same buoyant, gladsome expression that distinguished Letitia's. His laugh was as gay as hers, his teeth as white under his fair mustache, and he had the gracious manners of a happy nature in addition to the well-bred air of a young man of the world.

"What a charming pair!" murmured Mrs. Whyte as they came up the veranda steps, Neville just behind Letitia.

Some of the elder ladies were grouped round Mrs. Whyte's tea-table. A Chinaman in a spotless white tunic with wide, hanging sleeves, and with his queue neatly braided round his head, was deftly handing round the tea-cups and the cake. His calm, expressionless brown eyes took in everything, and he quickly brought refreshments to Letitia and her companion, who were standing near a group of young people.

"You likee tea, Miss Loy?"

"Oh, thank you, Hing," said Letitia; "heap likee. But this man, Hing," she added, turning to Neville, "I think he likee claret."

"No, no," interposed Neville; "I likee tea."

"Tea velly good," said Hing, solemnly.

"Yes," replied Letitia, in assent; "but sometimes white man not savvy what good for him."

Neville's eyes followed Hing with some curiosity.

"Do you talk to all of them like that, Miss Roy?"

"Oh, Hing understands English very well," said Letitia. "He has been five years with Mrs. Whyte. We have had Chinese boys at home who scarcely knew a word of English when they came to us. However, they soon pick up the names of things, and we just skip the verbs." Neville drank his tea, and then carried his cup and Letitia's to the table.

"What a beautiful country this is," he said, when he returned.

Judge Whyte's house was built on the heights, in the aristocratic neighborhood of the governor's castle. From the raised veranda Letitia and Neville could look over the low, one-storied cottages beyond, which were built on the south slope of the hill, and were almost hidden by the blossom of cherry-trees, right away to the blue water of the straits, and to the range of snow-clad mountains on the American side.

"The mountains are especially beautiful today," said Letitia. "It is not always that we see that cleft in them, that opening yonder, between what must be two distinct ranges."

"Yes; I have not noticed it before," exclaimed Neville, with interest. "It looks like an opening into fairy-land."

"The gateway to the plains of heaven," suggested Letitia.

"Or to

"The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly,"

said Neville, sympathetically.

Letitia glanced with pleasure and surprise at her companion. It is not every man in the far West that can quote Tennyson appreciatively.

"That," she said in a few minutes, "is the charm that our scenery lacks. The charm of association," she added, as Neville looked inquiringly at her. "Our lakes, our hills, our streams are beautiful; but it is beauty without history, without anything behind — the beauty of a merely pretty face," she continued, with an increase of color and a shade of embarrassment that Neville found charming to watch. "There are no stories, no romances, attached to them, as there are to all the glens and mountains of Scotland and Switzerland."

"NEVER HAD THERE BEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER." ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS.

"Then you prefer European scenery?" asked Neville.

"I do not really know. I cannot say," replied Letitia. "I have only read about it. I was fifteen when we left England, but we had always lived in the same little country town."

There was a movement among the young people, some one having proposed an impromptu dance in the drawing-room. Neville and Letitia were consulted. Through the French windows, which opened on the veranda, it could be seen that the room was rapidly being cleared. The dark polished floor looked very inviting.

"Miss Roy plays some good waltzes," suggested Mrs. Whyte. "Letty, will you play first?"

Letitia at once went to the piano. Mrs. Whyte introduced Neville to several pretty girls, all wearing white dresses and sailor hats. They were so much alike at a first glance that Neville found it a little perplexing to distinguish

one from another. Letitia played well, but she waltzed even better, as Neville found out later in the afternoon. At the end of one of the dances Letitia introduced him to her brother Edgar, who was paying great attention to one of the sailor hats. It all seemed very delightful and informal to Neville, and he looked forward to having a very jolly time at Alberta.

III.

LIEUTENANT NEVILLE called upon Mrs. Roy the following week. Alberta etiquette made this almost obligatory, for Mr. Roy had called upon all the officers, collectively, as soon as the *Stronghold* arrived at the station. Neville received the kindly welcome from Mrs. Roy which she extended to all young fellows away from their homes. She seemed to him a comely, motherly woman, and he at once felt at ease in her house. The intimate love and confidence that existed between her and Letitia was charming to see. The boys seemed to belong to them equally, so prettily did Letitia enter into her mother's feeling of responsibility regarding them. Neville was in a mood to be impressed by so pleasant a picture of family life. The Roys gave few formal entertainments, but they were very hospitable in their own way; and Neville made it so frankly apparent that he enjoyed his visits that he was soon cordially invited to visit them whenever he pleased. He had been sufficiently long on board ship to appreciate every homely detail. He found it delightful, for instance, to watch Mrs. Roy dispose of a big basketful of the boys' socks. Neville had had experiences of his own in darning, and he inspected the mended heels and toes with the interest of a connoisseur. Possibly Letitia might have been blind to Neville's gifts and graces if she had grown up side by side with him. It is difficult for a young fellow to pose as a hero before a girl who knows exactly what place he took in his school examination, or who has seen him treated by mother and sisters as though he were a very fallible mortal. Heroism, and genius, and all the other fine qualities that bring a woman to her knees, are generally found by her in some one outside the intimate circle. It was not a difficult task to idealize Neville. He had a fine tenor voice, and he sang

> Bid me to live, and I will live
> Thy protestant to be;
> Or bid me love, and I will give
> A loving heart to thee,

with a fire and abandon that alone took Letitia's heart by storm. The duets which they practised together brought them into still closer harmony.

An acquaintance like this is not to be reckoned by weeks and months. Love, under favorable circumstances, is capable of a tropical growth. Unfortunately neither Neville nor Letitia stopped to consider the nature of the plant they were nourishing. But never had there been such a beautiful summer in Letitia's remembrance of Alberta. Never had she felt so glad and gay. How beautiful was life! How dear were her brothers! How intoxicating the sunshine and the flowers! A charming haze enveloped the mountain-tops and made their outlines vague and indistinct. So it was with the future, Letitia dreamily thought. It spread itself out in the distance, fair and unknown, and Letitia had no desire to unveil it.

Neville came and went. There were garden-parties every week at Judge Whyte's. There were occasional afternoon dances on board the *Stronghold*. There were picnics by boat and by carriage. Mrs. Roy, anxious mother as she was, saw no cause for alarm. She looked perhaps a little closer at the future than Letitia did, and her heart, by and by, began to ache, as the thought of a possible separation from her daughter occurred to her. There was, however, in Letitia's manner a reserve, a guardedness, a coyness, an inexpressible something, visible in her otherwise frank intercourse with Neville, that had prevented the nearer approach of lovers in the past, and that made Mrs. Roy feel by no means certain how the young people would shape their affairs. Neville had won her heart, and she wished him success. That he desired it she did not doubt. As the summer days passed quickly away Neville had less and less time, and perhaps less desire, to analyze his feelings. Everything was very jolly. The Roys were a delightful family; while, as for Letitia, she was out and out the prettiest girl he had ever met. He was not so frank with himself in acknowledging the disappointment that possessed him whenever Letitia was unexpectedly absent from a gathering; or, if he was aware of it, he took pains to attribute it to some other cause. "You lost nothing by not being at the Simcoes' the other evening," he would observe to Letitia the next time he saw her; "it was very flat." Some feminine instinct, perhaps, prevented Letitia from expressing her surprise. The Simcoes' dances were generally looked upon as social events beyond criticism, and Edgar had enjoyed himself as usual.

The pyracanth berries turned red; dahlias and chrysanthemums succeeded the roses. The mists were blown from the mountain-tops by the light evening breezes. The future, too, began slowly to unveil itself in the shape of rumors that the *Stronghold* was to go south before winter, and that the *Spitfire* would take

her place. Edgar was always the first to hear news, and one night he went home with the report that a telegram had been received from headquarters. He blurted it out at once, expecting it would excite great interest. But Letitia, who had been singing, began slowly to put her music in order without saying a word, and Mrs. Roy so promptly rebuked the boys for some piece of carelessness of which they one and all protested they had not been guilty, that, in the animated discussion which followed, Edgar's news was overlooked. The following day Neville called and confirmed the report. He openly expressed his regret, and, under the circumstances, seemed to expect the invitation to remain to dinner that Mrs. Roy at once gave him.

"Would you like to have one of our new little dogs to take with you, Mr. Neville?" asked Johnnie, the youngest of the family, and the only one who was called by a pet name, the excuse being that his father had monopolized "John." "I will give you one, if you like."

"Come and look at them," urged Alfred. "They are running about in the yard."

"You had better go with them, Letitia," said her mother, noticing that she was in doubt.

Neville admired the two little black dogs that scampered round and round the boys' legs, and, being asked to suggest names for them, christened them Flip and Flounce on the spot. He said that he was afraid they might get seasick on the ship, as they were not accustomed to sailing, and that the boys had better keep them for him until next summer, and meanwhile take them out in the boat as frequently as possible. The boys accepted his advice, and ran off to tell their mother of the arrangement, and to see if she approved of it.

Letitia and Neville loitered in the flower-garden instead of returning to the drawing-room; but neither of them referred to the approaching separation. It was uppermost in Letitia's mind, however, all the time, and she was scarcely as buoyant and gay as usual, although the matter-of-course way in which Neville spoke of his return next summer had lightened the load that had weighed upon her spirits since the previous evening. She was glad to be rid of that horrible sickening sensation which she had then experienced for the first time.

"Would n't it be pleasant to sit here?" said Neville, pointing to the bamboo chairs on the veranda.

Letitia assented. It would be much pleasanter than going indoors.

From the veranda they overlooked the little harbor, on one side of which clustered the wharves and warehouses of the town. On the other side, which was more rocky, there were only the scattered huts of the Indian Reserve. A sailing vessel from England, which had weathered the storms of the Cape, was being slowly towed in. Its dingy paint and battered aspect were in strong contrast to the trim smartness of an American revenue-cutter that lay at anchor. Neville called Letitia's attention to this, and she, in her turn, commented on some sealing-boats, the first of the season, that had returned from Bering Sea. The conversation remained in these safe channels, into which it had casually drifted, until the six-o'clock whistles sounded from the town workshops. Ten minutes later Mr. Roy and Edgar might be expected from the store. Neville pushed back his chair, and rose to stretch his limbs. As Letitia shook from her lap the petals of a chrysanthemum that she had been pulling to pieces in an absent-minded way, Neville smilingly referred to her destructiveness. Letitia gaily retorted. Mr. Roy and Edgar presently waved their hands and nodded to them from the sidewalk.

"Hullo! how d' ye do?" cried Mr. Roy, when he came within speaking distance. "I hear you 're off to the south. I wish I were going along with you."

"Yes," said Neville; "our sailing-orders came last night, I 'm sorry to say. I 've had an awfully jolly time here."

Letitia was sufficiently accustomed to boys' slang not to wince at the "awfully jolly." It was the masculine way of describing everything delightful.

"I hope I shall be lucky enough to get back next summer," continued Neville, with characteristic buoyancy.

"When do you sail?" asked Edgar.

"That is n't settled," said Neville. "But I think I 've a month's grace. It will take nearly that length of time to prepare."

When he spoke of the month's grace he turned with a slight, possibly unconscious, movement toward Letitia. Letitia rejoiced. These half-betrayals are often the food upon which love nourishes itself.

IV.

During that month of grace Neville talked with so much regret of his departure, and looked forward with so much certainty to a return the following summer, that the weight at Letitia's heart almost entirely disappeared. Her laughter echoed her words as gaily as ever, and bewitching smiles illuminated her face. Neville visibly rejoiced in her presence. The autumn days were calm and serene; but a crispness in the air, out of the sunshine, and an occasional touch of frost at night, were reminders that winter was approaching. Letitia had occasional reminders, too, of the approach of

her bitter season, but she had gained courage to look forward to the summer. Alberta society never allowed any occasion for festivity to slip by unnoticed. Indeed the English colony was renowned for its gay hospitality. As soon as the day was fixed for the departure of the *Stronghold* the citizens bestirred themselves to give a ball to the admiral, and the officers, in return, gave a farewell ball in the dockyard.

"In a few weeks you will be welcoming the *Spitfire*," said Neville, with a touch of sentimental jealousy which Letitia was quick to note.

Letitia had a new dress for these balls, and a new ball-dress was by no means an everyday event in Alberta. She was far too pretty and popular for Neville to have a chance of appropriating her on these occasions, and he also had his own social duties to attend to. The Roys were not the only people from whom he had received hospitality. Nevertheless, in one way or another, Neville and Letitia were much together during that last month. Mrs. Roy relaxed her discipline and permitted the young people, with Edgar and James as an escort, to enjoy extended rides through the woods. She was also persuaded to consent to a moonlight excursion on the water, up the inlet. On this last occasion Letitia's five brothers were considered to constitute a sufficiently strong body-guard, and Mrs. Roy, who had no great liking for small boats, stayed at home.

The sun was setting as they pushed out from the low pier, but the rich sunset lights lingered long afterward above the dark, fir-clad hills of the island. Very gradually they faded and merged themselves in the blue sky overhead, which then grew darker and darker, until the stars appeared, and the full moon rose majestically over the town. By that time the Roys had almost reached the Narrows, where the tide rushed with tremendous force between projecting rocks. The younger boys wanted to row through, and urged that the current was with them. But Letitia protested. Edgar was captain of the crew, and Neville set the lesson of obedience. As a compromise the boys were allowed to land and scramble over the rocks. Edgar undertook to stay with the boat, so Letitia and Neville presently, at Edgar's suggestion, also climbed up the rocks, and strolled through the woods to a point that was celebrated for the beauty of the view it commanded.

How could a pair of lovers fail to be moved by the influences of the hour? The pine-woods were dark, and the trail was narrow and tangled with briers. It was impossible to walk side by side, and therefore it was difficult to talk. Often the lapping of the water on the shore, and the crunching of cones under their feet, were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the evening. In the distance the boys' voices could now and then be heard, and occasionally there was the splash of Edgar's oar on the water as he drifted patiently backward and forward. Letitia led the way, for she knew which trail to follow; but Neville was only half a pace behind her, near enough to pull aside the boughs or to hold down the straggling brambles that impeded her course. Sometimes a ray of moonlight pierced the heavy, somber pine-branches overhead, and fell for a moment on her fair neck; sometimes it touched the soft rings of hair that clustered round her ears; and sometimes, when she half turned toward him, Neville was able to look for a moment into her hazel eyes. They were scarcely conscious how trivial were the remarks they made to each other. For the instant the senses were dominant.

Suddenly the path led them out of the woods on to the high bluff which Letitia had been trying to gain. Below them, and stretching as far as they could see to the right and the left, the deep waters of the inlet glimmered and gleamed in the moonlight. On the opposite shore an arbutus-tree distinctly projected itself from the pine-wood, and threw a weird shadow on the rocks. Letitia lifted her face to Neville to call his attention to it, and the next moment Neville's arm was round her waist and his lips were pressed to hers. The moonlight, which beautified everything on which it fell, beautified Letitia's features, and Neville yielded to an irresistible impulse. Letitia's equally irresistible impulse was to draw back, in shyness or in fright, and she followed the impulse even while her first surprise gave way to rapturous happiness. There was no longer any doubt that Neville felt even as she did. She half turned as she reached the edge of the woods to listen to the words that must come now without delay. Alas! the boys' voices were coming nearer and nearer. As for Neville, he was filled with dismay. What excuse could he offer for his mad conduct?

"Forgive me," he murmured as he rapidly followed her.

Letitia gave him her hand in reply, and he raised it to his lips.

The boys' voices sounded harsh and shrill in the silence of the evening. Neville scarcely knew whether he was glad or sorry that they were so near. He managed to recover himself before the boys themselves appeared; and to withdraw their attention from Letitia he plied them with question after question, to all of which they had eager answers to give, besides much extra information to impart. In spite of the narrow path, Neville managed, in the darkness, to retain Letitia's hand until they reached the boat.

V.

UNFORTUNATELY marriage did not present itself to Neville's imagination as the simple, easily arranged affair which Letitia's experience had taught her to regard it; and in the events that followed the momentary betrayal of his feelings she was scarcely able to judge Neville's position fairly, and to do him justice. Neville belonged to a wealthy English family. How could Letitia know that, personally, he was far less independent than the son of an artisan? He had no means of his own, and he had been brought up in the belief that to marry upon his lieutenant's pay was an impossibility. Hitherto, in fact, marriage had not entered into his calculations. He had been quite willing to contemplate it only at that probably distant period when he would either receive an adequate allowance from his father or inherit a portion of his father's wealth. But the question of marriage necessarily forced itself upon him after that scene on the bluff. As a gentleman he had his code of honor, which he could not infringe without a painful forfeiture of self-respect. Much depended upon whether Letitia had taken him seriously. Did she not, possibly, realize, as he did, the different bearings of the situation, and understand that they must give each other up, that the avowal of love was the signal for farewell? Yet Letitia was a charming girl. Had he only himself to please, how easily and pleasantly the matter could be settled! But what would his mother say to the match? Lady Caroline Neville and Mrs. Roy! What would happen if he wrote home and announced his engagement to the daughter of an Alberta tradesman (for so they would class Mr. Roy, regardless of mitigating circumstances)? Threats and entreaties might pour in alternately by every mail; or there might be a cool shrug of the shoulder and an intimation that he could, of course, do as he pleased, but that he need expect neither help nor countenance from his people. It occurred to him to throw up his profession, and to trust to Mr. Roy to put him in the way of earning an income. But that idea was quickly dismissed. It would be intolerable. For a moment, however, he envied Edgar Roy, who could marry when and whom he pleased.

These thoughts tossed through Neville's mind for twenty-four hours; but the habits and traditions of his family could not longer be set aside. At the end of twenty-four hours they began to reassert themselves, and he had at last to own their dominant influence. An offhand invitation to join a shooting-party that was given at this crisis was accepted with alacrity, since, at least, it deferred decision. A few brace of grouse, sent with a note to Mrs. Roy, would explain his movements, and Letitia, if she were a sensible girl, would draw her own inferences. Letitia, unfortunately, had not that experience of Old World civilization which would have given her the clue to the comprehension of Neville's fettered condition. For her his kiss was the definite avowal of love. Words would follow as a matter of course. Her dreamy ecstasy betrayed her to the quick eyes of her mother, and Mrs. Roy, partly because she would not allow herself to question her daughter, was in a greater flutter of agitation than Letitia.

The future had revealed itself; and how fair it was! thought Letitia, as she looked from her bedroom window upon the pure-white range of the Olympians. She recalled Neville's words the first time she met him:

> The island-valley of Avilion,
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly.

In such a sheltered valley would their lives be spent.

In shy happiness Letitia kept close to her mother's side the whole of that first day. Neville might appear at any moment, and she was timid at the thought of meeting him alone after their mutual confession on the bluffs. The second day, however, she was sure he would come, and the delay had given her courage to put on her prettiest gown. She even stepped more than once to the veranda, which commanded a long stretch of the road. The third day she began to grow impatient and just slightly anxious. Neville's truth was beyond question, but had she, perhaps, repelled him? She had certainly withdrawn from his embrace. She had been glad of the presence of the boys. In the boat she had been separated from him. Did he, could he, think that she was indifferent? How easily she could dispel such an idea if she could only see him; but until then—

"Your manners are just a trifle too reserved, Letitia," Mrs. Roy took occasion to say during the course of the morning, when she and Letitia were looking over the household linen together. She felt that some such hint at this crisis might do good, for to her, too, had occurred the thought that Letitia might unconsciously have snubbed Neville. Letitia was now convinced that she had been in fault, and she sighed for an opportunity to repair her error. In the evening Edgar remarked casually that he had met Neville.

"He was in a great hurry. He was off to Quamichau with Gowan and Tyldesly, and he just stopped me to say that he hoped to send you a bag of game."

In a few days the game arrived, a quarter of venison and three brace of grouse—"with Mr. Charles Neville's compliments."

He had returned then. He could delay a visit no longer. Letitia waited for him at home, and was rewarded by hearing of him from the boys, who met him frequently about the streets and at their father's store. Letitia could, at last, no longer avoid the conclusion that he was purposely keeping away from the cottage. And the day of his departure was fast approaching. Letitia's way out of the difficulty was a very simple and straightforward one. If he feared to come to her after what had passed between them, she would write and ask him to come. It was a daring thought, but, when once conceived, was promptly and courageously carried out. The note, when it was finally written, was a very innocent one. She wrote, "My dear Mr. Neville," instead of "Dear Mr. Neville," and she concluded by adding "always" to the "yours sincerely" of the first rough draft. The significance of the note lay in the fact that it was a message from her, and not from her mother. She said that she had been hoping each day to see him, and had not gone out much because she feared to miss him. She was glad he had enjoyed the shooting, and they would all be at home as usual on Sunday afternoon.

Letitia expected the answer to be given in person, and the sight of "Miss Roy" on an envelop, in his handwriting, sent the blood rushing to her cheeks and even caused her limbs to tremble. Mrs. Roy checked all remark from Edgar, who brought the letter from the post-office and was inclined to chaff his sister, by telling him she wanted him to bring a hammer and nails at once to the chicken-house and to fasten up some netting that had been blown down by the wind. She carried him off with her in a whirlwind of words, and Letitia was left alone to open her letter. "Dear Miss Roy," it began. "Not *my* dear," noted Letitia, swiftly.

I was of course pleased to receive your letter, and I regret a preëngagement for Sunday afternoon. I am sorry, too, that I should inadvertently have detained you so much at home. It did not occur to me that you might be expecting me, and I have been unusually busy with the preparations for the voyage. I need not say that I hope to call more than once upon Mrs. Roy and you before I leave.

I am very truly yours,
CHARLES NEVILLE.

Letitia was stunned. She read the letter a second time and then a third. What did it mean? Had she been dreaming? Had Neville really kissed her? Had he looked at her with eyes of love, or had she been altogether mistaken? Thought, just then, was impossible. She was too much stunned even to feel pain. She folded the letter very carefully, replaced it in the envelop, and put it into her pocket. She tried to recall what she was doing when Edgar gave it to her. Her knitting lay on the table, and she mechanically took it up for a few minutes. Then she remembered that her mother and Edgar had gone to the poultry-yard, and she went out to them. Anything was better than the memories which began, like lightning-flashes, to dart through her mind.

VI.

LOVE is said to be stronger than pride. If so, it must be the tried and faithful love of years, and not the fancy that is kindled by mutual admiration, and nourished to maturity by pleasure, but has not had time allowed it to strike deep root into the heart. Letitia's love for Neville was strangled almost at its birth, or she believed that it was. She could no longer think of him with any self-respect. His image was broken. He was identified with the keenest humiliation she had known, and she insisted to herself, whatever the truth may have been, that he no longer had any place in her heart. She counted the days until the departure of the *Stronghold*, but it was to rejoice, with nevertheless a fierce pang of despairing regret for what might have been, as one day after another passed, now only too slowly, away. Every afternoon she found an errand that took her out for some hours; and so it came about that she missed Neville both times that he called at the cottage. Mrs. Roy gave her his message of regret without comment. The smile that Letitia summoned was the wan ghost of the past. The curves of her full lips, the dimples, the small white teeth, were there, but the bright spirit that illumined them had fled.

If Letitia denied her love, Neville was under no such delusion with regard to his own feelings. They grew in alarming strength after he had despatched his letter, which he had sent off in momentary petulance at being called to account. His British independence resented the slightest hint of capture. But his temper quickly changed, and more than once he was tempted to recall his note. However, he had deliberately cut himself loose from the chains which had threatened to bind him, and what was done could not, he knew, be undone. Fortunately for his peace of mind, his judgment still fortified him whenever he reflected dispassionately upon the whole affair. But there were moments when so to reflect was impossible, and then the barrier he had put between himself and Letitia was his only safeguard. He dared not trust himself to say farewell to her in words, but neither could he leave Alberta without looking upon her face once more, that face that had been so passionately kissed when last he had seen it.

The *Stronghold* was to sail early on Monday morning. On the Sunday evening Neville easily found a seat in a corner of the church which commanded a view of the Roys' pew. The church was only dimly lighted by lamps, and the light they shed was concentrated on the nave and chancel. Letitia's seat was within the limits of their rays, so that her face was plainly visible to Neville, who, in another aisle, was concealed by the shadow of intervening pillars.

Letitia sat between her father and Edgar. The mother had, as usual, stayed at home with the younger boys. Neville fancied that she looked pale, but his heart assured him that she had never, at any rate, looked more beautiful. When the service was over she turned to greet a friend, and, as he watched her lips part over her white teeth, and the delicate dimples that lurked round the corners of her mouth develop themselves one by one, he felt that he could give all for love and count the world well lost. But the impulse passed. Outside, in the friendly darkness of the night, he found an opportunity of softly touching her dress. Then he went quickly back to the church, where the man in charge was putting out the lights, and sought for Letitia's prayer-book. He read her name, "Letitia Roy," on the title-page, and the book was in his pocket when he hastened to join his ship.

No one, except perhaps her mother, quite understood Letitia the following winter. Once or twice a week she would go off to bed with a nervous headache, declaring that she could not stand the noise the boys made. There were songs she could not be persuaded to sing. Indeed, she scarcely touched the piano; and the sketches she had taken such pains with in the summer were tossed into the fire as worthless. On the other hand, she developed a passion for plain needlework, bending for hours over long seams.

"No wonder you have headaches," exclaimed Edgar, one night, when she had refused to go out with him. "Mother, tell her to put that work away."

Letitia threw it down, and burst into tears.

"Cannot you leave me alone!" she cried.

Mrs. Roy picked it up and folded it neatly when Letitia had left the room, and explained to Edgar that his sister was not very well, and that he had better take no notice of her.

But in a few minutes Letitia returned with her hat and cloak and declared that she was ready to go out. Edgar stared, but he put on his hat and overcoat without a word.

In after years Letitia hated to look back upon that winter. She plunged recklessly into all the gaiety of the little town, and, to the surprise of every one, she even engaged in a pronounced flirtation with Tom Rickaby, the wildest young fellow in the place, and afterward refused him with some ostentation. She threw over a friend of Edgar's with more compunction, and even with a little hesitation. Indeed, she did not give him a decisive answer until after it was known that the *Stronghold* was ordered home to England, and would not return to Alberta in the spring; so that although she was blamed by many people for having encouraged him, she was acquitted of merely coquetting with him in the absence of Lieutenant Neville, whose attentions, the previous summer, had not been unnoticed. Mrs. Roy said very little, but she planned effective measures.

"John," she said to her husband in the spring, when he was preparing to go to Europe to renew his summer stock, "you must take Letitia with you."

"Letitia!" said Mr. Roy, with some surprise. "I had thought of taking Edgar and introducing him to the firms we deal with. It is time he took greater responsibility on himself."

"Well, take them both," urged Mrs. Roy.

"Do you really mean it? Do you know what it will cost?" he asked, after a few minutes' deliberation.

"I do mean it, John," said Mrs. Roy, with an emphasis that her husband never disregarded. "Letitia is not well. She needs a thorough change, change of scene and change of thought. We 'll manage to economize in some other way, but you let her and Edgar have a month in London together, and, if possible, send them over to Paris for a week."

Mr. Roy lifted his eyebrows and thrust out his lips — signs of dawning comprehension.

"You 're bent on going it, madam," he said, after a pause. "Well, I suppose you 've got your reasons, and it must be as you say."

VII.

So it came about that Letitia not only went with Edgar to Paris, but, when he and his father returned to Alberta, she remained in England, and paid a long visit to her mother's relatives. She fell once more under the influence of her maiden aunt, to whom she faithfully promised to send dried specimens of all the ferns and wild flowers that grew round Alberta. The months that she spent with Miss Wingate gave her an opportunity of studying the usefulness and independence of an old maid's life, and Letitia became so enamoured of it that, with a touch of her old enthusiasm, she at once planned out a somewhat similar career for herself. Away from Alberta her pride slowly recovered from the blow it had received, and she less reluctantly admitted her love for Neville. As soon as that was granted it clearly

followed that marriage with another was impossible. That love could come only once in a lifetime was one of the dogmas of Letitia's faith. But she did not give way to despair and despondency because her day was past. The more she regarded the sublime serenities and free devotion to unselfish service which characterized her maiden aunt, the more attractive grew such a career for herself. She would henceforth be the stay of her parents, the guide of her brothers. In order to be able to help the latter to develop whatever musical and artistic tastes they might possess, she forced herself to renew her old pursuits, and unselfishly made a point of taking lessons both in music and painting. Such efforts worked their own cure in time. Life was not to be barren. If an absorbing passion was denied, a variety of minor interests might be consciously cultivated, which, in time, would take its place.

It was in this exalted mood that Letitia returned home after a year's absence. Her mother laughed at her wisdom and her ardor, but nevertheless encouraged her to carry out her plans. She was content to have recovered her blithe, sunny-tempered daughter.

"Why, you look younger than when you went away, Letty, and you are prettier than ever," said Mrs. Whyte, with the not unpleasant patronage of an old friend.

"You can get out of the ruts. You have no cares on your shoulders," said Mrs. Roberts, with a plaintive sigh. Mrs. Roberts had been a school chum of Letitia. She had married early, and four young children now claimed all her thoughts and attention.

"Do you call this little woman a care, Belle?" said Letitia, lifting her godchild to her knee. "In a few years she will be the greatest help and comfort to you, and I shall be a lonely old maid. I am the one to be pitied."

"You an old maid!" said Belle, derisively. "I shall believe it when I see it."

"I shall be twenty-five next birthday," said Letitia, seriously.

Very few old maids are to be found in western towns, and it was, perhaps, because Letitia was the nearest approach to the real thing that Alberta possessed that, as years went on, so much attention was paid her. No party was considered complete without Miss Roy, or "Miss Letty," as it gradually became the custom to call her. As the boys married, and it came to pass that little children once more played about the cottage, Mrs. Roy tolerated for them the use of the more easily pronounced diminutive; but she herself continued to speak of her daughter as Letitia. In time she made a charming chaperon. But chaperons may be wooed as well as girls; and if, by degrees, the young fellows that she had known in pinafores approached her as a friend and confidante in their love-affairs, there still remained plenty of bachelors with whom Miss Letty was a favorite toast. As years went on, of course their ranks were thinned, and one by one they dropped out of Letitia's circle. The ships, however, of the Pacific squadron, one or two of which were always stationed near Alberta, supplied men who temporarily filled their places, and the interest attached to novelty competed pleasantly for her favor with old associations.

But the time came — it was when Letitia was about thirty-five — when only one permanent admirer, so to speak, was left. In numbers Letitia had found safety. When all counteracting and disturbing influences were removed, she found herself defenseless and exposed to an obstinate attack. It was inferred by all that the day was not far distant when Letitia would yield.

Mr. Joseph Hobday was a man of substance, both materially and physically. He had come to the province as a contractor for the railway that was to unite the outlying Pacific province with the busy, prosperous cities of the East, and by successful enterprises and investments he had amassed a considerable fortune. He did not seek to disguise his admiration for Miss Letty, and from the day of their first acquaintance he enrolled himself among her followers. He was not a man of many words. He loved his pipe, his glass of toddy, and his game of cribbage; but had Miss Letty demanded the sacrifice, he would no doubt have been found willing to give up all three in exchange for her society. It was one of Letitia's charms, however, that from her no such exactions need be dreaded. It was only in the winter months that Mr. Hobday could pursue his courtship. In the summer he was camping with his engineers in the lonely recesses of the mountains. The news was scanty that penetrated the high valleys through which the iron rails were perseveringly making their way, and another man might have grown impatient of the solitude, fearing lest the prize he sought to gain would be snatched up in his absence. Mr. Hobday, however, had a comfortable belief in himself. In the past he had never hazarded his fortune upon a single stroke of luck, or trusted to the flash of genius. He had been content to wait, to advance slowly, and to win his way by persistent determination. When, again and again, after months of silence, he returned to Alberta and found Miss Letty still Miss Letty, it was only natural that he should still more hopefully expect to appropriate to himself the comfort and charm of her constant companionship. Apathetic as he may have appeared to younger men,

he really left nothing undone that might insure success; he delighted Letitia with the specimens of rare mountain-ferns that he brought her, and arranged carefully in a cabinet her valuable collection of various kinds of ore.

When Mr. Hobday finally made up his mind that the time had come to give up his roving life and to establish himself in a settled home, Miss Letty's preference guided him in the selection of a few acres of choice land within convenient driving distance of Alberta; and it was Miss Letty who was asked to criticize the architect's plans and to suggest improvements. The size of the house and its many conveniences in the shape of presses and cupboards — conveniences which Letitia declared were absolutely necessary — made it evident to all that Mr. Hobday had no intention of being its sole occupant.

Strange to say, it was on the very same bluff, overlooking the narrows of the inlet, where Letitia had long ago been kissed by Neville, that Mr. Hobday advanced the idea of a trip to San Francisco for the purpose of buying furniture.

"And I 've come to depend so much on your taste, Letty," he said, "that you must not desert me now."

M. E. Angus.

THE OCEAN POSTAL SERVICE.

FOR many years after the founding of New Amsterdam, in 1614, there seems to have been no officially recognized post-office in what is now known as the city of New York. The arrival of a ship was looked upon as the most important event in the life of the colony. There was always a crowd at the wharf, and, in course of time, when a little system was applied to the proceeding, it was the custom to deliver to the merchants letters relating to the ship's cargo, after which the general correspondence was distributed to the waiting and impatient crowd. If the owner of a letter could not be found, it was given to some responsible resident, who kept it until it was called for. In 1657 we find that a law was passed forbidding any person going on board any newly arrived ship from the fatherland, or elsewhere, until the letters had been delivered to the Honorable General of the colony. In explanation of this order it was stated that many mistakes had occurred, and many complaints had been made that letters and invoices were lost; thereafter letters were not to be delivered to the general public before a proper list of them had been made. The necessity of this law would certainly seem to argue that the mail-delivery was a little too exciting for our Dutch ancestors, and that the proceeding was not conducted in the slow and stolid manner that usually characterizes the doings of the race. Two years later, on the complaint that outgoing letters were lost through being badly directed by private skippers, a law was passed forbidding skippers, sailors, and passengers who were sailing out from taking with them any private letters. "In order that letters may accordingly be conveyed more certainly and better, a box is appropriated at the office of the Secretary of the Director-General and Council, in which letters are to be deposited; and if any one require a receipt for his letter, it shall be given him by one of the clerks, and the letter recorded on the list, on condition of paying three stivers in wampum therefor." The introduction of the collection-box and the registry system seems thus to have been first used at this very early day in connection with the ocean postal service.

As early as 1673 it was proposed to establish a post between New York and Boston, but, owing to the Dutch war and other causes, the project fell through, although Massachusetts afterward appointed a local postmaster at Boston. Governor Dongan, in 1684, proposed to set up post-houses along the coast from the Carolinas to Nova Scotia.

The first parliamentary act for the establishment of a post-office in the English-American colonies was passed in April, 1692, and the royal patent was granted to Thomas Neale for that purpose. He was to transport letters and packets "at such rates as the planters should agree to give." The rates of postage were accordingly fixed and authorized, and measures were taken to establish a post-office in each town in Virginia, when Neale began his operations. His patent expired in 1710, when Parliament extended the English postal system to the colonies. The chief office was established in New York, to which letters were conveyed by regular packets across the Atlantic. A line of post-offices was soon after established on Neale's old routes, north of the present city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and south to Philadelphia, and irregularly extended, a few years later, to Williamsburg, Virginia. The

post left for the South as often as letters enough were deposited to pay the expense. The rates were fixed, and the post-riders had certain privileges to travel.

What was called "the coffee-house delivery" of letters was probably the most unique feature connected with the early ocean postal service. The system originated from the fact that masters of vessels and the residents of Breucklyn, Pavonia, and Hackensack left letters at some well-known tavern previously agreed upon. This system of delivering the ocean mail lasted for many years, until after the English took possession of New York. The first printed mention of the coffee-house proper is found in the "New York Gazette" for March 1, 1730. Mention is there made of a sale of land by public vendue at the Exchange Coffee-House. This building was the first or Old Exchange. It was constructed in 1691, and was located at the foot of Broad street. After having been used for a long time as a shambles, it was repaired and became a resort for dealers in food-products and for merchants generally. The water-front during this period was a favorite resort for the maritime portion of the community, who patronized the small taverns located along the wharves.

In 1743 the Merchants' Coffee-House, located on the southeast corner of Wall and Queen (now Water) streets, was a popular resort. A third famous coffee-house, with which a few of the oldest inhabitants are probably familiar, and which was demolished only a few years ago, was the Tontine. This was erected between 1792 and 1794 by an incorporated association called the Tontine Association, in honor of Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced a similar scheme into France in 1653. The word Tontine designated a loan advanced by a number of associated capitalists for life annuities with benefit to survivorship.

From the time when the coffee-house was started until after the Revolutionary period it filled the place now occupied by two very distinct institutions, the exchange and the club. The old Dutch and Knickerbocker merchants believed in "living by the way," and were in the habit of combining sociability with business. They were accustomed to meet at their resorts in the middle of the day, and, over a glass of ale or coffee (it was pretty sure to be schnapps in the case of the Dutch), to talk about social happenings and business prospects. In the smaller seaport towns along the coast it was the custom for the people to turn out *en masse* to greet the arrival of every vessel, receiving such mail as the officers of the ship brought over, and exchanging news and gossip with the ship's crew. When vessels arrived at the harbor of New York, the captain took the mail intended for the general public to the coffee-house, where the letters were put into a box, or stuck behind strips of tape that were drawn tightly over a good-sized board covered with green baize. Here they would remain until called for, and sometimes it would be a long time before the owners of them could be found. In the days when the Dutch had possession of the town there was an unusual effort on the part of the frequenters of these resorts to see that the correspondence was promptly delivered.

After the war of 1812, when the rights of American commerce had been secured, the packet service was brought into existence by the growing trade between the United States and Europe. The Black Ball Line, started in 1816, was the first of several lines of vessels which in those days were unrivaled for strength, beauty, and speed. It was not until 1843 that the United States had any regular mail service on the ocean, and after 1812 letters were sent upon sailing ships that were bound for the ports to which they were addressed. The facilities for foreign correspondence were very much better than they had been; the trips were made more frequently and in better time. The passage from New York to Liverpool was made several times in fourteen days, which was then considered a quick trip. In 1817 packets sailed from New York to Providence, Rhode Island, every week, sometimes taking eighteen hours and sometimes a whole week. Over the cabin stairs hung a mahogany letter-box, and on arrival there would be a rush of people to the packet to get letters in advance of the slow mail that came over the post-roads. As soon as the immediate business of landing was over, the captain would pour the contents of the letter-box upon a table, and, after the distribution of letters, decanters were produced and everybody drank the captain's health.

After the packet service came the brilliant era of the clippers, from 1840 to 1855. These ships were built expressly for speed. The growing trade of the United States with China and India, and the discovery of gold in California and Australia, developed this craft. In 1851 the *Flying Cloud* went to San Francisco from New York in eighty-four days — the fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel. In 1854 the *Dreadnought* became celebrated by reaching Sandy Hook as soon as the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Liverpool one day earlier, reached Boston. In 1846 the *Toronto*, a packet-ship of the Morgan Line, beat the Cunard steamer from Liverpool, bringing a copy of the London "Times" containing news from Europe forty-two days later than the last paper received. The paper was given to a reporter of "The New York Herald," which

published an "extra" the same afternoon. The packets and clipper-ships unofficially carried mails, and the increase of speed in ocean travel was especially appreciated by the letter-writing public.

In the year 1845 Congress passed the first law having reference to ocean mail transportation. This law authorized the Postmaster-General to make contracts, not exceeding ten years, for the transportation of mails to any foreign port. All such contracts were to be made with citizens of the United States, and the mail was to be transported in American vessels by American citizens. By this time the foreign mail had become a very important factor from both a business and a governmental point of view. The Government was then paying to the Cunard line about a million and a half dollars annually for postage and freight, and that line had become so prosperous that a duplication of the steamers was contemplated. Another provision of the act referred to was that preference should be given to the tenders of persons proposing to perform the service in steamships suitable for vessels of war and claimable by the Government when needed for that purpose at an appraised valuation. This act seems to have been intended as a first step toward the creation of a steam navy,—in imitation of the policy pursued by Great Britain at that time,—the national defense and the protection of commerce in the emergency of a foreign war being the principal objects in view, the conveyance of the mails being subordinate. After experiments on a considerable number of lines, extending over a period of ten years, Great Britain found that the employment of steamers of the navy in the postal service was inefficient, costly, and cumbrous, and finally abandoned the method.

In the United States Senate, the following year, ocean mail transportation was the subject of a spirited debate, the discussion being on a resolution authorizing the Postmaster-General to apply $25,000 of the money appropriated for mail transportation for a line of steamers from the United States to Bremen, and $25,000 for a line of mail-steamers from the United States to Liverpool. The people of Germany and Prussia looked upon this enterprise as very important. A special agent was sent by the German authorities from Bremen for the express purpose of aiding in the completion of the work of beginning direct communication between the United States and the German states, and with a view to enlarging the commercial and political intercourse between the two countries. There were some senators who strongly objected to this scheme. It was argued that the ocean mail could not be carried on profitably, that a line of steamers should not be granted to New York to the exclusion of other ports. Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, New Orleans, and all the principal cities on the coast would be petitioning for the establishment of mail-lines to Europe. Merchants would demand a line not only to Liverpool, but to the East Indies and to Buenos Ayres. It was urged that the Government might better establish more post-offices in the interior of the country instead of appropriating money for the ocean service. One senator treated the whole subject sarcastically, saying that the Government, after being made bankrupt by carrying letters at home, was going to be enriched beyond all calculation by carrying letters to Europe! He said it was not a new thing to hear of splendid projects by which the Government was to be made rich: he had heard of a project for filling the coffers of the treasury by boiling salt water; there was also a scheme for raising live oak in Florida. He had made a calculation, and had found that for every foot of live oak they would put into their ships they would be out a cubic foot of silver or gold—he did n't remember which, but he would stick to the gold.

Postage on letters sent by the ordinary English steamers was twenty-five cents, and in private ships six cents, and of this postage the Government received nothing.

To aid in carrying out the provisions of the act of 1845 Postmaster-General Johnson in the summer of 1847 sent one of his assistants abroad, and he made the first international postal treaty. Under this arrangement the city of Bremen became the transatlantic exchange office for all mails sent by the new ocean line. The rates of postage curtailed one half the previous expense for correspondence, and the results, both social and commercial, were highly important. Under the act of 1845 the Government made a contract for ten years with "The Ocean Steam Navigation Company" for the transportation of the United States mails to Southampton, Havre, and Bremen. The arrangement went into effect in 1848; the sum paid to the company increased from $100,500 in 1848 to $200,000 in 1857. On the expiration of this contract, the company being unwilling to continue the service on the terms offered by the Government, the contract was given to Cornelius Vanderbilt, who at this time had three ships out of employment, two of them being the *North Star* and *Ariel*. From 1861 to 1865, inclusive, he conveyed the mails to the Isthmus and South Pacific.

When once the foreign mail service was started, its improvement and development were very rapid. In 1851 a general law was passed authorizing the Postmaster-General to make contracts "for better postal intercourse with

foreign countries," and within the next few years the service was greatly extended. In 1864 Congress passed what was known as "The Compulsory Act," which required steamships bearing the flag of the United States to accept mails from any port in this country, or from any foreign port to the United States. This law was repealed in 1884, the compensation of two cents per letter being strongly objected to by the masters of American vessels, who argued that the basis of payment should be on the number of miles traveled. Under the act of 1885, the Postmaster-General now contracts for the transportation of the foreign mails with the lowest responsible bidder. When the foreign mail service was established, the rate of postage was twenty-four cents per half-ounce. It was gradually reduced until, in 1874, the United States entered into what is known as the "Postal Union," under which postage was fixed at five cents a half-ounce to all countries represented in that body.

One steamship company — the Pacific Mail — is closely connected with the early development of the ocean mail service, and with the progress of our Pacific territory. The corporation was chartered by the New York Legislature in 1848, and at the beginning of its business there was a large and growing passenger traffic between the port of New York and what subsequently became the city of San Francisco. The steamer *California*, which left New York on the 6th of October, 1848, was the first to bear the American flag to the Pacific ocean. The gold crisis made the enterprise very successful for the first few years.

Even as late as 1855 the condition of the foreign mail service presented some remarkable features. At that time a letter destined for Brazil, 4000 miles distant, had to be sent via England, Portugal, the coast of Africa, Madeira, and the Cape Verd Islands, thus traveling 8000 miles, and this, too, in a British packet. One destined for the Pacific coast of South America went to Panama, where it was obliged to await the arrival of an English packet with London letters more recently dated, before it could proceed to Callao, Lima, and Valparaiso. Letters for the West Indies went to Havana only in American steamers, and there they met British vessels which distributed them to the various islands, the Spanish Main, the Guianas, Venezuela, and New Granada. Letters for the continent of Europe went by the Cunard line to England, and thence by English steamers to the British Channel, Baltic Sea, the White Sea, the Mediterranean, Egypt, Constantinople, or the Black Sea. Letters to places along the coast of Africa, and to the Cape of Good Hope were sent by the English packet-ships.

About thirty years ago some of our American economists urged that it was the duty of our Government to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine, for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defenses, the character of the nation, and the public at large; and that this enterprise should be paid for liberally out of the funds in the national treasury.

In view of some legislation recently suggested in Congress, and to which I will refer further on, it will be interesting to note the arguments made at that time in favor of the scheme. In a condensed form they were as follows:

"We have not established ocean mail facilities commensurate with our national ability and the demands of our commerce; and we are largely dependent on, and tributary to, our greatest commercial rival, Great Britain, for the postal facilities which should be purely national, American, and under our own exclusive control.

"Fast steamers alone can furnish rapid transport to the mails; these steamers cannot rely on freights; sailing vessels will ever carry staple freights at a much lower figure, and quickly enough; while steam is eminently successful in the coasting trade, it cannot possibly be so in the transatlantic freighting business; the rapid transit of the mails, and the slower and more deliberate transport of freight, is the law of nature.

"Ocean mail-steamers cannot live on their own receipts; self-support is not likely to be attained by increasing the size of steamers; the propelling power in fast steamers occupies all of the available space not devoted to passengers and express freight.

"Sailing vessels cannot successfully transport the mails; we cannot, in any sense, depend on the vessels of the navy for the transport of the mails; individual enterprise cannot support fast steamers; not even *American* private enterprise can, under any conditions, furnish a sufficiently rapid steam mail and passenger marine.

"The Government can discharge the clear and unquestionable duty of establishing foreign mail facilities only by paying liberal prices for the transport of the mails for a long term of years, by creating and sustaining an ocean postal system, by legislating upon it systematically, and by abandoning our slavish dependence upon Great Britain."

The legislation proposed some time since, and to which I referred, is a bill reported by Senator Frye from the Committee on Commerce. It provides for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign ports, and is intended to promote commerce. It seems to be similar to the subsidization scheme of thirty years ago and to be recommended on similar grounds.

It provides that the Postmaster-General may make contracts for the carrying of the United States mails in United States ships, owned by American citizens, between United States ports and all foreign ports. He may make the contract for not less than five years', and for not more than ten years', duration. The bill provides for four classes of steamships for which he may contract, the first class being steel ships of a registered tonnage of not less than eight thousand tons, capable of maintaining at sea, in ordinary weather, twenty knots an hour. It provides that only that class of ships shall be used for the transportation of the mails between the United States and Great Britain. A second class of ships is provided for, of not less than five thousand tons' register, and capable of maintaining eighteen knots an hour at sea in ordinary weather. It provides for a third class of fourteen knots an hour, and not less than two thousand tons; and for a fourth class of not less than fifteen hundred tons, which may be of iron, steel, or wood. The pay for the first class is not to exceed $6.00 a mile, outward-bound voyage; for the second class, $3.00; for the third class, $1.50; and for the fourth class, $1.00. It provides that the vessels heretofore built and contracted for by the Postmaster-General shall first be inspected and receive a certificate of fitness for the service from the Secretary of the Navy; that the first three classes hereafter built shall be constructed according to plans and specifications approved by the Secretary of the Navy; that they shall be of the highest maritime rating known to American or foreign registers; that they shall be capable of sustaining four six-inch guns; and that they shall in all respects be built so as to be converted into auxiliary cruisers for the navy within ten or twenty days, with sufficient strength for all purposes that the navy would require them for. The bill also provides that they shall carry American apprentices as petty officers, one for each one thousand tons; and that they shall educate and train them in seamanship. It provides that they shall carry the mail-messenger of the United States, and furnish him with the necessary accommodations for himself and his mail. The United States, the bill provides, may take the ships whenever they please, paying whatever may be agreed upon, or, if there is a disagreement, whatever impartial appraisers may determine.

Thirty-two years ago the suggestion that the United States should employ vessels in the navy for the ocean mail service was met by the argument (which would probably be equally good at the present time) that such vessels were not adapted for such service; the navy did not require great speed, while the post did. It was also urged at that time that the vessels of the navy would be weighted down with guns, stores, men, and a thousand things which would be in the way if they were employed for the mails. As they had no accommodations for passengers and freight, they would be deprived of those sources of income, and would have to fall back on the Government for their expenses, which would be very much more than would have to be paid to private companies for carrying the mails.

In my opinion, the proper way to manage the financial part of the ocean postal service is to pay the ships a fair compensation for carrying the mails, the same as we pay the railroads, or to make contracts with them for transporting the mails for certain distances. The British government, for instance, does not grant subsidies, in the general sense of that term, to any steamship company, but the post-office authorities make contracts for the conveyance of mails to different parts of the world with the steamship companies having steamers sailing for those parts. It will be well for us to follow the example of a government whose experience we have for nothing.

The American system of not having any exclusive contracts with steamships of any particular line, and of sending the mail by the first fast steamer, has been found to work successfully, and has received praise from such a conservative English journal as "The Saturday Review." Some months ago that paper complained of the tardiness of the English mail service. The article stated that letters written in London on Sunday rarely arrived in New York more than thirty-six hours before letters written in London on the Saturday six days later. This came about from the giving exclusive contracts for the carrying of the mails. Most of the countries of Europe send their mails to the United States by the fastest steamer offered, without regard to where the vessel hails from. Great Britain, however, despatches its regular mails by the Cunard and White Star lines, sailing from Queenstown. The time required for the conveyance of mails from London to Queenstown is eighteen hours and thirty-five minutes; and from London to Southampton, two hours and forty-five minutes. The North German Lloyd steamers sail from Southampton the same day that the White Star vessels sail from Queenstown, and they arrive at New York before the White Star steamers. More than a day could be saved if the English government followed the American rule. If the German vessels were allowed to convey from Southampton the mails that accumulate after the departure from London of the mails to be sent by the Cunard or White Star vessels from Queenstown, it would not only save the difference in the time required to convey the

mails from London to Queenstown and Southampton, but would advance the despatch of the mails held to be sent by the next Cunard or White Star steamer sailing from Queenstown two days after the German vessel sails from Southampton. Goods coming to the United States by the fast ships are thrown on the dock as unclaimed goods, and are taken possession of by the Government and put into a general-order store, mails containing the bills of lading coming, later on, by the slow ships. All that expense has to be borne by our people simply because the English government is determined to send its mails by a line it wishes to support.

One of the most important postal reforms needed at the present time is a reduction in the rates of ocean postage. I believe I was the first one to advocate publicly this reform, which I did at a banquet given in London in 1883. The suggestion was favorably received by my auditors, among whom were a number of distinguished English statesmen and men of affairs. The London "Telegraph" published a favorable article on the subject, but the suggestion did not meet with the approval of the postal authorities at Washington. On mature reflection, and further examination into the subject, I have not changed my opinion in regard to the need of this reform, and since that time I have publicly advocated it by speech and pen.

Our foreign correspondence has increased wonderfully of late years. During my recent visit abroad, Mr. Rich, the postmaster at Liverpool (one of the ablest post-office officials in the world), told me that he, as a clerk in the British post-office, when a boy, put the foreign mail on board the steamship *Great Western* about the year 1840, and it amounted to two sacks; at the present time it amounts to five or six truck-loads. In 1873, when I was postmaster at New York, the English out-going mail was considered very large if it reached 20,000 letters. At the present time over one hundred thousand foreign letters are sent from New York every sailing day, and nearly the same number are received. The total weight of the mails despatched to foreign countries during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, was 643,616 pounds, representing letters and postal cards, and 3,022,992 pounds, representing other articles. The percentage of mail-matter despatched to different countries is represented as follows, the calculation being based on an actual count of the articles contained in the mails, made during two weeks of the year: Great Britain, 51.22; Germany, 20.27; France, 7.60; Italy, 4.41; Norway, 1.44; Switzerland, 2.28; Cuba, 8.67; United States of Colombia, 5.51; Chile, 3.86; Mexico, 2.99.

In my opinion, the letter rate of ocean postage should be reduced to two cents an ounce, and newspapers and periodicals from the office of publication should be carried for one cent per pound. Under the present system a letter going across the ocean requires a five-cent stamp, or 2½d., English money, the weight of the letter not to exceed half an ounce; for three cents more a letter could be sent all the way from England to Hong Kong. The same high rates apply, relatively, to Germany and other nations on the Continent. We boast of having cheap domestic postage, but notwithstanding the great increase of foreign correspondence, there has been no reduction in the postal rates. We can send a letter from New York to Alaska, a distance of 5000 miles, for two cents, while it costs five cents to forward one from New York to London, a distance of 3000 miles.

I believe, also, that there should be a reduction in the rate on international money-orders. At present it is eight cents on a $10.00 order, and forty-five cents on a $100.00 order. These rates should be reduced one half. Dr. C. F. MacDonald, Superintendent of the Money-Order System, has recommended the increase of the maximum amount of a single international money-order from $50.00 to $100.00. Such a change would produce uniformity in respect to the maximum amount between the domestic and the international money-order, and would, besides, tend to reduce the expenses of the international money-order system, inasmuch as for sums from $50.00 to $100.00 a single order would be required in lieu of two, as at present. Since the postmasters and clerks who issue the orders, and the exchange officers who certify them, are compensated for their labor, not upon the basis of the amounts of the orders, but upon that of the number of transactions at a fixed rate per transaction, the lessening of expense in the item of clerk-hire in post-offices would be by no means inconsiderable. There is a steady increase in this branch of the Government's business.

The ocean mail service has been greatly improved during the past year. The sea post-offices established on the steamers of the North German Lloyd, between New York and Bremen, and on those of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, between New York and Hamburg, have been a great success. Incoming foreign mail is now received from two hours to a week sooner than it used to be. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has not been able, however, to complete a similar arrangement with the Post-Office Department of Great Britain, though the owners of the White Star and Inman steamships were in favor of the change.

In England, at the present time, there is a strong effort being made in favor of universal international penny-postage. The Hon. J.

Henniker Heaton, M. P. for Canterbury, is at the head of this movement; he recently visited the United States, with the view of interesting some of our leading officials and public men in the proposed reform.[1] Mr. Heaton takes the ground that the state has no right to make a profit out of the post-office. So much of the business life of the community, he says, is now dependent on the postal service that a large part of the postal revenue is derived from a tax on the machinery of trade, while another large part of the revenue is taken from the poorest class of citizens who are obliged to use the mails. He says he can understand the state charging a tax of sixpence a ton on coals actually sold, but he cannot understand a tax of sixpence on the correspondence leading to that business transaction. The state should encourage those operations of commerce which ultimately furnish work to English workers, and thus benefit the entire community. A reduction in the cost of postage would be a benefit to the entire community, and would reap a harvest of universal gratitude. It is also urged that penny-postage would promote a more brotherly feeling between the mother-country and the millions of Englishmen dwelling in her colonies, and would also tend to avert the wars which so frequently disgrace humanity, because the people of countries in constant communication would be less likely to quarrel than those which remain in savage isolation.

In this connection it may be said that the present Postmaster-General of Great Britain, Sir James Ferguson, has steadily opposed the ocean penny-postage scheme as it has been presented from time to time by Mr. Henniker Heaton and his followers. This is not surprising when we recall the fact that the postal reforms of the great Rowland Hill were opposed, not only by the officials of his day, but by some of the most prominent men of the period, including the witty Rev. Sydney Smith.

One of the London weeklies (I think the "Echo"), not long since, in commenting on the dullness of the postal officials to appreciate this valuable reform, observed that the only thing to do was to "keep pegging away," and, in the course of time, as experience had shown, even the official mind, adamantine though it might be at the outset, would succumb to the continued effort that had been made upon it.

Many improvements have been made in our domestic postal service during the last few years. Every now and then we hear of the proposition to reduce the rate of postage on domestic letters to one cent, to make use of the pneumatic tube or some similar underground system of transportation in our larger cities, and to introduce the free-delivery system into our smaller towns and villages. These suggestions are very good in their way, but it would seem as though the reform most needed at the present time is a reduction in the rates of ocean postage. With a growing public sentiment, both in England and in the United States, in favor of such a change, it will not be long before it will be brought about.

Thomas L. James.[2]

[1] In a letter to "The New York Times," published in January last, the interesting statement is made that "Mr. Henniker Heaton has just made an important offer to Mr. George J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, if accepted, will institute an ocean penny-postage. Mr. Heaton, with two friends, an Australian millionaire and an English capitalist, has offered to guarantee the British government against all loss if a penny-postage be established between the English-speaking peoples of the British Empire and the United States of America. The probable loss was estimated by Mr. Goschen himself at £75,000 per annum, but Mr. Heaton maintains that the loss would not extend over more than three years, and that after that ocean penny-postage would make a profit, as has been the case with the inland penny-postage. Mr. Goschen says the Government cannot accept Mr. Heaton's offer. The latter will bring the matter before Parliament."

[2] In the preparation of this article I have had the assistance of Mr. George J. Manson.

THE CYCLAMEN.

OVER the plains where Persian hosts
Laid down their lives for glory
Flutter the cyclamens, like ghosts
That witness to their story.
Oh, fair! Oh, white! Oh, pure as snow!
On countless graves how sweet they grow!

Or crimson, like the cruel wounds
From which the life-blood, flowing,
Poured out where now on grassy mounds
The low, soft winds are blowing;
Oh, fair! Oh, red! Like blood of slain;
Not even time can cleanse that stain.

But when my dear these blossoms holds,
All loveliness her dower,
All woe and joy the past enfolds
In her find fullest flower.
Oh, fair! Oh, pure! Oh, white and red!
If she but live, what are the dead!

Arlo Bates.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The First Presidential Election Under Ballot Reform.

THE presidential election of this year will be the first one in the history of the country to be decided by a secret ballot. Three quarters of all the States will cast their vote in that election in accordance with some form of the Australian system, and these three quarters include the most powerful States in all sections except the South. They include all the New England and Middle States, and all the Western and Northwestern States except Iowa, Kansas, Nevada, and Idaho. Four Southern States will have the system in operation this year,—Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and West Virginia,—and Kentucky and Texas have adopted constitutions directing their legislatures to enact laws embodying its principles. Seven Southern States have, for some inexplicable reason, failed to realize the value of a reform which is of even greater importance to the South than it is to any other part of the Union.

The fact that all the so-called "doubtful" States, whose vote is decisive in the election, are to cast their ballots in absolute secrecy, free from all espionage and intimidation, is one of momentous importance. The first and inevitable effect will be to lessen enormously the part which money will play in the contest. Every State in which money has heretofore been used most freely has adopted the new system. If votes be bought in those States hereafter, the purchasers cannot follow the men whom they have bought to the polls to see if they keep their bad bargain. The result will be the same in those States as it has been everywhere else under similar conditions; namely, very few votes will be bought.

This is a novel phase of a presidential canvass and election which both political parties will do well to take into consideration in selecting their campaign managers for this year. If money is no longer to be the controlling factor in the election, will it be either expedient or wise to put a professional corruptionist in charge of the campaign of either party? On the contrary, will it not be the highest political wisdom to put men of character in charge of all the committees, national, State, district, and other? Surely the time has come when such a change is most earnestly to be desired. Everybody admitted at the close of the last presidential campaign that money had been used upon both sides with a profusion never before seen in this country. There was no concealment of the fact. Both campaign committees admitted that they had used large sums, but that each had been compelled to do so by the lavish outlays of the other. Indeed, for several years past the absolute necessity for getting skilled corruptionists to take charge of campaign work has been argued with great plausibility on the ground that for one party not to do it would be simply to let the other party's corruptionist win the battle without a struggle. "We must fight the devil with fire" has been the excuse on both sides, and the fire has been supplied with a recklessness and an abundance which aroused the conscience of the whole country, and did more than anything else to create the popular sentiment in favor of ballot reform which has led to the enactment of the twenty-nine laws of to-day.

These laws are certain to operate here in the same beneficent way in which they operated in England. They did not stop all extravagant use of money in elections, but they did put a stop to bribery. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, when in this country at the time our ballot-reform agitation was beginning, said of the operation of the Australian system in England: "In my opinion there is at the present moment exceedingly little electoral bribery and corruption in the United Kingdom. The elections are singularly pure, and are daily, if it were possible, improving in that respect. Corruption, indeed, is almost an impossibility, owing to the fact that the briber is absolutely dependent upon the bribe-taker's observance of the motto 'Honor among thieves,' for the briber has no means of ascertaining how the latter votes." Yet before the English law went into effect bribery was more open than, and its general practice had reached proportions far in excess of, anything ever seen here.

In England they did not stop with legislation making bribery unprofitable because of the impossibility of seeing the goods delivered, but they went a step further, and forbade extravagant expenditures of all kinds in elections by limiting the amount of money each candidate should be allowed to spend, and requiring him to publish a sworn account of all his expenditures. They made this the corollary of their ballot-reform legislation, and we must do the same thing here before we can stop the undue use of money in elections. The English Corrupt Practices Act, to which we have had occasion to refer many times, was passed by Parliament in 1883. It forbade the undue use of money and influence in every conceivable way, and fixed a maximum limit for all expenditures, requiring the sworn publication after election of every penny spent. When it was under discussion it was constantly predicted that it must fail of its purpose because the evils complained of were not such as could be reached by legislation, and the opinion was almost universal that the maximum limits of expenditure were far too low. Yet it was a complete success at its first trial, and practically abolished corruption in English politics at a single blow. When the grand total of expenditures in the election had been footed up, it was discovered that it was only a little more than one half of the grand total allowed by the law, so that, instead of being too low, the maximum limits were at least a third higher than they needed to be. This demonstration has been repeated in every subsequent election. When one candidate does not bribe, his opponent has no incentive to outbid him; and the result is that elections are not only decided on the merits of the candidates as they appear to the uninfluenced judgment of the electors, but they are so cheap that the poor man has equal chance with the rich as a candidate.

Does anybody doubt that if we had a law in this country fixing maximum limits for the expenditures in behalf of all candidates from aldermanic to presidential, and requiring sworn publication of all expenditures

after election, that the profuse use of money in elections would not be stopped at once upon the law's going into effect? Sworn publicity by itself would be almost a complete cure. If both campaign committees in 1888 had made their expenditures with the knowledge that at the end of their work they would be required to make public, under oath, a full statement of all the money they had received and spent, would not the outlay have been much less than it was?

We have, by passing ballot-reform laws, made the use of money for bribery difficult if not impossible, and have, therefore, cut off one of the avenues for large expenditures; but we must not stop there. So long as extravagant expenditures are permitted, they will be made. Our experience is like that of all other nations. There has never been a government under which the rich have not bought votes and the poor have not sold them, provided the law permitted such bargains to be made in secret. The American people are as jealous in the care of the moral health of their political system as other nations have been, and now that they have taken the first step toward abolishing corruption from their elections, they will be certain to take the second at an early day. In the mean time the political managers will do well to make a note of the fact that money is certain to play a less important, and reason and argument a more important, part in the campaign of 1892 than in those of its immediate predecessors, and select their campaign directors with this end in view. They can rest assured, furthermore, that the people are not in a mood to view with complacency the selection of a professional corruptionist to conduct the campaign of either party,—much less the nomination by any party of a notoriously corrupt politician as a candidate for the presidency,—though in these latter days such men have dared to attempt to juggle even the presidency into their pockets.

The New Electoral College.

UNDER the new Apportionment Act the Electoral College in the next presidential election will consist of 444 members, and 223 votes will be necessary to elect. This is an increase of 43 over the Electoral College of 1888, of which 23 come from enlarged representation in 17 old States, and 20 from the admission into the Union of six new States. We give in the following table the old and new apportionment for each State, the old States being divided between the two parties as they voted in the last presidential election:

Republican.	New ap.	Old ap.	*Democratic.*	New ap.	Old ap.
California	9	8	Alabama	11	10
Colorado	4	3	Arkansas	8	7
Illinois	24	22	Connecticut	6	6
Indiana	15	15	Delaware	3	3
Iowa	13	13	Florida	4	4
Kansas	10	9	Georgia	13	12
Maine	6	6	Kentucky	13	13
Massachusetts	15	14	Louisiana	8	8
Michigan	14	13	Maryland	8	8
Minnesota	9	7	Mississippi	9	9
Nebraska	8	5	Missouri	17	16
Nevada	3	3	New Jersey	10	9
New Hampshire	4	4	North Carolina	11	11
New York	36	36	South Carolina	9	9
Ohio	23	23	Tennessee	12	12
Oregon	4	3	Texas	15	13
Pennsylvania	32	30	Virginia	12	12
Rhode Island	4	4	West Virginia	6	6
Vermont	4	4			
Wisconsin	12	11			
Totals	249	233	Totals	175	168
Increase	16		Increase	7	

NEW STATES.

Idaho	3
Montana	3
North Dakota	3
South Dakota	4
Washington	4
Wyoming	3
Total	20

If we divide the States, old and new, according as they have voted in the most recent elections since 1888, some of which occurred in 1890 and others in 1891, we shall arrive at the following result:

Republican.		*Democratic.*	
California	9	Alabama	11
Colorado	4	Arkansas	8
Idaho	3	Connecticut	6
Illinois	24	Delaware	3
Kansas	10	Florida	4
Maine	6	Georgia	13
Michigan	10	Indiana	15
Minnesota	9	Iowa	13
Montana	3	Kentucky	13
Nebraska	8	Louisiana	8
Nevada	3	Maryland	8
New Hampshire	4	Massachusetts	15
North Dakota	3	Michigan	4
Ohio	23	Mississippi	9
Oregon	4	Missouri	17
Pennsylvania	32	New Jersey	10
Rhode Island	4	New York	36
South Dakota	4	North Carolina	11
Vermont	4	South Carolina	9
Washington	4	Tennessee	12
Wisconsin	12	Texas	15
Wyoming	3	Virginia	12
		West Virginia	6
Total	186	Total	258

In this compilation Massachusetts, Iowa, and New York are placed in the Democratic column because each of those States has been carried by the Democrats in two successive elections since 1888. Indiana is placed there because the Democrats carried it by nearly 20,000 majority in 1890. Michigan is placed in both columns because twelve of her fourteen electors are to be chosen this year by congressional districts, and two by the State at large. It is conceded that at least four of them will be elected by the Democrats, and we have put that number in the Democratic column.

While making this division on the basis of elections held since 1888, we do not for a moment wish to appear as assuming that the result of this year's presidential contest is foreshadowed by it. There are several States usually and rightly classified as "doubtful" which in this division are placed in the Democratic column. There are also at least two others which have hitherto been regarded as safely Republican in presidential elections. The "doubtful" States are Connecticut, Indiana, and New York, and the States hitherto classed as Republican are Iowa and Massachusetts. All the twenty-two States in the Republican column have hitherto been regarded as surely Republican, with the exception of Montana, and possibly New Hampshire and Rhode Island. As the Republican column stands, its total of 186 votes, 37 less than enough to elect, may be taken as representing fairly the number of absolutely "sure" Republican votes. If now we take from the Democratic column the 57 votes of the three "doubtful" States, and the 28 votes of Massachusetts and Iowa, we reduce the Democratic total to 173, or 50 short of a majority in the college, which may be taken as representing fairly the number of absolutely "sure" Democratic votes.

There are several interesting combinations which can be made with these "sure" totals as bases. First, as to the Republican side. Here are four:

Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Connecticut	6
Total	228

Sure Republican votes	186
Massachusetts	15
Iowa	13
Indiana	15
Total	229

Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Iowa	13
Total	235

Sure Republican votes	186
New York	36
Massachusetts or Indiana	15
Total	237

All these combinations are on a basis of ten Republican votes from Michigan. If there were to be eleven, this combination, giving precisely a majority of the college, could be made:

Sure Republican votes	187
New York	36
Total	223

Turning next to the Democratic column, we can arrange the following:

Sure Democratic votes	173
New York	36
Indiana or Massachusetts	15
Total	224

Sure Democratic votes	173
New York	36
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Total	228

These are arranged on the basis of four Democratic votes from Michigan. If the number from that State be raised to five, the following can be made:

Sure Democratic votes	174
Massachusetts	15
Indiana	15
Iowa	13
Connecticut	6
Total	223

The first point which will strike every observer of these various combinations is the overwhelming importance of the thirty-six votes of the State of New York. It is as true now as it has been for many years that the party which carries that State has by far the better chance of winning the election. The admission of the six new States with their twenty electoral votes, all supposed to be safely Republican, has diminished somewhat the importance of New York to the Republicans; that is to say, they have more chances for winning without New York than they have had hitherto, and more chances than the Democrats have for winning without it: but, as our combinations show, they will have to carry all the States of Iowa, Massachusetts, and Indiana in order to accomplish that feat. As for the Democrats, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that New York is a *sine qua non* for them. With that and Indiana or Massachusetts they can win, or they can win with it together with Iowa and Connecticut; but it is very difficult to make a combination by which they can win without it, unless we were to count Montana among the "doubtful" States and give them a chance at that, or, as our final combination shows, give them one more vote in Michigan than is usually allotted to them.

The importance of Michigan with its divided vote is second only to that of New York with its largest total in the list. This is made apparent by our final combination in each set, for it is there shown that the change of one vote from one side to the other in Michigan may enable either party to elect a President.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Yankee and Rebel Yells.

ALL organized bodies of men, whether civilized or savage, while engaged in desperate deeds, and every army from the days of Pharaoh to the present moment, have probably had their peculiar yell or cheer, a vocal outburst natural to the people represented. The potent or determining influence which yells, vigorous and enthusiastic, or weak and heartless, may have had from time to time in turning the tide of battle, whether in securing victories or in causing defeats, is an unwritten element or force in war which the historian has greatly if not totally neglected.

It is certainly safe to say, other things being equal, that the body of men or the army exhibiting the greatest amount of enthusiasm, even though its numbers may be decidedly inferior, will possess a marked advantage over its antagonist. Hence to awaken spirit, determination, and dash in his troops at the moment of a charge, is the earnest desire of every commanding officer. To secure this end, when no secrecy is required, a bold, defiant "yell" is of the greatest value, not only in its effect upon the command in action, but also in the depressing influence which may be produced upon the enemy.

It would be interesting indeed to know the old Roman and Grecian yells, their tone, spirit, and vocal range; but this the historian has left to our imagination. The same may also be said, so far as I am aware, of the English, French, German, and Russian yells or cheers, for we read and hear but little or nothing of their existence or of their influence in battle.

During and since our late war the "Rebel" and "Yankee" yells have been frequently referred to, but their true character and essential differences, with reasons for the differences, have not, so far as I know, been clearly presented.

I was recently asked to say something upon this subject before the society of "The Virginians" on the

occasion of its annual banquet in New York, and the following is the substance of what was then stated.

There is a natural tendency in the minds of most men, as they move onward along the "River of Time," to forget, or in a great measure to obliterate from their memories, unpleasant things, and, on the contrary, to recall and treasure those that have contributed to their joys, comforts, and successes. With no one is this peculiarity more marked than with the old soldier. When he talks of his war experiences, it will constantly be found that his trials, privations, discomforts, and disappointments, have been largely forgotten or overshadowed by the memory of his comrades, of social gatherings around the camp-fires, of songs that were sung and stories told, of adventures and narrow escapes, of battles lost and victories won.

Among the incidents of active service there were probably no events more thrilling and more exciting to the soldier than those of a charge, for in its dash there were displayed not only the boldness and the fury of the occasion, but, of necessity, much of the savagery of war.

It was in the charge that the "war-whoop" was heard, the savage "yell" with which men wild in battle endeavored to send terror to the minds of their enemies.

Each foe, in every clash of arms, sought to arouse all of the military energy, the enthusiastic vigor, the martial spirit, and the determined endeavor, which could possibly impress upon its enemy the overwhelming force with which its charge or its resistance was made, and no feature added more to the accomplishment of this purpose than the enthusiasm of the yell.

I was a member of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, a follower of Stuart and his successors, and on many a well-fought field I have seen, listened to, and participated in charge after charge. The defenders of old Virginia were not by any means successful at all times in defeating their adversaries, and not infrequently by force of circumstances were induced to take their turn in a more or less graceful "skedaddle." Whenever I was one of the "skedaddling corps," I found some consolation in recalling a little family incident.

My grandfather was an officer in the war of 1812. Once in his old age, while relating to a number of his grandchildren gathered around him some of his experiences in war, he told of an encounter with the British in which his troops were forced to retreat in decided haste. One of the little boys who had been listening, with his mouth agape, no doubt, in the intensity of his interest, asked, "And, grandpop, did you run?" The old man replied, "Ah, yes, my child; and braver men than your grandfather ran that day."

That there existed a marked difference between the yells of the opposing armies during our late war was a recognized fact, and a frequent source of comment. The notes and tones peculiar to each of them were well defined, and led to their designation as the "Yankee" and the "Rebel" yells. It is interesting to note some of the reasons why they differed so widely.

Southerners have always been recognized by those who have known them best as a people possessed of unbounded enthusiasm and ardor. They have been considered and often called a "hot-headed," a "hot-blooded," people. Among the rank and file, as well as among the officers, of the Confederate armies, were to be found men of intelligence, birth, position, and distinction in the communities in which they lived; men in whose veins ran the invigorating blood of the noblest ancestry; men who were proud in peace, courageous and fearless in war.

These peculiarities of birth, character, and temperament, coupled with the fact that they were chiefly an agricultural people inhabiting a broad expanse of country but thinly settled, and confined in no large numbers (comparatively) to the narrow limits that city and town life impose, had much to do with the development of their soldierly qualities as well as of their capacity for yelling.

Life in the country, especially in our Southern country, where people lived far apart and were employed oftentimes at a considerable distance from one another, and from the houses or homes in which they ate and slept, tended, by exercise in communicating with one another, to strengthen and improve their voices for high and prolonged notes. A wider range to the vocal sounds was constantly afforded and frequently required.

The voices of women as well as of men were often utilized for "long-distance calls." It may be amusing to note the difference in intonation which was usually exhibited by the sexes. When a man had occasion to summon any one from a distance, the prolonged tone was placed on the first note, the emphasis on the second; thus, "O——h, John!'" If a female called, the prolonged tone and the emphasis were both placed on the last note; thus, "You, John-n——y'!"

Hollowing, screaming, yelling for one person or another, to their dogs, or at some of the cattle on the plantation, with the accompanying reverberations from hilltops, over valleys and plains, were familiar sounds throughout the farming districts of the South in the days gone by. It used to be said of my father's old negro foreman that he could be distinctly understood a mile or more away.

Hunting, which was enjoyed and indulged in more or less by nearly every citizen of the South, was also conducive to this characteristic development.

I remember an amusing instance illustrative of this point. I was out on one occasion before the war with a party of gentlemen hare-hunting with hounds. No guns were allowed. I had taken with me a very bright and intelligent little negro boy, who had become for a time separated from me. Later, while the dogs were chasing the hare from thicket to thicket, from meadow to woods, I came to a small open space surrounded by "old-field pines," and "broom-sedge" which had been cultivated in corn during the previous season. There, in the sunshine, unconscious of the presence of any one, sat the little darky packing damp sand over his foot, and withdrawing it — building what the boys called "frog-houses." Just then one of the huntsmen saw the hare, and gave a most vigorous vocal outburst, yelling for the dogs, "Here-here, here-here, here-here!" etc., endeavoring to place them still closer in pursuit. The little negro, without removing his eyes from the work with which he was occupied, simply uttered a most significant comment; he exclaimed, "Humph! Good gracious! dat man certainly kin holler."

The Federal, or "Yankee," yell, compared with that of the Confederate, lacked in vocal breadth, pitch, and resonance. This was unquestionably attributable to the fact that the soldiery of the North was drawn and re-

cruited chiefly from large cities and towns, from factory districts, and from the more densely settled portions of the country.

Their surroundings, their circumstances of life and employment, had the effect of molding the character and temperament of the people, and at the same time of restraining their vocal development. People living and working in close proximity to one another have no absolute need for loud or strained vocal efforts, and any screaming or prolonged calling becomes seriously annoying to neighbors. Consequently, all such liberties or inconsiderate indulgences in cities, towns, etc., have long ago been discouraged by common consent.

It is safe to say that there are thousands upon thousands of men in the large cities, and in other densely populated portions of the North, who have not elevated their vocal tones to within anything like their full capacity since the days of their boyhood, and many not even then.

To afford some idea of the difference between these "yells," I will relate an incident which occurred in battle on the plains at Brandy Station, Virginia, in the fall of 1863. Our command was in full pursuit of a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry. We soon approached their reserves (ours some distance behind), and found ourselves facing a battery of artillery with a regiment of cavalry drawn up on each side. A point of woods projected to the left of their position. We were ordered to move by the right flank till the woods protected us from the battery, and then, in open field, within a few hundred yards of the enemy, we were ordered to halt and right dress.

In a moment more one of the Federal regiments was ordered to charge, and down they came upon us in a body two or three times outnumbering ours. Then was heard their peculiar characteristic yell — "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!" etc. (This yell was called by the Federals a "cheer," and was intended for the word "hurrah," but that pronunciation I never heard in a charge. The sound was as though the first syllable, if heard at all, was "hoo," uttered with an exceedingly short, low, and indistinct tone, and the second was "ray," yelled with a long and high tone slightly deflecting at its termination. In many instances the yell seemed to be the simple interjection "heigh," rendered with the same tone which was given to "ray.")

Our command was alone in the field, and it seemed impossible for us to withstand the coming shock; but our commander, as brave an officer as ever drew a saber, frequently repeated, as the charging column approached us, his precautionary orders, to "Keep steady, boys! Keep steady!" and so we remained till the Federals were within a hundred yards of us. Then, waving his sword in air, he gave the final order, loud enough to be heard the field over: "Now is your time, boys! Give them the saber! Charge them, men! Charge!"

In an instant every voice with one accord vigorously shouted that "Rebel yell," which was so often heard on the field of battle. "Woh-who — ey! who — ey! who — ey! Woh-who — ey! who-ey!" etc. (The best illustration of this "true yell" which can be given the reader is by spelling it as above, with directions to sound the first syllable "woh" short and low, and the second "who" with a very high and prolonged note deflecting upon the third syllable "ey.")

A moment or two later the Federal column wavered and broke. In pursuit we chased them to within twenty feet of their battery, which had already begun to retreat. The second regiment to the right and rear of the battery then charged upon us, and for a moment we were forced back; but by that time our reserves were up, and we swept the field.

In conclusion, let us rejoice in the fact that war and its incidental accompaniments are with us only in memory, and let us hope for our loved country, and for ourselves, that peace, happiness, and prosperity will dwell with us and our children's children now and evermore.

J. Harvie Dew.

Is Islam the Gospel for the Orient?

THAT command which Mohammed seemed to himself to hear in the depths of his serious and brooding soul, "Cry, cry, in the name of Allah!" and which he interpreted as the voice of the angel Gabriel, introduces us to a veritable dreamland of history. It is not, however, a land of dreams; rather of realities which have thrilled and torn the world, and strained the religious, social, and political systems of men as with the throes of revolution. The good sword of Christendom never struck more telling blows than at Tours and Vienna, when it dashed to the earth the Damascus blades of the Saracen and Turkish invaders sweeping into central Europe. Who could picture the course of history had the result been different? Who can estimate the world's indebtedness to Charles Martel and Sobieski, and to the brave men who fought with them for the rescue of humanity from the Koran, the crescent, and the harem — the symbols of religious, political, and social degradation? Who can write this story of Islam as it throbs and glows in Eastern history? Who can solve this mystery of God *and* Mohammed? Who can explain the genesis and the historic mission of this cry of the desert, which has closed ancient schools of philosophy, and held as in chains the sensuous tastes and the wildly idolatrous trend of the fervid East by the simple creed and the stern practice of a severe religious discipline? The history of Islam as a religion, and the story of its mysterious sway, are yet to be written by some master in the science of comparative religion whose spirit shall be taught of God, and who shall bring to the task both genius and patience in Oriental research. He must be able to read history between the lines of romance, separate sober fact from garrulous tradition, trace back the streams of Islamic thought to their hidden fountains in the desert, and push aside the tangled overgrowth from sources, long since dry, which once gave forth their brackish waters to those who perchance were searching the barren wilderness for the purer and sweeter springs of life.

The thought of our time seems ripening for such a true and exact estimate of Islam. A kindly and generous but firm and inflexible judgment upon this historic problem is rapidly forming. Islam shall have all the credit it deserves; it shall be treated with fairness and calmness and courtesy: but never can it have the place of supremacy it claims; it can never even share the honors of Christianity; nor can it presume to be her handmaid in the regeneration of the East. It has done its work, and left its stamp upon the Orient. Its record is of the earth, earthy, although it has cried and fought

in the name of Allah. Its fountainhead is in the depths of the Arabian wilderness; it has flowed only in human channels; it has hardly risen above the ordinary level of religious standards in the Orient; its ethical and social code is only the rude and vulgar heritage of the desert. Its doctrine of one God, while it is the secret of its power and explains to a large extent its magic sway, has not saved it. It has given dignity and nobility to the Moslem creed; but a closer scrutiny reveals the broken, distorted, and inferior representation of the ineffable character of God which we have in Islam. It is God environed with human interpretations, modifications, and readjustments to meet the religious and social requirements of the East as understood by a representative Oriental. The Deity is made to sanction what he loathes, and to command a whole system of human formalism. The difference between the Bible and the Koran is the difference between the divine and the human.

What shall we say, then, of the mission of Islam? What is its significance as a factor in the religious history of the world? Why was it so quickly recognized, and so readily admitted to the place of power it has held in human affairs? What has it done for mankind? It has at least saved the Orient from atheism, and has taught men to bow in prayer, and has nourished generations in the exercise of faith. It has staggered idolatry by a crushing blow throughout all of western Asia and northern Africa. It has been, moreover, a disciplinary dispensation to the priestly pretensions and the idolatrous practices of apostate Christianity. The Eastern world seemed to have rushed headlong into the vortex of idolatry, and had lured Christianity to her fatal lapse. Centuries must pass in the ordinary course of history before the dawn of a spiritual reformation could be expected in the East. Shall idolatry, pagan and Christian, be left, meanwhile, to riot in the ancient seats of Jewish monotheism? Shall the lands which have known "one God" know him no more forever? A fervid cry is wafted from the depths of the Arabian wilderness: "There is no god but God"—alas! that there were added the fatal words—"and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Yet Islam is immeasurably better than idolatry, and has truly a noble message and a high mission. The world shall learn what superb energy and resistless power lie wrapped in the potent principle of faith in God, even though a human teacher be its only leader, and its path is in the mirage of Mohammed's Koran. Idolatry shall be overthrown in the high places of its power, and unhappy Christianity must sit in sorrow and humiliation within the shadow of her defiled shrines, beneath her pictures and images, until the time of her deliverance shall come. Such was the decree and purpose of Providence. Such is the verdict of history.

Islam is thus a rebuke and a check to idolatry until a spiritual era shall dawn. It has comforted many a devout heart, and nourished the religious instincts of the East with its supreme and unfaltering allegiance to one supreme God: but, alas! it has thrust a human hero into the place of the Son of God; it has compromised with man's lower nature in its moral standards; it has simply given a religious sanction to the code of the desert; it has collected the odds and ends of Talmudic Judaism, of travestied Christianity, and barbaric heathenism, and has patched up a religion which, while it claims to teach men in the name of God, is simply a strange and childish medley of God and Mohammed, of truth and trash, of simple faith and rank superstition, of high aims and reckless abandon. Never was there a more bewildering blunder in spiritual discernment, or a more astounding eccentricity in religious opinion, than that which has so recently striven to indorse Islam as a religion which is worthy of a place by the side of Christianity, as a helpful and uplifting power in the world's regeneration. The Christian sense of the age and the civilized self-respect of Christendom have united in an indignant protest.

Islam, however, is not simply a thing of the past, a relic which we dig up from the prolific dust of those ancient seats of Asiatic power. Islam is here; it is of the nineteenth century; it is a power in our generation; it is something to be studied and understood. It is a political factor in the Eastern question of the very first magnitude. What becomes at once, when opened, the "burning question of the straits" is usually at first the flash of Islamic fanaticism amidst the inflammable religious elements of the Levant. The government of Turkey has pledged itself to Europe again and again as guaranteeing absolute religious toleration and freedom; but let a Moslem attempt to claim his liberty of conscience to embrace Christianity, and before the ink is dry his doom is sealed. America, to be sure, has little concern with the politics of Europe; but American Christianity has a high mission and a noble field amidst the intellectual and spiritual struggles of downtrodden peoples. Her mission is one of sympathy, and help, and active philanthropy. An Arabic figure of speech designates a helpful and gracious ministry as something done by a "white hand." American Christianity is reaching out her "white hand" of beneficence to the nations of the Orient. She has already carried to the teeming centers of Asiatic life some of the highest and most helpful elements of our civilization, and is grafting into the intellectual and spiritual movements of the Old World that power which "makes for righteousness," which both sweetens and glorifies human life, and gives it its noblest possible impulse and its highest possible destiny. There must be no "Monroe doctrine" in our American Christianity, bidding us hold aloof from this "white-handed" ministry to those who need so sorely the help of the favored nation whose happy lot has fallen under the light of the "westward star"—a star which, we must not forget, first arose in the East.

America can do much, by wise effort, and cordial sympathy, and watchful interest, to establish throughout the world the precious principle of religious freedom. Her whole influence should be thrown on the side of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. This is a lesson yet to be learned by almost the entire Eastern world. The glow of American sympathy is to-day doing wonders for whole nations in the Orient. American philanthropy has already planted six colleges and seven hundred schools in the Turkish empire. Every prominent language of the East is throbbing with American literary and religious contributions. American missionaries have within a generation given the Word of God to Eastern peoples outnumbering many times over the population of the United States.

Let American hearts be interested in the welfare of Oriental nations, and enlisted in their behalf in the

high services of human brotherhood. An example of national unselfishness as wide as the world and as deep as human want is yet to be given to men. Let America crown her greatness with the beauty and power of this example.

James S. Dennis.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's "A Psalm of Death and other Poems."

A MINOR poet shares with the greatest the privilege of being unequal to himself: some moods are more fitted to his power of expression, some forms are more adequate to his limited art, some phases of thought or action appeal more to his personality; and thus it occasionally happens that he writes above himself. The critic finds in such cases an opportunity, and may do a friendly service to literature by attracting attention to these rare single poems which seldom pass, even when of high excellence, beyond a cultivated and narrow circle. Dr. Weir Mitchell has written more than one volume that has been welcome to lovers of poetry for somewhat unusual qualities in minor verse, and in particular for some few single poems that stand out from the rest. Generally these contain a dramatic element, though the form may be lyric or narrative or, perhaps, ballad. His readers may remember such an instance in the vigorous masque of the miser, with its humorous ending, so much more effective in the original poem than was the prolonged tragic ending which encumbered it, and destroyed its best quality, when it was put upon the stage two winters ago. In a recent volume which Dr. Mitchell has published, "A Psalm of Death, and other Poems," [1] there is an even finer dramatic poem, which has drawn so little notice as to make the fact a discouraging sign of our lack either of interest or of perception in these matters. Much else in this collection deserves a word of recognition — the sentiment for nature developed by attachment to particular places, a ballad of adventure that interests the imagination, and among a few pieces, which the author somewhat unhappily calls psalms, one sharply touched by that sympathy with physical pain which is usually vague but here is real and definite as science itself, and yet is kept within the bounds of art. All these have their merit; but this dramatic piece already mentioned excels them so far as to be of a different class and to deserve praise of a higher kind. "Master François Villon" is its title — a dialogue between two French nobles. The characterization of each of the speakers is complete, and affords a contrast, but the dramatic power of the author is felt more in the story which one tells to the other, and which concerns Villon. The skilful blending of several interests helps the variety of the matter, and the way in which the narrator unconsciously is made to reveal his own nature is admirable literary irony, while the comic element and a certain sparkle of wit and epigram affect the style without controlling it. The story itself, however, is apart from these literary traits, and is an expression of the charm of the poetic nature in Villon, worked out by well-chosen circumstances; the author has shown the poet in Villon rising like another self out of the sot he was — the flame burning in the swamp. It is an altogether exceptional poem in our current literature, original, imaginative, vital, with both beauty of expression and energy in the movement. The very short and simple annals of our present-day verse cannot well spare work of such distinction, and it is a pleasure to direct lovers of strong and well-turned verse where such an estray lies hidden.

George E. Woodberry.

[1] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Aërial Navigation.

SINCE my article on "Aërial Navigation. The Power Required" appeared in the October number of your magazine, I have received a large number of letters on the subject. Those received from France and England have been of a congratulatory character, while two written in the United States have been of a depreciatory character.

The apparatus described and shown in my article was not intended as a complete flying-machine, as some of your readers seem to imagine. It is simply an apparatus which I designed and constructed for the sole purpose of ascertaining how much power was actually required to perform flight with a screw-driven aëroplane.

The apparatus was provided with every requisite for accurately determining the energy required, and furnished me with data which I could not obtain at that time from any other source. My article related wholly to this apparatus.

Some of your readers lay great stress upon the impossibility of such a machine moving straight through the air, saying that it would be quite impossible to preserve the angle of the plane as relates to the earth's surface, or to anything else, and if the machine was cut loose from the arm that guided it around the circle, it would run up a steep incline and fall back to the ground. This might be true of the apparatus shown.

In the machine which I am building, and which is intended for free flight, the most intricate part of the whole thing is the apparatus for keeping the machine on an even keel while flying. This apparatus does for the machine what the brain does for the bird. The least deflection from a predetermined angle instantly applies an enormous amount of energy to the planes of the machine, changing the angles of some in order to maintain the angles of others.

The machine consists of one very large plane with smaller ones attached to it. I do not anticipate any insurmountable trouble in the direction of maintaining the principal plane of my machine at any angle desired. My apprehensions at the present time are altogether of another kind: Will my engines be strong enough?

With the data and formulæ which I have at hand, it would appear that they are, and with a large margin of energy to spare; but the machine is very much larger than any that has ever been made before, and possibly there may be another and an unknown factor — the factor of size.

Yours truly,

Hiram S. Maxim.

"STONYHURST," CRAYFORD, KENT, ENGLAND.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

DAKOTA SKETCHES.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

The Dakota Bachelor.

[THE homestead country of the West was very largely settled by young men who, during the earlier years of their pioneer life, owing to the actual residence requirements of the Government's land laws, were compelled to "bach it." I have known entire townships to be settled with bachelors, strong, manly, intelligent, and energetic fellows, who found in constant labor the recreation which rendered their solitary lives not only endurable, but extremely enjoyable.]

THE big full moon
Made all outdoors es light es noon.
I 'd plowed all day, 'n' put the team away,
'N' done the chores.

The soft white light
Did n' seem a bit like night.
The neighbors' shacks 'n' sheds 'n' stacks
Looked like big towns all painted white.
Ther' wa'n't no wind; I tuck 'n' pinned
A postal card
Ag'in' the section-stake,
'N' plugged the picter out at fifty yards.
Out on the hill a coyote blowed his horn.
At ten o'clock I felt so wide awake
I could n' bear to huddle up indoors,
So I pitched in 'n' worked till after one,
'N' husked a wagon-box o' corn
Jest out o' fun.

Plowin'.

I RUTHER plow 'n anything.
Jest give to me
A pair o' five-year-olds
'At 's smart,
'N' let me sling
A steel-beam plow 'at holds
Its edge, 'n' has good suck,
'N' I don't want no better luck.
It best suits me
To git 'n airly start
On eighty-acre bouts,
'N' w'ile the lazy louts
In town
Air groomin' theirselfs down,
To crack my whip 'n' sing:
"Rockaby baby on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
'N' down will come baby, cradle, 'n' all."

Take it October days,
W'en corn is ripe;
'N' sunshine, kind o' red,
Pokes through the smoky haze;
'N' plover 'n' silver snipe
Pick up the angleworms
'At twists 'n' squirms
Erlong the furrer's bed;
'N' lazy cattle graze
Erbout the stubble lot,
Wher' little 's to be got
But frost-bit volunteer —
I trot betwixt the tails
With independent swing
'N' hope 'at never fails,
Expectin' soon to hear
The dinner-tocsin's ring;
'N' so I laugh 'n' sing:
"Heigh-diddle-diddle, the cat played the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
'N' the dish ran after the spoon."

Give me a good-hung plow
'At sets down flat,
'N' picks right up the dirt,
'N' turns it top-side down,
I tell ye now
I 'll bet a las' year's hat
'At you can't hurt
My feelin's no sech way.
Jest let me plow,

'N' turn the stubble down,
'N' smell the rottin' dirt,
'N' bust the gopher moun's
On eighty-acre roun's,
Ther' ain't no job in town
I 'd trade it fer;
No, sir.
Three acres ever' day
Es 'bout the reg'lar thing;
'N' 'long erbout sundown
You 'll hear me laugh 'n' sing:
"Chunks o' cold pudding 'n' pieces o' pie,
Chunks o' cold pudding 'n' pieces o' pie,
My ma said she 'd give me,
My ma said she 'd give me,
My ma said she 'd give me,
If I would n' cry."

Will.

It 's jest too bad
The way 'at Will gits mad.
'T was only t' other night,
Not feelin' very well,
I run down ther' to set a spell,
'N' found him in the lot
A-milkin' Spot;
So I kep' out o' sight,
'N' sneaked up clost,
Jest like a ghost,
'N' tuck the cat
'N' dragged it back'ards down
Spot's back.
She h'isted onct, 'n' laid Will flat
Acrost the rack,
'N' knocked the skin
Clean off his shin,
'N' slopped the milk,
So 'at the bilk
Of the hull spill
Soaked into Will;
'N' he got up so sour 'n' glum,—
Fer es fer any sense o' fun,
He ain't got none,—
'At I went hum.

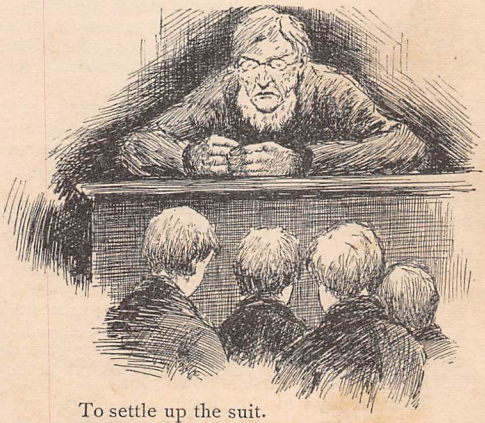
Helpin' Hay.

Been up to Will's,
A-helpin' hay.
They 's suthin' fills
A man,

W'en he 's a-makin' hay,
'Ith sort o' satisfact'ry sense,
Like goin' to a dollar show
Fer suthin' under fifty cents.
I allus can—
W'en I 'm a-makin' hay
Up ther' to Will's,
W'en daisies blow
'N' yaller goldenrods
Flickers 'n' nods,
'N' thistles show
Acrost the fence
Wher' loafin' critters feeds
Amongst the bresh 'n' weeds—
Feel rich enough, though I ain't wuth a cent,
To buy the yeth 'n' run the govament.
Ther' 's some folks kind o' grills
W'en they 're ableeged to work,
'N' sort o' fret 'n' fume,
'N' hunt a show to shirk;
But w'en I 'm helpin' hay
Up ther' to Will's,
W'en blue-j'ints bloom,
'N' swishin' sprangle-top
Are makin' crop,
'N' peavey-buds are gittin' red 'n' redder,
I ain't afeard of work,
But all the shim'ry day,
Flat on a bunch of hay,
I slouch down on the medder,
W'ile Will fo'ks up the hay.

On Bald Bluff.

I 've had more fun a-rollin' stones
'N' any other game.
Late in the fall, w'en snakes is gone
'N' summer moans
Amongst the trees to kind o' blame
The frost fer comin' on,
'N' Bald Bluff's head
Gits streaked 'ith red,
Me 'n' the other boys
Ust to tramp off up ther' to rest
'N' keep f'om makin' noise
On Sunday afternoons;
'N' w'en we 'd git through huntin' coons
'N' chasin' fawn,
We 'd all turn in 'n' dig up stones—
I liked that best.
Th' way they 'd zip,
'N' slide, 'n' slip,
'N' bound,
'N' bark the trees, 'n' mow the bresh,
'N' slash the ferns, 'n' jump, 'n' cresh
The logs, 'n' plow the ground,
'N' shoo the squirrels 'n' scare the rabbits,
Jest beat the world.
Ther' ain't no countin' on stones' habits.
We started one 'at weighed a ton—
Went beautiful at first,
But soon it struck
A gnerly oak, 'n' 'gin to buck,
Square off it whirled.
We 's scart the worst
You ever see,
Fer it kep' goin' fast 'n' faster
In a bee-line fer Jenkin's paster,
Jest missed a tree,
'N' tore down forty rods o' fence.
Gosh, how the critters bawled!
Picked out the bull 'n' went fer him
Ch bim;
Th' critter was n't wuth ten cents
W'en that rock quit its sport.
Nex' mornin' we got hauled
Up into court.
Cost father ninety dollars



To settle up the suit.
I 'll recollect it allers,
Fer we got licked to boot.

Doane Robinson.

"In Lighter Vein."

WE turn the leaves; as on a stage
Bard, story-teller, artist, sage
In noble sequence pass; again
We thrill to beauty, joy, and pain.
At length we come where runs the page
In lighter vein.

Here she who sprang austere, full-grown,
Full-armed from Jove's proud brain alone,
Forgetful of her august past,
In tricksy humor prattling fast,
Peeps laughing from her helmet — shown
A child at last!

Here rove the gallant troubadour,
Blind bard, and minstrel old and poor.
Look how the twangling chords they press
With more than whilom nimbleness
(In gloves well-fitting, to be sure,
And evening dress!).

Poor Colin woos his Molly dear,
Or pleads with Norah darlint here;
We seek the visage pale and thin
To tell a love-lorn heart within;
We lean to note the scalding tear,
And lo, a grin!

Next see the sage of helot school,
Grave, philosophic, mouthing full
His maxims, proverbs, saws, and spells; —
A faint, familiar tinkle tells
(Whene'er he wags his solemn wool)
Of cap and bells!

Across the boards from wing to wing
They pass with pirouette, tilt, and fling;
With whimsy, mummery, quirk, and quip;
With light kiss blown from finger-tip;
With airy gibe and harmless sting
On laughing lip.

Confess, Judge Pundit, Madam Blue,
Dear Lord Disdain (O Critic!) too,
Your portly minds are sometimes fain
To gravitate from that high plain,
And smile with us an hour or two
In lighter vein!

Mary Bates Dimond.

Observations.

THE power of unqualified assertion in literature is very great, because most readers are never in that active state of mind which examines and combats.

UNREQUITED love is seldom so persistent as romancers would have it. A stick of wood cannot long burn alone.

WE never get what we want just as we want it.

A VERY generally accepted fallacy is that which, making no distinction between the difficult and the impossible, asserts that because a man has done a hard thing, he can do anything.

DEALING with a woman, it is much wiser not to take no for an answer than to take her answer for no — which it frequently is n't.

PEOPLE who always receive you with great cordiality rarely care for you. Your true friends make you a partaker of their humors.

WHENEVER you see people in any crisis of feeling acting as you think they should naturally act, depend upon it that they are acting artificially; for nature is nearly always clumsy, and, as it were, unnatural. It is rather self-conscious indifference that does the right thing.

CONCEPTION is so narrowed by expression that the greatest masterpieces may be said to have been born giants and grown up dwarfs.

Manley H. Pike.

Wail of an Old-Timer.

EACH new invention doubles our worries an' our troubles!
These scientific fellows are spoilin' of our land.
With motor, wire, an' cable, now'days we 're scarcely able
To walk or ride in peace o' mind — an' 't is n't safe to stand.

It fairly makes me crazy to see how 'tarnal lazy
The risin' generation grows — an' science is to blame.
With telephones for talkin' an' messengers for walkin',
Our young men sit an' loaf an' smoke without a blush o' shame.

An' then they wa'n't contented until some one invented
A sort o' jerky tape-line clock, to help on wasteful ways.
An' that infernal ticker spends money fur 'em quicker
'An any neighborhood o' men in good old bygone days.

The risin' generation is bent so on creation,
Folks have n't time to talk, or sing, or cry, or even laugh.
But if you take a notion to want some such emotion,
They 've got it all on tap for you, right in the phonograph!

But now a crazy creature has introduced the feature
Of artificial weather — I think we 're nearly through.
For when we once go strainin' to keep it dry or rainin'
To suit the general public — 't will bu'st the world in two.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.